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Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

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THE GHOST DANCE: ECSTASY (After Mooney)

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GREEK LITERATURE AND THE MODERN WORLD

BY C. F. CASTLE

WHEN there is so much literature in the world it is desirable to study the best. It will hardly be questioned that there is no greater, more varied, or delightful literature than Greek. No other literature except English will compare with it. Some of the most learned Englishmen frankly admit that Greek is still the best literature. At any rate, it must be given the second place, if not the first.

Certainly the Homeric poems are unsurpassed in the field of epic poetry. To be sure, there is other Greek epic poetry, and great epic poetry in other languages, but it is unequal to the Homeric poetry in the simple, natural, rapid, graceful, noble. The Greeks developed and perfected this variety of literature. Virgil and Milton owe much to Homer. The elements of many other branches of literature are found in Homer: for example, love songs, marriage songs, vintage songs, oratory of all kinds, dirges, comic and tragic scenes, dialogue which is the essence of drama. So dramatic is the Iliad that it seems strange that tragedy and comedy were not developed sooner. But eventually the Greeks developed and perfected the drama, as well as the theater, and over forty Greek plays are still extant—the greatest drama till Shakespeare. Even to-day plays of the ancient Greeks are reproduced in American colleges, universities, and theatres. In translation, at least, many know something of the grandeur of Aeschylus, the charm of the artistic and graceful Sophocles, and the human Euripides, the poet of the common people.

In his comedies Aristophanes caricatured distinguished people and events of his day, to the delight of the men of the street. Political policies and radical ideas and their authors he ridiculed

much as comic papers do to-day. He even made sport of women's rights, and declared communism to be impractical. These topics were discussed in his day.

The Romans borrowed the Greek plays and imitated them. The French and Germans used them, with modifications to suit their ideas and time. Even Shakespeare is indebted to the Greek drama, especially to Euripides and his successors.

All kinds of oratory, of which the elements were found in the Homeric poems, were brought to perfection by the Greeks, culminating in the world's greatest orator, Demosthenes. The greatest of these masterpieces of oratory are still the prized possession of learning—especially for those who can read them in the original Greek.

There were songs in the Homeric poems. With the development of music and the use of the lyre of seven strings, the composition of these songs became an art, and lyric poetry was created. Famous authors of lyric poems arose. Songs were *sung* to the lyre, as distinguished from the epic or *spoken* poetry of Homer and other epic poets. As Hume says: "The number of varieties of Grecian song recorded under distinct titles amounts to upwards of fifty." The names of the Greek lyric poets are too numerous to mention; but Pindar was the greatest of them among men, and Sappho, the greatest woman poet that ever lived, was a singer of lyric songs, especially love songs. The meters of Horace's odes are those of the Greeks. Lyric poets ever since have imitated the Greeks more or less. As in epic poetry, so in lyric, the Greeks have never been excelled, and a large number of their lyric poems are still extant.

Literary history began with Herodotus, and his history of the world is still more interesting than that of Wells. Thucydides was the first great scientific historian, a model in speech and methods for all subsequent historians. Roosevelt loved to read his history while on vacations. Isocrates was a teacher who wrote remarkable political essays, and to him Cicero and other writers of fine prose are indebted.

Plato and Aristotle were philosophers who remain unequalled even at this late day. In his dialogues Plato developed the ideas of his master Socrates, who was devoted to the State and desired to make its citizens better by educating them so that they could distinguish between right and wrong. In the famous "Republic",

Plato's ideal State is described. Those who have never read the "Republic" will be astonished at the ideas there advocated—communism, for example, and more radical in some respects than that advocated by modern communists, though he realized before his death that it was impractical. He also suggested eugenics.

Though not a writer, Socrates was the greatest of the Greeks, and Plato's account of his trial, condemnation, and death is one of the most sublime scenes ever described. It still forms one of the most precious possessions of humanity.

Aristotle was a voluminous writer, as well as a profound thinker. He was called the wisest man, because his books on so many different subjects constituted a library of universal knowledge in which one could find anything known, as in a modern encyclopaedia, so varied were his studies. Whether poetry, politics, metaphysics, plants and animals, or the science of correct thinking were the subject under discussion, Aristotle was the final authority in antiquity. He was referred to, in medieval times, to settle all sorts of questions, as the Homeric poems among the ancient Greeks were constantly cited, as a sort of Greek Bible, as the final word in disputes. His most valuable achievement, even to this day, is that he was the father of logic, a subject still taught largely as he worked the science out.

There remains one branch of literature in which the superiority of Greek genius has never been challenged: bucolic or pastoral poetry. In this field a Sicilian Greek, Theocritus, so excelled that all others who have attempted this kind of poetry since his day have simply been imitators of him, or imitators of his imitators. After a thousand years in which the deeds of feudal lords and ladies, kings, queens and aristocrats had been extolled in literature, comic scenes of rural life were charmingly and humorously treated in his idyls (little pictures) by the last brilliant literary genius of the ancient Greeks—Theocritus. Thus in a blaze of glory expired the literary genius of the Greeks. His idyls are brief songs designed to please, comedy of country life, in monologue or dialogue, in which some herdsman watches his flocks of sheep or goats as he reclines on some sloping hill beneath a shade tree and looks down into the Sicilian sea; and sings of the dusky maid who has challenged him to prove his love for her by bringing to her a red apple from the top of the highest apple tree she can point out. Or perhaps she spurns his advances, saying "Begone! Away from

me! Being a herdsman, do you wish to kiss a city girl? Don't you, even in a dream, wish to kiss my beautiful lips? How you look! How you talk? Your lips are dirty! Your hands are black! Away from me! Don't soil me!"

Theocritus went to Alexandria and was the court poet at the palace of one of the Ptolemies, king of Egypt. In an idyl of some length he describes two ladies, representatives of the "four hundred" in Alexandria (one may say) as they make their toilet and chatter in a city home in that metropolis of the ancient world. They leave the house and go through the crowded street, pushed by the throngs of people and nearly run over by the king's war horses as they make their way to the royal palace. Reaching it at last they squeeze through the crowd and enter the palace, admire the embroideries they see there, and finally listen to a famous singer, whom the queen has engaged to sing for her guests a song of Venus and Adonis. Thus we have a fine picture of life in Alexandria. Though the idyls of Theocritus are over two thousand years old, they are still as delightful and interesting as ever. A prominent professor of Greek in an Eastern college once said that when he failed to interest his classes in other Greek literature he always succeeded in interesting them when he put them to reading Theocritus.

What can be more practical for study than the best that man has felt or thought, as recorded in literature, if Socrates is right in saying that one should not care for his own things before caring for himself, how he should be as good and prudent as possible?

But it will be objected at once that students of Greek get mostly grammar and language, and scarcely a taste of literature, when they study Greek. The charge used to be true many years ago, but is no longer so in the best institutions. Grammar is no longer the end to be sought, but only the means to the end, which is reading and appreciating the literature. After six or eight weeks of preparation in the rudiments of the language, Xenophon or Homer may be read, and are read with pleasure. Vocabulary is most needed, and the teacher will help the student to acquire that, avoiding needless linguistic and grammatical lore, and selecting for translation the most interesting parts of the authors read. Besides, much more of the author selected is now read than used to be; not simply scraps, but large portions,

some carefully, and larger portions cursorily at sight, if not otherwise. Vocabulary is acquired by the reading of more of the author, and he is understood better. The way to an appreciation of Greek is by reading much of it. This is now the practice.

Moreover, solely from the standpoint of language, the Greek language is unsurpassed in precision, exactness, diversity, and beauty of expression. That is what makes it valuable as a language study. "People object to Greek, not because it is Greek, but because it is hard," as President Hadley once said. But if it is hard at the beginning, it is more worth while when one reaches the literature, and the increase in interest in what is read more than pays for the extra labor. Greek is a nice instrument—"the most beautiful instrument of speech that man has ever possessed," as Professor Breasted has said—and must be handled nicely. As a disciplinary study it is not excelled. Generations of scholars prove it. But, it will be objected, discipline can be obtained in other language. To be sure, one can get discipline in many ways. It is desirable, however, to study a language belonging to our own family. To know ourselves, we need to know our ancestors, whether of family, or those from whom we have inherited much, as the Greeks.

The Greeks were the most highly intellectual people the world has ever known. Things of the mind interested them most. Their highest endeavor was not business, nor the accumulation of goods, but superiority in beautiful expression, in mental equipment, in exquisite form. Education meant training in music, physical exercise, and especially mental equipment; ability to think and to find out the truth, rather than special training for an occupation. Socrates "went down town" to meet people with whom he could talk in his search for the truth, as Herodotus traveled not simply to see the world and record what *he* saw but to talk with people who had seen more of the world than he had. Socrates compares mental training to the bodily in the *Memorabilia*: those who do not exercise or train the mind become like the athletes who neglect their bodily training.

While it is true that life is richer, broader, more abundant to-day because we know more than the Greek did; yet in the training and culture of the intellect a higher plane has never been reached. Their chief delights were in the exercise of the

intellect and stirring the emotions; things of the head and heart rather than of the hand. They were our intellectual and spiritual ancestors; we ought to know them.

It is true that they were great athletes. Even in the *Odyssey* it is said that "there is no greater glory of a man, as long as he lives, than what he does with his hands and his feet"—referring to athletic performances. This statement seems to be true still in college life, but the Greeks did not consider athletics to be the chief thing in life. The emphasis was put on mind, spirit, and emotions.

The Greek genius is evident and generally known nowhere else so well as in architecture, sculpture, and art. But the reason for this superiority should not be overlooked; they sought beauty and symmetry and did not overdo. And when they made something that seemed to them to be perfect, they clung to it. Indebted to the older civilizations for models, they did not borrow and use them slavishly, but modified and improved them. That was genius, and partly explains why it appears that the Greeks originated so many things. The world still builds buildings after Greek models.

Sculpture made great progress in Greek hands. At first they wrought majestic superhuman gods, and human beings were not ordinary men and women as wrought by Phidias. But after him, Praxiteles, whose work was never excelled, made gods who seemed more like mortals in size and appearance. His *Hermes* is perhaps the most celebrated piece of Greek sculpture.

There was a famous porch called the "Painted Porch," on the wall of which was a painting of the battle of Marathon. But later painters painted on wooden tablets and sold the paintings as we do canvas ones to-day. The Greeks devised perspective, and learned how to paint light and shadow. Most of the Greek paintings have perished, but copies have been preserved, painted on the walls of fine houses as interior decorations, or wrought in the floor as mosaics. There were fine portraits of great people of the later Greek age, some examples of which have survived along with mummies in Egypt.

Few appreciate the importance of what the Greek achieved in science; from the measuring of land in Egypt was developed that branch of mathematics known as geometry. The Egyptians were taxed according to the amount of land they possessed;

and when the Nile river washed away some of a man's land, what was left had to be measured (surveyed, we should say) in order to determine what the man's tax should be.

From Chaldean astrology the Greeks derived astronomy. The Babylonians tried to divine the future from the heavenly bodies, especially from the planets identified with their gods and named after them. They observed the movements of these great planets, which were supposed to control the fortunes of men, for the purpose of predicting what the future of a child would be, judging from the "lucky" or "unlucky" star under which it was born. These celestial observations resulted in their knowing that the planets moved and that the sun was eclipsed at periodic intervals. Since records of these eclipses were kept, they could calculate when another eclipse would occur. From a study of the list of eclipses, Thales, a famous Ionian Greek, predicted an eclipse of the sun for the year 585 B. C. It happened as he predicted, and he has received the credit of predicting the first eclipse. But he deserves more credit because he told the world that the movements of the heavenly bodies are due to fixed laws, and that the gods do not have anything to do with it; in other words, that the planets are not gods at all. So began the science of astronomy.

The Pythagorean proposition in geometry takes its name from a Greek, Pythagoras, who worked it out; and Euclid later compiled the first elementary geometry, which was still used in some countries as a text-book until very recent times. The earth was discovered to be a sphere, having its own motion, not flat as generally supposed; and still later Eratosthenes, a great astronomer of Alexandria by an interesting process (see Breasted) computed the size of the earth and determined its diameter to be within fifty miles of what it is known to be to-day.

Phoenician letters used by Phoenician traders as price marks on their goods, as some merchants use letters to mark the prices of their goods to-day, were a matter of great curiosity to the Greeks. Homer called them "baleful tokens." The Greeks wanted to know what they meant, and finally discovered their meaning. They were all consonants. The Ionian Greeks applied them to the Greek language, used some of the letters as vowels, and gave us the alphabet we have to-day. In fact, the alphabets of the whole civilized world originated in the Phoenician alphabet

as modified by the Greeks. This one achievement of the Greeks should be enough to induce many to know more about this remarkable people and to read their writings.

The Ionian physicists explained things as composed of atoms (a Greek word) which cohere. Matter cannot be destroyed, but is dissolved into its elements, atoms. The atoms which compose a thing pass into other things. Air is a substance. Things are born or grow out of other things. They were evolutionists. Life comes from life. Had the Greeks heard of Adam and Eve and the story of the creation of Eve, it would have seemed to them more credible that Eve was a little girl once and grew up to be a woman, rather than that Adam was given an anaesthetic, that a surgical operation was performed on him, a rib extracted, and made into a woman. They believed that human beings like animals are born and grow, and are not "made". To Anaxagoras, who believed that mind ruled the world, it would have seemed natural for Divine Intelligence to have used Nature's way of producing woman. He declared that the sun was not a god, as the people believed, but a red-hot mass of stone or metal, larger than the Peloponnesus. He was on the right track. When Herodotus saw sea-shells in the hills high above the sea level, he inferred correctly that there had been sea water once where those shells were. He was a geologist in embryo, as it were.

