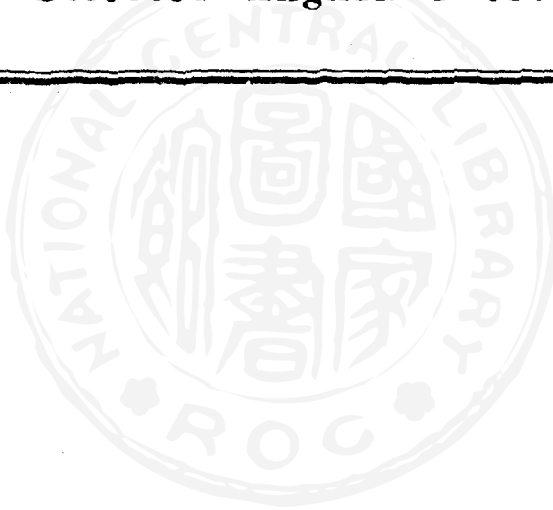


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The Editor's Note

This selection of English prose is intended for college freshmen at large. Because of the nature of English as a common course in colleges and universities the editor has endeavoured to make the contents of the book cover, as far as possible, all fields of culture so as to help the students in their cultivation of good common sense to become modern citizens

Notes have had to be omitted, as the space is limited. Any constructive advice or suggestions will be much appreciated.

Y. Chang

Normal College, Taipei.

November, 1948.

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THE PLEASURE OF READING

VISCOUNT GREY

My subject, 'The Pleasure of Reading,' was chosen partly because it is so wide that it covers almost any discursiveness, and partly I have chosen it because I think that modern conditions are putting the pleasure of reading more and more in jeopardy. Some people have such a passion for reading that they will acquire the habit and maintain it against all obstacles. There are others with the inclination and capacity to get that pleasure, but who must find it increasingly difficult under modern conditions to indulge the inclination and cultivate the capacity, and if they do not do so they lose one of the greatest resources and most precious recreations of life. I am using the phrase 'The Pleasure of Reading' not in the sense of amusement, but in the sense of that deep and abiding pleasure which increases the more it is indulged. This deserves the name of recreation', because it actually refreshes and restores as well as entertains. Then there is a third class of people to whom reading, because of the nature of their temperament, will never be any pleasure at all. These are in no danger whatever from modern conditions. In old days I think it must have been easy to acquire the habit of reading. People stayed for months in the same house without stirring from it even for a night. The opportunities for reading were so many, and the opportunities for doing other things were comparatively so few, that the habit of reading must almost have

been forced upon them. I have never been compelled to read *Sir Charles Grandison* myself, but, I can well believe that a hundred and fifty years ago there were people who wished *Sir Charles Grandison* even longer than it is.

The first thing necessary to the pleasure of reading is that when people are young they should acquire the habit of reading. This is becoming more and more difficult. Before I was aware of things in the world, the Fenny Post had already begun to make a change adverse to reading, by consuming a vast amount of time in correspondence that was unnecessary, trivial, or irksome. Railways have altered people's habits by making them move about much more. But railways have this compensating advantage—that, although they take people much away from home, a long railway journey affords a first-rate opportunity for reading. They were not, therefore, an unmixed disadvantage. But now things are changing. The motor-car is altogether unfavorable to reading. People consume more time in moving about than they did, and they consume it under conditions which, even for people, with good eyes, must make reading difficult, if not impossible. The telephone is deadly disadvantage; it minces time into fragments and frays the spirit. Wireless, with all its delights, is now being added as a distraction to divert people from time that might be given to the pleasure of reading. The cinematograph is another change in the same direction, and flying is becoming more and more common. All these things must make it more difficult for successive generations to acquire the habit of reading, and if that habit be acquired, to maintain it. Even before all these changes it was not easy to maintain the habit.

but it could be done. There is a story of Auberon Herbert—I do not know whether it is true or not, but I do not mind connecting it with his name, because it is a story I think entirely to credit, and which I always recall with a sense of satisfaction and encouragement. He was staying in his country home, and some visitors were announced. He received them with perfect good manners, and, after a cordial welcome, he said to them, 'and now what would you like to do?—we are reading.' We need more and more of that spirit.

