The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by Edward C. Hegeler

VOL. XXXI (No. 9) SEPTEMBER, 1917 NO. 736

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The Open Court Publishing Company

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SIR THOMAS MORE.
From an engraving by S. Freeman after the picture by Holbein.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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SIR THOMAS MORE.[1]

BY C. H. WILLIAMS.

SIR Thomas More's *Utopia* may be read and superficially enjoyed for its literary qualities. But it will not have been understood if it is dismissed as nothing more than a piece of fine imaginative writing. Its true significance can only be appreciated when the conditions to which it owed its inspiration are fully known. Any real study of the work therefore must begin with a survey of the man who wrote it and the age in which he lived.

More lived at a time when a new age was beginning (1478-1535). Medieval conditions were breaking down and new institutions, modes of life and ideas were springing up to take their place. Any one who looks somewhat closely at the foundations of English society just when the fifteenth century was yielding place to the sixteenth may detect signs of decay everywhere, even in the fundamental institutions of the medieval commonwealth. Feudalism and all that it meant to the medieval world was losing its significance. The wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had depleted the ranks of the nobles, the military inventions of the period combined with the growing power of the middle classes to overthrow the importance of the military caste which had dominated English life in the earlier centuries. The lord of the district gradually shed many of his pugnacious habits through loss of military strength and was forced to dispense with a number of the retainers who had helped to win his battles and make his name a terror in the locality. These men, soldiers of fortune as they were, skilled in no trade or craft, had been cast aside by their impoverished lords: they were

[1] This study of More's life and period will perhaps be read with greater interest when it is remembered that last December was the four hundredth anniversary of the publication of the Utopia.—Ed.

acceptable to no employer of labor: there lay before them no means of obtaining a livelihood by their own energies: there was nothing save a life of vagabondage in which the quickest witted and the most unscrupulous alone survived. The retainer became a vagabond and all which that term implied, a thief, a rogue, a card sharper, a cut-throat. Here was a promising nucleus around which the growing crowd of vagrants might accumulate.

Owing to their depleted resources the nobility were transformed from chivalrous knights and feudal lords into shrewd close-fisted landed gentry whose sole object was the replenishing of the family coffers and the increase of their manorial estates. The growing independence and scarcity of labor suggested neglect of arable land and the popularization of sheep farms. Success in the new enterprise was an incentive to sheep rearing on a larger scale and as this needed increased land an enclosure movement was soon in progress which snatched large tracts of the common lands of England from the people and claimed them as private property.

The enclosure movement meant the break-up of medieval rural economy. The old state of affairs when every one had his place in the manorial machine and found a means of employment no longer held good. The lower strata of rural society which had been able to eke out a fairly comfortable living by performing menial duties for the lord and enjoying the benefits of common pasturage and woodland found themselves without a hope. Their labor was no longer acceptable in the fields of their lord, there was no more common land in the district. They were ejected from their tenements to make room for a sheep run and they found themselves confronted by starvation. The situation is ably reviewed by More:

"Therfore, that one covetous and unsatiable cormoraunte and verye plage of his natyve contrey may compasse abowte and inclose many thousand acres of grounde to gether within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust owte of their owne: orels other by coueyne or fraude, or by vyolent oppression, they be put besydes it, or by wronges and iniuries they be so weried that they be compelled to sell all. By one meanes therfore or by other, other by howke or crooke, they must nedes departe awaye, pore, sylie, wretched soules: men, women, husbandes, wyues, fatherless chyldren, widdowes, wofull mothers with their yonge babes, and their hole housholde smal in substaunce and in much nombre, as husbandrie requireth many handes. Away they trudge, I say, out of their knowen and accustomed howses, fynding no places to rest in. All their housholde stuffe, whiche is verye lytle worth, though it

myght well abyde the sale, yet beyng sodeynelye thrust out, they be constrayned to sell it for a thyng of nought. And when they haue, wanderynge about, sone spent that, what can they els do but steale, and then iustelye God wote, be hanged, or els go about a beggying?"

To those who were unaffected by ejectments and dearth of agricultural employment, to the weavers and small craftsmen of the town and countryside disaster came in the form of higher prices consequent on the small amount of land in cultivation and in scarcity of employment. When they found themselves threatened by unemployment and poverty they, like the agricultural laborers, yielded to the fascination of the large towns of whose prosperity wonderful tales were told, and sold all to come to them only to find on their arrival that conditions were as bad there as in their original homes. That was the disillusionment awaiting hundreds of respectable craftsmen on their arrival in London and the larger towns. There was nothing before them but a life of vagabondage and begging.

It was from the ranks of all these unfortunates that the pestilential army of vagabonds and sturdy beggars which was so serious a menace to Tudor society, was recruited. Nor can it be wondered at if these social outcasts, left stranded by the fluctuations of commercial development, regarded the prosperous classes as enemies whom they could justifiably rob and attack. Necessity developed to the full predatory instincts which needed little encouragement, and the state was forced to deal with the very serious menace of the vagabond problem. The legislation of the reign of Henry VIII is in itself sufficient evidence of the gravity of the problem and the violent measures adopted to meet it. The thieves, tramps, cardsharpers, tavern haunters and tricksters who were the ordinary travelers along country roads were a serious menace to the moral and physical health of the decent members of society and needed sharp and severe treatment.

The church was not of much assistance in dealing with the question. The extraordinary number of friars who swarmed the country simply increased the number of beggars and imposed on the simple villagers to a more shameful extent than the lazy wastrels because they were in a position to emphasize their maledictions with scriptural tags and ecclesiastical jargon which neither they nor their frightened victims understood but which served their purpose and extorted money. It is true that the monasteries attempted to deal with the matter, but their policy of indiscriminate

charity simply aggravated the evil and justified men going on tramp by supplying them with food.

But while we criticise the church for her policy let us temper our condemnation by the reflection that the spirit was genuine even though the methods through which it worked were often foolish to the point of madness. The church did attempt to deal with a serious social problem in an age when sociology and charity organization were unknown. It was a rough age when few men had the time and less the inclination to bother with social problems. It was a time when every man had to look out for himself and the weak went to the wall. Success in life belonged to the strong body and subtle mind which could take advantage of its neighbor's infirmity. There was little sympathy for suffering, no appreciation of the causes at work behind social conditions, producing the evils which troubled the body politic. Poverty and vagabondage were not understood. A man who sank into poverty was a fool or a rogue. In either case the remedy was straightforward—whipping and body branding. Few as yet realized that poverty has its roots deep in the social conditions of the age: that the pauper is the result of heredity, environment and training rather than the author of his own unhappy lot. The legislators of the time worked upon the assumption that men became beggars by choice and upon that assumption they built up a series of penal statutes which attempted to whip poverty out of England.

It was a policy in keeping with the spirit of the age, a harsh policy which took things as they were, and tried to solve problems in a rough and ready fashion. There was no sympathy wasted in sixteenth-century police organization. Crime was crime however misdemeanors might vary, and punishment took the drastic forms of hanging, branding or burning. There was no examination of details and extenuating circumstances, no carefully regulated code of punishments. Life was rude and so was justice. Men had not yet adopted the enlightened habits of later days. The same rough spirit ran through all the life of the age. There was little attention paid to the sick. Medical study was a luxury rather than a science, hospitals were rare extravagances. Men were too busy in worldly affairs, in business and war to pay much attention to refined manners and the more sympathetic graces which ease the strain of modern life.

The time was not yet come when life was regulated by hygienic principles. Towns were small and badly planned, streets were narrow and filthy, drainage systems were only just beginning to be

recognized as essentials of civic life, houses were small and crowded together in unhealthy spots. Plague and disease were epidemical for there was little or no municipal superintendence of sanitary arrangements and hardly any inclination on the part of individuals to transform their dwellings into ideal homes or their districts into garden cities. Men lived a rough life in uncouth surroundings because they knew of nothing better and because as yet their resources did not enable them to devote time or attention to personal comforts until they had repaired a little of the damage which their fortunes had undergone in the destructive wars of earlier years. The typical man of the age was a trader keen on making his fortune and his activity gave him small time for the amelioration of social conditions.

This sixteenth-century activity quickly made itself felt. The country became prosperous. Side by side with great poverty and social distress existed growing wealth and prosperity. The few grew wealthy while the many starved. Trade increased, especially trade with the continent, and England became a rich, important and consolidated nation. The trading classes played an increasing part in the national activity and Englishmen stepped daily more and more to the front among the speculators and traders of western Europe.

Contact with the continent made Englishmen realize the supreme significance of their insular position. Europe at this time was alive with scheming diplomatists, representatives of the fully awakened entities of the Renaissance era. The Papacy, no longer a divine institution commanding the obedience of Christendom, was now a temporal principality whose representative devoted all his energies to the consolidation of a papal state. France and Spain intrigued and fought to win possessions in Italy and entered upon a long and fierce rivalry which was to be the overshadowing event of sixteenth-century history. England's position made her a neutral whose support would profoundly modify the position of either of the powers. Under Henry VIII the island kingdom definitely embarked upon a continental policy and became mixed up in all the sordid intrigues and spiteful quarrels which divided Europe for so many years.

But not all the influences consequent upon the connection with the continent were bad for England. It was through close intercourse with Europe that Englishmen were brought into touch with the remarkable revival of learning which at this period characterized the western world. The Renaissance had its home in Italy. It

was from Rome with all its radiant memories of pagan culture that western Europe heard the message of the new learning. To Rome and Italy the scholars of the continent flocked and they revelled in the glorious sunshine of intellectual enthusiasm which had burst upon the world. Under the influence of the new learning men took a new interest in knowledge. The scholar looked out upon life with the freshness of childhood and the enthusiasm of youth. He sought inspiration in the literature of the ancients and was seized by a desire for knowledge. The world of the intellect lay before him to be examined and explained. His buoyant imagination broke the chains of medieval scholasticism and soared into realms of literature and art which the monkish scholar of an earlier age had never thought of even in his wildest moments of religious frenzy. The spirit penetrated into all departments of life. Men possessed with the enthusiasm set out to explore the physical universe and discovered new lands with their strange inhabitants. They were ever on the watch for novelty, were these Renaissance men, no matter where or how it was to be found, and their lives they gladly spent in searching after truth.

England was not untouched by the new spirit. Even as early as 1491 Grocyn had returned to Oxford from Italy infected with humanism. Here he was joined by Linacre and between them they began to instil into their Oxford pupils a love of Greek literature and a desire to visit Italy, the home of the new learning. In a few years there grew up at Oxford a school of men whose lives were devoted to the new spirit and who commenced to refashion the English universities and inspire them with an enthusiasm for knowledge and culture. In 1496 Colet startled English scholars by his humanist lectures on St. Paul's Epistles and in company with Grocyn, Linacre, and Latimer formed a bold and enthusiastic band of close friends whose lives were dedicated to humanism.

* * *

Among the band of colleagues whose labors were stimulated by encouraging letters when apart and by cheerful conversations then they came together was a young lawyer, Thomas More. Born in 1478 the son of Sir John More, a puisne judge of King's Bench, Thomas More's early days had been spent in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor of England. In 1492 he went to Oxford where he met Colet and came under the influence of Grocyn and Latimer to whom he probably owes his enthusiasm for Greek literature. But this enthusiasm had

to be concealed from a stern unimaginative father who had destined the young man for the bar, to which profession, he contended, Greek literature was no qualification. In 1496 Thomas More was admitted a student at Lincoln's Inn where he read assiduously for a few years.

Two years later the English humanists were overjoyed to have with them in that country the great cosmopolitan man of letters, Erasmus. He was brought to England by his former pupil Lord Mountjoy, the accomplished courtier and patron of letters. Mountjoy and More were friends, and it is probable that when at London on their way to Oxford the Earl introduced his friend to the great Erasmus. A far less acute judge of character than Erasmus could not have failed to recognize the charming personality of young More, and an intimate friendship sprang up between the English lawyer and the scholar of European repute. What Erasmus thought of More is seen in a letter written about 1498-9 to a friend in which he says, "Whenever did nature mould a character more gentle, endearing and happy than Thomas More?" The influence of this friendship on the life of More will be realized at more than one point in his later career.

About the year 1500 More was called to the bar and the days of his legal studies were over. Being free to employ his time as he pleased he again took up his beloved literary studies. In 1501 he is found delivering a course of lectures on St. Augustine's *De civitate Dei* at St. Lawrence's Church, Old Jewry, where Grocyn was rector. The subject is a sufficient indication of the direction of his studies.

At the age of twenty-five (1503-4) the young lawyer was elected a Member of Parliament at a time when the country was being ruthlessly fleeced by an avaricious king. Young as he was, More spoke his mind and successfully opposed the king, reducing the grant which the latter received from the £110,000 asked to £30,000. Little wonder that the lawyer was in disgrace and passed out of English parliamentary life for the next few years. The period of his disgrace was spent by More near Charterhouse where he thought of throwing up his legal work and becoming a monk. By this time the circle of college friends was gradually drawing together again. Lilly lived with More near Charterhouse. Grocyn was rector of a London church. Linacre had become a doctor and attended the Court. Finally in 1505 Colet left his Oxford lecture-room to become dean of St. Paul's. The reunion of so many old friends all keenly interested in the same things must have had a

great deal to do with the decision that More came to of rejecting all thoughts of a monastic life. The pleasant evening chats and close intimacy with those among whom a happy college life had been spent fired his soul afresh with an enthusiasm for letters and he became once again the student.

It was about this time that More came into touch with the writings of Pico della Mirandola. That these works influenced him profoundly is clear from the fact that he translated many of them, chiefly those parts which explained Pico's religious position and advocated the contemplative life. Mention will be made at a later point of the impression the Italian made on More's life and thoughts.

On April 23, 1509, Henry VIII became king and the hopes of the English humanists rose high. Henry was a Renaissance sovereign. He numbered among his friends all the scholars of the younger generation; he was known to be responsive to the call of learning and was looked up to as a successful patron of the fine arts. English scholarship anticipated a prosperous future under a king who could appreciate the new learning.

It was with a sense of relief that More heard of the death of the old king. He could come from his seclusion and take a part again in the life of his times. He was a personal friend of Henry who, forgetful of the defiance displayed by More to the old king, hailed his approach with delight and thought of him as a valuable asset to the government. Almost immediately More was chosen Undersheriff of London, an appointment which caused great satisfaction to the Londoners who trusted More for his bold stand in 1504.