The beginnings of geography also are found in Herodotus. He gives us the first account we have of the whole world as known in his day. The works of an earlier writer, Hecataeus, are lost, except fragments or citations from him found in Herodotus. However, there were maps of the world drawn by others. Asia and Lybia (Africa) were the civilized parts of the world; Europe was barbarian, except Greece. All modern ethnologists have to go to Herodotus for their earliest information.

Though science was just in its beginnings and had made comparatively little progress as yet, the Greeks started aright. Their method was that of induction, now used everywhere—first getting the facts and then co-ordinating them and drawing the proper inferences. Socrates used the method of induction, and more than anybody else seems to deserve most credit for the beginning of modern laboratory methods. A little knowledge of Greek helps greatly to the understanding of the names used by scientists; for example, in geology, geography, botany, physics,

etc. (In fact, the names of the four sciences just cited are all derived from Greek words.)

Our earliest recorded knowledge of the world at large is found in Herodotus. His story is fascinating—more interesting than most modern fiction because mostly true and told in an easy, charming style. He thinks he lives on a flat world. It is the hottest time in the day when the sun comes up in the far East, just over the edge of the world, because the sun is so near; as the sun gets farther up in the sky and goes farther West the heat is less, and it gets quite cool at evening when the sun sets—correct reasoning from wrong premises! The world that he knows lies about the Mediterranean Sea. His account of the ancient civilizations—Egypt, Babylon, Lydia—and the ancient Barbarism—Scythia, now called Russia—is invaluable.

He is interested in people, their customs, religion, temples, great works, means of transportation, wars, their great men, their heroic deeds, their women and children. Kind hearted man that he was, anything concerning humanity was his chief interest. But like a modern reporter, nothing of interest escapes him, especially a good story. So it happens that he is still the world's best story-teller. He is also the historian of the wars between the Greeks and the Persians, and is generally thought of as historian. But nothing eludes his eagle eye. He brings together things new and old, near and remote, great and small, and weaves them together into a panorama of moving pictures in his great story of the conflict of the East and West, despotism against liberty, which results in the first great victory for democracy, won by intelligence and freedom against ignorance and tyranny—a victory for the modern world. As biographer, his stories of the lives of Croesus, Cyrus the Great, Cambyses, and Darius are thrilling in interest.

The spirit of ancient Greece was more like ours than that of the Dark Ages that intervened. Their government was the most successful attempt at democracy till our own—a government of towns, or city states, reminding one of their successors, the town meetings of New England. They loved freedom and free speech. They spoke their thoughts fearlessly and criticized anything they wished, even their gods, which they inherited or made. There was no priestcraft or caste spirit to hinder. In their tragedies and comedies political policies might be advocated and were advo-

cated. Thus the drama became a sort of free press for the promotion of political propaganda, especially in war times. Athens was like the United States also in being the asylum for the oppressed of other States; to it they fled for protection in time of persecution. Moreover, the people of Athens were cosmopolitan in origin, though they claimed to be sprung from the earth itself. Their statesmen invited distinguished foreigners to Athens. They came and plied their trades.

The overthrow of democracy in Athens proved the danger of ignorance in a democracy. War had reduced the number of citizens. Aliens had got too much influence, and demagogues swayed the people. The democracy was overthrown by a packed assembly and the rule of thirty tyrants was established. They seized the rich, plundered and murdered them, and drove out the patriots. Though the patriotic party was restored to the rule after a few months, the end of democratic rule came two generations later, because the people had lost their patriotism, cared only for pleasure, and would not pay taxes or fight for their liberties when threatened by Philip. They did not realize that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" and refused to do their part. Democracy always fails when the rulers (or citizens) fail to do their part. This is the lesson that Greek history teaches.

Our civilization and that of all modern Europe began with Greece; that of Rome also. "The student of Greek need not know Latin, but the student of Latin must know Greek to reach the beginnings and source of Latin literature and civilization." Greece is the connecting link between modern civilization and the ancient civilizations that preceded that of Greece. Through Greece have been transmitted to us the best things of those ancient civilizations in modified or perfected form.

The Greeks owed much to the Aegeans who were in Greece when the barbarous Greeks came from the North into the land now called Greece; but they improved upon what they received, especially Aegean art, and made it their own. The Aegean writing cannot yet be read, but the remains of their wonderful civilization are found in Crete and may be studied. When their writing is deciphered we may know more about the ancient Aegeans

We have seen that the alphabet was developed by the Ionians

from the Phoenician. Greece received pen, ink, and paper from Egypt, from which land our calendar is derived. But the Babylonians are responsible for the twenty-four hours in the day, sixty seconds in a minute, sixty minutes in an hour, and six sixties (360 degrees) in a circle, since the unit of sixty was the basis of the Babylonian system of numerals. Even the American Eagle was in origin Babylonian. Greece received iron from the Hittites.

In some particulars the ancient world seems very modern. It has been said: "There is nothing new under the sun." But very many new ideas must be attributed to the Greeks, who by the use of their *mind* achieved more than any other ancient people; the only way in which the human race really has made progress. Truly the creations of the human mind are well worth study. Nowhere else were so many found in antiquity as among the Greeks. No other ancient nation was so modern—so like ourselves. Their works, especially their writings, are thought-stimulating, because they were thinking along the lines of modern thought; socialism, communism, etc. In the politics of Athens we see the political bosses and methods of our own cities—packed assemblies and demagoguism. Why go back then? Because what happened to them might happen again!

Greek development is a finished evolution, complete in itself: kings, feudal lords, tyrants, democracy, demagogues, and the end of democracy. The evolution may be traced from first to last and lessons learned for all time.

The ability to translate a Greek poem or passage of Greek literature is an accomplishment worth while. It may be compared to learning to play a musical instrument. Most of those who have this accomplishment do not expect to earn their living by means of it, but play for the entertainment of others or themselves. So others sing, or recite selections of literature, or paint. All these accomplishments add to human happiness, regardless of pecuniary considerations.

But someone will say that Greek is not practical. The practical studies are those which will enable one to get the most out of life, or put the most into it, not necessarily those which will enable one to get the most of this world's goods. Man can not live by bread alone. The practical studies will not be the same for all. Some will find their happiness in the acquisition of

wealth, but it is ephemeral and transitory. Political honors and social conquest may be the goal of others. But how uncertain and vexatious they are! Athletic prowess brings renown, but only for a season. The achievements of the mind and experiences of the soul cannot be taken away from one, and they are recorded in literature. The friendship of books is a friendship that will never prove false. The treasuring up in the mind of the world's best thoughts and feelings has been a never failing source of happiness to many. And among the best thoughts of the world are to be found those of the ancient Greeks. To many—not to all—they will ever be a source of delight, and to such they are eminently practical, if one should strive after that which is highest and best.

But some will say: "I will get my knowledge of Greek literature from translations." Many of them are good, but after all they are not the real thing, only chromos of the real pictures. Niagara may be seen in pictures or photographs and described in books, but these things are not equal to a few moments of looking at the magnificent falls. Nothing can be substituted for this seeing for yourself. Many are compelled to read about foreign countries and cities, but this will never satisfy as travel will. An engineer lamented to me that he could not read Greek. He said that we have to go to the Greeks for architecture and sculpture, and he thought it must be fine to read Greek for oneself. Life for each of us is what we make of it—what we get out of it. Happiness is not something to be looked forward to when our college career is over and when we have settled down in the world. Happiness comes to-day and day by day, if it comes at all.

For the history of the scientific method we have to go to the Greeks. They began scientific research and investigation. The method of induction originated with Socrates. He got his information by questioning people, and then reached the conclusion that he was wiser than other people because while they thought that they knew, he knew that he didn't know anything.

The Greek ideal in literature, art, and life was moderation—"nothing too much." The reason why their art and literature still last is because they followed this principle of the golden mean. Exaggeration, eccentricity, in American life to-day show the lack of observation of the Greek principle under *äyar* (noth-

ing too much.) What a display newly-attained wealth makes of itself sometimes! Our religious sects each stress something special. Our political parties exaggerate. We are flighty—jump from one extreme to another in fashions. One year it is hair and dress both bobbed. Next it may be long hair and trailing robes. When the Greeks got the right thing they stuck to it. When Demosthenes worked out a good sentence or phrase, he used it again and again, because it could not be improved. We need this restraining principle of the Greeks.

It is the childhood of the world that we see in Greek literature. Homeric people are big children. They burst into tears or laughter—both gods and men. Herodotus views the world with the interest and enthusiasm of a child who is seeing the world for the first time. There is a freshness about Greek literature that is charming—not the artificiality of a decadent literature or people.

The Greek idea of education was mental equipment or fitting people for citizenship, whereas our idea of education nowadays is fitting for some specialty or for teaching, or something of that sort. If one has mental equipment and a broad view, then one can adjust oneself to something special. The tendency to-day is too much to narrow specialization. One needs to know the principles of many branches of knowledge to be broad minded. Those who do not know what they want to do in life may find out by sampling many different branches of study. Then they can make their choice and specialize the rest of their days.

Greek literature is a wonderful field of human experience, which helps us in dealing with human nature to-day. Euripides says that experience teaches us all that we know; but reading is a short cut to experience. Science helps to get a living; humanistic studies, like Greek, teach us how to live. "Study Greek for the fun of it" is the reason a fine student once gave as his reason for the study of Greek. He took for his major subject what he liked, for minor what he disliked.

Who should study Greek? Not every college student. None should be compelled to study it. Many who are not studying it, but "fussing with bottles" in some laboratory, might find work more congenial in Greek. There should be some persons in every community engaged in studying Greek, so as to keep up the knowledge of our great heritage and debt to Greece, and hand

it down to their children. What Greece did for humanity should never be forgotten. There were earlier civilizations, but they were not of literary people like the Greeks. The commercial nations like Babylon, Phoenicia, and Egypt, accomplished much civilization, but their literature is of slight importance compared with that of the Greeks. The Babylonians, to be sure, had the first code of laws, very valuable and interesting in those early days. But for literature of great value we have to go to the Greeks or the Hebrews.

Literature flourishes only where there is freedom of the individual to use his time and talent as he desires, unrestrained by slavery, priestcraft, or caste spirit, and where the people are interested in the creations of the human mind. The progress of humanity depends on the mind untrammled and free to think. That is why Greece outstripped all other nations in progress. This we Americans should never forget. And to be sure of not forgetting it, many of us should study Greek.

Further, those who wish the "best foundation for culture and for any active career to-day" should not omit Greek. Those who do omit to study it may reach a certain degree of excellence in their careers, but not the greatest. Those who wish to scale the top of the ladder must pay the price, and then they are more likely to gain the honor and satisfaction they seek.

THE MOTIVES OF INDIAN SPEECHES AND SONGS

BY GEORGE H. DAUGHERTY, JR.

(Continued)

Of the innumerable songs of tribal interests, space permits the mention of but one more series: the "begging dance" songs, also arising from the community spirit of frolic and play.

"A begging dance could be started at any time, a leader and a small company going from one wigwam to another, dancing and singing. If the occupants of the wigwam were asleep the dancers entered and danced around their fire. The people then arose and gave them food, for those who danced the begging dance were never refused. If the people had no cooked food, the visitors took such provisions as they had, placing them in a birch bark bag which an old woman carried for the purpose."³⁷ These, like many other Indian songs, hardly reveal their true nature, unless one knows the occasion for which they were sung.

"Here
I come again
Howling as I come
O you warriors."³⁸
"Maple sugar
Is the only thing
That satisfies me."³⁹

Turning to the utterances of individuals, we are faced with a much larger and more bewildering number of songs, each one of which represents a separate motive, an individual idea. The *speeches*, however, which have been recorded as representing truly individual emotions are so few as hardly to justify anything but

³⁷ Densmore, "Chippewa Music," II, pp. 228-229.

See also Chapter VI, p. 66 *ante*, for statement on the communal life of the tribe, and its effects on individual initiative.

³⁸ Densmore, *op. cit.*, p. 230. "Those who take part in the begging dance represent themselves as dogs, using the term (*ogitcidadog*) which dogs are supposed to use toward their masters."

³⁹ Densmore, *op. cit.*, p. 231.

the briefest of generalizations concerning them. The following brief mention of oratory will preface a longer discussion of the songs.

The famous harangue of Logan, while perhaps not deserving the exaggerated praise given it for literary merit, is nevertheless valuable evidence of the psychology of the warrior. Like a lightning flash in a stormy woods it reveals the dark and gloomy depths of the Indian mind. These few brief and passionate sentences express a turmoil of emotions: fierce and arrogant pride, loyalty to family and race, a fury of grief, the rankling sense of injustice, desperate hate, exultation over violent and bloody revenge, an appalling loneliness. It is as though a tiger had suddenly found words. In a sense the speech of Logan is the expression of the beast that lies concealed deep within all of us, even the most civilized. For who is there, who has not felt within his breast—even though but for a moment—these same wild passions, the common heritage from our four-footed ancestors?