A further disadvantage to reading is the great development of picture papers. Picture papers are tending to divert people not only from reading, but from thought. Where one used to see people get into a railway carriage and settle down to a book, they now come with an armful of picture papers and look at the pictures with more or less transient amusement, one after the other, and so pass the time. I found the other day a person who during the war between the Turks and the Greeks expressed an opinion rather in favour of the Turks, because he or she (I will not reveal even the sex) said that, judging by the pictures in the papers, Mastapha Kemal looked rather a good sort of fellow.

If these recent developments are endangering the pleasure of reading, as undoubtedly they are, by making it more and more difficult to acquire the habit, let me suggest one thing which may be a help to maintain it. It is this: Plan reading beforehand; have always in mind three or four books which you have decided you wish to read: have the books at hand so that when the opportunity comes for reading the choice may be readily made; otherwise you may be staying in a

country house, and something, not reading, may have been planned for the afternoon; stormy weather causes that plan to be cancelled, and two or three hours are thrown into your lap—a little tumble-in of time—an unlooked-for opportunity of reading. We may, any of us, with such an opportunity find ourselves in the middle of a good library, and yet, if we have not already thought to ourselves and determined on some book which we wish to read, when the opportunity comes the greater part of the time may be lost in the difficulty of making a choice. I offer this as a practical counsel, and it is easy to apply it. *The Times Literary Supplement* and any number of literary reviews are constantly recalling old books to mind, or suggesting new ones which we think we should like to read, and with this help it is very easy to have a plan ready which will secure that no opportunity for reading is lost when it occurs.

Now I pass on to consider one or two aspects of the actual pleasure of reading. Poetry, of course, comes first and highest. I am not going to talk about the pleasure in pure poetry, because to all who have it, it is so well known that no words of mine will increase the pleasure. To those who have not got it, no words that I could utter would give it. I refer to the abiding pleasure that people who love poetry get from rhythm, the music of words, and imagery. But besides this there are further pleasures in poetry of a deeper kind, but less obvious. There is the poetry which presents to us great thoughts in words and in forms that not only stir the intellect, but rouse emotion.

I would say this further: the habit of reading poetry should

be acquired when people are young. What we acquire and learn to love when we are young stands by us through life. It has been difficult in all ages for people who are past middle life to appreciate the genius of new poets who have arisen in their lifetime. Wordsworth wrote his best poetry long before Queen Victoria was born. Shelly and Keats were dead before she came to the throne, but they came by their own in public estimation in the Victorian age, and, having come by their own, they have little difficulty in maintaining it as the generations go on. It is astonishing to look back and see how people of real literary ability and power have been absolutely blind to the merits of poetry written when they themselves were in middle life, which we, who have come after them, recognize at once as being of the first rank. Let us make sure of the poetry that we like while we are young; then we keep it easily through life, for it is difficult to be certain of appreciating and enjoying new poetry after we have passed middle age.

Next to poetry I put novels—the great novels of character. They must be long to be great. It needs a long book to present a character so that it can be really grasped and understood. Short stories, however vivid their presentation of character, are something like a brilliant pen-and-ink sketch. The great novel, on the other hand, makes the characters stand out as if they were sculptured. Of such great novels it is worth noting that some of the most famous depend not entirely, but to some extent, upon dealing with love as passion; by this the interest is heightened and their enduring place in literature is secured.

Another class of novel depending not so much for interest upon development of character is that of adventure, novels of the Homeric kind, such as those of Dumas, for instance—*Monte Cristo* and the whole series of the *Three Musketeers*. They give a pleasure of a different kind from the pleasure we take in the novels of character, but it is a kind by no means to be overlooked or neglected, and it may be a very great pleasure. There is a story told—I forget where I came across it, and I have never been able to verify it—of a man of the world in middle life not liable to youthful enthusiasms, who one evening fell to reading *Monte Cristo*. His wife retired to bed, at the usual time. He sat up reading, and in the small hours of the night he suddenly burst into his wife's room, who knew nothing at all about the book and informed her in a transport of enthusiasm that Dantes had escaped from the Chateau d'If. The pleasure these novels of adventure give is one to be cultivated; they are a great class of novels.