Reference has been made already on more than one occasion to the close intimacy of the little band of English scholars. This period in the life of More is an opportune occasion to illustrate the significance of the fellowship and its influence on the life and thoughts of the young man.

The year 1510 was a happy one for More. He was popular in the city where he performed his judicial duties and where he had made a comfortable home with the wife he had married in 1505. His happiness was complete when a message from Erasmus told that the wandering scholar had at last yielded to the solicitations of his English friends and was on his way from Italy to spend some time with More in England. The great man arrived and passed the first days in comparative quiet and rest after the fatigues of his journey. When health and good spirits had been recovered he

entered with great zest into the little gatherings of kindred spirits who were accustomed to come together in each other's rooms.

We may picture the company gathered at Thomas More's to meet Erasmus. The conversation probably wanders for a time on the sights the traveler has seen in Italy and the news he has of foreign affairs. Suddenly Erasmus darts out to return in a few minutes with a small manuscript. It is not hard to see the twinkle in his eyes as he prays the indulgence of the company while he gives them some of the impressions his late travels have made on his mind. He looks quizzically at his host as he explains that he has taken the liberty to call his work the *Encomium Moriae*—a delicate play on the name of his friend which wins the applause of the party and the good-tempered smile of his victim who nods indulgently and settles down for an evening's entertainment. Erasmus continues his explanations. He has painted a picture of Folly bedecked with cap and bells and making a speech to her particular friends on the world and its affairs. The reader proceeds to make good-humored attacks on all prevailing institutions. Those who watch him closely will see him raise his merry eyes from his manuscript and smile at More as he gives sly hits at lawyers, schoolmen, monks, friars, theologians. Sometimes he joins in the hearty laugh of his hearers and fails to proceed with his reading as when he speaks his mind upon the papacy, and the Roman institutions which he has been examining at close quarters during his Italian travels. In short his contribution to the evening's entertainment was a delightful satire on the age, which pleased his hearers and made them insist on its completion and publication. Such were the merry gatherings of the enlightened scholars who had clung to More since his Oxford days.

The visit of Erasmus came to an end, and with his departure More became so immersed in business that he had little time to devote to literature. His private practice increased considerably and was worth £4,000 a year. His duties as undersheriff were heavy and he was winning a solid reputation among the citizens of London. In 1515 a tribute was paid to his ability as a man of business. He was appointed a Commissioner of Sewerage, an appointment which brought him into touch with the evils of his day, the insanitary conditions of London streets and the squalid misery of the districts around his city home. The sights he saw and the knowledge he gleaned while he carried out his duties on this commission made him realize some of the great evils crying for reform and gave him material to work upon when he came to discuss the

conditions of his town and country in the work we shall later examine in detail.

It is at this period that More came forward as a leading man in English politics and business affairs. England was being drawn into many disputes with continental states, very largely through the activity of her traders and the jealousy of Flemish merchants. Consequently it was necessary in 1515 to ease the friction by a conference between English and Flemish merchants to come to some agreement about trade difficulties. Nothing would please the London merchants save the appointment of their own favorite, Thomas More as their representative at this conference and accordingly the king yielded to their wishes and appointed him along with Archdeacon Tunstal, Richard Sampson, Sir Thomas Spinelly and others to meet the Flemish ambassadors.

The party left London May 18, 1515, for Bruges. During the four months spent at this city More could not help comparing all that he saw on the continent with the sights he had been accustomed to see in London. He contrasted the streets and districts of Bruges with the mean and crowded alleys of London (to the disadvantage of the latter); he watched the growing interest in social problems and contrasted it with the apathy of Englishmen. He came to the conclusion that bad as many things were on the continent, they were not as bad as the evils existing in London, and his mind set to work. The thoughts which had been suggested to him by Erasmus crowded into his brain and he realized the great work which needed immediate attention, the work of calling Englishmen to the study of the problems of their age. Slowly, almost unconsciously, ideas took shape and there was evolved during his four months stay at Bruges, a September spent at Brussels and an October given up to the pleasant company of Peter Giles at Antwerp, a series of thoughts on the question which he committed to writing in the form of Book II of his *Utopia*.

At the end of 1515 he returned to England intending to finish his work and having promised to send a printed copy to Peter early in the new year. But his arrival in England drove all thoughts of leisure from his head. He had performed his work as a diplomatist satisfactorily. The skill he had shown in the conduct of affairs quickened the king's anxiety to win him over to himself and his government. Henry, like all the Tudors, knew a useful man when he saw one, and spared no pains to attract such a person to his Court. He urged Wolsey to win More, and the Cardinal proceeded to show how little he understood the temperament of the man with

whom he was dealing by offering More a pension as though financial considerations would have altered for a moment the attitude taken by the lawyer. Needless to say, More rejected the bribe, but he knew that slowly he was being drawn into the whirlpool of court life and official responsibility. As Erasmus said in a letter: "The king really dragged him to his court. No one ever strove more eagerly to gain admission there than More did to avoid it."

There was one thing which he wished to do before he renounced his freedom finally and gave his time and strength to the strenuous labors of royal office. It was to leave his friends an explanation of his attitude and in some ways an apology for it. This had to be done carefully and More could think of no better way of doing it than continuing the fantastic work he had written on the continent and putting his opinions on royal office in the mouth of a fictitious character. He adopted this idea and the first book of the *Utopia* was the result. In October 1516 he sent the manuscript to Erasmus who with the help of Peter Giles put it into the hands of Thierry Martin by whom the work was published in December of the same year.

It has been necessary to follow rather closely the life of More up to the publication of the *Utopia,* for that work cannot be understood or appreciated without a knowledge of the events which led to its publication. It is the irrelevancy of the later years of More's life to the subject under examination rather than lack of interest which prevents an account of the man Thomas More until his death in 1535. It would be a pleasant task to watch the quick promotion of the undersheriff of London when finally he gave his decision to enter the royal service: 1523, Speaker of the House of Commons; 1525, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; 1529, Lord Chancellor of England. Nothing would be more pleasing than to watch him perform his judicial duties to the delight of the crowd of suitors whom he put at ease within his court. Nor is it difficult to understand the satisfaction he gave when one remembers the maxim which guided him in his judicial duties: "If the parties will at my hands call for justice, then were it my father stood on one side and the devil on the other the devil should have his right if his cause were good." (Roper, *Life of More,* p. 12.)

But such scrupulous justice was not always the surest road to Henry VIII's favor. He preferred a royal partisan to an unbiassed and incorruptible judge. It was plain to More that he had not satisfied the hopes Henry cherished about him. He was not sufficiently pliable to the royal will, so in 1532 he resigned the Chan-

cellorship. Another interesting problem would be the intolerance which marked More's public life, his persecution of religious heresy and his bigoted Catholicism; but as it does not bear directly on our subject it must be ignored.

It is not pleasant to watch the clouds of ruin and adversity overcast the twilight hours of a well-spent life; least of all is it bearable in the case of a man of such outstanding virtues and delightful temperament as Sir Thomas More. Already suspect because of his views on the divorce question, the year 1534 found him in disfavor because of a trumped-up charge of implication in the case of a religious fanatic—the Holy Maid of Kent. True, More's name was grudgingly removed from the bill of attainder but the mud stuck and he never regained royal favor. His failure to support the bill for the limitation of succession finally ruined him. On July 1, 1535, he was brought to trial after fifteen months of imprisonment, and on the 6th he paid the penalty of his convictions with death.

One of the saddest sights in English history is that picture of the old man torn against his will from the studies he had loved, and now after a life of service cast out by an ungrateful king. One could linger long and lovingly over the last few scenes of the life. The heart goes out in sympathy to his favorite daughter as she bids her father farewell and receives his gentle comfort: "Patience, Meg, and grieve not, for God hath willed it thus." One marvels at the fortitude of the old man a few days later as he climbs the scaffold and even then cannot refrain from a joke. "Friend, see me safe up, I prithee, and for my coming down let me fend for myself." Or again as he raised his head on the block and smilingly explained his desire to remove his beard from out of the way of the axe for "that at least is innocent of treason."

More died as he had lived, a happy English gentleman resolutely determined to face life with its difficulties or death with its mysteries and to be surprised at nothing which came his way. A glance at his portrait reveals the man. The strong features explain his success in life. Here is one with views of his own and a dignity which impressed all who came in touch with him. More could be strong and stern when the occasion demanded it. He could be fired by a holy indignation and be angry for a righteous cause, but he could not let the sun go down upon his wrath. Even as he thundered out his stern commands those kindly eyes of his twinkled reassuringly to tell the victim that his wrath was not so awful as it might at first appear to be. The stern set face was brightened

suddenly by the smile which all the while had hovered round his lips and the angry mood was gone, dismissed by a kindly word; a little jest and all was sunshine once again. For More could not be dour and gloomy. He always saw the comic element in life. He loved a joke. He was always teasing his friends, playing with them mischievously and acting for all the world as though he were a schoolboy once again. That is the secret of his wonderful family life and the affection which his children bore him. It is the secret, too, of most of his writings, particularly the *Utopia*. No one can hope to understand that work who does not remember that More never could be serious or stern for long. He was always jesting and if a great deal of what he wrote in the *Utopia* reveals the man's indignation at things as they were it is important to bear in mind that much was purely mischievous fun deliberately written for the enjoyment of his colleagues, fun which More did not mean to be taken seriously and which his friends who most enjoyed the work did not attempt to construe according to the letter. Behind the idea they saw the man with his quizzical smile, and they forgave much for they remembered that Thomas More would always have his little joke.

He was typical of the Renaissance thinkers, witty, courteous, versatile, above all lovable. In him met the man of the world and the student, the politician and the philosopher, the social reformer and the lawyer. His time was spent in dealing with hard facts of life and knotty legal questions in an English law-court. The remarkable thing is that he did not become as abstract and serious as the facts which which he dealt. He still retained his early enthusiasms and youthful ideals. He was a visionary who never lost himself in the fairy lands to which his fancy led him. He always returned from his imaginative wanderings to a world of cold hard facts and tried to adapt the visions he had seen and the dreams he had dreamed to the realities of life around him. He was a shrewd observer of life in the concrete and that happiest of all combinations, a visionary who is also a man of the world.

LOKE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST.

FOREWORD.

THIS mythology of the north presents a triple tragedy: (1) that of Loke and his kindred, the Jotuns; (2) that of Odin and his Circle of Asas in Asgard; and (3) that of Balder and those who join him in Hell. Loke's is the blackest tragedy, of evil done and not repented; Odin's is the tragedy of evil done that good may come of it, but acknowledged as evil; and Balder's, the tragedy of the good and the just and the peaceful who seem to be overcome by evil, but transcend it and prevail in spirit.

The cycle of northern myths, then, presents a world-theme, and the utilitarian ethics of Odin in building his Circle is the provoking cause of calamity in the whole series. As Rydberg shows, even while the immediate object for which Odin does evil is attained, evil results follow and develop, until at Ragnarok they will overwhelm him and his Circle. But after Ragnarok justice will prevail in Balder's Realm of the Spirit.

Before he is caught and bound by the Asas Loke has plotted the domination of the world by his evil offspring, the Serpent, the Wolf and Hel; and with his own hand he has slain Balder, the Lord of Light, the Father of Justice, "whose palace has sheltered no evil." But bad as he is, this devil must be given his due. If we find him crafty and dishonest in his dealings with the Asas, we must admit that he is only meeting craft with craft, and bettering the example; if he does wrong that he and his may rule Creation, he is imitating Odin's policy for his Circle. Loke becomes the personification of destructive fire, a spirit of revenge, but was, until he was perverted, a loved spirit of warmth and brightness. From his own point of view he is more sinned against than sinning, for Odin had tried to exterminate the Jotuns in order to ensure his own dominion, and where he did not destroy Jotuns, bribed them or enticed them to turn traitor to their race and join his. Odin overreached the Jotuns, and stole from them, that he might add to the power of his Circle, thinking it his manifest destiny to prevail because he had the chance. It is entirely fit that his career should end at Ragnarok by the swords of all whom he has wronged, the dwellers at the ends of the earth, Jotunheim, Maspelheim, Elfheim,

and Hell. When all of Creation has been purged by fire, only Balder's Realm of Justice will remain, to become New Heaven and New Earth. In poetic justice, the race of Asas, that seemed the fittest to survive, goes to its doom because it has done all manner of injustice to gain power and prevail. So perish all that do such deeds.

After the death of Balder, Loke laughed in spite.

WHEN the plot of that evil one, Loke,
Was sped, and Balder the Bright
Was doomed with Hel to abide,
While o'er Balder's bale, save for Thok,
The whole world wept,
Thok's self was Loke, who cackled
With laughter and ran to his cavern
Refusing to weep for Balder.

He fled from the Asas in fear.

That laugh was the last of his misdeeds,
For then Loke knew that the Asas
Would never forgive, and he fled them.
In many strange guises he fled them,—
As fly, bird, beast,
As fish in the flood, as earth-elf;
And still as he fled, still transforming,
Through the open he glided, a-shrinking,
Through the shadows he slunk, a-skulking,
And ever he felt in his hiding
That Odin's eye was upon him,
And ever abandoned his cover
To wander afresh.

Without the apples of youth and strength, he grew aged.

He dared not return to green Gladsheim
To visit young Idun and Brage
And eat of their Apples immortal,
So apace old age crept upon him,
The fire in his eye burned to ashes,
His cheek hung wrinkled and withered,
And his foot dragged heavy and languid.

Haunted by fears, and lonely,

Very many the fears that oppressed him—
Was there nowhere a soul would assist him?
In all the wide world was no creature
A friend, for all he had injured

And now of all must be fearful.
When he swam in the sea, Jormungand,
His Serpent-son, rose up and hissed him;
To an island he neared, but Fenrer,
His Wolf-son, there snarled
When he saw him approach—
He hated the source of his being:
In a cavernous hillside he hid him,
But the Dwarf Andvare crawled forth
And drove him away with deep cursing
For wresting from him that Ring
That has carried gold's curse to Earth's kingdoms,
"A bane to the bearer shall be,
Bitter grief to the greedy of gold,
Haunting sorrow to all who possess
Gold weighted with wrong."....
How many and many have sorrowed!
And alas! how many will sorrow
Ere that curse of Andvare shall pass!
And when as a hawk Loke soared,
The son of Thjasse, the Eagle,
Remembering young Idun, his sister,
That Loke led forth from her kindred
With her casket of youth-giving Apples—
Them the skill of Thjasse had fashioned
And now her kindred must hunger
While her foes may feast—
Pursued him to rend him in pieces.
So wherever he went some old deed
That was done in spite or in mischief
Raised its head like a snake's head, and hissed him,
And threatened to strike him and sting him.