Different in tone, yet indicative of but another aspect of the fierce, proud, and loyal spirit of the red-skin, is the speech of Pine-Leaf, a Crow woman. This young amazon possessed some of the qualities of Joan of Arc; for early in life she forsook the womanly duties of the lodge to go on the war-path with the men. Her mission was to kill one hundred braves of enemy tribes, in revenge for the death of her brother. This she accomplished, and much more, exhibiting in all conflicts the daring and ferocity of the most experienced warriors. In spite of these formidable characteristics, she was wooed and finally won by the war chief and leading councilor of the tribe, one James Beckworth, a renegade white man. The eternal feminine is also prominently revealed in Pine Leaf's reference to the "war-path secret". She was a woman and they would not tell it to her! Beckworth, who was long known to be a man of reliability and of some education, reports the valedictory harangue of Pine Leaf and personally vouches for its accuracy:

"'Warriors!' she said, 'I am now about to make a great sacrifice for my people. For many winters I have been on the war-path with you; I shall tread that path no more; you have now to fight the enemy without me. When I laid down my needle and my beads, and took up the battle-axe and the lance, my arm was weak; but few winters had passed over my head. My brother had

been killed by the enemy, and was gone to the hunting-ground of the Great Spirit. I saw him in my dreams. He would beckon to his sister to come to him. It was my heart's desire to go to him, but I wished first to become a warrior, that I might avenge his death upon his foes before I went away.

'I said I would kill one hundred foes before I married any living man. I have more than kept my word, as our great chief and medicine men can tell you. As my arm increased in strength, the enemy learned to fear me. I have accomplished the task I set before me; henceforward I leave the war-paths of my people; I have fought my last battle, and hurled my last lance! I am a warrior no more.

'Today the Medicine Calf [Beckworth himself] has returned. He has returned angry at the follies of his people, and they fear that he will leave them again. They believe that he loves me, and that my devotion to him will attach him to the nation. I therefore bestow myself upon him; perhaps he will be contented with me, and will leave us no more. Warriors, farewell!

She then entered the fort, and said, 'Sparrowhawks, one who has followed you for many winters is about to leave your war-path forever. . . . Do not turn your heads, but listen. You have seen that a woman could keep her word. During the many winters that I have followed you faithfully in the war-path, you have refused to let me into the war-path secret, although you tell it to striplings on their second excursion. It was unfair that I could not know it; that I must be sent away with the women and children, when the secret was made known to those one-battle braves. If you had seen fit to tell it to me, it would have been secret until my death. But let it go; I care no farther for it.

'I am about to sacrifice what I have always chosen to preserve—my liberty. The back of my steed has been my lodge and my home. On his back, armed with my lance and battle-axe, I knew no fear. The medicine chief, when fighting by my side, has displayed a noble courage and a lofty spirit, and he won from my heart, what no other warrior has ever won, the promise to marry him when my vow was fulfilled. He has done much for our people; he has fought their enemies, and spilled his blood for them. When I shall become his wife, I shall be fond and faithful to him. My heart feels pure before the Great Spirit and the sun. When I shall be no more on the war-path, obey the voice of the

Medicine Calf, and you will grow stronger and stronger; we shall continue a great and a happy people, and he will leave us no more. I have done.'"⁴⁰

In dealing with the *songs* of the individuals the problem is quite different. Here, the examples are so numerous that it is impossible to find exact classifications for them all. For years a number of expert investigators have collected thousands of specimens of Indian music from many tribes.⁴¹

In all such basic matters as worship of the supernatural, fear, defiance for other human beings, and hunger, the songs of the individual reflect the sentiments of the group. The individual songs are, of course, much shorter and less elaborate than most of the chants and ceremonials, but the spirit is the same. It must be explained that Indian songs are regarded by their composers as private property. No one may sing another's song unless he has purchased or inherited it. Songs which are adopted by another tribe are usually ascribed with care to the original author, or at least to the tribe whence they came. The feeling which prevails in this regard is similar to that among us for songs belonging, for instance, to the ritual of some particular secret society or fraternity.⁴² These songs are transmitted unchanged from one generation to another, often until the original language is so archaic as to be almost meaningless. Even the meaningless vocables, inserted to fill out the measure, are retained in their original form and order. For this reason the older Indian songs are valuable as

⁴⁰ James P. Beckworth, "An Indian Amazon, The Story of Pine Leaf," *The Golden Book Magazine*, Vol. 1, No. 2. Feb., 1925, pp. 303-4.

⁴¹ The songs which are referred to in the present work are guaranteed as authentic. The investigators often obtained conditions of accuracy which equal those of a psychological laboratory. Of her own work Miss Densmore remarks: "Songs were recorded by means of a phonograph. . . . An effort was made to employ only the best singers. In selecting the principal singers as well as informants, the writer ascertained a man's general reputation at the agency office, and in some cases at the trader's store, as well as among his own people. In some cases material which appeared to be interesting has been discarded because the informant was found to be unreliable."—"Teton Sioux Music," pp. 5-6.

See also F. G. Speck, *Ceremonial Songs of the Creek and Yachi Indians*, p. 159; and

Alex. T. Cringan, *Pagan Dance Songs of the Iroquois*, p. 168, etc.

⁴² See Fletcher-La Flesche, "The Omaha Tribe," p. 373.

Densmore, "Mandan and Hidatsa Music," p. 12.

Natalie Curtis, *The Indians' Book*, p. 54, etc.

representing the ideas of the people before they were radically altered by contact with white civilization.⁴³

The variety of individual songs is indicated in the following quotation: ". . . music is no mere diversion from the Indian point of view; it is not separated from ordinary experience by being classed as an art, but is a feature of daily, homely use and necessity. The Indian has a song for everything—his gods, his friends, and his enemies, the animals he hunts, the maiden he wooes, the forest that sighs around him and the lake that glistens before him, the fire in his tepee, the whiskey that excites him, the babe in the cradle, his garments, from picturesque head-gear to shabby moccasins—every conceivable thing in which he has an interest becomes the subject of a song".⁴⁴

All these various types of songs can be divided, roughly, into two classes: those with magical properties, or "sacred songs"; and those without such mystic significance, *i. e.*, "secular songs". In the former class are found most of the songs appealing to the gods for help in war, hunting, vengeance, and the other universal needs referred to above as being common to the group. These magical songs are often composed or thought of in dreams, especially during periods of fasting or self-torture. In such dream songs an animal "totem", or personal tutelary deity, appears and sings a song to the sleeper.⁴⁵ The buffalo and fox are among the animals thus celebrated in the songs of the Teton Sioux:

"The buffalo,
As they stand in a circle,
I join with them."

"They face each other,
Two foxes,
I will sit between them."⁴⁶

At other times an individual has a thought, or more often an experience which he wishes to commemorate; and so, seeking in-

⁴³ Fletcher-La Flesche, *op. cit.*, *loc. cit.*
Densmore, *op. cit.*, *loc. cit.*

⁴⁴ Frederic R. Burton, *American Primitive Music*, pp. 5-6.

⁴⁵ See Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," p. 59 ff.
And also discussion of animal totems, *ante* pp. 32-34.
Burton, *op. cit.*, p. 235, etc.

⁴⁶ Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," p. 203 and p. 268.

spiration, he composes a song about it.⁴⁷ Such songs as these are still being composed; but the use of songs for ceremonies, war, and the hunt is passing away, as the old life of the Indians is forgotten.⁴⁸

The following group of songs, of magic significance,⁴⁹ represent the individual's craving for the great primal necessities:

Medicine Songs of the Hunt

"My war club
Resounds through the sky
To summon the animals to my call."

"Like a star
I shine
The animal, gazing, is fascinated by my light."

"From all parts of the earth
I make my appearance
Clothed with the skin of the marten."⁵⁰

Song for securing a Good Supply of Maple Sugar.

"From the trees
The Sap is freely flowing."

"The words furnish an example of the affirmation which strongly characterizes the Mide songs. There is no request; the song simply asserts that the sap is flowing freely, thus presenting to the mind a vivid picture of the conditions which would produce the desired supply of maple sugar."⁵¹

⁴⁷ I have read the theories of Professors Gummere and Mackenzie, regarding the famous "communal theory" of composition. Fortunately this controversy lies outside the present work. Among the Indians there is but one instance of any such extraordinary feat of ballad making as Professors Gummere and Mackenzie postulate for the primitive Europeans. Miss Densmore remarks one song of a Siouan tribe which was different from every other Indian song on record, in that it was the collective effort of several men. These, however, had deliberately set themselves to the task—See Densmore, "Northern Ute Music, *Bulletin 75 B. A. E.*, p. 26.

For a statement on communal composition and refutation of this theory by instances in Indian literature see:

Louis Pound, "The Beginnings of Poetry." *Pub. Mod. Lang. Assn. of America*, Vol. XXXII, N. S. Vol. XXV., and *Poetic Origins and the Ballad*, New York, 1921.

⁴⁸ Densmore, *op. cit.*, p. 22.

⁴⁹ *i. e.* The song when sung gave aid to the singer, or brought to his assistance the help of his animal "totem."

⁵⁰ Densmore, "Chippewa Music" I, pp. 84, 85, 86.

The marten skin referred to in the third song "has power to drive together the animals from all parts of the earth." *op. cit.*, p. 85.

⁵¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 87-88.

Medicine Songs of War

"The first song of the group has reference to the war charm worn by the warrior, the song being sung shortly before a fight to make the charm more effective. . . . The word 'balls' was said to refer to the heads of the enemy which the warrior could cut off and toss about. . . . The charm usually worn by the Chippewa warrior consisted of the skin of a bird, dried and filled with a medicine known only to the wearer, probably an herb or other substance suggested to him in a dream."⁵²

"It is wafted upward
My bird plumage
They will be flying
My balls."⁵³

Dream Song of a Warrior

This song was composed by the warrior "after he had endured a vigil of ten days, during which time he took only enough food to sustain life. The words are obscure, a feature characteristic of dream songs, the purpose being to conceal the exact nature of the dream".

"The heavens
Go with me."⁵⁴

"Flying all around the sky
The loons are singing."

"This is an old song, which was sung before starting on the war-path. The words refer to the Loon clan or totem, which, according to William Warren, was very powerful among the Chippewa. . . ."⁵⁵

Love Charm Songs

"The love charm is a very popular form of magic among the Chippewa. . . ."

"What are you saying to me?
I am arrayed like the roses
And beautiful as they."

"I can charm the man
He is completely fascinated by me."⁵⁶

⁵² Densmore, "Chippewa Music," II, p. 77.

⁵³ *Ibid.*, p. 78.

⁵⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 78-79.

⁵⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 142.

⁵⁶ Densmore, "Chippewa Music," I, pp. 88-90.

Healing Songs (to cure the sick)

There is a grimly humorous frankness in this song chanted by a medicine man as he performed his various unwholesome practices on the unfortunate patient.

"You are a spirit
I am making you a spirit
In the place where I sit
I am making you a spirit." ⁵⁷

"By night I go on my way unseen
Then am I holy,
Then have I power to heal men." ⁵⁸

Songs for Power on various occasions

"It was not unusual for a warrior to sink exhausted during a fight. . . . Niskigwun [a Chippewa warrior] stated that on one occasion Odjibwe [his friend] went into a fight without his 'medicine'. The fight had scarcely begun when Odjibwe appeared to be almost paralyzed. He was not able to strike a blow in his own defense and would have fallen an easy prey to the Sioux had not Niskigwun rushed to him and given him medicine from his own bag, mixing it with water. . . . This revived him and enabled him to rise. . . . Niskigwun stated that he sang the following song when he applied the medicine.

Song of Help in the Fight

The prairie
land
whence I rise." ⁵⁹

Song of a War Charm

"In what
Is my trust?
My bird-skin charm
is my trust." ⁶⁰

"Brave Buffalo said that the following song was given him in the lodge filled with buffalo [in his dream], and that by it he received power to engage in the practice of medicine:"

⁵⁷ Densmore, "Chippewa Music," I, p. 96.

⁵⁸ Curtis, *Indians' Book*, p. 160.

⁵⁹ Densmore, "Chippewa Music", II, p. 112.

⁶⁰ *Ibid*, p. 107.

“I will appear
Behold me
a buffalo
said to me.”⁶¹
“The heavens
I use.”

“The words imply that the heavens are secured as a defense by the singer.”⁶²

There are also a vast number of Indian songs with no religious significance. These illustrate not only the great primal motives seen in the preceding medicine songs, but also the multitude of moods, interests, and memories peculiar to each individual. For the individual sings, it will be remembered, not so much to please an audience as to please himself.⁶³

Some of the types of personal songs of war and love have already been instanced. There are, of course, hundreds of others on these two most interesting topics (fascinating as well to the civilized man as to the savage). In her book on Teton Sioux Music Miss Densmore quotes thirty songs of a typical war expedition.⁶⁴ Some of these are songs “which were sung in societies or other gatherings before the departure of a war party”. Others reflect the desire of the warriors to be as brave as wolves, their intention to steal the horses of the enemy, their love of adventures.

Such songs would, of course, more properly fall into the class of group utterances. The general sentiments and structure of the songs are, in fact, exactly similar to the group songs. It is quite probable that the songs sung by the group are simply individual songs which became popular, and were acquired from their original composers. The following songs are typical both of group and individual sentiments.

⁶¹ Densmore, “Teton Sioux Music,” p. 174.

⁶² Densmore, “Chippewa Music,” II, p. 109.

⁶³ Miss Densmore, however, reports that this attitude of the Indian toward his music is changing somewhat. Among the Teton Sioux many of the tribesmen own phonographs, and make records of their own songs and those of their neighbors. “Some even make these records for sale among their people.” The songs are usually recorded by several singers, while others at the same time give sharp yells or short exclamatory sentences. While such records are not adapted for the study of individual songs, they are an evidence of the Indian’s continued pleasure in his music, and of his readiness to adapt the means of civilization to an end which is purely native.”—“Teton Sioux Music,” p. 22.