Then there is a third category that suggests itself to me—the novels which depend on their humour for their permanency and the delight which they give. *Pickwick*, of course, is an instance. On this I would observe that the quality of humour and wit—though all of it which is brilliant of every kind may excite our admiration or give us pleasure at the moment—must, if it is to be enduring, be humour which is innocent and clean. I would like to suggest to you an example. I think it comes to this: any pleasure to be lasting, so that we wish to return to it and to think of it again and again, must have its hold, not only upon the intellect, but upon the affection. There is a great deal of humour and wit

which appeals only to the intellect, but gets no hold on the affections. It has its brilliant success with us when we first meet it, but it does not abide with us and increase our pleasure as we go on in years.

I will only mention one or two other classes of books. There are the great histories and the great biographies. From the point of view of pleasure I would observe—and this I borrow from some past number of the *Times Literary Supplement*—that it is the biographies of literary men which are the most interesting. Next come the biographies of great soldiers, which are interesting in the point of view of the art of war. The dullest biographies of all are those of politicians. This is because the biography of a politician is apt to develop into an account of the politics in which he was concerned. The literary man, on the other hand, is not often concerned in public events, and those characters and aspects of his life which are selected for his biography are remarkable in the perspective, not only of his generation, but also in that of generations that come after. Think of the biographies most frequently quoted. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* pre-eminently; Lockhart's *Scott*, Moore's *Life of Byron*; all biographies of literary men.

Finally, I would say a word about books on Nature. It was suggested to me by this: When I was about two-and-twenty I read Kingsley's *Prose Idylls*, *Chalk Stream Studies*, *A Charm of Birds*, *My Winter Garden*, and others. At that time in my life I should have put them in the very first rank of books about nature. I preferred them at that time above White's *Selborne* or Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*. As years

went on, I found the pleasure of White's *Selborne* and Walton's *Angler* increase more and after some thirty years or so I read the *Prose Idylls* again, and I found that they had lost their charm for me. I am somewhat puzzled myself to know why, but I think I do know. This is worth while considering. It is not merely that Izaak Walton and Gilbert White had greater art in literature than Charles Kingsley. Charles Kingsley was no mean writer; he knew how to write, he could write well. The real difference is that Kingsley, when writing about Nature, has not the quality of repose, that atmosphere of calm and contemplation, which is found in writers like Izaak Walton and Gilbert White. If books about nature are to live, they must not be descriptions written at the moment of rapture; they must be books written as the result of observations which recall and convey the emotion after it has sunk into the mind. Wordsworth said that poetry was emotion recollected in tranquillity. I will not discuss how far this is true of poetry, but I think it is true for books on Nature. These should be the result of long observation, much feeling and tranquillity, and then the effect upon the reader is one of calm and contemplation, and brings that sense of leisure and repose for which, in these days, we are more and more grateful. The works of W. H. Hudson have this quality.

I will conclude with one or two general remarks on the pleasure of reading. Let us not neglect as we grow older the pleasure of reading books which we remember we liked when we were young, but which we have greatly forgotten and which we should like to read again. Some, as we have

seen; will have lost their charm, but others we shall find more interesting than before. For instance, I read *Middlemarch* after an interval of about thirty years, because I remembered having liked it, my conclusion on re-reading it was that it must have been impossible in youth to have appreciated half its merit. I certainly got pleasure from reading it when I was young, but I got more pleasure on reading it again years afterward.

The great books have stood the test of time because they possess in an unusual degree the power satisfying human needs, and giving sustained human pleasure, and it is a great mistake to let new literature divert us from reading the old. Isaac Disraeli says somewhere that great books lead us to a proper perspective and sense of the values of life. The sentence is something to this effect: 'He who is not familiarized with the finest passages of the finest writers will one day be mortified to observe that his best thoughts are their indifferent ones.

This last word I would say on the pleasure of reading: It was Tennyson who said, 'I like these large still books. It is the large still books that give the most abiding pleasure, but if we are to read them and appreciate them, we must sometimes be still ourselves, we must reach that calm and contemplative mood which makes us receptive of the best things in literature. Bacon, in his *Essay on Study*, says Study is for delight, for ornament, and for ability. For delight its chief use is in privateness and retirement, and Walton, at the end of his most famous and beautiful book, puts simply this quotation: Study to be quiet.