Almost he was willing to perish,
Or to seek his old hag, Angerboda,
And their wolf-sons that lurk in the forest
Afar in the North, the dun Mirkwood—
But hate was the tie that bound them....
And Hel, his cold daughter in Helheim—
Her he fain would forget....
Not only he hated.... he dreaded.

he sought hiding in Helway,

Grown weary with wandering, haunted,
At the foot of a rock that looks northward
He hid in deep shadow,
Whence downward and northward leads Helway,
Bleak, and steep, and forbidding.
There never a living thing grows,
Gray lichens, or grasses, or mosses,
But hoar frost lies white in the moonshine.
And when, muffled close in her mantle,
Dark Midnight had passed on her mission,

where he saw his daughter Hel coming,

Hel's hounds came a-baying from Helheim
And a pale form rose from the Deep
That he knew, as a dream, in his slumber,
For Hel, his daughter, his tyrant,
And naught he could do to escape her....
His heart grew cold with its knowledge.
It was then for the first time he feared her,
This child of the worst in his being,
Supreme of her kind, Queen of Evil....
That thought wrung his heart with foreboding—
His Queen, to *himself* anguish-boding.

but was unable to flee her,

Loke struggled to rouse him, to flee her—
Far less did he dread the wronged Asas
Than Hel, as he saw her ascending—
But slumber still held him in bondage,
For Odin's Rune risted in aether
Turned evil upon the ill-doer.

And Hel came still closer, and closer,
Till the cold of her breath blew upon him;
The cold of her hands chilled his body;
Her eyes, cold-gleaming, transfixed him;
And her voice spoke, coldly, his doom:

and received her curse,

"So Loke would flee me? Fool, Coward,
And author of what he'll not look on!
Nay, yet thou shalt pray and beseech me
To take thee to Hell from thy torments!
This thy doom, and hope not to escape it:
Hell on Earth, Death in Life,—
To know goodness and light, but still hate them;

To see joy, but be banished forever;
To live in the world of the living,
But still without power to injure;
To will still to do, but lie bound;
To suffer in sight of Heaven's Asas,
Enduring their scorn, while the pity
Of her thou hast injured protects thee,—
Hell itself has no pains worse than thine be,
No chains like the chains that shall bind thee....
Live, languish, agonize,
Impotent, vacant, immortal—
Nay, look not for end to thy sorrow—
And remember, Loke, remember,
Wherever thou art, thou art mine."

And Loke moaned as he listened,
And bitter he groaned when he wakened,
Though the evil Queen had departed
And naught he beheld but bleak Helway
Downward and northward extending,
in utter loneliness. And naught he heard.... There was silence,
A stillness that throbbed with foreboding....

Alone was Loke, so lonely
He would fain have kept Hel there beside him—
Her cursing was better than silence....
Alone with the stars and the heavens,
And the stars and heavens were aching.

II.

He is joined by his Asa-wife, Sigyn. But not alone to remain,
For before the first flush of the morn,
In the hush that awaits a new Dawn
Slow footsteps approached from the South,
And a voice, low and soft as a wind-harp,
Breathed, "Loke, Loke, my lord!"
That he knew; then a presence like sunshine
Illumined the place of his hiding,
Fair Sigyn, the True and the Tender,
Whom he had deserted in Asgard
To wed the foul witch Angerboda.
Now she had come down from high Asgard,
Womanly, motherly, wifely;

And still, if Loke had loved—
What might not the future have seen?
For she knew the wrongs he had done—
And she knew the wrongs he had suffered—
She would have found joy in forgiving.

He repulses her,

But was there no love in his heart?
Hateful and spiteful and vengeful
Loke answered. He hardened his heart
And accused her, suspicious,
That she from the Asas had come
To betray him, to bait him;
And so he reproached and reviled her.
And Sigyn looked sadly upon him
And silently bore his upbraiding;
And with him she stayed, that fair goddess,
Still living her dream of devotion,
Fulfilling the troth that she plighted.
And still she had hope.
And patiently went she with Loke
When later he hid in the mountains,
And steadfastly held her high purpose,
Sustaining her heart in its sadness
By telling it o'er the sweet tale
Of the days of their love, in far Asgard.

but finally suffers her to stay with him and bring their sons.

And Loke half feared her, and wondered
That still she should stay, but endured it,
Though he felt her presence but irksome.
And he suffered her summon their children,
The wilful Vare and Nare,
Whom she loved with the love of a mother
Though they tore her heart with unkindness.
And Loke, too, had no kindness
From them, but dread and dire danger,
For his sons did not care for his safety,
But under the vault of the heavens,
In the crystalline light of the Day Star,
They threatened and shouted,
Though Odin was watching on Air Throne.

He lives in retreat,

In the long, anxious days that succeeded
Loke sat in his house with wide windows

To all quarters of space, whence he watched
For the Asas to come from the North,
From the South, from the East, from the West,
While in thought he did over the deeds
Of his life. And not in the least
Was he sad for the wrongs he had done,
But all for the tricks that had failed him.
And those long anxious days was he busied
In netting a net, cunning meshes,
That seemed, as he made them, a symbol,
His life and the lives his had met,
Intermingled and knotted together.
The knots were the deeds he had done,
For each knot that he knotted was hard
And not to be loosened....
Each life his had met had been marred,
And was not to be mended.
But he joyed in the life he had lived
And the net he had made, as he pondered,
And so intently he netted
That the shouts of the Asas surprised him,
but is discovered by the Asas. For he had forgotten his danger.
War-ready, their ranks closed upon him—
Wise Odin, strong Thor, calm Tyr,
Shining Frey, swift Hermod, white Njord,
And Heimdal, that hated him ever—
The band that fills Asgard with glory.

With shouts hateful Vare and Nare,
His sons rejoice at his danger. His sons, wished him ill
And mocked their old father: "Lo, Loke,
The Asas! What youth, and what splendor!
Such the gods are, but thee! Art not jealous?
And such might we also now be
But for thee, thou old Jotun and wizard,
Whom we hate—Alas, for our birthright!
Flee? Do, but they'll catch thee—
And may they!"

III.

Loke hides in the guise of a salmon, And flee Loke did, wild with terror.
He flung his net to the fire

And flew to the Force, in whose flood
He leaped and he plunged, in the guise
Of a salmon, so seeking escape.
But the Asas saw him and knew him,
And taking a net, woven meshes
Like his, that they found in the ashes,
They followed him down in the water.
Twice he sought to pass to the ocean....
To dive under the net....to leap over....
but is caught in the Asas' net, But they caught him, strong Thor and wise Odin,
They caught him and, spite his guise, held him.

And when Loke's struggle was over,
And he lay there, no longer a salmon,
They dragged him into a valley
Where ledges of rock beetled o'er him
And mountain crests rose and enclosed him
and is bound to the rocks in a valley. That the heavens themselves scarce could see him—
None save Odin when seated on Air Throne.
And there to three rock-ribs they bound him
For a bed, and the thongs that they used
(A horror—he scarce could endure it!)
Were the entrails of wolfish Vare,
His son, that hated and mocked his old father
And killed and devoured his brother.

Loke struggled, and groans shook his body,
He struggles proudly, Though proudly he strove to control him
While the Asas stood by looking on him.
Then a Serpent from over the summit
Came to torture and feast, as a spider,
When a fly is caught in its meshes,
Comes to play with it struggling, and kill it.
but is tortured by a serpent But so fearful the play of the lightning
That leaped from his eyes when he saw it,
So piercing, so hunted, so blinding,
And so fearful those serpent-eyes stony
That, alike fixed in terror, they gazed,
The Serpent and Loke, bound both
By a spell that neither can break,
And binding each other forever
By a spell that neither can lessen.

Prone lay the snake,
Its thin neck stretching down
And its flat head depressed,
Its cleft tongue hanging limp,
Dropping venom distilled
Where Loke lay rigid beneath it.
As it dropped, drop by drop,
It encrusted his body, and burned,
That he writhed in his anguish
And fought with the strength of his godhead,
While the Asas stood by, and derided.

until his pride is broken.

Then his pain broke his pride, spite of Loke,
Cries of agony startled the mountains,
And backward and forward they hurtled
Through the vales, o'er the plains, up to Asgard,
And down to the nether abysses.
In all places their tidings were welcome
That the days of his misdeeds were done
And that Loke lay helpless and harmless.

The Asas torture him with taunts,

The wide world listened, rejoicing, it seemed,
And with mocking and laughter:
"Thy desert now thou hast, dost thou like it?"
Said one, and "Could we but do so
With usury we would repay thee!"
"Aye, aye," cried the rest, taunting Loke.
"Thy chickens come home to their roost
With their broods; count them, Loke!"
"Thou wert wont to pour vials of torments
On victims in sport. Dost remember?
Now ours is the sport, thine the torment;
And remember the pain of thy victims!"
His base deeds to remembrance they brought
In wrath, and for vengeance,
To requite ill with ill in like measure,
For so it seemed good to the Asas
To torture their prisoner, Loke.

but his wife, Sigyn, in mercy

To all save his sad-eyed wife Sigyn.
To her tender heart, wise in sorrow,
No rejoicing it brought that Loke
Must sing that terrible song

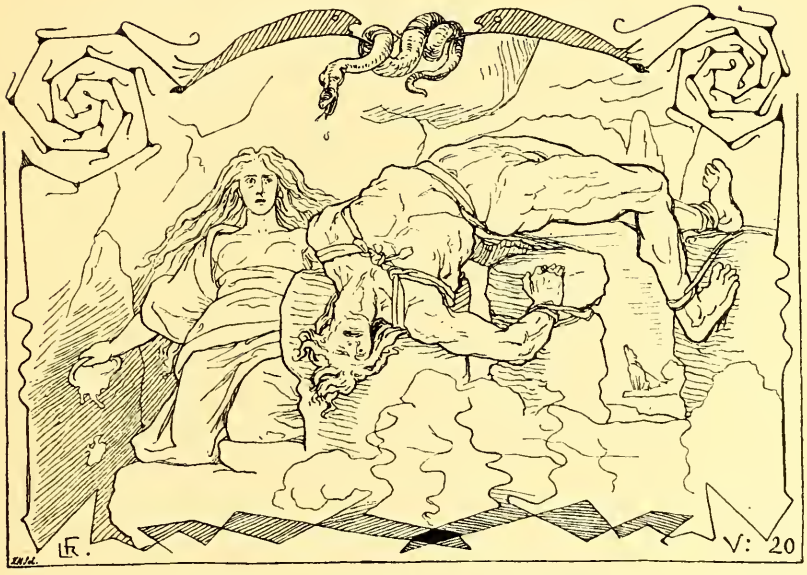
In torment, but she pitied his pain,
An added weight to the woes
Of a world but too woful without it.
Her soul was sad as she heard them,
Mourning her mood:

pleads for him,

"Oh Father, oh brothers, have pity!
Our world is too heavy with sorrow
To wring one cry that is needless
From the bitter breast of a captive,
Long bitter with wrongs ye inflicted
On those dear to him, as his kindred.

reproaches the Asas with their own wrong doing,

Now Loke is bound and harmless,
And Loke's children are outcast,
The Wolf, and Hel, and the Serpent.



SIGYN, LOKE AND THE SERPENT.

Enough let it be that the safety
Of Asgard and Earth are assurèd—
The brave never injure the helpless....
Leave Loke to me, give your blessing,

and announces her purpose to stay with him.

And perhaps, some day in the Future—
Perhaps—for he may repent him—
Perhaps I may bear to glad Valhal

A word for peace and forgiveness.
If not—but let me not think it—
Still here will I stay,
And will labor to lessen his anguish;
And still I can hope for a whisper
Of love, that will long to be voiced
When it wakens to life, toward one....
And toward all....
In mercy now go....
I will bear it!"

The Asas were touched by her pleading,
That goddess' so sad and devoted;
The laughter died from their voices,
And their taunting, scornful and biting,
Lay hushed on their lips into silence.
And pity entered their hearts
For Loke, that he must be lorn
Of her love, that his heart had cast from him....
And awe came upon them at Evil
Itself. Whence came it? How comes it?
Why did Loke succumb?—and why they?
For they—they, too, were infected.
Each knew in his secret soul
Of hopes and desires and deeds
That he wished he need not remember;
And it softened their hearts toward Loke
To know that no Asa was blameless,
And that they themselves had been tempters.
And it seemed an inscrutable Other
Moved him and moved them divers ways.
Were they puppets alike? and warped
By the stuff that was theirs from their forebears?

Thor agrees with her words,

"Sigyn is right," Asa Thor spoke,
"Bound is Loke, and harmless,
And the brave never injure the helpless!"

IV.

"Aye, Sigyn is right," said All-Father;
and Odin also. "Now that Loke is bound and harmless,
For us 't is enough that the safety
Of the Heavens and the Earth are assurèd.

And bound are the children of Loke,
The Serpent, the Wolf, and that other,
The Queen of ravenous Hell.

Odin shows the present perils of Asgard

Do ye see the shade in the valley?
It is spread by the wings of the Eagle;
Do ye hear his screaming eerie?
'T is Thjasse's son threatening Asgard—
Alas for our Heavenly City
That its gold must be weighted with wrong!
Do ye hear the call from the Sea-Stream
Sucked down in a whirlpool? The Serpent.
And the howl of the Wolf? 'T is wild Fenrer!
The baying? Hel's hounds—Angerboda's.
Ye know those sounds and their portents.
Ye know the mustering foes
To be met in the Future as erewhile....
And not the less to be feared
Because they give evil for evil
To destroy the fair world that we fashioned
By seeking advantage from theirs.
It was I for myself and my Circle—
Was it well?....*Was* it well?

"Do the Norns themselves know the outcome,
They that sit at the roots of the World-Tree
And weave the web of the World-Life?
Know they the End and Beginning?....
Or draw they the threads from the Unknown,
And toss the torn shreds to the Unknown?....

and reminds the Asas of their vows of brotherhood.

Ye know how, late, in our Valhal,
In winter, since Balder is dead,
We sat at our tables, heroes
Eating and drinking, and singing
The hero-deeds we remembered,
In the warmth and light of our fires,
While without all was hoarfrost and storm.

He compares life to the flight of a swallow.