⁶⁴ *Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 61*, pp. 334-378.

“Lone wolf
I am
In different places
I roam
But
there
I am tired out.”

“Crow Indian
You must watch your horses
A horse thief
often
am I.”⁶⁵

The individual warrior, we find, also thought much of his war paint, of the effect of his bravery on the enemy, of his horse, the hardships of life in general, of the women folk at home, the joy of his victorious return, the sad death of comrades in past expeditions. The following songs reflect some of these ideas.

“Now at this time
a voice
I sent forth
All
tremble
O tribe (of the enemy)
in a sacred manner
sitting
All tremble.”

“The old men
say
the earth
only
endures
You spoke
truly
You are right.”

(meaning that all else, including the singer, must pass away.)

Song by a young man disappointed in love, who went to war hoping to be killed.

“When you reach home
tell her [his faithless sweetheart]
long before then
I will have finished.”⁶⁶

⁶⁵ Densmore, “Teton Sioux Music,” p. 337.

⁶⁶ One is glad to note that the Indian was not often so Victorian in his sentiments. D.

Song concerning the death of Sitting Crow, a brave warrior.

“Friends
Sitting Crow
friends
returned not.”

Song concerning war paint.

“This
earth
I had used as paint
causes
the tribe (of the enemy)
much excitement.”

Song concerning victorious return of the warriors with captives.

“friend
do you hear?
Captives
also
I am bringing home.”

The women had their own ideas about war. Mostly they encouraged the braves to fight, and offered their love in reward for heroic exploits.

“You may
go on the war path
When
you return
I will marry you.”

The warriors also thought of their sweethearts; and delighted to give them the spoils of victory, which were chiefly scalps and horses.

“Older sister (a name applied to women in the tribe; it did not necessarily indicate blood relationship)

Come out
Horses
I bring.
One of them
you may have.”

“Friends
the attacking party will return;
friend
whenever you said this,
friend,
that woman
stands there smiling.”

Such sentiments though crudely phrased are extremely chivalric.

Nevertheless the Indian ladies occasionally felt a pang of loneliness and apprehension as the warriors stalked silently out of the village on their way to battle. Women of all times and places have thought, even if they did not, like the Indian maiden, sing the words:

“As the young men go by
I was looking for him.
It surprises me anew
that he has gone;
(it is something
to which I cannot be reconciled.”

Occasionally these fears (or perhaps the extra duties which devolved upon the lady of the wigwam when her master was away) gave rise to sentiments almost pacifistic:

“Going on the war-path
you should give up
and
(to) settle
down
you should desire
and stop
for good.”

And when a warrior failed to return, the grief of the women, though expressed in the same crude, bare phrases, is none the less moving and sincere:

“Bobtail Bear (man’s name)
said this
and
went away, never to return—
(the) Crow Indians
I will seek,
he said
and went away, never to return. . . .”
“Boys of the Hunkapapa band
whenever you pursue anything
Long Buffalo (man’s name)
is foremost
you said.
He lies over there.”⁶⁷

There are equally large numbers of love songs of the type already seen. Most of these, it will be recalled, are sad, in a curiously romantic style vaguely reminiscent of the Victorian era:

⁶⁷ For the above selections and many others relating to war, see Densmore, “Teton Sioux Music,” p. 324.

"I sit here thinking of her
I am sad as I think of her."

"I might grieve
I am sad
that he is gone
my lover."

And some are even more curiously materialistic, with a perfectly matter of fact appeal to the adored one.

"When I go
I will give you
surely
what you will wear
if you will go with me." ⁶⁸

The third great motive of Indian group composition, as we have seen, was food. The following is one of a group of individual songs sung by Mandan women as they worked in their gardens:

"My best friend
What do you like?
You said
the corn
is my pleasure."

With due regard for limitations of space, it is possible to illustrate only in the most imperfect style the miscellaneous interests and motives of the Indian individual. The ensuing group of songs, chosen more or less at random from the works of Miss Densmore and Natalie Curtis are merely samples. For more complete study the reader is recommended to read these works for himself.

Song of thanks for a gift

"I am very grateful
For what he is doing for me." ⁶⁹

"I am as Brave as Other Men"

"Men who are brave and heroic
As you esteem them to be
Like them

I also

Consider myself to be." ⁷⁰

Song of a Domestic Episode

"Elk Woman [woman's name]

the kettle is burning

(free translation) you said 'I am afraid!'" ⁷¹

⁶⁸ Densmore, "Chippewa Music," II, pp. 216-220.

⁶⁹ Densmore, "Chippewa Music," I, p. 201.

⁷⁰ *Ibid*, p. 162.

⁷¹ Densmore, "Mandan and Hidatsa Music," p. 176.

Song in Praise of Generosity

"Him, White Feather,
that man's
property
he never (keeps)
it is true." ⁷²

Song of Insomnia (Free translation)

"I think if I only could lie down and sleep,
but I cannot sleep." ⁷³

Song of a Disgusted Wife

"I
a man (have)
as it is
who is bad (or unkind)
I myself
did it. It is my own fault." ⁷⁴

Song of a Ghost [supposed to have been sung by the Ghost]

"Finally
I weep;
weeping
I roam.
(Among) young men
courting
(I was) most enthusiastic of all.
Weeping
I roam." ⁷⁵

Songs of a Charitable Tribesman

"Two White Buffalo (man's name),
watch;
the poor
are many.
Whenever this is said
horses
I donated."

"Whenever the tribe is gathered together
those without resources
obtain my horses.
Two White Buffalo
has said this.
Hence
they come." ⁷⁶

⁷² *Ibid*, p. 157.

⁷³ *Ibid*, p. 131.

⁷⁴ *Ibid*, p. 132.

⁷⁵ Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," p. 497.

⁷⁶ *Ibid*, p. 507-8.

Song for Children

There are a number of these: lullabies, songs with stories to amuse the children, and songs sung by children in their games.

Hopi Owl Song

("A 'Stop-crying song for naughty children is supposed to be sung by the Owl-Kalzina, a mythological being represented in Hopi ceremonials by a masked dancer.")

"Owls, Owls, big owls and little,
 Staring, glaring, eyeing each other;
 Children from you're boards [i. e., cradle boards], Oh see!
 Now the owls are looking at you, looking at you;
 Saying, Any crying child, Yellow-eyes will eat him up.
 Saying, Any naughty child, Yellow-eyes will eat him up.
 Sleep, do not cry, sleep, do not cry.
 O children, look, Then we will pass you by
 But if you cry, but if you cry,
 O children, look, We'll eat you bye and bye." ⁷⁷

Song of Little Girls' Play

". . . the little girls sat in a circle and each girl, putting one hand over the hand of the girl who sat next to her lightly pinched the hand near the wrist. The tickling sensation could be endured only a few seconds before the little girls all fell over in a state of helpless laughter. Almost immediately the play was resumed, and the song sung again, to be interrupted before it was half finished. It seems a foolish little play, yet war and ceremony were not all the life of the Indian; there were still the children, to whom life had not yet become serious."

Words (free translation)

"I catch but can not hold you." ⁷⁸

Song of the Famine

"The old men
 now
 (are) so few that they are not worth counting.
 I myself (am)
 the last
 living.
 Therefore
 a hard time
 I am having." ⁷⁹

Thus sang the Indian. Soon he will sing no more; and in the reservation school his mixed-blood descendants will learn only the words of the white man.

⁷⁷ Natalie Curtis, *The Indians' Book*, p. 572.

⁷⁸ Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," pp. 492-3.

⁷⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 518.

HERMAN MELVILLE, "ISHMAEL" OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY J. V. NASH

"ISHMAEL" HERMAN MELVILLE dubbed himself in his greatest novel, *Moby Dick*, and the name was appropriate. He is the "Ishmael" of American literature. Again and again he challenged the dominant social and religious institutions of the mid-nineteenth century. Disgusted with the hypocrisies of his day, and with the evidences of "man's inhumanity to man" which he saw all about him, he became an outcast and wanderer over distant lands and waters, hoping to discover, perchance, some Isle of the Blest, where the deepest yearnings of his heart might find realization and satisfaction. But the quest was vain; at last he abandoned geography and retired into the fastnesses of metaphysics.

The dates of Melville's birth and death are significant. He was born in 1819 and died in 1891. His life-span thus exactly coincides with that of Lowell, but that exclusive Brahmin in his ivory tower at Cambridge probably never heard of Melville. Melville's birth, too, was in the same year with Walt Whitman's, the bard of Camden surviving him by only a twelvemonth. P. T. Barnum, who accumulated a fortune by catering to a public which "loved to be humbugged," passed off the stage in a blaze of publicity in the very year of Melville's death in poverty and obscurity.

Melville was born in New York City and, like Whitman, was of mixed Dutch and English stock. His father, a merchant of the city, died while the boy was young, and Herman's upbringing devolved upon an uncle. His mother seems to have been a woman of great force of character, who exerted a considerable influence upon Herman for a time. But against the maternal influence he ultimately revolted.

Well born and nurtured in good manners and a cosmopolitan tradition, he was, as a child, faced with the premature necessity of coming to some sort of terms with life on his own account. "Before the death of my father," Melville later wrote, "I never thought of working for my living, and never knew that there were hard hearts in the world."

A childhood tragedy, such as the loss of a father, and the change from affluence to poverty, are likely to leave marks of embitterment upon the character, which are never afterwards effaced, and which predispose the mind to a pessimistic attitude.

Melville was a sensitive and impetuous child, of rich but undisciplined imagination. By temperament and circumstance he was soon at hopeless odds with himself and with his environment. Because of the family poverty, his schooling was of the scantiest. His scholastic career ended with a few months at the Albany Classical School. As he himself remarked, he learned to think much and bitterly before his time.

He worked in his brother's cap and fur store at Albany; later he was employed in the bank at that place. He found both of these occupations repugnant. Then he went to his uncle's farm in Massachusetts, where he experimented in farming and school-teaching. But this only heightened his discontent.

"Stirred by motives of desperation, and by the delusion that some stupendous discovery of happiness lay just over the world's rim, Melville planned a hegira."¹ Thus it was that, at the age of eighteen, goaded by hardship and lured by the promise of distant lands, Melville shipped to England on a merchantman as a common sailor.

Then began his long wandering over the face of the earth. He became "Ishmael." He liked the name. "Call me Ishmael," he wrote in *Moby Dick*. "Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little, and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. . . ."

The nature of the thoughts that filled Melville's mind as he was preparing to leave on his first voyage is strikingly revealed in the following reflection: "Talk not of the bitterness of middle age and after life; a boy can feel all that and much more, when

¹ R. M. Weaver, Introduction to *Redburn*.

upon his young soul the mildew has fallen; and the fruit, which with others is only blasted after ripeness, with him is nipped in the first blossom and bud." ²

His experiences on this voyage are set forth in *Redburn*, which was not, however, his first book. The journey was literally filled with hardships for the boy, though the physical privation and suffering were slight as compared with the mental torture caused by the heartlessness and cruelty of the sailors, in whom he could find no companionship.

He stood in the greatest fear of a certain individual named Jackson, whom he describes in a passage of startling realism: This sinister figure "was as yellow as gamboge, had no more whiskers on his cheek than I have on my elbows. His hair had fallen out, and left him very bald, except in the nape of his neck, and just behind the ears, where it was stuck over with short little tufts, and looked like a worn-out shoe brush. His nose had broken down in the middle, and he squinted with one eye, and did not look very straight out of the other. He dressed a good deal like a Bowery boy; for he despised the ordinary sailor rig; wearing a pair of great overall blue trousers, fastened with suspenders, and three red woolen shirts, one over the other . . . and he had a large white wool hat, with a broad rolling brim He might have seen thirty, or perhaps fifty years Nothing was left of this Jackson but the foul lees and dregs of a man; he was thin as a shadow; nothing but skin and bones" Throughout the voyage, Melville was the unfortunate victim of this ruffian's abuse.

But even more disillusioning experiences were awaiting Melville when he landed at Liverpool. Once, while in the vicinity of the docks, he heard a low, feeble wail. He found an opening that led to a nearby cellar. In his own words, "crouching in nameless squalor, with her head bowed over, was the figure of what had been a woman. Her blue arms folded to her livid bosom, two shrunken things like children, that leaned toward her, one on each side I never thought of relieving them; for death was so stamped in their glazed and unimploring eyes, that I almost regarded them as already no more. I stood looking down on them, while my whole soul swelled within me; and I asked myself, what right had anybody in the wide world to

² *Redburn*, p. 10.

smile and be glad when sights like this were to be seen? It was enough to turn the heart to gall; . . . For who were these ghosts that I saw? Were they not human beings? A woman and two girls? With eyes, and lips, and ears like any queen? With hearts which, though they did not bound with blood, yet beat with a dull, dead ache that was their life."

He went out to seek aid. When he informed a ragged old woman neighbor that the unfortunate was still alive, her rejoinder was: "Then she'll never die. She's been down there these three days with nothing to eat;—that I know myself." "She deserves it," muttered an old hag, who was just placing on her crooked shoulders her bag of pickings, and who was turning to totter off. "That Betsy Jennings deserves it—was she ever married, tell me that?" He soon met a policeman. "It's none of my business, Jack," said he. "I don't belong to that street." No one would even lend him a pitcher to carry water to the poor wretches.