AN ADDRESS TO FRESHMEN

By President William De Witt Hyde (Bowdoin College)

A graduate of Christ Church College, Oxford, recently remarked to me, "One can have such a good time at Oxford that it's a great waste of opportunity to work". The humor of this remark, however, was turned to pathos when his wife told me sadly that "an Oxford training does not fit a man for anything. There is absolutely nothing my husband can do"; and then I learned that the only thing this thirty-year-old husband and father had ever done was to hold a sincere political office, which he lost when the Conservative Party went out of power; and the only thing he ever expected to do was to loaf about summer resorts in summer, and winter resorts in winter, until his father should die and leave him the estate. Fortunately, American society does not tolerate in its sons so worthless a career; yet the philosophy of college life which was behind that worthlessness, translated into such phrases as "Don't let your studies interfere with your college life," and "C is a gentleman's grade," is coming to prevail in certain academic circles in America.

Put your studies first; and that for three reasons: First, you will have a better time in college. Hard work is a necessary background for the enjoyment of everything else. Second, after the first three months you will stand better with your fellows. At first there will appear cheaper roads to distinction, but their cheapness is soon found out. Scholarship alone will not give you the highest standing with your fellows; but you will not get their highest respect without showing

that you can do well something that is intellectually difficult. Third, your future career depends upon it. On a little card, five by eight inches, every grade you get is recorded. Four or eight years hence, when you are looking for business or professional openings, that record will, to some extent, determine your start in life. But you are making a more permanent record than that upon the card; you are writing in the nerve cells and films of your brain habits of accuracy, thoroughness, order, power, or their opposites; and twenty, thirty, forty years hence that record will make or mar your success in whatever you undertake.

Make up your minds, then, to take a rank of A in some subject, at least B in pretty nearly everything, and nothing lower than C in anything. If you ask why I place such stress upon these letters, let me tell you what they mean.

A means that you have grasped a subject; thought about it; reacted upon it; made it your own; so that you can give it out again with the stamp of your individual insight upon it.

B means that you have taken it in, and can give it out again in the same form in which it came to you. In details, what you say and write sounds like what the A man says and writes; but the words come from the book of the teacher, not from you. No B man can ever make a scholar; he will be a receiver rather than a giver, a creature rather than a creator to the end of his days.

C means the same as B, only that your secondhand information is partial and fragmentary, rather than complete.

D means that you have been exposed to a subject often enough and long enough to leave on the plate of your memory

a few faint traces which the charity of the examiner is able to identify. Poor and pitiful as such an exhibition is, we allow a limited number of D's to count towards a degree.

E means total failure. Two E's bring a letter to your parents, stating that if the college were to allow you to remain longer, under the impression that you are getting an education, it would be receiving money under false pretenses.

Please keep these definitions in mind, and send a copy to your parents for reference when the reports come home.

Whatever you do, do not try to cheat in examinations or written work. If you succeed, you write fraud, fraud, all over your diploma; and if you get caught—there will be no diploma for you.

Your own interests and tastes are so much more important factors than any cant-and-dried scheme of symmetrical development, that we leave you free to choose your studies. At the same time, the subjects open to choice are so limited by conflict of hours, and the requirement of a major and minors, that you can hardly miss the two essentials of wise choice: the consecutive, prolonged, concentrated pursuit of one or two main subjects, and some slight acquaintance with each of the three great human interests—language and literature, mathematics and science, and history, economics, and philosophy.

Having put study first, college life is a close second. College is a world artificially created for the express purpose of your development and enjoyment. You little dream how rich and varied it is. I was myself surprised in looking over the records of the last senior class to find that the

members of that class won four hundred and sixty-seven kinds of connection and distinction of sufficient importance to be printed in the official records of college achievement. On the other hand, I was a little disappointed to find that one hundred and forty-two of these distinctions were taken by five men, showing that the law, "to him that hath shall be given", applies in college as well as out of it. Some colleges, like Wellesley, have attempted to limit the number of these non-academic points an individual student may win.