Then in swam a swallow, skimming
From one wide door to the other.
For a moment he circled, he twittered,
Enjoying the warmth—
Welcome guest with feathers at banquet—
And then, in a twinkling, was off,

And had passed—from Winter, to Winter....
E'en such, methinks, is our life.
It comes from no man knows whence,
It goes to no man knows whither.
It flutters a space, and in it
We build for ourselves and our Circle
And strive to do action heroic....
And at last we may fail of our purpose....

He glories in action

"But ah! the glory of striving,
The joy of our work for our World's Good!
If vanquished, victors it leaves us.
Foes surround us, and we must endure it.
Foes surround us, shall Asas surrender?
Nay, Asas, life is a Battle,
The day of the Present is passing,
The darkness is coming, Time's flying;

and urges the Asas to action

Let each ere he die do the deeds
That he may, and rejoice in the doing
Though he know not the end....
Else belong he to Hel and her sluggards.
If we die, as the Vala foreshadowed,

against Hel and her brood.

Let us die dealing death for our Circle,
To Hel and to hers;
And after, as Vala foreshadowed,
When the Battle that Last Day is ended

He rejoices in Vala's prophecy of the kingdom of Balder, and

Our Balder, the Bright, will arise,
For his Palace has sheltered no evil,
The Peaceful and White,—
Him our souls still sigh for —
And Nanna will rise from dark Helheim,
And the same World will rise that bred us,
But refreshed and ever renewèd,
As Asgard the Golden anew,
But higher, more splendid, new namèd,
Will rise in the glorified heavens,
In the Land of Spirit eternal....
And we—shall we, too, spring anew?
We know not and we need not to know.

inspires the Asas to meet Fate as heroes.

And Evil—will it spring anew?
We know not and we need not to know.
Enough that to-day is our own.

Let us gather the brave to our banners
And trust that cause to wise Skuld—
To a hero will death come but once....
Come gather about me, and hear me.
I will rist you the Rune I created
What time I o'erhung the Abysm.
Touch ye each the hand of a brother,
Fix your eyes on Asgard above us,
Lift up your voices in union
And sing the New Song that I sung."

V.

He rists the runes of Peace and Strength,

Then Odin the mighty Rune risted
That gives peace and strength to the Asas,
And together they chanted his verses,
Brave hearts!—the song they will sing
When he leads them into the Battle
That Last Day, in the Dusk of the Nations.

and sings the Song that gives courage,

Rising and falling like breakers
That beat on the sands of the seashore
It sounded under their shieldboards,
And deep, like the roll of far billows,
Rolled the voice of All-Father in union.

Then, lifting their hands over Sigyn,
They wended their way from the valley,

and finally leads them back to Asgard,

Ascending to pinacled Asgard;
And Loke, the wanton and Evil—
Very willingly would they have eased him,
But Hel's dread curse was upon him
And on hers she must work out her will.

leaving Sigyn with Loke, to render him service and win him from vengeance and hate.

Alone beside Loke stood Sigyn.
She could not loose him, and would not,
But she strove to lessen his anguish
And open the floodgates by kindness
That the streams of his love might start flowing.
A cup she made, joining her fingers,
To catch the withering venom
That fell from the fangs of the Serpent,

To spill it or ever it burned him.
So, unsleeping, his pain she endures,
In the glare of the sun in the summer,
In the pinch of the cold in the winter,
Through the watches of noon and of midnight;
And she listens, by hope still sustainèd,
Again to-night, and forever,
Till he whisper that Word.

But Loke does not relent,

But Loke relents not, and speaks not,
Save when, her cup overflowing

THE ASAS ASCENDING TO ASGARD OVER BIFROST.

And the venomous drops on him spilling
And rankling, he cries aloud and he curses,
And save when, at midnight,
When the stars are most awful in heaven,
The howling of hounds heralds Hel.
Then he moans and he mutters, by turns
Praying Hel, *now to pass, now to take him.*

though Sigyn is steadfast,

Still she listens and watches, lone Sigyn,
That Goddess of Sorrows; and her face
Is alight with a passion of pity,
Transfigured by self-abnegation
And unthanked devotion—the steadfast!

But who shall say it is thankless?
And who shall say it is useless?
Still Weird will go as it will.

until Ragnarok and Doom.

Surely Mercy is better than Vengeance,
Mayhap Love will prove stronger than Justice
And Sigyn win Loke from Hel.

DEMOCRACY AND REACTION.

(A BOOK REVIEW.)

BY HENDRICK MARTIN PELS.

YOU have had the experience, possibly, of groping along a long dim hall in search of a door, and then suddenly finding the knob and entering a well-lighted room. The light brings relief, even if you have been unafraid in the dark. It has been with a similar feeling of relief that I have read *Democracy and Reaction*, by L. T. Hobhouse. Here I find what I have been groping for, a matter of some importance, nothing short, indeed, of the intellectual and ethical background of the world war.

To find this background in *Democracy and Reaction* one is compelled, I admit, to read something into this little volume of 250 pages. It was published in London in 1904, some thirteen years ago. It contains not so much as a hint, from cover to cover, of the danger of Armageddon. It discusses, at times, foreign policy and international politics, but it does not prophesy war. And this is one of the reasons it holds so clear a value for interpretation,—that it has escaped the color and bias of later discussion.

The thesis of the book is given in the very first sentence: "During some twenty, or it may be thirty years, a wave of reaction has spread over the civilized world and invaded one department after another of thought and action." After the great reforming movement of the nineteenth century a period of lassitude has set in. The ideals of the reform era have lost their efficacy, and its catchwords have ceased to move. The gap has been filled in by

shallow philosophies or sheer materialism. The reaction has threatened to swamp the older conceptions of humanitarianism, and of justice and right. Such is the thesis of the book, brilliantly sustained throughout. The writer undertakes to define precisely the nature of the reaction, and to probe its causes.

"It had long been recognized," he says, "that the liberalism of Cobden's day was in a state of disintegration. The old cry of peace, retrenchment and reform had for many years ceased to awaken any response. The ideal of peace had given way to that of extended dominion. Retrenchment was impossible as long as new territories were constantly being acquired and retained by force, and the demand for domestic reform was silenced by the imperative clamor of foreign difficulties or frontier entanglements. The conceptions of personal freedom, of national rights, of international peace, had been relegated by practical men to the lumber-room of disused ideas. The whole set of conceptions which group themselves about the idea of liberty appeared to be outworn and unsuited to the needs of a generation bent on material progress and impatient of moral restraint.'

The older liberalism had won sweeping victories. It had put through its reforms, and carried out a program of mutually dependent principles; free trade, peace, economy, self-government for the colonies, democratic and social progress at home. But these principles had lost their charm, and no longer inspired enthusiasm. "And without inspiration liberalism, unlike its opponent, is helpless." Silently but effectively the reactionary element, always pushed on by its economic appetites, had crept back into power. The most conspicuous evidence of the reaction was the revival of the imperial idea.

Imperialism did not boldly announce selfish aims. "It was the older liberalism which made the colonial empire what it was, and it was to that empire as liberalism had made it that imperialist sentiment in the first instance appealed." The imperialist called attention to the fact that where the British flag goes, go British freedom, British justice, an incorruptible civil service, and local self-government. He asked: "Are you insensible to these achievements of your country, and can you not rise above the narrow patriotism—by comparison a 'parochial' view—which is limited to one small island?. . . . You say that Empire means force, aggression, conquest. That may have been so in the past, but we live in an age when Empire is free, tolerant and unaggressive, and if we

still acquire territory we acquire it not for ourselves but for civilization."

But this specious appeal cannot hide the actual trend of events.

"A political theory must be judged not only by its profession but by its fruits. What, then, were the fruits of imperialism, i. e., of the actual policy urged by imperialists and defended on the ground of imperial necessity? Did it, for example, give us peace? On the contrary, the perplexed observer, looking vainly for the British peace which was to be, was confronted with an endless succession of frontier wars, some small, some great, but all ending with the annexation of further territory. Under the reign of imperialism the temple of Janus is never closed. Blood never ceases to run. The voice of the mourner is never hushed. Of course, in every case some excellent reason has been forthcoming. We were invariably on the defensive....The naked fact is that we are maintaining a distinct policy of aggressive warfare on a large scale and with great persistence, and the only result of attempting constantly to blink the fact is to have introduced an atmosphere of self-sophistication, or in one syllable, of cant, into our politics which is perhaps more corrupting than the unblushing denial of right. No less than one-third of the present territory of the empire and one-quarter of its population have been acquired since 1870, and the bulk of the increase dates from 1884, i. e., it falls within the period during which imperialism has become a conscious influence. And notwithstanding the disappointments attending on the South African adventure there is as yet no sign of slackening."

The author quotes from Mr. Hobson (*Imperialism*, p. 20) the following list of territories acquired between 1884 and 1900 (inclusive):

British New Guiana	Rhodesia
Nigeria	Zanzibar
Pondoland	British Central Africa
Somaliland	Uganda
Bechuanaland	Ashantee
Upper Burma	Wei-hai-Wei
British East Africa	Kow-lung
Zululand (with Tongaland)	Soudan
Sarawak	Transvaal and Orange River Colony
Pahang (Straits Settlements)	

The total area of these territories amounts to 3,711,957 square miles, and the population is estimated at about 57,000,000.

The policy of retrenchment had been abandoned together with the policy of peace. "Meanwhile, partly through the direct needs of the conquered territories, partly through the dangerous jealousies awakened by the march of empire, but most of all through the mood of nervous suspicion engendered among ourselves by the consciousness of our aggressions, the policy of expansion fastens on us an ever-increasing burden of military and naval expenditure." Mr. Hobhouse goes on to quote figures showing to what extent the naval and military budgets of Great Britain had grown since 1905.

Thus far, as can be seen, there is nothing startlingly new in what Mr. Hobhouse has to say. All well-informed persons (all too few!) had noted the recrudescence of imperialism in Great Britain. And they had seen the same sinister drift in the rest of Europe. France was piecing together the second largest empire overseas, and her policies were being dictated by her financiers and rentiers. The thought of Germany was being hardened and coarsened by the doctrine of *Realpolitik*, and she had entered, a little late, the scramble for colonies. Russia, Italy, Austria, each entertained an unscrupulous program of expansion. The major powers were piling up armaments at an unprecedented rate. All this, I say, was not unknown to those who followed the European situation closely. Mr. Hobhouse gives us the key of interpretation. He enables us to understand how such a deterioration of moral and political purpose was possible.

In his chapter on "The Intellectual Reaction," the author finds three influences at work, each tending to vulgarize current philosophy. The first of these, he says, is—curiously enough—the philosophy of idealism. The vivid and profound religious convictions of an older generation have decayed. For a time the rise of a humanitarian feeling, partly in alliance with the recognized churches, and partly outside of them, promised to take the place of these weakened convictions, and stimulate social endeavor. But that promise has not been fulfilled; humanitarianism has lost its hold. The popular philosophy of our time has become a good-natured skepticism. For thirty years and more English thought has been subject to powerful influences from abroad. "The Rhine has flowed into the Thames," and the stream of German idealism has been diffused over the academical world of Great Britain. "It would be natural to look to an idealistic philosophy for a counterpoise to those crude doctrines of physical force which we shall find associated with the philosophy of science. Yet, in the main,

the idealistic movement has swelled the current of retrogression. It is itself, in fact, one expression of the general reaction against the plain, human, rationalistic way of looking at life and its problems. Every institution and every belief is for it alike a manifestation of a spiritual principle, and thus for everything there is an inner and more spiritual interpretation. Hence, vulgar and stupid beliefs can be held with a refined and enlightened meaning, known only to him who holds them.... Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that the effect of idealism on the world in general has been mainly to sap intellectual and moral sincerity, to excuse men in their consciences for professing beliefs which on the meaning ordinarily attached to them they do not hold, to soften the edges of all hard contrasts between right and wrong, truth and falsity, to throw a gloss over stupidity, and prejudice, and caste.... To judge by the popularity of teaching of this kind, what people who think a little mainly want at the present day is to be told that they need not follow where their own reason takes them." They are glad to be assured that there is no "rational groundwork for morality, in particular for that humanitarian morality which they have found so exacting." In these ways idealism, or rather the popular perversion of idealism, has had a retrograde influence.

Again, the trend of events in the political world has appeared on the surface to justify philosophical doubts of humanitarian duty. "Hegelianism had its political sponsor in Bismarck, and Hegel's teaching....was upon the whole reactionary. For him, the ideals of the eighteenth century on which, say what we may, political liberalism is founded, were merely a phase in the negative movement of thought.... In place of the rights of the individual, Hegel set the state—and for him the state was not to serve humanity, but was an end in itself.... There were no limits to its authority, nor was there any necessary responsibility on the part of its government.... Bismarck's career was a concrete exemplification of the Hegelian state, crushing out popular resistance, and in relation to other states a law to itself. Bismarck first showed the modern world what could be done in the political sphere by the thoroughgoing use of force and fraud. The prestige of so great an apparent success naturally compelled imitation, and to the achievements of Bismarck, as we are dealing with the forces which have molded opinion in our own day, we must add the whole series of trials in which the event has apparently favored the methods of blood and iron, and discredited the cause of liberty and justice. The spectacle of the Turkish Sultan persisting in a long series of massacres with

absolute impunity could not fail to affect opinion. . . . The spectacle of Italy using her regained liberty to build up a great military power upon the sufferings of her people, and to embark upon a policy of aggression utterly unsuited to her genius, was sufficiently chilling to the ardor of men brought up on the teachings of Mazzini. . . . In every direction there was disappointment for those who identified liberty with national self-government, while there was everything to encourage men prone to be impressed by force, order, discipline, and the setting of national efficiency above freedom."