Such was Melville's experience of "man's inhumanity to man," in the great Christian city of Liverpool. He had fled from New York and the New World, hoping to find a better civilization in the Old. It is not surprising that he fell into reflections of the most bitter and pessimistic character. He writes: "Surrounded as we are by the wants and woes of our fellow men, and yet given to follow our pleasures, regardless of their pains, are we not like people sitting up with a corpse, and making merry in the house of the dead?"

After this first taste of disillusionment abroad, he came home disgusted with everything. He then secured a position teaching school. This proved to be a nerve-racking experience, and once more he sought a means of escape. Again he turned to the sea. In 1841 he shipped on the whaler "Acushnet." But he was just as much dissatisfied with this voyage as with the first. In fact, he found life on board so intolerable that, along with a companion, he deserted the ship and took refuge on an island of the Marquesas group, where he spent four months among the natives.

His novel *Typee* tells of his experiences on the island. The South Sea Islands were the last part of the world to be opened to civilization. They did not come into notice until late in the eighteenth century, when the English gradually began to extend

their control into those far-off seas, primarily through the efforts of Captain Cook. In 1775 the London Missionary Society was organized, its chief object being to Christianize the world as speedily as possible. The South Sea Islands quickly engaged the interested attention of these zealous propagandists, and missionaries were sent out with plentiful supplies of Bibles.

The natives readily accepted the missionaries, little as they may have understood their theology. The Napoleonic wars temporarily interrupted this evangelical activity in England, but at the end of this period there came another movement of missionary zeal. In the wake of the missionaries came the traders, a profane, unscrupulous lot.

It was just at this time that Melville, with his companion—a young man by the name of Green—whom he had induced to escape with him from their ship, arrived on the scene. For four months Melville lived among the natives. In *Typee* he gives a fascinating account of his experiences on the island.

This was the most joyous book that Melville wrote. There was nothing that he would have liked better than to blot out all memories of civilization and live among the natives as one of them. This, he thought, was his one opportunity to find peace and happiness. But he realized that this could not be. He shrank from the ordeal of a complete bodily tattooing, which his native friends urged upon him. Four months later an opportunity came to leave the island, and he took it. A suspicion of the possibility of his being served up at a cannibalistic feast seems to have hastened his decision to get away from the island.

In *Typee* Melville mentions many charming incidents of his association with a native girl, Fayaway. He admits only that they became very good friends. It was considered perfectly legitimate for a man in Melville's position to take a comely young native girl for his mistress. But any suggestion of such a relationship was highly offensive to the Puritan prejudices of Melville's readers, and they damned the book on account of it.

This incensed Melville against the reading public, and his annoyance was increased by the reception accorded his later books. It culminated at last in a fixed attitude of scorn and contempt.

Typee was followed by *Omoo* in 1847. As the publishers put it: "With respect to *Typee*, *Omoo* is the reverse of the medal: as the former work presents the only account ever given of the

state of nature in which the Polynesians are originally found, so the latter production will exhibit them as affected by a prolonged intercourse with foreigners."

In *Omoa*, Melville describes his observations in a subsequent visit among these islands. He writes: "I was painfully struck by the considerable number of sickly or deformed persons; undoubtedly made so by a virulent complaint, which under native treatment, almost invariably affects, in the end, the muscles and bones of the body. In particular, there is a dislocation of the back, most unsightly to behold, originating in a horrible form of the malady."³ This and other bodily afflictions were unknown before the discovery of the islands by the whites.

In his preface he is careful to say: "In every statement connected with missionary operations, a strict adherence to fact has, of course, been scrupulously observed; and in some instances it has even been deemed advisable to quote previous voyages in corroboration of what is offered as the fruit of the author's own observations. Nothing but an earnest desire for truth and good has led him to touch upon this subject at all."

Melville was moved to many sad reflections when he compared the present condition of the natives with the state of things before the arrival of the missionaries and traders. He painted an exceedingly gloomy picture of native life under the new regime. His views regarding the effects of "civilization" are deeply pessimistic. To quote:

"It has been said that the only way to civilize a people is to form in them habits of industry. Judged by this principle, the Tahitians are less civilized now than formerly. True, their constitutional indolence is excessive; but surely, if the spirit of Christianity is among them, so unchristian a vice ought to be, at least, partially remedied. But the reverse is the fact. Instead of acquiring new occupations, old ones have been discontinued. . . .

"To me, so recently from a primitive valley of the Marquesas, the aspect of most of the dwellings of the poorer Tahitians, and their general habits, seemed anything but tidy; nor could I avoid a comparison, immeasurably to the disadvantage of these partially civilized islanders.

³ *Omoa*, p. 131.

"In Tahiti, the people have nothing to do; and idleness, everywhere, is the parent of vice. 'There is scarcely anything,' says the good old Quaker Wheeler, 'so striking, or pitiable, as their aimless, nerveless mode of spending life.' . . .

"The fact is, that the mechanical and agricultural employments of civilized life require a kind of exertion altogether too steady and sustained to agree with an indolent people like the Polynesians. Calculated for a state of nature, in a climate providentially adapted to it, they are unfit for any other. Nay, as a race, they cannot otherwise long exist. . . .

"In view of these things, who can remain blind to the fact that, so far as mere temporal felicity is concerned, the Tahitians are far worse off now, than formerly; and although their circumstances, upon the whole, are bettered by the presence of the missionaries, the benefits conferred by the latter become utterly insignificant when confronted with the vast preponderance of evil brought about by other means." His general conclusion is that "their prospects are hopeless."

His next book, *Mardi*, published in 1849, is divided into three parts: first, a novel of adventure, having nothing to do with the second part, which is a satire on contemporary civilization. The third part is an allegory. In this book he attacks the very foundation of American religion and commercialism. He spares no one. He is very daring, and never hesitates to say what he thinks. There are many satires on minor conventions. He has much to say on superstition and slavery, but the sharpest shafts of his ridicule are directed against the Fundamentalism of his day.

This book was followed by *Whitejacket* in 1850. It relates his experience on an American man-of-war, from Callao, South America, to the United States, in 1843. The conditions which he encountered on this voyage seemed to him the worst of any that he had as yet met. There were, in the United States Navy at that time, thirteen offenses punishable by death, and innumerable others punishable by flogging. Melville was aroused to intense indignation by reason of these barbarous punishments. He wrote his book in order to awake public opinion in favor of reform. It was the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of slavery in the navy, and its effect was noteworthy. It resulted in the abolishment of flogging and other savage punishments in the American Navy.

It was his experience with human cruelty as set forth in this book that led to the publication of *Pierre*, in 1852.

Meanwhile, however, Melville in 1851 published his best known novel, *Moby Dick*. "Melville," says Van Doren, "brought to the task a sound knowledge of actual whaling, much curious learning in the literature of the subject, and, above all, an imagination which worked with great power upon the facts of his own experience. *Moby Dick*, the strange, fierce white whale that Captain Ahab pursues with such relentless fury, was already a legend among the whalers, who knew him as 'Mocha Dick.' It remained for Melville to lend some kind of poetic or moral significance to a struggle ordinarily conducted for no cause but profit. As he handles the story, Ahab, who has lost a leg in the jaws of the whale, is driven by a wild desire for revenge, which has maddened him and which makes him identify *Moby Dick* with the very spirit of evil and hatred. Ahab, not Melville, is to blame if the story seems an allegory, which Melville plainly declares it was not; but it contains, nevertheless, the semblance of a conflict between the ancient and unscathable forces of nature and the ineluctable enmity of man."

In the light of Melville's other books, it is difficult not to read an allegory into *Moby Dick*. In Captain Ahab we may see humanity represented, and in *Moby Dick* the evil forces of nature. Ahab has been terribly injured by *Moby Dick*, and starts out to get revenge, but is in the end overpowered and killed. Man, after all, is powerless against the unthinking and destructive forces of nature. There are many extraordinary characters in the book; among them, Squeegee, a South Sea native who has become one of the whaling crew. To the author, the untutored savage seems vastly superior morally to civilized white men.

The book which raised the greatest furore of any that Melville wrote is *Pierre*. It is a mixture of autobiography, phantasy, and philosophy. The style is horrible; it is as badly written as possible. In it he tried to picture his own mental development, and maliciously satirized his own early attempts at writing.

Pierre tried to get justice done to his illegitimate half-sister, but he failed, and thereupon decided that morality does not pay. He fell into an abyss of pessimism, seeing nothing but selfishness in humanity. "The intention of this dark, wild book

of incest and death seems to be to show the impracticability of virtue; that morality is a luxury occasionally to be indulged in by a strolling divinity, but for man a dangerous form of lunacy." ⁴

This book cost Melville many friends, it ruined his reputation, and caused him to retire into obscurity. It virtually ended his literary career, and he sank into an oblivion that was destined to endure until about 1919.

His few literary efforts after *Pierre* passed almost unnoticed by the public. The only books belonging to this last period that deserve mention are *Israel Potter*, *The Confidence Man*, and *Clarel*.

In *Israel Potter*, "the unnecessary degradation of the hero with which the book closes is utterly inexcusable, both in art and probability; it is a cruel practical joke." ⁵

⁵ *Ibid.*

The Confidence Man comprises a series of melancholy episodes on a Mississippi River boat. The characters seem to be possessed of superhuman conversational endurance. The motto of the book might well be, "He who hates vice hates humanity."

Clarel is extremely difficult to follow. In it he lost his balance completely in metaphysics.

Melville tried marriage, and that also proved to be a disappointment. To one of his restless nature, the obligations of matrimony were irksome; nevertheless there was no escape from them for him. Literary disaster was followed by failing eyesight. Finally, he secured work in the custom house, to gain a scanty livelihood. Here he drudged for twenty-one years, until 1882, and his passing in 1891 was unnoticed. Practically a generation was to elapse before his resurrection as one of the outstanding figures in American literature.

⁴ R. M. Weaver, *Centennial of Herman Melville*.

THE PRIZES OF LIFE

BY EDWARD BRUCE HILL

IN every public contest or competition it is customary to award prizes for excellence. Sometimes these are purely honorary, and to attain them gives no other gratification or benefit than that of satisfied ambition. The Greeks, with that wonderful spiritual feeling which differentiates them from all other men who have preceded or who have followed them, would have no other kind. No peaceful contests have ever equalled the Olympian, Isthmian and Nemean games, but the visitors received no greater material reward than a quickly fading wreath of laurel, olive or parsley. Yet so honored were the contestants that a father whose son died in the contests, an occurrence by no means unknown, received the congratulations and not the condolences of his friends. To have striven even unto death brought honor almost as great as victory could win.

We are not so idealistic. The prize with us (except for purely scholastic honors) must be something of intrinsic value. To be sure, in the case of those who are called amateurs, we forbid prizes of money or the turning of prizes into money, but the prize itself must be a thing of money worth. We bestow upon winners costly articles, sometimes useless, sometimes of some utility, though we do forbid them, even if they cannot use the thing, to turn it by sale into money which they can use. A crown of parsley would be often less embarrassing, but we must see the money in the reward in some form to make it seem to us worth while. In most countries even a friendly game of cards must have some money dependent upon it, though the sum be small. When a contestant is willing to renounce the rank of an amateur money is the usual reward, and whatever in the way of distinction the winner gets is valued chiefly as a means of

getting more money in other contests, or a proof of capacity to do so.

In the greatest contest of all, the contest of life, we have reached substantially the same point. Here we are all professionals; there is no amateur. To be sure, in politics of the higher sort we disapprove of a man's turning his successes into money, except where an important salary is attached to an office, and even then to that extent only; but generally opportunities are open to one highly placed which would not otherwise be his, by which money is to be had without dishonor. We are astonished if one who has held high office dies poor, though we praise him for it.

Nor has it ever been otherwise. We look back, and men have always looked back, to a time when wealth was not all-controlling, but there never was such a time. In ruder periods there were different ways of acquiring wealth, but it was always the wealth which, however acquired and however disguised in its results, was the substance of the prize, and the means and condition, at once, of the winning of what other prize might be desired.

Once the strong man armed might defeat his adversaries in fight and deprive them of their lives, their liberty and their property, but society was very little organized before no one man, however strong and brave, could long hold his position by himself. He must have followers to defend him and fight for him, and to maintain such a band he must have means to provide for their maintenance and pay. At first what we should call a robber chief, he could, for a time, enable his followers to subsist by plunder, but if he aspired higher only wealth could enable him to realize his ambitions. At that point, mental force begins to show a superiority over physical force, and to command it. Jacopo Sforza needed great strength and courage to become a leader of *condottieri*. Francesco Sforza needed only wit and money to become Duke of Milan. The Acciaiuoli were first iron-masters, then bankers, and, when they had amassed wealth, they needed no warlike powers in their own persons to become Dukes of Athens. It is true that incursions of barbarians and uprisings of the poorer classes (who always, did they but realize it, have the power to deprive all winners of all prizes) have sometimes disturbed, for a while, the normal order of things; but in general, and always with the exception, already made, of

scholastic distinction, wealth has been the prize upon which the winning of all other prizes depended.

Society has never greatly troubled itself with the awarding of the prizes, but only with the rules of the game. It has not been a judge or committee of award to determine to whom the prizes should go, but a committee of arrangements to make the rules, or an umpire and referee to enforce them. Very early it determined that physical strength and courage should not count; so long ago that the fighting man who won and kept with his good sword is a dim and shadowy figure to us. Occasionally he has reappeared in a large form, but society, if it could not resist, has condemned him. Constantly he is with us as a robber or a burglar, but society calls him a criminal and punishes him, instead of rewarding him as once it did.