Aim to win some of these distinctions, but not too many. Concentrate on a few for which you care most. Do you ask what they are?

There are eight fraternities, each with its own chapter house and its committees for the control of its own affairs; twelve sectional clubs, covering most of the geographical divisions from which students come; a Christian Association, of which a majority of the students, and a much larger majority of the best fellows among them, are members, and which every one of you ought to join, who wants help and support in living the life you know you ought to live, and is willing to give help and support to others in living the Christian life in college. There is the Deutscher Verein, the Rumania, the History Club, the Good Government Club, the Chemical Club, devoted to their special subjects; the Ibis, which represents the combination of high scholarship and good fellowship, and whose members, together with the undergraduate members of Phi Beta Kappa, are ex-officio members of the Faculty Club, a literary club composed of members of the faculty and their families.

There is the Inter-fraternity Council; the Athletic Council;

the Debating Council; there is the Glee Club; the Mandolin Club; the Chapel Choir; the College Band; the Dramatic Club; the Press Club; the Republican Club; the Democratic Club. We have three papers—the *Quill* for literature, the *Orient* for college news, the *Bugle* for college records and college humor.

Besides, there are public functions with their management and their subjects: rallies, banquets, assemblies, Ivy Day, Class Day, college teas, fraternity house parties.

Last, but not least, come athletics—baseball, football track, tennis, hockey, fencing, gymnastics, crosscountry running, with first and second teams, captains, managers and assistant managers.

With all these positions open to you in these four years, every one of you ought to find opportunity for association with your fellows in congenial pursuits, and training in leadership and responsibility in the conduct of affairs.

As I said at the outset, taken apart from study these things are trivial, and absorption in them amounts to little more than mental dissipation; but taken in their proper relation to study, which is your main purpose, the social experience and capacity for leadership they give are so valuable that if you take no responsible and effective part in them, you miss the pleasantest, and in some respects the most profitable, part of what the college offers you.

I suppose I ought to say a word about college temptations, though the man who enters heartily into his studies and these college activities will not be much troubled by them. That is the case with nine tenths of the men who come here. But in every class there is a weaker five or ten per cent, and I

suppose this class of 1912 is no exception. I suppose there are half a dozen of you who are already addicted to vicious practices, and half a dozen more weak fellows, who are only waiting for some one to show them the ways before they fall into them. I do not know yet who you are; put within three months everybody here will know. Then we shall first do our best to change your plans; and if that fails, we shall promptly ask you to withdraw. You all know what these temptations are: they are the temptations of youth everywhere—smoking, drinking, gambling, and licentiousness.

To begin with the least serious. There is nothing intrinsically evil in the inhalation and exhalation of smoke. Among mature men, some are seriously injured by it; some, apparently suffer little harm. Almost all youth of your age are seriously injured by it.

In the first place, it weakens your heart and makes your nerves unsteady. In the second place, it destroys your power of mental concentration and makes you scatterbrained. These evils are generally recognized. The most serious consequence is not so well understood. The habitual smoker tends to become content with himself as he is; he ceases to wrestle earnestly with moral and spiritual problems; falls out of the struggle to be continually rising to heights hitherto unattained. For the man who has attained his moral growth (if such there are) it is not so serious; but for the youth of eighteen or twenty it means arrested spiritual development, and an easy-going compromise instead of the more strenuous ideals. As you go up in a college class the proportion of smokers falls: as you go down it rises. While the college does not make smoking

directly a subject of discipline, it is no mere coincidence that out of every twenty students whom we send away for either low scholarship or bad conduct are inveterate smokers. If you train for an athletic team you have to stop smoking while training; if you are in the most earnest training for life, you will leave it off altogether.

Drinking, however excusable a consolation for hard-worked men of meager mental and social resources, is inexcusable in young men with such a wealth of physical, intellectual, and social stimulus about them as college life affords. All the fraternities, of their own accord, exclude it from their chapter houses. Any student who injures himself or others by this abuse is liable to be requested to leave college in consequence.

Gambling is so utterly inconsistent with the purpose for which you come here, and, when once started, spreads so insidiously, that we always remove a student from college as soon as we discover that he is addicted to the practice.