However, Mr. Hobhouse finds that the most potent intellectual support of the reaction has been neither idealism nor contemporary events, but the belief that physical science, particularly biology, had given its verdict in favor of the rule of the strong. "The doctrine that human progress depends upon the forces which condition all biological evolution has in fact been the primary intellectual cause of the reaction. Just as the doctrine of Malthus was the main theoretical obstacle to all schemes of social progress through the first two-thirds of the century, so the doctrine derived in part from Malthus by Darwin has provided a philosophy for the reaction of the last third. . . . Those who have applied Darwin's theories to the science of society have not as a rule troubled themselves to understand Darwin any more than the science of society. What has filtered through into the social and political thought of the time has been the belief that the time-honored doctrine 'Might is Right' has a scientific foundation in the laws of biology. Progress comes about through a conflict in which the fittest survives. It must, therefore, be unwise in the long run—however urgent it seems for the sake of the present generation—to interfere with the struggle. We must not sympathize with the beaten and weak, lest we be tempted to preserve them. . . . . Bagehot, I believe was the first to point out. . . . . that human progress might be thought of as resting on the struggle not of individuals but of communities . . . . Internal peace, harmony, and justice, with all the moral qualities they imply, are readily recognized as necessary to national efficiency, but as between nations these principles cease to apply. If it is the business of the individual to be a loyal and law-abiding subject of the state, it is the business of the state merely to advance itself and trample down all who cross its path. The rule of right, it appears, stops short at the frontier. It hardly seems to need arguing that this is not in the end a tenable view. . . . Not only the central conception of the biological theory of society, but its secondary and consequential doctrines, have militated as though by a

perverse fatality against social justice. The very belief in race and the value of inheritance are hostile in tendency to social reform. . . . The biological conception, working upon an easy confusion of ideas, has led to a distintegration of the painfully reared fabric of humanitarian justice, playing into the hands of what is called the relative, and sometimes the historical, view of right and wrong . . . . The black man, for example, is accustomed to slavery, and the only logical conclusion of the argument is that the white man may justly preserve this institution for the common benefit. The flaw in this argument is first that it lays down an inequality of endowments and proceeds therefrom to a denial of equal rights."

This chapter on "The Intellectual Reaction" is summed up in the following paragraph: "Thus in diverse forms and sundry manners the belief that success is its own justification has penetrated the thought of our time. At one time the appeal is to destiny, at another to natural selection, at a third to the inequalities implanted by heredity, at yet another to the demonstrated efficiency of blood and iron. The current of thought has joined that of class interest, and the united stream sweeps onward in full flood to the destruction of the distinctive landmarks of modern civilized progress."

At the root of everything greatly wrong with the world lies a selfish economic interest (a thought expressed more tersely by St. Paul). Mr. Hobhouse knows that the primary impulse behind the reaction he depicts and deplores is greed: and he stresses, here and there, the augmented role played by finance in our modern world. "Our danger is rather that through the development of joint-stock enterprise, the masters of wealth may acquire an ever-extending clientele who will prefer their sectional interest to the common weal." Again: "The corruption has, in fact, spread from above downward. All classes alike give way to Jingoism, and shut their ears to reason and humanity: but the initiative comes from the world of high finance or of high officialdom. In 'society' and among the educated middle class the applause is universal. . . . The artizans and laborers have failed to check the great interests which are forever dragging a nation into schemes of aggression." Speaking of the middle class the author says, "Never, perhaps, has there been material prosperity so widely diffused as in the last three or four years. While the rich have grown richer beyond the dreams of avarice, the poor have by no means grown poorer. . . . Old workmen who still remember the privations of the forties look on the present state of their class as a paradise in comparison. . . . On the other hand whole classes have been won over definitely to the side

of the established order. The great middle class, in particular, which seventy years ago was knocking at the gates of political enfranchisement, now finds all the prizes and privileges of public life open to its sons, the ablest of which crowd into the public services at home and abroad. If this favors conservatism in general, it fosters imperialism in particular. . . . The great middle class has become contented with its lot, and is far more moved by its fear of socialism than by any desire for further instalments of privilege. . . . In particular it applauds the lead given it toward imperialism. It applauds it in its capacity of respectable parent with sons to put out into the world, of merchant with trade to develop, of missionary with religion to push, above all, of investor with capital to seek higher interest than can be gained at home. The true leaders of the middle class are the financiers, who show them how to get more than three per cent on their investments." Once more: "We find the cause of the reaction in the growing concentration of material interests. The power of wealth has increased, and the different interests, for which wealth is a higher consideration than life, have learnt the secret of cooperation."

We see, therefore, that a sordid and callous spirit has become dominant, fostering the sway of expediency, or even of brute force; that selfish economic interests win a constantly increasing clientele, avid of higher dividends; that aggression and imperialism do not openly avow their ends, but work behind a screen of cant and spurious liberalism; and that the dominant social forces find for themselves that justification they need in the prevalent popular philosophy. By this reaction, declares Mr. Hobhouse, "the winnings of our civilization are threatened." The Cobdenist principles of progress have been replaced by "aggrandisement, war, compulsory enlistment, lavish expenditure, protection, arbitrary government, class legislation." Human wrongs and human sufferings do not move people as they did. A significant illustration may be found in the change of the national temper toward slavery. "Thirty years ago the whole empire was anti-slavery. Now, far from putting it down, we have on more than one occasion suffered the introduction of one form or another of servile labor under the British flag. It is difficult to conceive any great white nation waging war in these days on the slavery question. On the contrary, the prevailing, though perhaps veiled, opinion seems to be that the black or the yellow man must pay in meat or in malt for his racial inferiority. The white man is the stronger, and to the strong are the earth and the fruits thereof. If the black man owns land and lives on

its produce, he is an idler. His 'manifest destiny' is to assist in the development of gold mines for the benefit of humanity in general and the shareholders in particular."

I shall not try to summarize the able arguments of the book in favor of a return to the ideals of liberalism, and to a higher conception of international right. With a merciless logic Mr. Hobhouse cuts to pieces the pseudo-science that attempts to justify fraud and force. He demonstrates that neither sociology nor biology, any more than ethics, gives a verdict against just dealing, both within and without the nation. He is an ardent believer in self-government, but he is by no means blind to its mistakes. Indeed, one of the most illuminating chapters of the book discusses "The Limitations of Democracy." I cannot forbear to quote a paragraph or two from his defensive criticism of self-government, for they hold a peculiar pertinence just at present, when so much attention is being paid to forms of government, and when the words "democracy" and "autocracy" exercise so potent a spell.

"Self-government, it may be said, has in practice broken down. In embracing imperialism it has, as the phrase goes, 'contradicted itself,' for the fundamental idea of democracy is not any particular form of government, but the reconciliation of government with liberty, and imperialism is the negation of liberty....The corruption of opinion and the lowering of the moral standard in public affairs which has so profoundly depressed all thoughtful observers is not by any means especially imputable to the popular element in our government....First, it is not democratic self-government but democratic imperialism that 'contradicts itself,' and secondly, it is not the popular element in our constitution that is primarily responsible for imperialism. The only illusion that is destroyed is the belief, if it ever was definitely held, that a people enjoying self-government could never be imperialist. That was, indeed, a hasty belief, for it implied an expectation that self-government would change human nature. The love of ascendency is not peculiar to any one class or race, nor does it arise from any special form of government. All men, as Mill long ago remarked, love power more than liberty. All nations are, with opportunity, more or less aggressive. All are firmly persuaded that in their most inexcusable aggressions they are acting purely on the defensive. All believe that in conquering others they are acting for the good of the conquered; that the only charge that can be laid at their door is that of undue forbearance; that they are ready to be just and even generous if the others will only submit. All nations believe implicitly in their

own entire rectitude and place the worst construction on the motives of others. All approve of their own civilization and are inclined to think meanly of the personal habits of other people. Savage tribes advance upon the enemy with yells; we hurl defiance at them through a certain portion of the press....The general conditions of pseudo-patriotism which consists in hostility to other nations are permanent and universal. The form in which it appears varies in accordance with varying conditions of national life.

"We in England, through long immunity, had become wholly ignorant of the nature of the passions raised by war. History does not tell us much of these things. It preserves the glory of war, but suppresses its barbarities and its meannesses. It says little of that secondary war of tongues which accompanies the war of weapons and keeps up the flame of passion. It preserves the fair exterior of chivalry, and does not turn its light on the calumnies, the barbarities, the credulity as of savages which luxuriate in the national mind in war time. I remember shortly before the South African War broke out asking one of the ablest and most consistent opponents of the policy of aggression whether he did not think that those who were then shouting for war would, when it came, be revolted by its realities. My friend, who remembered the Crimean War, took a very different view, and gave me clearly to understand that from the very first moment of bloodshed it would be all over with argument. This is precisely what Cobden had found.

"Some of us are inclined to look back on the time of Cobden as the halcyon days of peace and sobriety and justice between nations. We have been led to think the orgy of barbarism which we have witnessed something wholly peculiar to our time, something that points to a real retrogression toward savagery. There is, in fact, as I have pointed out, a real intellectual reaction. The humanitarianism of Cobden's day is no longer popular. But let us not exaggerate. Human nature has not changed in fifty years. Cobden was a peculiarly able and successful apostle of peace, with a peculiarly noble and eloquent brother in arms. He had behind him all the prestige of his great success in the Free Trade movement, and the economic conditions were more favorable to his protest than to that of Mr. Morley and Mr. Courtney. But Cobden had precisely the same forces to fight. There was precisely the same pugnacity, the same callousness to outrageous deeds done in the British name, the same ferocity of vindictiveness fed by the same agencies. 'You must not disguise from yourself,' he writes in 1847, 'that the evil has its root in the pugnacious, energetic,

self-sufficient, foreigner-despising and pitying character of that noble insular creature, John Bull.'

"Clearly, John Bull was no less warlike in the forties than he is now, no less convinced of the necessary justice of his own cause, or of the service which he rendered humanity by condescending to conquer and to rule it. Nor when incidents occurred to throw a very ugly light on those civilizing influences of which he was wont to boast was he a whit more inclined to listen to the truth about himself and his agents. He received the account of the things done in his name with the same callous indifference which is familiar to us.... Nor is the howl for vengeance anything new.... Then, as in our own time, the non-combatants were the most furious for blood.

"In a word, the moral conditions of the controversy were the same in Cobden's day as now. Jingoism and imperialism were not known by name, but the same pseudo-patriotism which takes the form of hostility to all countries but one's own was there, and was no less powerful.... Now it is imperialism, which is at its best a belief in the 'civilizing mission' of the Anglo-Saxon race, and at its worst what we have seen in South Africa, but in essence the same blind, unreasoning, unimaginative, callous, collective self-assertion. What we have to lament is not that something new in essence, and in essence bad, has been hatched out by the devil that is in humanity, but that the real progress that has been made in other things has left us not one whit better—and perhaps, temporarily and in degree, worse—in this relation. This change must be attributed to the coincidence of those intellectual and political causes which since Cobden's time have fostered the growth of materialism —that is to say, the tendency to over-value physical force and to ignore the subtler and less obvious conditions on which the public welfare rests."

"If our analysis has shown that the ideal of the democratic state is intrinsically sound and necessary to the onward movement of western civilization—upon the other hand, the bare facts prove that that ideal will not, so to say, act automatically or maintain its supremacy without the most jealous watchfulness on the part of its supporters. Self-government is not in itself a solution of all political and social difficulties. It is at best an instrument with which men who hold by the ideal of social justice and human progress can work, but when those ideals grow cold, it may, like other instruments, be turned to base uses. In the immediate future much will doubtless have to be done toward the perfection of the democratic

machine, yet the fundamental reform for which the times call is rather a reconsideration of the ends for which all civilized government exists; in a word, the return to a saner measure of social values."

Here I end the review of *Democracy and Reaction.* I have given, I believe, an impartial, though inadequate, survey of the book's contents. Any one will be compensated by a careful reading of this volume; for no summary can render more than an indication of the vigor, the logical cogency, and the moral earnestness that Mr. Hobhouse brings to his exposition. I venture to say that this book is more enlightening than nine-tenths of the "literature" on the war that has been produced in the last three years. It cannot honestly be turned into propaganda for either set of belligerents; it lifts one definitely "above the battle" and enables one to breathe the clean air of sympathetic understanding.

Two questions arise that may well be briefly considered. First, had the reaction which Mr. Hobhouse explains in 1914 passed its crest before the beginning of the war in 1914, and was the world returning to a saner estimate of social values? Second, was this reaction also felt in the United States, and was its significance perceived here?

The first question cannot be answered dogmatically; yet the answer is undoubtedly, no. The decade preceding 1914 witnessed several of the most shameless episodes in modern diplomacy: Korea, Morocco, the Congo, Persia. Everywhere the small nations and the weaker peoples were despoiled. The great powers continued their policy of snatching everything they could lay their predatory hands on, and of never yielding an inch to their rivals if they could help it. The pace of armed preparation was quickened. Germany increased her army and her navy, Great Britain launched her fleet of dreadnaughts, Russia built her strategic railroads, France passed her Three Year Law. New diplomatic groupings were made, and fear dominated the foreign offices. The English press, under the leadership of the London *Times*, became steadily abusive of Germany. In Germany the national temper was embittered by the empire's ill success in colonial expansion, and the Pan-German movement, proclaiming with brutal candor a policy of national piracy, grew conspicuous. Meanwhile, the materialistic temper of the times had not been altered, and the underlying economic pressures had not been lessened. At the beginning of the war the inhabitants of Great Britain had about fifteen billions of dollars in overseas investments, outside of government bonds, and those of

France and Germany each about eight billions. The conscience of the world had become hardened to long distance sinning. What chiefly interested governments may be seen from the text of the 1907 convention between Russia and England for the partition of Persia: "Concessions for railways, banks, telegraphs, roads, transports, insurances."

The reaction against humanitarianism, it must be remembered, had been going on in Europe for more than a generation; the men who had ridden that reaction were in power; and the poison had eaten so deeply that it was possible at the last to start a war that slaughtered millions, for false values. Of course, there were warnings and protests. Socialists of France and Germany foretold the gathering storm. Small groups of influential men in both England and Germany worked for reconciliation. In England a number of free-lance liberals endeavored—in vain—to arouse the public. E. D. Morel exposed the Congo outrages. H. N. Brailsford ripped the mask from the Moroccan intrigue. The conspiracy that nipped Persian freedom in the bud evoked numerous protests, among them an eloquent poem by Israel Zangwill. This poem, entitled "Lament," was published in 1912, and contains the following stanzas:

"Time was my voice as lightsome rang—
In childish darkness lapped secure,
Self-shut in innocence I sang,
The world was pure as I was pure.

"And now my England I behold,
A Sancho Panza Land, supreme
In naught save land and ships and gold
Security her highest dream.

"I see the sun-lands where the flow
Of black men's blood is harvest rain;
Congo, San Thomè, Mexico,
And many a secret place of pain.

"I see what drives the wheels of state,
How nations hide their blood-stained loot,
Greatness that comes by murder's gate,
And glory by the all-red route."

Yes, many a secret place of pain—in order that the brilliant life of Paris, Brussels, London, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg might be brighter, gayer, more luxurious.