Indeed, it was a favorite theory in the last century that the only business of society was to keep the peace, that is, to see to it that superior physical ability should never win a prize. That done, there were no rules of the game. Any method of winning but by force was to be allowed. Very nearly that policy was followed in many parts of the world, particularly in the United States. For a time the result was not very unsatisfactory, but it has come to be viewed with less favor, and the century was not over when pretty determined efforts to establish other rules began. It was found that, for the mass of people, the suppression of the fighting man had not solved the problem.

The fighting man, as has been said, having made himself the rich man and having thus got a fighting power beyond what his unaided arm could furnish, found means to transmit his wealth to descendants and so to endow them with a force which made their individual power unimportant. When fighting was stopped the fighting man's descendants became merely the rich, and, their wealth being hereditary, come to form, as a class, the nobles. But with the cessation of fighting came the greater and more rapid development of a class which had already begun to exist and had borne no small part in the suppression of violence. This class, for lack of any English word, we call the *bourgeoisie*. Perhaps the nearest English term which would describe them, in this relation, at least, would be to call them the business men.

The bourgeois were engaged in trade, and became richer and richer. The nobles, the descendants of the fighting man, did not

trade, and were now cut off from their ancestral method of obtaining wealth, and did not grow richer; some grew very poor. But the fighting men had organized society with themselves in the saddle, and they sat tight. The business man, conscious of all that makes real power except legal right, grew restive. So came the revolution.

It was the lower classes, the poor, who made the revolution, but it was the bourgeois who directed it. As the fighting man had organized society, so the business man reorganized it. He had long since tied the fighting man's hands so that he could not fight. Now he reduced him completely to the position of anyone else, and then he had a free field and no favor. With force excluded it all became a matter of business, and in such a situation the business man was master. As, when force was allowed, the fighting man alone had a chance to win, so now, when only business is allowed, the business man alone can win. So the event has shown.

The great mass of mankind found themselves in relatively the same state always. Not conspicuously good fighters, they had to submit originally to the fighting man. After centuries of domination by him and his descendants they rose, destroyed the nobles as the nobles had originally subdued them, by force, and thought that they were rid of masters forever. They had done so much that they thought that they had done more, and it took them about a century to begin dimly to recognize that the business man had taken the place of the fighting man and that they still had a master. It was long ago said that the revolution of '89-'93 was a bourgeois revolution and that there must be, and some day will be, a revolution of the people.

The new masters took some time to get settled in their seats. They were not so very masterful at first. It took time to give them full control. So the first fighting men to acquire a fixed status had not been very oppressive. The protection given by them had been more beneficial than their rule had been harmful. Then, for a good while, business men arose from among the people and forced their way among the new ruling class. So fighting men had done when the old nobility was forming. Furthermore, the new rule was milder than the old. It is a horrid act to ride down a man and slash him with a sword, and everybody will cry out at you. Let the man die quietly in a corner of

starvation and few will notice it; still fewer will think of connecting you with his death. But the business man is punching, and works more quickly and methodically than the fighting man, and not a century passed before men began to feel the heaviness of his weight and dimly to become conscious that he needed some curbing as well as the fighting man. Hence, in this country, anti-trust laws and similar restrictive legislation, and in many countries heavy death duties.

Undoubtedly envy is at the bottom of much of the feeling which exists, but envy in such matters is not an ill feeling. If it leads, as it often does, to ambitious emulation, no one would consider it harmful; if it leads to an appreciation of evils in the social organization which might otherwise go unnoticed, it produces good. Only where it is a barren feeling of hatred with no other fruit than a desire to injure is it an evil feeling, and in that naked form it rarely has force enough to be important.

While the question is not important for our present purpose, it ought to be noted that there is a danger in the great and growing power of the business man which is real. Apart from the peril which the constantly increasing inequality of wealth constitutes to our institutions and even to the continuance of government at all, there is another spectre which may not be so unsubstantial as has been thought. Many people see Standard Oil in everything as regularly as some excited Protestants see the Catholic Church. Foolish as these ideas are, there can be no doubt that we are moving toward a concentration of production, transportation and distribution in fewer hands than would have seemed possible a few years ago. The process is progressive because it is natural. It benefits the owners in every way. Unless some unforeseen obstacle arises, it should not be many years before a group of men may meet around a single table who control everything of that sort in the United States, nor can such a group exist long before one man dominates them and our destinies. Against such a prospect our anti-trust laws are like Dame Partington's broom against the Atlantic, for he must be blind indeed who does not see that we are in the presence of a great natural law, and that the attempt to restore competition is as futile as would be an attempt to restore stage-coaches or canal boats as a means of travel against the competition of modern railways.

But taking conditions as they actually exist and have long existed, the prizes of life go, not according to abstract merit of any sort, not to intellectual capacity generally, not at all to the morally deserving, but simply and solely to the business men in the order of their business capacity. The distribution of these prizes has always been a subject of discussion and anxiety. It has always been felt that the system of award, whatever it happened to be at the time, was imperfect. The situation today is no better than it ever was. We have changed the beneficiaries and adopted a new principle of distribution, but we have not met the difficulty. We have eliminated the soldier and the noble, but we are no nearer an ideal system by substituting the business man and the rich man's children.

What, then, are the prizes of life? They may be summed up in two words: wealth and power. Reputation, honorary distinction, is also a prize, but constantly tends to a lower grade, if it be not combined with one of the other two. The others are more or less correlative. He who has power can easily acquire wealth, he who has wealth has the potentiality, at least, of power. Among the general run of politicians it is well understood that they seek power chiefly as a means of acquiring wealth, and it is well known that to reach a certain degree of power they must, if they have not wealth themselves, be able to command it. On the other hand, those who are possessed of wealth are able to control officials, politicians and elections.

Undoubtedly there are men on whom honorary distinction exercises a greater attraction than either wealth or power, but so there are persons upon whom literary or scientific pursuits exercise a like attraction, even though no great distinction be attained. None of these is important to our purpose. Society is not affected by them. They do not influence it. The lives of others are not modified by what they do. These things, however we may exalt them, and profess to admire them, are not for most men the real prizes of life. To the majority there is one chief prize: wealth. That seems to be, though it is not, within the reach of all; that, if attained, will give power to a corresponding extent, so far as its possessors desire it; that may easily be made to bring honorary distinction as well. For most, wealth is not only one of the prizes, it is *the* prize, of life.

Nor, as has been seen, is this judgment unfair. Indeed, it has

probably never been so. We can hardly conceive of an organization of society in which wealth could not bring everything which men prize except happiness, and if wealth cannot ensure happiness the absence of wealth may, at least, prevent it. Wealth, to at least a moderate amount, may be and is usually the condition of happiness, even though it cannot of itself create it. Everything else it can give, and unhappiness it can at least alleviate. Consider the various causes of unhappiness: bereavement, sickness, disgrace, the enmity of others, the failure of ambition, and to each add poverty. None can reasonably, or will, question that the addition deepens immeasurably what is, in itself, so distressing. Give wealth, and none can deny the alleviation, insensible as it may be to the rich who suffer.

Now if we were to award this prize upon abstract principle and as if it were the real prize in a formal contest, how should we proceed?

In the first place we should, no doubt, prefer those who by their services to mankind have deserved reward. This would include many who do win the prize, the inventors, the developers of new regions and new resources, those who have helped supply the necessities of life, those who have discovered new sources of supply, those who have facilitated interchange of goods, those who have promoted manufacturers, and thus at once made the product accessible to those who need it and give employment to those who make it.

As at present organized, society does give these the prize, but upon an irrelevant condition; that they also be good business men. If they be not, the inventor shall wear his life out in poverty and find his only reward in empty posthumous fame; the developer of new regions and resources shall find them snatched from him when he has once shown their value; the maker of transportation and establisher of manufactures shall see his facilities working for another who was, perhaps, incapable of originating them, and the streams of wealth which they pour forth flowing in channels from access to which he is barred.

Not so would an impartial judge of the contest award the prize. He would consider only what concerns mankind, that is, the degree of benefit which the particular man has conferred upon them, and would nicely apportion the award accordingly. He would consider all dishonesty, oppression, manipulation of securi-

ties, trading upon the necessities of the public and similar acts as disqualifying the competitors, and would exclude those who so acted.

We, on the contrary, make such things titles to larger rewards. The greatest fortunes are, in fact, founded upon and created by them. We vainly strive by laws to prevent them, but our efforts are futile. To use a common phrase, "that is business", and when it has succeeded and great wealth has been accumulated we submit perforce, for only revolution could mend the matter, and that remedy we feel to be worse than any disease.

But even apart from what are considered illegitimate practises, our present system takes not the least account of benefit to the community. Men die in poverty who have conferred immeasurable benefits upon us. The holders of our greatest fortunes have conferred substantially none. Excluding all questions of improper conduct, there can be no doubt that services to the public is not even an element in the case. The good business man does not, as a rule, antagonize the public needlessly, but neither does he serve it. It is by doing business that he reaps his reward, and service to man, if it appear at all, is wholly incidental.

In the next place, we should award prizes to men of letters and of science, to scholars, poets, philosophers, artists of every sort, to all those who have benefited us in ways which have no material result. We should still pursue our purpose of regarding service to mankind as the achievement for which the prize is awarded, and the extent of that service as measuring the reward. It is just to prefer in the distribution of material rewards those who have produced what we distribute, but it may be that some others should be thought to deserve almost as highly.

Statesmen, soldiers, legislators, judges and (let us not use the word "philanthropists") those who have helped to make life better, happier and easier, would also have their prizes. We can hardly say now where each should stand nor to what prize the men of all these categories should be entitled, but surely they must all be included.

Then would be considered they who, with their hands and their heads, in humbler rank perhaps than those already named, aid in the creation of wealth and in upholding our social organization. To each according to his desert his individual prize.

Ethical considerations we should exclude as such. We should look at the question in a broad social way. The community produces wealth; that wealth is to be distributed among its members, having regard to an ideal distribution in accordance with the benefit which the country receives. We are not considering him, whatever his virtues, from whom the community receives substantially nothing, not the moral demerit (if it so be) of one from whom the community receives much. It is only a just and fair distribution of a common fund at which we aim.

The business man, then, to whom we award everything now, (for no one gains a prize at all unless he be a good business man) figures in such a plan in a very low place, next to the worker with his hands, unless he have incidentally some other claim. No matter how successful he may be, the public is not usually interested in or benefited by what he does. The late A. T. Stewart, for example, while he made a large fortune for himself and, we may assume, by unobjectionable methods, did not in the process really benefit the community at all.

Of course all this is purely speculative. No one would think of any such system of awards, nor can it be conceived as anything possible in practice, were it within reasonable contemplation as a theory. Even as a speculation there would be no agreement, probably, as to the relative position to be assigned to different classes of persons. But it serves to bring out one thing which can hardly cause much difference of opinion, and this is that no interest of society requires or justifies a system by which the man of business, purely as such, monopolizes the richest prizes of life.

Now it is to be borne in mind that our social organization is purely conventional. There is not a right of any man which is not, in a sense, artificial. He has these rights because society is so organized as to secure them to him, and with a different organization his rights would be quite different; under other organizations they have been quite different; they differ, even radically, in different places today.

We are, therefore, dealing with nothing primordial. All rights and rules would disappear if our present social frame were dissolved. If, then, we find that any rule works ill, we are quite at liberty to change it. Once we changed the rules when we deprived the fighting man of the power to enrich himself

by main force. Society (for, whatever the form of government, only society as a whole can really make these changes) became convinced that the old order was intolerable and abrogated it. Society has become restive under the rule of the business man. Various laws have been passed in the attempt to restrict his powers and modify the results of their exercises. Thus far they have been largely ineffective, but it may be that measures can be found as effective as those that made the fighting man helpless and destroyed the privileges of the nobles. There is a peculiar difficulty from the fact that the present ruler of society is not sharply differentiated from the rest of mankind as were the fighting man and the noble. Laws could be passed to affect the latter alone; it is difficult to frame laws to affect the former which will not affect and include others who need no restraint.

But no natural rights are violated by the attempt, nor will be violated if the attempt succeed. So far as the efforts have gone, there has been much complaint from those affected that they are denied the rights of other citizens and are singled out for oppressive legislation. That may be and may properly be. If the usual laws do not act upon a man because of his exceptional situation, in the same way as they do upon others; if, while nominally the same for all, they have the effect of giving him special privileges or powers, then they ought to be changed, and laws affecting him especially ought to be made. Sane legislation takes account of facts, and is not led astray by theories or phrases. No one is to be persecuted, but no one is to be favored because laws, in appearance equal, become by circumstances unequal as to him.

It may be that the problem is, at present, insoluble. It may be that nothing short of a complete reconstruction of our social fabrics will suffice. Yet it surely deserves the deepest study, the most anxious thought, the most earnest effort, to find some way by which it shall be possible to avoid giving to the possessors of one particular kind of mental ability, and that not a kind of great value to the community, all the prizes of life.

RELIGION AND ART

BY S. ROBERT SAUNDERS

WHAT is Religion?