Licentiousness involves such a hardening of the heart of the offender, such an antisocial attitude towards its victims, and brings such scandal on the institution, that "notorious and evil livers" in this respect are quietly, but firmly removed at the end of early year or term.

In dealing with these offenses, we hold no legal trial; we offer no formal proof of specific acts; we do not always succeed in convincing either students or parents of the justice of our action. In a little community like this, where everybody is tensely interested in everybody else, we know with absolute certainty; and, while we cannot always make public the nature and source of our knowledge we act upon that

knowledge. If this seems arbitrary, if any one of you does not wish to take his chance of summary dismissal without formal proof of specific charges, on any of these grounds, he would do well to withdraw voluntarily at the outset. This is our way of dealing with these matters, and you have fair warning in advance.

Such is college work; college life; college temptation. A million dollars in building and equipment; another million of endowment, the services of a score of trained, devoted teachers; the fellowship of hundreds of alumni, fellow students, and younger brothers who will follow in the years to come; the name and fame the traditions and influence of this ancient seat of learning; the rich and varied physical, intellectual, and social life among yourselves—all are freely yours on the single condition that you use them for your own good, and to the harm of no one else.

STUDENT LIFE IN THE BRITISH UNIVERSITIES

By ERNEST BARKER

The reader may well be murmuring, "Come down, O don, from yonder mountain height—and tell us, in simple language, what sort of life a student lives in British Universities". Well, it would seem that a student, during his University days, generally lives at home or in lodgings, and that comparatively few (except in Oxford and Cambridge) live in a college or hall of residence. The figures for the academic session 1934-5 show that less than 20 per cent of the students of English Universities (apart from Oxford and Cambridge), and only 8 per cent of the students of Scottish Universities, resided in colleges or hostels. The extension of residential accommodation for students is a crying necessity; and it has been suggested that it should be in the future a rule of all Universities that at least a year of student life should be a year of common residence. Oxford and Cambridge will always be unique so long as they enjoy the unique benefit of a common residence, with all its facilities for discussion and for that 'student inter-education' which is one of the greatest and finest parts of University education. Cardinal Newman wrote long ago: "I protest to you...that if I had to choose between a so-called University which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence.....and a University which.....merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years and then sent them away.....I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that University which did nothing..."

The life of the University student who lives at home or

in lodgings (and particularly of the student who lives at home) is deprived of many of the benefits of 'student inter-education'—but not of all. It is astonishing how successful University students are in creating a life of their own, even under grave handicaps. The writer, who was principal of one of the colleges of the University of London (King's College) during nearly eight years of reconstruction after the close of the war of 1914-18, is bound to record the deep admiration with which he remembers the busy creative activity—aided and encouraged by all the staff—of the students of the college. A new athletic ground was acquired: two new hostels were brought into being: the union society of all the students sheltered and encouraged a host of voluntary activities—literary, dramatic, musical, social, and international—which culminated annually, just before Christmas, in the gay round of the students' commemoration week. At the beginning of each term the students crowded the college chapel: a system of public lectures, open to all the world, and often delivered by men of the foremost eminence, would sometimes crowd the college hall in the evenings; and the hundreds and hundreds of day students, coming from their homes or lodgings could find in the college a second home which they filled with the many activities of 'student inter-education'. There was always some sort of debate and discussion, outside the formal round of lectures; and the hour of luncheon might also be the hour of a concert, or of an address on social and political questions. It may safely be said that British students, residential or non-residential, will create some sort of pattern of a common University life. But it is obviously easier for such a pattern to be created under the residential conditions