Despite all exposures, however, and despite the signs of the times, this war took many honest men in Europe by surprise. Two

tendencies obscured their vision. One, for want of a better name, may be called the socialistic movement. Up to the very eve of the war there was a growing disposition on the part of the western nations to seek social justice at home. They were passing workmen's compensation acts, old age pensions, better land laws, higher income taxes. As we have seen, Mr. Hobhouse indicated that a policy of domestic reform may be wedded to a policy of national aggression, and that internal harmony is readily recognized as necessary to national efficiency. These concrete advances toward an ideal of social and industrial justice blinded many men to the international immorality of the times. The second obscuring influence was pacifism. The pacifists, noble as their purposes were, sadly misjudged the world they were living in. They went about declaring that a war between the great powers was improbable, in fact, "impossible." Mr. Norman Angell went further in his *Great Illusion*, which attained a great vogue, and attempted to prove that aggression was no longer profitable, ignoring the strength of the sinister economic interests that reap blood-money from colonial exploitation. And thus pacifism aided those influences that lulled men to tranquility, from which they awoke only when the deluge burst.

The United States of America? Intellectual conflicts are not so sharply defined in America as in Europe, but it is safe to say that America did not feel the reaction within herself, and did not know it was going on abroad. American thought flowed in its own channel. The Civil War was followed by a period of industrial expansion and spiritual apathy. Then, under Roosevelt, came muckraking and "the awakening of the national conscience." Humanitarianism took the helm. It manifested itself in social settlements, in the new "social vision" of the churches, in the impatient idealism of the younger generation, in political progressivism. America during the opening years of the twentieth century was in the same mood as England in the Victorian period. It is this belated wave of humanitarianism, mingled with ignorance of the reaction in Europe, that explains why nearly all Americans were astonished to see the European war break out. It explains, further, why the bulk of our cultured classes even now, despite our own entrance into the struggle, have not arrived at a sound interpretation of the causes or the potentialities of the conflict. And it explains the naive and generous assurance with which Americans look for the speedy establishment of a better world order, when in truth the ills of the world are too virulent to be cured in this generation at the best.

DEMOCRACY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY LIDA PARCE.

A CONSTITUTION is not necessarily a written document. As in the case of the English constitution, it may consist of the customs of the country expressed in acts of parliament and in the decisions of the courts. In such case it is perpetually in process of revision by new enactments of parliament and by decisions of the courts which establish new precedents by rendering decisions in cases which present new features.

Life itself is constantly changing its ways, and when a majority of the community have adjusted themselves to the new ways there is a demand that laws shall be passed which will compel the more backward members of society to make the new adjustment for the public convenience and welfare. Cases come before the courts in which these new points are to be decided; they are decided on the basis of the prevailing custom, and thus the constitution is revised. Laws are passed in response to the demands of the progressive majority, and thus again the constitution is revised. In England this revision is final until superseded by further revision through the same process.

In America the situation is different. Life, to be sure, changes its ways here as elsewhere. From year to year the methods of human association are tried out by experience; and some of these ways are shown to be serviceable and therefore good, while others which were developed under earlier conditions are seen to be out of date, and perhaps to hamper more than they facilitate the community life. At the same time new situations arise as a result of the new processes by which the necessaries of life are produced, and new methods of association and new principles of conduct are developed by these situations. They are first understood and adopted by the more progressive members of society, then gradually the average run of people fall in line and in time they are adopted by the majority. Laws are then demanded for the purpose of bringing the backward ones up with the average of their fellows.

These laws are passed by the legislative branch of the government here as in England; but in America this does not revise the constitution. Even when the courts decide cases on the basis of the new laws, and these decisions are in harmony with the public will and the public conscience, the constitution is not revised thereby.

For such a case can be carried to the supreme court, and it then decides whether the law is in conformity with the constitution, which was written by our great-grandfathers in the days before the community life was altered. If the law conforms to that ancient form of government it stands; otherwise it is void, and in any case the constitution remains the same as it was before. As a matter of experience such cases are always appealed by some special interest, because some favor which it has received at the hands of government under the constitution is restricted or withdrawn by the new law. Thus the constitution acts as a bulwark in defense of the special interests and against the common good.

A decision that such a law is unconstitutional is usually followed by a clamor of protest; whereupon the people are informed that they are unreasonable. The law must conform to the constitution, and if they do not like the decision all they have to do is to change the constitution which they themselves have made and for which they are responsible. But a bare numerical majority of votes in the legislature is sufficient to enact the law; while a number of successive votes, the final one expressing a concurrence of three-fourths of the states, is required to change the constitution.

Even to revise a state constitution two-thirds of the legislature must first vote in favor of revision, and in some of the states this vote must be passed in two successive sessions, after which a majority vote of the people is required. While to revise the federal constitution it is required first, that two-thirds of the members of congress shall vote in favor of revision, after which the amendment is referred to the people. If three-fourths of the states then concur by a majority vote the amendment becomes a part of the constitution.

But note the difference between the concurrent majority and a simple numerical majority. The numerical majority would be ascertained by a simple counting of votes. The concurrent majority consists of a majority of votes in a majority of the states. For this purpose Delaware with its 148,735 (1900) population counts for as many as New York with its 7,273,605 souls. Under the rule of the concurrent three-fourths majority, the thirteen least populous states, which in the aggregate have a population of only, 8,000,000, by voting in the negative would be able to defeat an amendment, even though the remaining thirty-five states, whose population totals 92,000,000, should vote solidly for it. The majorities in those thirteen states might be ever so small, yet these few votes, totaling possibly only a few hundred, would rule the United States. We are

accustomed to thinking that the majority rules in America; yet so far is this from the truth, that one more than one-fourth of the states can rule one less than three-fourths under the constitution, and the discrepancy when populations instead of states are counted may be many times greater.

This is not an argument against states' rights; it can perhaps be demonstrated that the states ought to have very important rights of which they are deprived. The purpose of this argument is to show how far the constitution falls short of securing democratic control.

Our theory that the majority rules in America is not to be reconciled in any way with the plain fact that a small minority controls the majority. There is a wide discrepancy between the theory and the fact. Nor is this discrepancy merely an inadvertence perpetrated in an hour of preoccupation. The fact that the minority rules is not merely an unforeseen accident against which it was impossible to provide. The intention to place the ruling power in the hands of the minority, and the motives for doing it, are set forth with a clearness and precision which precludes every possibility of doubt, in the debates of the convention which formed the constitution. The debates were recorded by Judge Yates of New York, who was a member of the convention. The report is incomplete because Judge Yates left the convention in wrath, before its work was finished. The record was not published until after the death of the last member of the convention; and it shows that body and the constitution framed by it in a light surprisingly different from that in which our fond faith has viewed it for a century and a quarter.

But that is in part because our faith has been foolish as well as fond. We have been vain and not very intelligent theorists. We have read into that time the social and economic conditions of the present, along with the political and moral ideals of a later century; and no greater injustice is ever done by men, than when they judge the acts of the men of one era in the light of the conditions and by the standards of another era. To avoid injustice it will be necessary for us to get in mind a few of the facts and conditions of that time and to understand the language which must be used in this discussion in view of those facts.

To begin with, special interests had always been the basis of representation in the English House of Commons. It was the corporate entities of the shires and the towns which were represented in parliament, not the people thereof. The only political function

of the common man was exercised in the local government, from the earliest summoning of a parliament. The tun (town or township) was the only place where an individual counted as such. The theory that "all men are created equal," and the proposition that all government ought to rest "on the consent of the governed," were then the latest fad in political ideas. Every one was enthusiastically convinced in regard to them, so much so that none dared openly deny them; but no one had as yet realized their implications. The conduct of the American people themselves is the strongest proof of this. Political philosophical ideas had been worked out with great care, but there had been no experience in the application of them, and the people themselves seem not to have been able to imagine how to apply them, beyond the point of the local self-government of the town, in which they had been applied time out of mind.

Beyond this point it was absolutely necessary for government to go. Force of habit and the economic interests of the dominant class suggested that it should go on in the same beaten path and by the same steps which it had followed in England. But that path ran counter to the new political maxims, and the people were quick to see the conflict of theoretical ideas. After the Declaration of Independence, the practical question of carrying on the public business had to be met, and there were no new methods ready made. The vested interests of the country had been acquired under the terms of the old regime and the forms of the old regime were required to keep them intact. These forms were part and parcel of the old political ideas; but these ideas were tabu. It was, at least, very unpopular to defend them openly, yet the vested interests must be protected.

We are just beginning to acknowledge that the purposes of political institutions are economic, not romantic. Therefore we cannot reasonably denounce the founders of the government because they fabricated a practical and not a theoretical constitution. Yet because the practical requirements of a government which should protect the vested interests were inextricably bound up with the old theories it was impossible to discuss them openly and honestly. The people had no methods formulated to comport with their new ideas; they had not the faintest notion of what such methods should have been and did not even perceive that such new methods were required in order to put their new principles into practice, yet they would no longer tolerate the old ideas. The result was that practical discussions were carried on in secret, and open discussions

were upon questions of political philosophy. Methods and philosophy made liars of each other, yet faithful efforts were made to reconcile the two. Many ingenuous and many disingenuous things were said in the effort to clothe practical debate in the language of idealism. The debates of the federal convention abound in language of the new-fashioned sort which clothes ideas of antique model in garb so thin and so misfitting that the exhibit not infrequently falls to the level of the ludicrous.

The fact that all open discussion of political questions had to be carried on in the terms of the new philosophy marked an epoch in political evolution. The fact that means had not been devised for putting the maxims into practice created a predicament. Government business had to proceed without delay. Those who had vested interests took steps to safeguard them under the forms of government. So long as they could discuss these forms in the terms of the new political philosophy they did so openly; when that was no longer possible they retired behind closed doors, but the discussions went on. By these discussions a written constitution was finally hammered out, and that constitution first of all protected the vested interests of the country. But in doing so every concession was made to the popular political ideas that could be made without injury to the interests at stake. The promulgation of the constitution was then followed by a systematic education of the people, the purpose of which was to make them forget their disappointment and to make them believe that their ideals were really embodied somewhere in the constitution. From that day to this the politicians have by common consent promulgated the fallacy that this is a real democracy ruled by the majority of the people.

It is probable that neither at that time, nor at any time since, has the real magnitude and competence of the task performed by the founders of this government been appreciated by the American people. We have no comprehension of it, and we have not burdened ourselves greatly with an effort to understand it. But at the same time we have been perfectly besotted with an ignorant and superstitious contentment with it, as if each and every one of us were to be credited with having some share in the performance of a sort of supernatural feat. Hence, until within the present decade, the attitude of all loyal Americans toward the constitution was one of unquestioning adulation: the fathers were a company of Olympian Joves—not one lesser deity among them. To question the constitution would have been treason, to inquire into its formation a sacrilege. Formerly we thought that there was no flaw whatever in the

American system; but now we are approaching maturity, the time of self-questioning has arrived and a reaction is setting in which threatens to shatter our complacency and wreck our vanity. Now it almost seems at times as if there is very little about the constitution which can be admired or recommended. It has fostered corruption, graft, exploitation. It is not a democracy at all, but a crafty and disingenuous reproduction of the monarchical system even more tyrannical and less enlightened than the original. We clamored for a democracy, and they gave us something else and told us it was the thing which we demanded. We have unmasked the imposition now; we are in the strenuous temper of crusaders; we are righting wrongs. Evil deeds cannot be condoned even though the sinner has certain noble and distinguished qualities. We cannot maintain an attitude of tolerance.

True, but a just understanding is better than tolerance. And while we refuse longer to grovel before the constitution, while we dissect it dispassionately as if it belonged to our neighbors instead of to us, let us make and file away for constant future reference a note of the following facts.

When the American government was formed it was a new kind of thing under the sun. For the first time in the world a national government proclaimed the theory that "all just government rests on the consent of the governed," although it made the "consent" ineffective by the "concurrent majority." For the first time a national government affirmed that "all men are created equal," though it made them unequal by a long series of checks and balances.

The nation was created out of a mass of helpless and ineffective fragments during a stormy period of world-politics, and it came safely through the storm. The framers of the constitution were not gods, they did not produce a perfect work full finished; but they laid the foundation of a nation which has lived, which has lived to awaken to an understanding of its true condition, to analyze it, discern its mistakes, and set about the correction of them. And this is the proof that the work done in that secret convention was a great work, with all the faults which it possessed from the standpoint of absolute democracy, and when criticised by the standards of present political and social ideals.

THE STABILITY OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR constitution is an object of reverence and awe. It might almost be regarded as our national fetish, and certainly one thing is true about it, that we have lived through times of enormous changes without having found any essential defects in the constitution itself. It is broad and adapts itself to new conditions. Indeed when the South proposed to separate from the North they took over the constitution practically unchanged and made no objection to it, thus proving its usefulness for a confederacy of states which in many respects showed quite a different temper from the original group of thirteen which were the foundation of the union. Now comes a critic of the principle underlying the constitution of the United States, Mrs. Lida Parce, who claims that the constitution is not sufficiently adapted to new and radical changes, whereas it has always seemed to me that the constitution can adapt itself to reform very easily indeed when the reform is needed or proves itself to be wholesome.

It is true that a simple majority is not sufficient to change the constitution. I have always believed that this is an advantage rather than otherwise, for what would become of us if a constitution which it took great care to construct could be upset with every change of the majority's will? If certain changes in the constitution were desirable to a majority to-day, and these changes should again be upset by another majority to-morrow, we would present a spectacle of mob rule and might pass through phases of alteration like the different developments of the French revolution during the reign of terror.

A constitution should be well considered in an impartial spirit and should allow either party to carry on the administration according to the will of the majority, but a simple majority should not possess the power to make such radical changes as to abolish the constitution itself. Nor should it be able to legalize such conditions as would please the majority in perpetuating all the privileges it acquired by a temporary preference of the people. Nevertheless we present Mrs. Parce's discussion of the desirability of changing the constitution by introducing a method which would so alter the character of the legislative branch of our government

as to make it equal to administrative bodies which depend solely on a simple majority. Are there any regulations in our constitution which represent interests of a specially privileged class? Does not the constitution rather intrench the spirit of conservatism by making it impossible for privileged classes to take hold of the government if they succeed in establishing a temporary majority which might become a czar, ruler and autocrat as the autocracies of primitive savage governments have been?