In each of us there exists a consciousness of being, undefined and undefinable, but a reality nevertheless. I call this the consciousness of "I am", and by that "I am" I designate the soul which is my possession: the essential ego. It is this ego alone which comprehends a greater, and this greater soul is what I understand to be God, conveniently explained by the simple words "all that is good". It is apparent that both these comprehensions, these experiences of consciousness, are spiritual in essence. Hence, contact between the spiritual "I am" which is my soul, and the greater spiritual goodness which pervades the universe, must be spiritual contact; the syllogism is complete. This spiritual contact is what I understand religion to be. It requires no ritual, no dogma, no order, no creed, to explain it. Religion is merely contact between the soul and God: that is, between the lesser spirit within, which is the ego, and the universal spirit within the universe, which is God. The understanding of this contact is the aim of life.

What is Art?

Art is the precise expression of spiritual contact. It is to man the embodiment of the experiences of his consciousness. Shakespeare was thus an artist: first, because he was capable of receiving impressions from without, which he transmuted into the ether of his soul, and of collating—through reason and by means of his imagination—those inner essences which formed the mysteries of his own soul-conceptions; secondly, because these impressions, so transmuted and collated, found root, and were fostered, cultivated and developed until they became life; thirdly, because he was con-

scious that there was an undefinable contact between this soul and all that it contained and revealed, and the great God-soul within the universe; and, fourthly, because he was faithful in expressing, in words, what the results of this contact were, or, more plainly, he was faithful in explaining life. I have reduced the essentials to four. The first three are important to all men because all men need religion: religion as I understand it and have tried to express it above. The fourth—which all men can appreciate, but few can adequately produce—is the artist's key; it is the *expression*, in Shakespeare's case the expression by words. By a similar process can be explained the artist in the musician like Chopin, the sculptor like Michael Angelo, and the painter like Turner or David Cox.

We can all understand religion, and we can all be religious, because we can all—by a process of individual isolation—comprehend contact between our inner life and our soul-conceptions, and the underlying life of the universe. So, also, can we all understand art. In one confined sense art and religion are synonymous. But we do not all expound or interpret this synonym, and it is this exposition and interpretation which is the function of the artist, and this extra facility which makes the artist.

It seems intelligible to deduce from the foregoing that all artists are religious; but that all religious people are not necessarily artists; in fact, very few have ever been so. The development of this will, no doubt, yield ground for dispute between the orthodox view of religion (the religion of Christianity in particular), and my own view of it. I am, however, attacking only the narrow satisfaction which is found in the man who pins his emblem of faith on the flag-staff of dogma and creed. Such as he requires an apologia for his present satisfaction with life, and, confessing a belief in a heaven which is wholly incomprehensible to him, he accepts an apologia in the form of dogma and creed. This he calls faith. If he knew an intelligible God, he would realize that his conception of his existence—so far as it is intelligible to him—is false. For religion, being spiritual contact, is not a code of law or mortals; it is not a statement of a creed; and—it is not necessarily Christianity.

Why, then, is Christianity the embodiment of my religion? Or, more simply, why do I believe in Jesus? My answer is that in him I see, not a super-divinity of exclusive origin, but what perfect contact between the soul of man and the spirit of God

can be: a contact which in the end implies unity. In other words, I see in Jesus the perfect life suitable and attainable for me, and for all men, on earth. I conceive Christ to be the basis of my religion, because Christ interprets life for me, here and now. This is the only explanation of my Christianity; it is very simple and very logical.

What, again, is the association of Christianity with art, and how are they connected? Simply in this: that to me Christ was the supreme artist. The common consideration of art is confined, in the minds of most people, to literature, music, sculpture, painting. Every so-called critic of art has so limited his conception of art. But, through a long period of soul-searching, I have made a discovery new to myself, which I cannot find in books, nor in the expression of any other artistic medium. It is this: art being, as I understand it, the expression of life, it is, in its complete sense, expressed in Jesus Christ and in him only.

Art exists for me whenever there is appreciation and understanding manifested in my soul as the result of contact with the appreciation and understanding experienced by the artist. For example, the moment which the ego which I possess understands (through reading *The Cherry Orchard*) something, however little, of the understanding which Tchekov's personal ego achieved, and which he expressed in that work, then at that moment the seed of art germinated, and for me that particular evidence of it must henceforward develop and so live. Such an experience is the apology for literature, while similar experiences are the apologies for music, sculpture and painting. And, what is most important of all, precisely the same type of experience is my apologia for my Christian religion, which is contact with true life through the contemplation of Truth, made soul-visible through Jesus Christ, the supreme artist.

Now I suggest that anyone who does not understand religion, that is, who does not understand what is spiritual contact between his soul and the spirit of God, can add nothing useful to the consideration of this subject. People attempt to regard the aesthetic application of art as if it were the alpha and omega of a concise subject. A person who listens to music and merely feels a satisfied exultation of body, and so accepts a sedative instead of a cure for the mental diseases of life, or

who looks at a fine building and sees only its proportions, or who observes a beautiful woman and can attach importance to her physical attraction only, such an one is as incapable of understanding art as he is incapable of understanding religion. He can be likened to that type of religionist who thinks that by expressing a verbal acknowledgment of Christ he will have eternal life. For to say "I believe in Jesus", is not enough: to say "I will be as he was" becomes all-sufficient. That is the difference between the pseudo-religious and the truly religious man.

In reaching the stage of my present conviction, it was necessary to undergo a completely subversory process with regard to my mental attitude to the aesthetic principles of art. If by the general term "aesthetics" is meant the appeal of the beautiful to our physical senses, then the beautiful in art is almost valueless, and when it promotes lust of any kind it is obviously evil. Such beauty goes only skin deep, though the fault lies, not with beauty, but with ourselves. Where true art really lives, beauty is the hand-maiden of the soul.

Consideration of the aesthetic appeal of a beautiful building for worship provides a super-example of the manner in which men cheat themselves. So long as men and women live in hovels, work in hovels, think in hovels (if at all), dream and die in hovels, so long the beautiful building wherein religion is always assumed to be an especially potent force (as if anything spiritual could be enclosed in walls) is a lie. Every beautiful church is ugly, because there is no connection between the building and true religion, any more than there can be connection between that impostor known to some men as beauty yet which is wholly material, and the real beauty which is known to the revealers of truth and which is essentially spiritual. For how can there be connection when there is no life? Where "Beauty is Truth", aesthetics are lost in the mire of their own making, sunk by the realities of life. Keats knew better than most people. For religion is life, and art is life, and a beautiful church in the slums is an impossible attempt to unite life and death as one. It is a colossal example of the false and the cheat. The pseudo-Christianity of to-day is propped-up but dead; the creeds are dead; all man made religious laws are dead. But

Christ, who alone understood what spiritual contact implies, lives: to realize the paradox is to cheat ourselves no longer.

Men must be born again in spirit. They will then understand that art is truly the handmaiden of religion. The long years of groping and searching for truth, the ensuing process of spiritual gestation, and the final upheaval will be worth it, after all.

MOON-CALVES OF DEMOCRACY

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

FOUR years ago this Spring Floyd Dell picked out a national characteristic of the contemporary world when he personified our common faults and foibles all under the somewhat piquant term, "moon-calf". But I claim to have made observations around and above those which he thought sufficient. First of all the moon-calf's function always appears to be the mad pursuit of whatever is inconsistent and anachronistic; he is chronically provincial and morbidly muggletonian, he has the Jenkins mind and his tastes forever waver somewhere between chauvinism and marivaudage. If there is the least prospect that a certain course of conduct will allow a person's propensities to seek their fill unhaltered and insatiably, the moon-calf takes to it like a bird to garden-seed. And if there is the least rumor of adversity either from the housetops of public opinion or from the aromatic cellars of those not yet moon-struck, he likewise flees the ominous circumstances as if they spelled War and hides behind some popular intellectual fad such as Futurism, Bolshevism, Success-Psychology, political flapdoodle, flapperism and international conferences on disarmament and dope. Such an individual thinks nothing (absolutely nothing!) of wearing long hair, flowing ties, polkadot sox, green shirts, blue gloves, et al., nor does he greatly hold aloof and scruple about joining as many clubs and lodges as his memory for passwords will permit. Self-assertion and the motlibriste acquisition of material accoutrement are the prize mottoes of his peculiar metier; to be exclusive in his very forwardness and folly is the patent of his ignobility.

When he grows up and his penchant for the superlative has at last become more suave and soidisant, the moon-calf then seeks to become a captain of industry, a social lion, a despotic boss of

something or other, or at least his fancy dreams how regal his capacity is for absorbing and exploiting others' efforts at production and, like Bernard Shaw's modern gentleman, he often feels fatigued over the vicarious exertion for the merest sort of lazy livelihood. If chance has made him a Wallstreeter his affliction may be called Bovine Lunacy; if he becomes an acrobatic dispenser of promiscuous charities his name stands loudly advertised in electrical blazonry; while if he has been chosen as a college president he takes out an endowment policy and swears allegiance to the prince-regents in all the patriotic terms of free-alty. But, alas, if his neighbors fry fish with their kitchen doors open or forget to pull down their bathroom shades, his whole directorate is called in special session and the courts are importuned for warrants or contiguous restraining orders. In fact, no one near or far can exercise the divine and democratic right to do as he pleases except the superspoilt and subsnobbish son of Selene!

Futile dreams of wealth, power, ease and luxury are his daily proprium and exercise; the vainglory of vulgar conquest over some equally stupid fellow man is his ecstasy at night. The plain and honest medium of life's genial mint is all too vapid for moon-born exchange, and the unique ritual of Christian generosity is mediocre prattle to the lunar saint. Fear, incompetence, sorrow or fickle pride may be the misfortune of others, but they are there as golden opportunities lackeying his Mammon creed; and crime is one way or another invariably the explanatory footnote to his daily text. Who then would expect a trapper to forego his catch? And who would claim to know one single postichee free from latent greed and insincerity. Divine healers have little sense to pass a hand over wrinkled brows, and social reformers have little chance to choose a working force between shrewd loup-gartus and fickle dilettantes. The cheap burlesque of rogues and fools will always hold the center of life's stage it seems.

Still, for those who have no fancy notions or illusions, everything in this world has its proper value and pursuit; but the nature of this value and the motive of this pursuit depend upon our own impulsive whims or compulsory desires, our own flowery viewpoints or self-serving aims. Thus human affairs are so diverse they often seem quite anti-thetical and opposed to the very moods which sponser them. To one man wealth is an obstacle and a spiritual calamity; to another it is a primary interest and necessity

of life, the perquisites of its possession being just so many expressions of individual spirit, power and prestige. To one man culture is a daily communion with the good things of life, a Pierian Spring wherein to quench his soul's consuming thirst; to another it is anathema, a waste of time and effort, being born of human pride and pretense it cannot serve any other purpose, and a nonconformist decretal to that effect is posted on his door. But the henchmen of weird satellite conceptions balk the dual role and weepingly claim a singular tho solipsistic immunity. They are not guests of either host, and weigh their welcome as being truly hospitable only when they cross their own dark dungeon thresholds, apparently having dined with Damocles before. It is these who are moon-calves seeking some strange exotic transcript from Democracy, and if not already worldly-wise and wealthy, they are at least seeking to be such and a sadist chill of mercenary hauteur veils their smirking countenances as they ape the nouveaux riches.

Eugenics will continue to be a failing science just so long as lunacy in any form is permitted to flourish and promiscuously propagate itself. The machinery of criminal and divorce courts will continue to grind out semi-accurate solutions to our social problems just so long as sheer folly and stupid selfishness dictate fashions to the poor old spiritually incompetent world. And the shrewd unscrupulous wizards of the economic bourse will keep on shrinking the matrix power of life's peculiar alchemy until what little honor, courage, justice and heroism we do now enjoy will be deflated to the miserly poverty that right today marks their own souls' desolation. How soon then will our domestic rectitude be a component part of our public debauchery? How soon will that gradually dwindling minority of saints and sages die out altogether and leave the world to blunder on toward degeneracy and destruction? And will that heretofore amiable and energetic genius of religious faith, philosophical insight and artistic creation share the imminent degradation by turning into alignment with the perennially critical situation of today with our jazzy congregational entertainments, our worldliness and sham psychologism, our periodical decadence of taste and patronage of commercialized exhibitions? These are questions which no honest thinker or sincere social worker will try to evade or equivocate.

It is far from a trifling point of wit to make mention of man's present situation for he is on a hazardous enterprise and his future

happiness, nay, his very existence and security as a moral entity, is fast coming into jeopardy. In all apparent immunity and blasé ignorance of their connection with surrounding conditions, the moon-calves of health, wealth and culture think, or at least affect that chief delusion and self-opinionated *forte* of the intelligentia, that life is just now at its very best, no former age quite so wise and rich and brilliant, that the world is a free-lance arena for all competitors whether right or wrong, and that the merry-go-round of destiny has no hold on human ken. Such innocence of mind is totally unwarranted by the facts which any fool with half an eye for experience can see on every side. And yet it is perversely assumed for reasons of shrewd expediency; the policy is part and parcel of the moon-calf's weird protocol of redoubt. Too bad we do not have some energetic and courageous Julius or Sixtus with us today to annihilate a few of these modern barbarians of the vulgarian world!

Man's life is bound on every side by loves and laws, relations and restraints, he knows not of, or at least he shows but little consciousness of them. He goes about his duties and his recreations thinking, naively enough perhaps, that he has conscious sense of every mood and manner of his makeup, and emphasizes the high intelligence of his aims and methods in current tokens of rhyomism and self-esteem. But the arts of speech and dress and livelihood do not rest wholly on such superficial means as man devises. His very soul is not his own in face of love or hate, in prospect of reward or retribution. He has a higher life to live than the little private one he is capable of planning or affecting in this poor old mediocre nether-orb. And that life is one of high communion, esthetic taste and mystic exaltation. It is his truer self which he lets come forth in free spontaneous expression of the spiritual delights and delicate moral decisions so seldom visioned from the overworld down to this. It is the soul-spawn of one who returns instinctively to the mother-stream and original environment of Nature. Never yet has *she* done man an injury for she is man's great spiritual exemplar, his mother, nurse, reliable guide and counsellor.