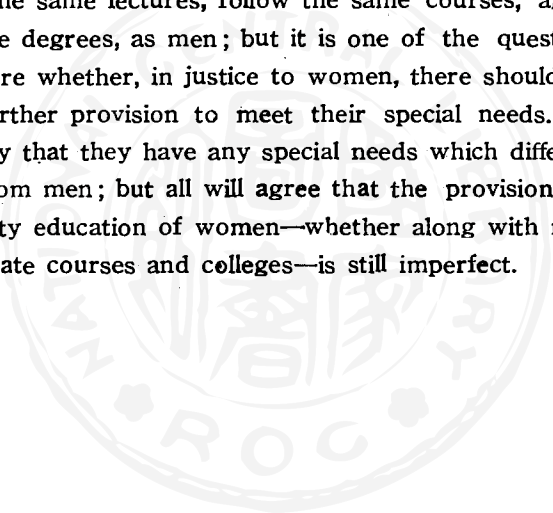
provided by the many collèges of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Residence in a common college throws men of all types together—the poor and the rich; the native and the foreigner; the scholar and the athlete. (On the staircase on which the writer had rooms in his first year at his Oxford college there was a Japanese Count, a German of the family of the musician Mendelssohn, an Englishman from Yorkshire, a Scotsman and Mr. Hilaire Belloc—not to mention one of the fellows or tutors.) Under such conditions there is an inevitable give and take, and a mutual cross-fertilisation: men will go on discussing all subjects under heaven in their rooms, till two or three in the morning; and friendships may be formed which will endure through life, and affect all life.

The three terms into which the British University year is divided—the winter, spring, and summer terms—are of roughly ten weeks each in most Universities, but only of eight weeks in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. (Longer terms would increase too largely the cost of residence.) Each term is a crowded filling of the mind and thoughts: the 'vacations' between the terms—a month or more at Christmas; a month or more at Easter; and three or four months in the summer—are mainly periods of intellectual digestion and solitary study. It is common to talk of "the rush of term". Each term is indeed a period of rush. There are at least four things to be done simultaneously—attendance at lectures or laboratories, and other forms and places of instruction; reading and the preparation of work; athletics or some other form of 'keeping fit' (which is part of the British student's rule of life); and all the social activities of debate or drama or music or what-

ver the student's hobby may be. Athletic and social activities are both likely to be encroachers; but a balance is somehow generally kept. In Oxford and Cambridge there are no lectures or instruction in the afternoon (except for students who work in laboratories); and the afternoon is devoted to the river or the playing-field. In other Universities there is normally a continuous day till four o'clock or so; but in some Universities the full-time day student is then succeeded by the part-time evening student, who works in the University when his day's work at his business is over.

The entry of women students into the British Universities, which first began about 1880, has in many ways altered the nature of University life. It has already been noticed that about one-quarter of the students are women and the remaining three-quarters men. In Cambridge the proportion is less, and the women are only one-tenth of the total body of students; in Oxford the proportion, though more than a fifth, is slightly below the general average. The presence of women students has probably increased (not by their volition or motion, but simply as the inevitable result of the mixture of the sexes) the volume and the claims of the different social activities. In London there are a number of separate women's colleges, but most of the colleges are colleges both of men and women; in Oxford and Cambridge women have their separate colleges; in other Universities men and women are generally mixed, though there are, of course, separate hostels for men and women students. There has been no movement in Britain towards the separate women's University conferring its own degrees such as is to be found in the United States; nor has

there been any movement towards separate courses for women, though one of the women's colleges of the University of London has a course of its own, leading to a degree, in Household and Social Science. Generally women students attend the same lectures, follow the same courses, and take the same degrees, as men; but it is one of the questions of the future whether, in justice to women, there should not be some further provision to meet their special needs. Many will deny that they have any special needs which differentiate them from men; but all will agree that the provision for the University education of women—whether along with men, or in separate courses and colleges—is still imperfect.



SELF-CULTIVATION IN ENGLISH

By George Herbert Palmer

Self-cultivation in the use of English must chiefly come through speech; because we are always speaking whatever else we do. In opportunities for acquiring a mastery of language, the poorest and busiest are at no large disadvantage as compared with the leisured rich. It is true the strong impulse which comes from the suggestion and approval of society may in some cases be absent, but this can be compensated by the sturdy purpose of the learner. A recognition of the beauty of well-ordered words, a strong desire, patience under discouragements, and promptness in counting every occasion as of consequence,—these are the simple agencies which sweep one on to power. Watch your speech, then. That is all which is needed. Only it is desirable to know what qualities or speech to watch for. I find three—accuracy, audacity, and range—and I will say a few words about each.