I am reluctant to say that our critic has really a case which ought to invite us to take steps toward changing certain well-founded principles in the constitution. So far as I can see I am inclined to believe that it is a wise safeguard of the permanency of the constitution which provides for keeping it from being dependent on a simple majority. If changes were needed in the constitution which would involve important and beneficial reforms, it seems to me that the assent of the people ought to be and certainly would be so overwhelming that the difficulties presented by the innovation could easily be overcome. Such innovations could only be expected in the practical spheres of taxation, labor and kindred subjects. At present it seems to me there is no question before the country which could not be settled by a majority in congress, except perhaps questions of vital importance where the majority of the whole people, not merely of congress, should decide. One of such questions would be the decision as to whether or not the country should go to war, but we might enact a law which would demand a referendum in these cases, and that could easily be done without changing the constitution. So I am at a loss to see why we ought to take steps to make such changes in the constitution as to render it directly dependent on a simple numerical majority, which would change the very foundation of all law.

In order for a law to be just and valid it must be universal. In other words, we ought never to pass laws which are made for the benefit of one class, not even if that class be the majority. The majority has no right to make a law which puts a minority to a disadvantage, nor ought it pass laws which are exclusively beneficial to majorities. A law must be formulated in such a way that it is of a universal character and makes no discrimination between different parties. If a law is not capable of being formulated in universal terms it is an unfair law and ought not to be passed, and it seems to me that laws which now are unconstitutional have a tinge of partisanship which favors one class only and takes advantage

of the power which a temporary majority possesses by having a hold on the administration.

The question is not without practical significance, and not being in the least disposed to suppress an opinion that might advocate a reform difficult of investigation or definite decision, we take pleasure in presenting Mrs. Parce's statement concerning the alleged shortcomings of the constitution.

EXORCISM AND SARDINE HEADS.

BY NORITAKE TSUDA.

THERE is an old religious custom in Japan still observed by some conservatives which consists in exposing a sardine's head together with a spray of hiiragi (*Osmanthus aquifolium*) at the

SARDINE'S HEAD AND HIIRAGI.

doors of the houses. The head is fastened on the end of a pointed beanstalk. An obeserver will note these strange adornments even in the streets of Tokyo for a short time following February 4. They

are exposed on that night every year, and are left until they fall away. The custom is connected with a popular ceremony called *Oniyarai* or *Tsuina* observed on February 4 at the Buddhist and Shinto temples to expel demons.

In the Buddhist temples the officiating priests celebrate by a service consisting of reading scriptures and so on. When they have finished this ceremony, the chief priest inaugurates a ritual known as the bean-strewing ritual. He cries "Luck in and demons out," and certain persons selected for the purpose follow him and, repeating the same cry, throw parched beans upon the multitude who are waiting for them.

ONIYARAI CEREMONY.
Held at a Shinto Temple in Tokyo on February 4, 1915.

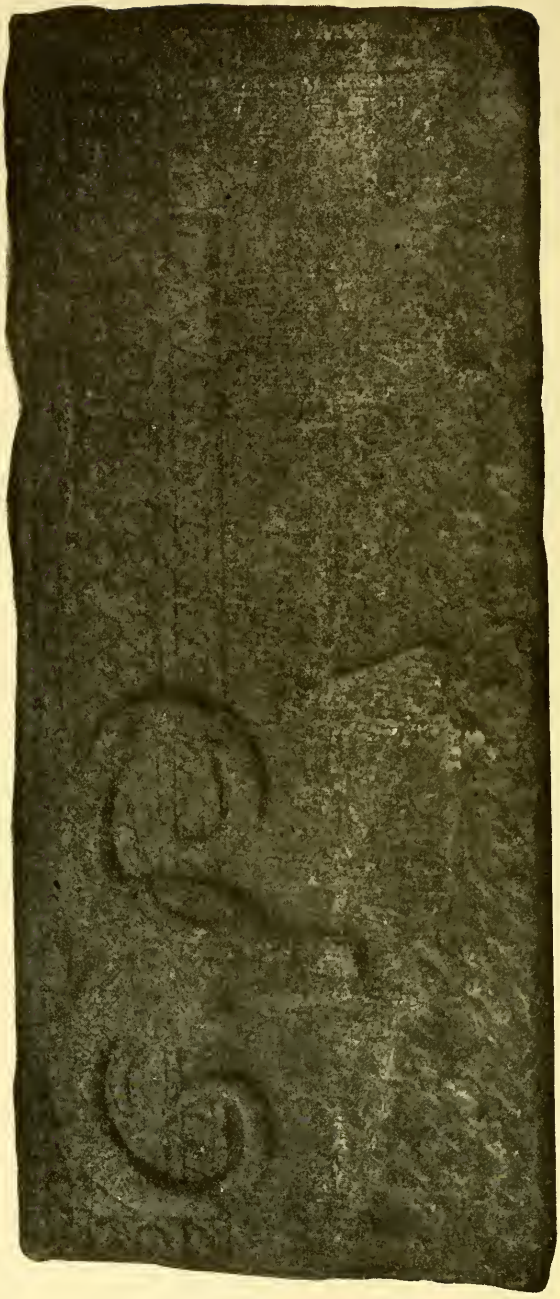
In the Shinto temples, persons disguised as demons (generally two in number) come out and the priest catechizes them. The demons, defeated in catechism, run away, whereupon the beans are thrown at them, or in some cases the demons instead are shot at with arrows by the priest, as seen in our illustration. On the same evening parched beans are also thrown in the homes, and the sardine's head and hiiragi spray are fastened at the doors as above explained.

The *Oniyarai,* or demon-dispelling ceremony, is very old in

Japan. The earliest extant record is that related in the *shoku-nihongi,* the imperial historical record compiled in the latter part of the eighth century, and it is mentioned that when the pestilence prevailed under the heavens and peasants died in great numbers in the last month of the year 706 A. D. oxen were modelled from terra-cotta and disease demons were exorcised at the imperial court for the purpose of suppressing the world-wide pestilence. The oxen were put at the gates of the court, according to other sources. According to the record found in the *Engishiki,* compiled early in the tenth century, the ceremony was to be performed by the officials of the imperial Yih and Yang institution; and the leader of the ceremony wore a mask with four yellow eyes and held a halberd in one hand and in the other a shield. When the ceremony was over the imperial prince and other high officials followed the leader in a procession to dispel the pseudo-demons from all the gates. The princes and nobles of the court carried bows of peach wood and reed arrows and leaned on peach sticks when they went forth to perform this duty. Since the principle of the Yin and Yang was indigenous in China, it is clear that the imperial Oniyarai ceremony was imported from there into Japan very early in her history. Further evidences as to the Chinese origin of this ceremony is to be found in the classics of the Chou dynasty.

It is not known, however, when the custom of exposing a sardine's head and a spray of hiiragi was first connected with the Oniyarai ceremony in Japan. The earliest instance known to us is a reference to the custom in a poem of the thirteenth century by Tameiye Fujiwara. But there was a similar custom of exposing a hiiragi spray, in another combination but for the same purpose, as early as the ninth century according to some contemporary records.

As to the meaning of the Oniyarai ceremonies, it will be understood that they were intended to exorcize demons of misfortune and disease before they should enter the house by using these symbols of terror, for the leaves of the hiiragi tree are thornset and the fish-head symbolizes the destruction of demons if they ever again pass through the door. This is a popular superstition in harmony with the Oniyarai ceremony. The same superstition can also be found in Sikhim: "The demons who produce disease, short of actual death, ar called *gshed* (pronounced *she*). These are exorcized by an elaborate ceremony in which a variety of images and offerings are made. And the officiating lama invoking his tutelary demon thereby assumes spiritually the dread guise of



HAN GRAVE SCULPTURE.

Found in Shangtung, China, and preserved in the Tokyo Imperial Museum, where Mr. Tsuda is employed as an "expert."

his favorite demon, and orders out the disease demon under the threat of being himself eaten up by the awful tutelary demon which now possesses the lama." (*The Gazetteer of Sikhim.* Issued by the Bengal Government secretariat in 1894, p. 375.)

We believe, however, that even preceding this superstition, there must have been a more primitive element of superstition connected with our fish-head, namely, animal sacrifice in the age of spiritism. By animal sacrifice we mean the superstition originally intended to appease the spirits of the evil demons. To justify this inference as to the origin of the fish-head superstition, we shall here introduce similar customs as held by foreign races.

When the late Prof. S. Tsuboi made his folk-lore research in Hokkaido, he discovered that the Ainu draws a picture with the blood of dogs on a beam when building a new home for the purpose of exorcism.

In ancient China a hen was killed on the first day of the new year and put at the door of the house. Or the dog's blood was smeared on the door beam; or the head of a ram was hung at the door—in each case for the purpose of exorcism. Such Chinese customs are recorded in the *Fung suh T'hung e* compiled in the Han period and furthermore are illustrated by some Han grave sculptures. One specimen is on view in the Tokyo Imperial Museum, and others are in the Berlin Museum and in private collections in China.

Lastly we would like to remind you of the records in the Old Testament. In the twelfth chapter of Exodus Jehovah's passover is recorded, in which it is mentioned that the blood of a lamb is taken and put on the two side-posts and on the lintel of the houses where it is to be eaten. Another record of animal sacrifice, the earliest extant, is found in Genesis iv. 3-4, in the case of Cain and Abel. Here it is mentioned that the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering, but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect; "so even in those early days in the history of the human race, the blood sacrifice, the oblation, and immolation of animals was deemed by the offerer more worthy of deity's acceptance than the fruits and flowers of the earth" (*Cyclopaedia of India,* Vol. III, p. 470).

The custom of animal sacrifice therefore originated in a primitive belief that the most precious thing should be offered, with the object of propitiating a wrathful being. Tiele also published the same idea of human sacrifice. He says: "They could not, however, have survived but for the fact that men honestly thought that the

deity was above the law, that he could require from his worshiper everything that really belonged to him; and that, in order to propitiate him, they must not hesitate to sacrifice to him their dearest possessions, the lives of their children and the chastity of their daughters." But we should say that human sacrifice developed from animal sacrifice.

Our inference may furthermore be affirmed by other exorcismal superstitions in Japan. During an epidemic some people paste on the entrance to their houses a piece of red paper a foot square, on which are written three Chinese ideographs of the word "horse." This custom was pretty wide-spread in Old Japan, and is still seen in some districts. There was a tradition that the deity of epidemics comes round on horseback and therefore we can see that the word "horse" is intended to signify the horses offered to the deity and red paper the blood sacrifice, though the people who observe this custom to-day do not know of any such meaning. An illustration of this phase of superstition is to be found in an imperial festival which has been observed ever since the eighth century.

This festival was called *Michi-aye-no-matsuri* (literally, "a feasting ceremony on the road"). It was celebrated outside the capital on the roads leading to its four gates, being intended as a peaceful defense against the intrusion of the epidemic deity into the capital. The feasting was thought to propitiate the deity.

Some days ago, while passing through a street in a suburb of Tokyo, I saw a square of paper on which were printed two small palms in black ink. This is a similar superstition intended to rid the house of disease.

It was also a very wide-spread superstition up to half a century ago that the deity of smallpox was propitiated with red offerings and utensils red in color or decorated with red paper.

Some votive relics from the Japanese prehistoric ages are likewise colored red. For example, some neolithic terra-cotta potteries have been found by Japanese archeologists who say they are clearly votive pottery. Some stone coffins are also smeared with red on the outside; they are excavated from Japanese dolmens built by the ancestors of the present Yamato race.

There is no need of enumerating other superstitions connected with the color red. But it may be instructive to mention some similar superstitions in other countries.

In Sikhim the *Zhi-dak* demons of monasteries and temples are always red demons, who usually are the spirits of diseased novices

or ill-natured lamas, and they are especially worshiped with bloody sacrifices and red-colored substances:

> "Rowan tree and red threid,
> Gars the witches tyne their speid."
> —*The Gazetteer of Sekhim*, p. 356.

Large stones in their natural position hold a high place among the sacred objects of the New Hebrides. Sometimes in the island Aurora a stone is smeared with new earth; in Pentecost and Lepers' Island a stone is anointed with the juice of a young coconut (Codrington, *Melanesian Anthropology and Folk-lore,* p. 183).

About American Indians, Mr. James W. Lynd says: "In the worship of their deities paint (with the Dakotas) forms an important feature. Scarlet or red is the religious color for sacrifice, while blue is used by women in many of the ceremonies in which they participate. The down of the female swan is colored scarlet and forms a necessary part of sacrifices" (C. Mallery, "Picture-writing of the American Indians" in *Annual Report of Bureau of Ethnology,* 1888-89).

As to stone axes found in Italy, Mr. Angelo Mosso says: "Among the votive axes which were in use in the stone age I present three stone axes found in Apulia. All these three axes are colored red by means of ferrous ochre, which adhere tenaciously to the surface; for this reason we must regard them as votive axes. In the tomb of Sgurgola were two arrows colored red with cinnabar" (*Dawn of Mediterranean Civilization,* p. 134).

Taking into consideration all the facts we have mentioned, we may safely conclude that the use of the fish-head in Japan is a survival of primitive animal sacrifice, as we inferred at the start, and thus we may realize how long religious cults continue after their original significance is lost, even though different meanings are assigned to them to meet the altered requirements of the time.

SLAV AND GOTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE *Dziennik Chicagoski,* the Polish Daily News of Chicago, has devoted to the June number of *The Open Court* an editorial review in its issue of June 11, 1917, which while recognizing our sympathy with Poland condemns our attitude as being too favorable for Germany. The author of this extensive review even goes

so far as to resent the suggestion made in the editorial article, "The Poles and Their Gothic Descent," that the Poles may be in part descendants of the ancient Goths. He rejects the very idea of the proposition, assuming that its author imagines the Poles should feel flattered at being of Gothic descent.

Now I will say that the Slavs and the Teutons are so much alike in constitution and in the conditions of their origin that for anthropologists it is very difficult to distinguish the one from the other except in extreme cases. As a rule it may be regarded as commonly accepted that the characteristics of the western Slavs bear a strong resemblance to those of the Teutons, while the eastern Slavs have much in common with the Tartars. I do not mention this for the purpose of counting the western Slavs as superior to the eastern Slavs, for the Tartars possess virtues of their own. It is well known in history that the Tartars in Asia have shown themselves to be a strong and vigorous race and have furnished some of the most successful of the world's conquerors, among whom there have been men like Tamerlane.