Man's spiritual refuge then is the ready and ungrudged return to Nature's bosom, Nature's truth and Nature's law. By virtue of these he has the bodily, mental and emotional structure of a man; so should he likewise be natural and perform the functions

proper to a man. His evolution is continuous either up or down in the scale of existence, either progressive or atavistic just as he wills and wishes. Baron Cuvier's great law of correlation between structure and function (or between physical form and vital process) in organic life intended to show them in constant relation and influence one upon the other. One of his illustrations referred to the horns and hoofs of vegetarian animals—a reference which probably holds good for the present geological era. But recent discoveries of fossil remains in Nebraska reveal an early specimen of the preglacial *Moropus*, a sort of rhinoceros-horse-giraffe with claws, stiff clubby feet, a hard cerated nasal structure and teeth fit only for eating vegetation. It would thus seem that the famous Baron's law requires revamping, or at least the qualification of an amendment, because through the course of time evolution has passed through creative labors showing us that the physical structure and organic function of complex organisms are not constantly correlative, but are often anterior and posterior items of a continuous process of evolution. If therefore this applies to spiritual structures and functions, we had better go back further than mere historical traditions and studied moods for our wisdom and virtue. Back to Nature herself for our actual personality, mind and soul, for she created them, nurtured and developed them as they are today. Wisdom and virtue cannot be *read into* a man's character; he must have some inclination to be wise and good already inherent in his makeup, else he can read himself blind and still be an ignoramus and vulgarian. The average man has merely accepted Nature's gifts and has not had the sense, the responsive feeling, not even the gratitude to acknowledge them and treasure them in a pure naturalness of thought and emotion, will and spontaneous expression.

Artificial living has all too ominously become the bane of man's conscious progress. Too much confidence in a code of luxury and ease; too much strategy for self and legislation for others; too much dress rehearsal and too little actuating motive of honest work behind the scenes of his insipid mimicry. Sceptics galore are born and rail at all man's pride and artificiality; cynics come and go with their sneering scorn for all man's petty vanities and cultural veneer. But no sober man will deny that there is *some* measure of truth and just insight in their condemnation and revolt; he will understand that in such part or proportion at least human nature

is apparently corrupt and forward, not necessarily incorrigible from innate perversity, but really peccable and problematical and therefore only with the utmost difficulty ever reformed or brought to a realization of its culpable position. It is not exactly to our sage advantage either when casuists join in the general debate with proposals that we should give this half-infernal creature called man the benefit of the doubt in matters moral and economic, because we can hardly see how thoroughly the risks and liabilities outweigh the virtues and assets of human nature. The casuist plea only serves to obscure the issue with its chronicle of sophist questions as to what are the benefits of doubt, who so benefits, and whether it is not fair to consider that there is no doubt in the first place. But fortunately, and strange to say, I have lived long enough to know that something is wrong with people who counsel us to throw doubt and caution aside while credulity and devout cupidity are left to give rogues easy entry to our treasures.

Anyone who wants to test the depths of human credulity does not have to expend large sums lackeying alley-cats or ex-horsecar heroes, but he does have to be able to differentiate closely and intelligently between the knaves and fools who make up the personnel of every situation where credulity is the pivotal weakness. As such they may serve as the *caractères données* of the situation under analysis, but should not by any weak apology or casuist plea be excused or given the benefit of any sucker's doubt that they really are fools and knaves. We might as well talk about the advantages of ignorance in our individual opinions about life, people and things, or about the expediency of absolute faith when dealing with hoodlums, thieves, ghouls or dope addicts. They and their kind are glad enough to come upon someone who will be fool enough to doubt *all* the misanthropic maxims of the cynic and the sceptic.

Philosophers have for ages been trying to tell the superficial casuists that whenever weak hearts find specious virtues gainful in any certain course of conduct, the honest cause (their so-called battle for true ethical motive and practice) is as good as lost. But no cause that is worth while, no purpose that is ideal in aim and inexorable in determination, is lost to Nature. She created them and she alone preserves them. It is man who gets and loses, benefits by increase or suffers by decrease of moral patrimony. It is man, the artificial, stupid, selfish, ignorant little insect of the sea-

son's pool, who has not intelligence enough to choose nobler patterns than his own devices argue, who cannot even see the advantages of shaping his life after the fashion of cosmic sobriety and universal integrity, who lacks the power to create anything and can't seem to ever have sense enough to preserve it when Nature gives it to him. What hope for man then can be derived from any sphere of action short of naturalness and humble lessons learned by honest contact with experience. What future worth his effort awaits him if he does not first seek security in such spiritual refuge as is offered by toil and faith and love, sincerity and thought and sacrifice.

We have been told with vague remonstrance that "Life's the thing". But what life, what manner of life? Mere vitality and its muscular effort at this occupation or that sport, this exploit or that pastime, are not all there is to actual living, and they make but little provender for our philosophical digestion. Mere intellectual conquests of fleeting duration over matter, poverty or the opinions of our neighbors, are but feeble adjuncts and make little difference in the ethics of our conduct. The capacity to undergo long periods of wickedness and woe or the more or less questionable moral competition with others for economic prestige may speak well for our fortitude or industry, but we cannot yet consider ourselves very far advanced on the road of Life.

A well rounded, serene and happy life has balance of all these talents and credentials, it grows symmetrical with every phase of activity in whatever good we are capable of achieving or aspiring to. There should be no question as to what the really good things of life are. If we only lay aside our petty spites and spoils, our mad harangue and hellbent diligence in satisfying selfishness and vulgar pride, folly and extravagant whims, there would be opportunity for the good things to shine forth and give us beckoning glances. We would then have clearer vision and could see that the good things are composed of such rare treasures as books, friends, music, art, science, philosophy, love, courage, sincerity, justice, generosity, chastity, commonsense and religious faith. With these we are capable of all else worth our while, though not here enumerated. They make for a worthy balanced life, for a joy in living that knows no sad regrets, for a flowering spiritual beauty which never wilts nor withers even in the driest closest atmosphere. It is a minor or secondary premise to say "Life's the thing". The

major premise is to say "*Soul's the thing*", for there may all our treasures and our refuge from the rancorous world be found. At least it is the term we use to cover a composite character of all that is wise and good and energetic in human life.

In the old slow days of prescientific habits and unpretentious living, men had no fancy notions about life, no unscrupulous ambitions to own the world, no vain desires to industrialize everything, no scoundrel schemes of economic mischief, no sham irenic to conciliate their moral antinomies. About as far as they went in forecasting our mad delinquency was to say somewhat after the fashion of Pope:

"The Golden Rule, it is sad to admit,
Seems quite contrary to human wit;
But being the maxim of modest minds,
It requires more virtue than it ever finds."

The anxiety of the age was to reach some cool romantic refuge from the vulgar world, which was a worthy aim, well worthy of our own emulation. But many of the foremost writers were more concerned to strike upon ambiguous similes and sparkling epigrammatic turns than in that cooler and more useful *cos ingeniorum* which Milton said could make an idiot think. They knew what they wanted perhaps, but they had no very definite plan of how to go about getting it. And so it is today; we are cursed by the selfsame incapacity to readily realize our dreams, and in our quandary we cast about desperately for some means of sanction and support for our moral incompetence. We do fortunately see that these mushroom magicians of "the new psychology" are usually financial fakirs as well; that our thousand and one cult-crazes and fad-follies, all in the blatant publicity of the most greedily exploited *dernier-cri* (Success), are still but so much froth and foam and flotsam on the ephemeral tides of life. And glory be! We are even getting intelligent enough to see that one of the best sumptuary movements of a reconstructive program in social hygiene in its economic phase would be to supplant the old hypocritical *caveat emptor* advice with the more honest legislation of *caveat vendor*. With that accomplished we would at least have no more high speed salesmen trying to see which could soonest get some rube to buy the New York Subway or "invest" his savings in a discounted mortgage on the Treasury Building.

Man's proper life does not require nor ask for those base expediencies so often culled from the social garbage and miserly glutted by the rakish fool whose paltry thinking process makes him believe and practice them. Real living has its problems of livelihood and leisure, to be sure, just the same as any other flesh-and-blood creature must have food and shelter and raiment. (A mere tadpole or fish existence is perhaps the only exception.) But by the token of this very commonplace resemblance it is however not subject to mere appetite and opportunity all the way through. It is the real life verily because it is not ruled by the exigencies of its specious present, neither passion nor perversion being able to reach its inner sanctuary. One who really lives does so by additional process of spirit, not by virtue of physical organism and bodily function alone. He is not set on realizing any of the common passions or fads of the day; he is too intelligent and busy otherwise for that. He is not anxious to satisfy any vanity of popular success, nor does he seek any putrid power wherewith to exploit others, for he sees in these the all too Gadarean theriasm and Sadist degradation of dissipated roués and *mechants derniers*.

Where soul is, these things are not; where spirit dwells in quiet refuge from the worldly vices of foolish men, these leprous inclinations are unknown, or if seeking entrance, are soon routed and repudiated. A certain respite from life's rancorous wreck leaves the soul at leisure to take exercise in her chosen disciplines and dreams, whence she may grow devout and daring for heroic deeds of valor. We do not need blind fatalism and soft resignation to whatever life's storm and stress betide. But we do need, vitally enough today I am sure, faith and courage, generosity and justice, moderation and moral honesty, clear-seeing intelligence and cordial good-will, the power to love nobly and the heroic faculty for dauntless effort and unselfish sacrifice. These are the means, these are the aims, these are the functions of spirit which give zest to man's truer nobler life. They show him as of higher mold than beasts of prey or burden, they make him wish to be divine and ill-content with any mediocre mundane fate. They give him visions past the narrow limits of his petty little frog-pond selfishness, they raise him up above the swampy slime of his lazy vulgarian ooze and *actually drive him to shuffle off his gnarled shell of low desire*. They make him see, and help others try to see, that life is but an empty mess of strategems and spoils if there is not some little

occasional refuge for man's spirit away from the blustering billingsgate of the workaday world, where soul can give him rest and make the necessary repairs that he may go on with the never-ending struggle between good and evil.

If men but knew wherein their bounden duty lies. Their duty toward themselves as units in a moral world; their duty toward others as brotherly constituents in a social world; their duty toward the Universe (both natural and spiritual) as the ultimate ground and destiny of their lives; their duty toward God as that final judge and arbiter of their slow and painful progress through a thousand evolutionary cycles. To develop themselves physically, mentally, spiritually; to work, fight, sacrifice and even suffer for the common good; to have faith in the final upshot of it all, courage to bear with the inevitable hardships of existence in an adolescent world, and yet the noble aspiration to be a citizen of the Cosmos when this nether life is done. *That is the Life*. And it's no sham gesture of precocious perfection either.

Mazzini's sublime confessional recognized the glory and the power of such a rich heroic aim, and it has made his name immortal in the humble archives of good men. And when the last great panoramic chronicle is written the chapter titles of man's cosmic biography will read in practically the same identical order as his spiritual progress here on earth. Hence, with this as code for nobler living, no one need have dull sorrows or regrets; no one is really lost to hope's bright visions but those who deliberately renounce the clear direction of their light. The air is free (thank God!), the sky is clear, the sun shines ever benevolently, if we but breathe, look up, and relish what God's vast creation was meant to be. Nature is forever trying to make us see the righteous way, and if we are only halfway willing (and are not aimless blathering imbeciles) she will give us aid and comfort for our every hope or hindrance. From those few scraps of meagre knowledge, from those few tokens of the good and true, which man has so laboriously won from life and the natural world, resurgent souls have tried to guess the rest, have felt it strongly probable that the obdurate surface of man's life holds vaster cosmic principles in store unseen, but which we may some day discover and put to useful exercise. They therefore try to show us that it is wicked to remain so mediocre when a few years of effort will bear us into a far more joyous and enlightened world. They try to show

us that it is quite possible to rise above the vulgar importunities of self and bodily concerns, to view with rapture that overworld of truth and beauty and goodness. They even try to push the inert vulgarian up a peg or two, that he may see more broadly than what his ephemeral mischiefs promise him, that he may realize that pure aspiration and courage, intelligent thought and energetic social work are still prime requisites to the efficiency even of his own narrow attitude toward life.

This world can boast of but very few resurgent souls, but with the few that do come forth and volunteer their various aids and comforts the heights are soon achieved, the lesser life is soon recast in nobler mold and a far more peaceful spirituelle radiates their refuge from the rancorous world. Is theirs not indeed a charmed life, a life well worthy of our emulation? Do they not indeed realize far greater blessings and sweeter because more innocent and durable joys than the fool, the coward, the debauchee or knave? And do they not treasure the rewards of friendship, love, peace, happiness and spiritual relief which inevitably follow such benevolent and useful lives? No doubt about it!

Some people may be content to say "Life's the thing" and be fairly happy and successful; but they do not know how much they miss of true and glorious living until they can with full conception and devout intent begin to claim instead that "Soul's the thing". Then only do they begin to get faint visions of Man's Spiritual Refuge from a mad and blasphemous world. Then only do they begin to come into their own, that legacy of peace and understanding which has been in probate, lo, these last two thousand years.

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