The Huns too were Asiatics and kin to the Tartars, and they can boast of an Attila, although we must grant that even Attila was not purely Hunnish, but that his mother was a Gothic princess. His bodyguards gave him the name of "Attila" which is not Hunnish but Gothic, and is the diminutive of the term *Atta,* "father." The Lord's Prayer in Gothic begins with the words *"Atta unsar."*

Now while the Huns and their descendants the Hungarians are not free from a Gothic admixture this may be much more true of the Poles, and it seems to me no insult to speak of Gothic blood in the eastern Slavs. Among the Germanic races the Goths have always counted not only as noble and strong but also as being endowed with the finer civilizing qualities which enabled them to govern Italy with justice and wisdom.

It is certainly not an offence to propose the idea of Gothic descent. But if we regard the western Slavs as mixed with Germanic blood, the reverse is also true. The eastern Germans are strongly affected by an intermixture with the Slavs and it is not considered a disadvantage to the Germans to have received the ingredient of Slavic blood.

The Germans have never been able to agree in building up a state. On the contrary they were always too democratic to be constructive in political affairs, and it seems that large Teutonic states have been formed only where the people were no longer of purely German descent, as in the case of Austria and Prussia.

It is well known that the large majority of the Prussian noblemen (that are now called *Junker*) are of Slavic descent. The names ending in -ow and also in -itz or -witz are Slavic as their word-formation indicates. Such names as Itzenplitz, Buelow, Quitzow, etc., etc., are Slavic names, and the truth of this fact is readily acknowledged all over Germany, but I do not think that any one of them takes offense that some of their forebears were Slavic. Even the very names so often mentioned now, Treitschke and Nietzsche, are Slavic names. Their Slavic origin is a familiar fact, and Nietzsche is even known to have been an enthusiastic Slav. A family tradition relates that he came of Slavic nobility, and he took pride in the idea that there formerly existed a Count Nietzsche, who being a Protestant suffered much from persecution by the orthodox Roman Poles and was expelled from his home. When in the Crimean war the news of French-English victories over the Russians reached Nietzsche he was so moved at the outcome of the struggles against Slavism that he burst into tears.

So the fact that the blood of western Slavs is mixed with that of the eastern Germans is as true in eastern Germany as in Poland, and the mixture cannot be disadvantageous to either Slavs or Germans. Why the Polish to-day should resent the idea of a kinship with Germanic races is as unintelligible to me as the reverse would be, that the Germans should resent the idea of having strong Slavic admixtures in their eastern frontiers. The ruling families of the Mecklenburg duchies go back in a direct male line to the Slavic princes of the Obotrites, and so we may be justified in saying that considering the fact that the beloved Queen Louise, the mother of William I, was a descendant of these Obotrite princes, Slavic blood runs in the veins of the German emperor as well as the blood of Queen Victoria of England.

The tangle of descent is pretty great, and I believe it would be as wrong to object to Germanic descent as it is difficult for the King of England to do so. He can do no more than renounce his German titles when he tries to shake off the taint of being a German by descent. But in spite of all his efforts he remains the same. So the Poles remain the same, and when they settled in the land of the Goths they may very well have assimilated with the Goths as the Huns did before them.

When proposing the theory of the partly Gothic descent of the Polish people I would have been glad to be refuted not by sentimental objections but by arguments. Yet I shall content myself with saying that I look upon this statement as a symptom of

the growing strength of national feeling among the Polish people. It is a good sign and I regard a strong national feeling as an augury for the restoration of Poland, but I think it should not be used as an argument to darken the issues of investigations as to origin. I must confess that my critic has not convinced me, but on the other hand I hope that the conviction of related ancestry will bring the Polish inhabitants of Poland and their German liberators into closer sympathy than ever—closer than when the Muscovite influence dictated the policies of Europe and rendered the King of Prussia subservient to the Czar. There seems to be no question that the German government did much in those days to help in oppressing Poland at the behest of the Muscovite autocracy; but at present Germany seems to be possessed of the best intention to give Poland home rule and to gain the confidence and friendship of the Poles.

It is true enough that the Prussian policy has in time gone by been anti-Polish, that they have tried to exterminate the Polish language and have shown themselves hostile to Polish interests and traditions. One of their methods which consisted in buying out the Polish landowners failed for the reason that the language of the growing generation was derived more from the Polish nurses in the children's nurseries than from the children's own parents, and the children of the owner of a large estate learned to speak Polish from the servants in the house and spoke it with more fluency than their own mother tongue. So it happened that the growing generations even of the German landowners became Polish.

Upon the whole we may consider the Prussian method of suppressing the Polish language a failure, and it is to be hoped the German government will not repeat its former mistake. At any rate the University of Warsaw was opened in Polish and the Poles in Europe seemed to feel confident that a new era is dawning for Poland through its restoration by the Germans at the present time. Let us hope that it will be so. I am sure that Poland will prosper under the new conditions and will develop an independent Poland not only in Polish home rule but also in Polish art and Polish literature.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRANSFINITE NUMBERS.

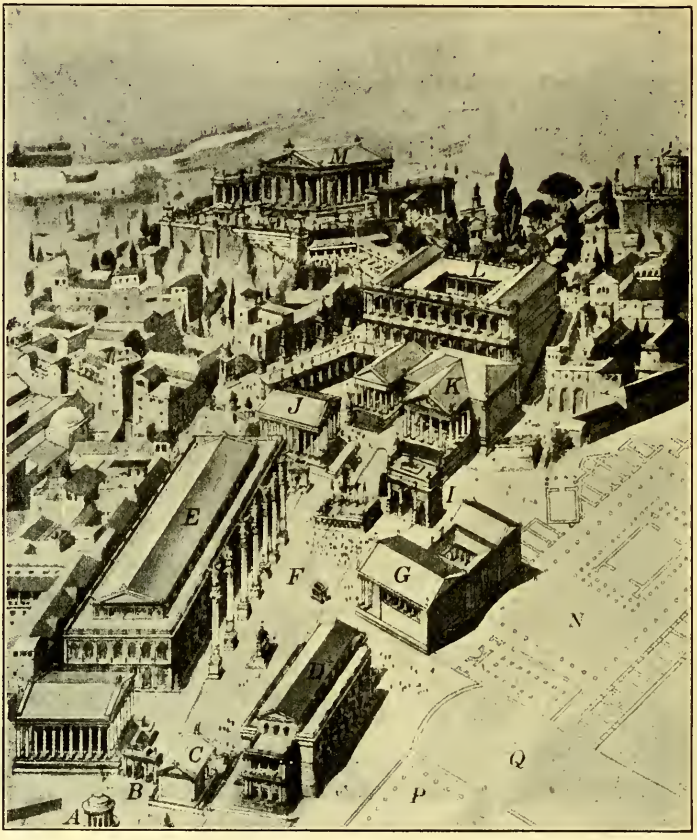
Everybody knows and constantly uses the whole numbers 1, 2, 3, and so on; and we use the word "infinite" for something which like the above series of numbers, has no end. In fact, however large a number is we can always

think of a still larger one, and thus we never get to an end of the above series. But the great German mathematician Georg Cantor, who is still living at Halle, first saw about 1870 that in certain branches of mathematics we must contemplate a new series of numbers each of which is greater than any of the above finite numbers, and thus has a place after all the finite numbers, just as in the spectrum a shade of red has a place after all the innumerable shades of orange though we cannot say that there is a *last* shade of orange. Cantor spent years in getting himself and others accustomed to the strange idea of infinite or "transfinite" numbers which, though each consisted of an unending set of units, could be thought of as complete wholes much as "all the points

GEORG CANTOR IN HIS PRIME.

in the line AB" denotes an infinite set and can yet be treated as a completed whole. With this end in view Cantor studied deeply the arguments of philosophers, theologians, and mathematicians about the infinite. At last, in 1895 and 1897, he succeeded in putting the results of nearly thirty years of work into a logical form which any intelligent person will not find very hard to understand. These famous essays have been translated into English by Philip E. B. Jourdain (Chicago and London: Open Court Publishing Co.). In his introduction, Mr. Jourdain has shown in detail how the new ideas grew from the work of Cantor's predecessors and in Cantor's own mind, and how these ideas must now be studied and used by all philosophers, theologians, logicians,

those interested in the foundations of the science of number and all mathematics, and those who think about the ultimate constitution of space and matter, besides all mathematicians. This book appeals to any one who wants to understand one of the main things that has revolutionized many of the methods and problems and applications of modern mathematics and philosophy of mathematics and philosophy in general, and feels sympathy with those who want to know what numbers and fractions and space and matter are.



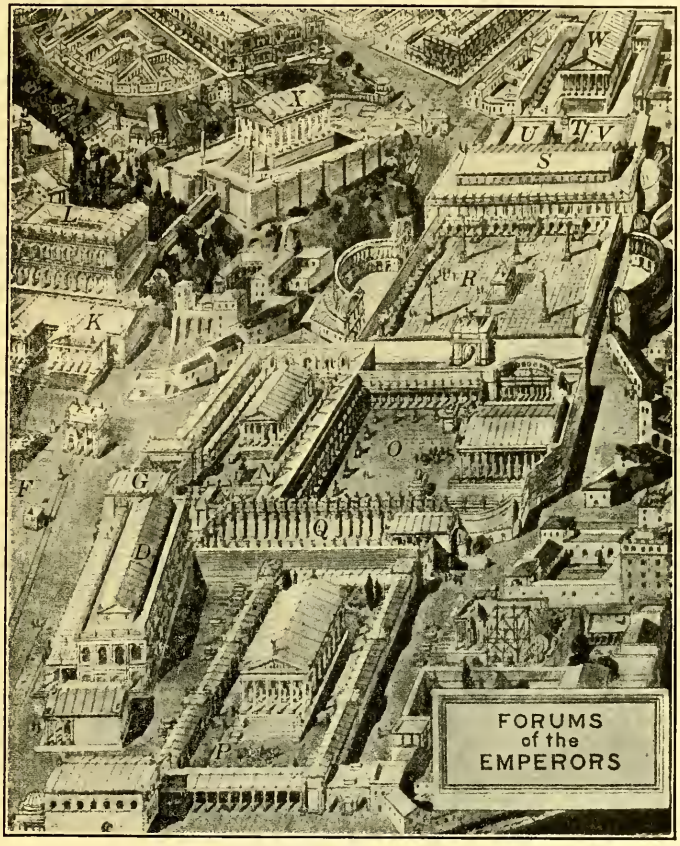
THE ROMAN FORUM AND ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN THE EARLY EMPIRE.

Why should mathematics interest everybody? Mere calculation is not interesting except to a few people. But even letting the mind rest on great and firm eternal truths is enchanting; living and working to find out more about them is absorbing. Mathematics is one of the few paths to truth, and the search for truth is the religion of all thinking men and women nowadays. Mathematics is one of the most living of all studies when treated historically so that we can follow the birth and development of great ideas. Thinking teachers know how attractive and indispensable it is to introduce

students to new ideas and the truths they mirror, slowly and, if possible, as the actual discoverers were.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

Dr. Breasted's delightful textbook of ancient history, *Ancient Times, a History of the Early World* (which was reviewed extensively in the July *Open Court*) while bringing the results of the latest research with regard to



THE FORUMS OF THE EMPERORS.
(Continuing the view on the foregoing page.)

prehistoric and early historic times to the knowledge of the high-school student, does not stop with these early periods but carries history down to the battle of Tours in the eighth century. From the time of the Roman emperors we reproduce (in a slightly enlarged form) the aspect of the Forum Romanum as he reproduces it according to the restoration of Luckenbach. It will be helpful to visitors in Rome by clearing up the chaos of the ruins in their present state. The illustrations adjoined here are explained as follows: A, Temple

of Vesta; B, Arch of Augustus; C, Temple of Julius Cæsar; D, Old Basilica of Aemilius; E, New Basilica, Business-Hall of Julius Cæsar; F, Forum, Market Place; G, Cæsar's Senate House; H, Speaker's Platform Built by Augustus (letter omitted; in front and to the left of I); I, Arch of Severus; J, Temple of Saturn; K, Temple of Concord; L, Tabularium for Public Records; M, Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol; N, Forum of Julius Cæsar; O, Forum of Augustus; P, Forum of Peace Built by Vespasian; Q, Forum of Nerva; R, Forum of Trajan; S, Basilica Ulpia of Trajan; T, Trajan's Column; U, V, Trajan's Libraries; W, Hadrian's Temple to Trajan; X, Capitolium.

CHINA AND THE WAR.

A Chinese scholar sends us the following comment on the recent political situation in China:

"China is at present in a vexatious predicament; she is confronted with the alternatives of war against Germany and continued neutrality, either of which seems equally conclusive against her. Which of the two courses China ought to follow is a question which should be decided solely on the basis of utilitarian considerations. The promises which have been made to China have not been fulfilled and probably never will be, and this has led some to think that the Entente Powers have deliberately set a trap for China, and that after China has got into it they will forsake her to her fate.

"What some have said with reference to the moral obligation of China to enter the war is, in our opinion, purely sentimental talk. We believe the danger of German imperialism has been exaggerated. It is true that Germany is looking for 'a place in the sun,' but so is every one of the Entente Powers. It is true that the theories of Treitschke and Bernhardi sound very horrible, but we must remember that there is a wide chasm between theory and practice. However horrible such theories may sound, the Germans as a people are far more amiable than Englishmen. The domineering, overbearing attitude of the latter presents a striking contrast to the friendly spirit of the former.

"Nor must we identify such theories, as some do, with what is generally known as German *Kultur*. In our view German *Kultur* is simply another term for organized efficiency, the application of scientific methods to improving the welfare of the people. And this is what China needs as a remedy for the evils that result from her traditional *lassez-faire* policy. The social and political scheme of Germany is what China needs to imitate. But such a system, as the Germans themselves, e. g., R. Eucken, fully realize, is liable to degenerate into a kind of paternalism that leaves no room for individual initiative. Hence we need to combine unity with variety, so that while there is organized efficiency, there is also room for 'different experiments of living' and 'varieties of character.' Such is the ideal for China as well as for any other nation."

In *The Open Court* for February, 1917, we made the statement that German and English blood is freely intermingled in marriage relations. We made one mistake which has elicited a correction from some of our readers, one of whom calls our attention to the fact that General Mackensen is not of English or Scotch descent but a lowland German, and that Mackensen is not different from other Holstein names of the same formation with *sen*, like Hansen, Jensen, Christensen, and so on, the meaning of son "being in the *sen* and not in the *Mac*."

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