Obviously, good English is exact English. Our words should fit our thoughts like a glove, and be neither too wide nor too tight. If too wide, they will include much vacuity beside the intended matter. If too tight, they will check the strong grasp. Of the two dangers, looseness is by far the greater. There are people who say what they mean with such a naked precision that nobody not familiar with the subject can quickly catch the sense. George Herbert and Emerson strain the attention of many. But niggardly and angular speakers are rare. Too frequently words signify nothing in particular. They are merely thrown out in a certain direction,

to report a vague and undetermined meaning or even a general emotion. The first business of every one who would train himself in language is to articulate his thought, to know definitely what he wishes to say, and then to pick those words which compel the hearer to think of this and only this. For such a purpose two words are often better than three. The fewer the words, the more pungent the impression. Brevity is the soul not simply of a jest, but of wit in its finest sense where it is identical with wisdom. He who can put a great deal into a little is the master. Since firm texture is what is wanted, not embroidery or superposed ornament, beauty has been well defined as the purgation of superfluities. And certainly many a paragraph might have its beauty heightened by letting quiet words take the place of its loud words, omitting its "verys," and striking out its purple batches of "fine writing." Here is Ben Jonson's description of Bacon's language; "There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speech. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside without loss. He commanded when he spoke, and his judges angry or pleased at his discretion." Such are the men who command, men who speak "neatly and pressly." But to gain such precision is toilsome business. While we are in training for it, no word must unpermittedly pass the portal of the teeth. Something like what we mean must never be counted equivalent to what we mean. And if we are not sure of our meaning or of our word, we must pause until we

are sure. Accuracy does not come of itself. For persons who can use several languages, capital practice in acquiring it can be had by translating from one language to another and seeing that the entire sense is carried over. Those who have only their native speech will find it profitable often to attempt definitions of the common words they use. Inaccuracy will not stand up against the habit of definition. Dante boasted that no rhythmic exigency had ever made him say what he did not mean. We heedless and unintending speakers, under no exigency of rime or reason, say what we mean but seldom and still more seldom mean what we say. To hold our thoughts and words in significant adjustment requires unceasing consciousness, a perpetual determination not to tell lies; for of course every inaccuracy is a bit of untruthfulness. We have something in mind, yet convey something else to our hearer. And no moral purpose will save us from this untruthfulness unless that purpose is sufficient to inspire the daily drill which brings the power to be true. Again and again we are shut up to evil because we have not acquired the ability of goodness.

But after all, I hope that nobody who hears me will quite agree. There is something enervating in conscious care. Necessary as it is in shaping our purposes, if allowed too direct and exclusive control consciousness breeds hesitation and feebleness. Action is not excellent, at least, until spontaneous. In piano playing we begin by picking out each separate note; but we do not call the result music until we play our notes by the handful, heedless how each is formed. And so it is everywhere. Consciously selective conduct is elementary and inferior. People distrust it, or rather they distrust him who

exhibits it. If anybody talking to us visibly studies his words, we turn away. What he says may be well enough as school exercise, but it is not conversation. Accordingly, if we would have our speech forcible, we shall need to put it quite as much of audacity as we do of precision, or simplicity. Accuracy alone is not a thing to be sought, but accuracy and dash. Of Patrick Henry, the orator who more than any other could craze our Revolutionary fathers, it was said that he was accustomed to throw headlong into the middle of a sentence, trusting to God Almighty to get him out. So must we speak. We must not, before beginning a sentence, decide what end shall be; for if we do, nobody will care to hear that end. At the beginning, it is the beginning which claims the attention of both speaker and listener, and trepidation about going on will mar all. We must give our thought its head, and not drive it with too tight a rein, nor grow timid when it begins to prance a bit. Of course we must retain coolness in courage, applying the results of our previous discipline in accuracy; but we need not move so slowly as to become formal. Pedantry is worse than blundering. If we care for grace and flexible beauty of language, we must learn to let our thought run. would it, then be too much of an Irish bull to say that in acquiring English we need to cultivate spontaneity? The uncultivated kind is not worth much; it is wild and haphazard stuff, unadjusted to its uses. On the other hand, no speech is of much account, however just, which lacks the element of courage. Accuracy and dash, then, the combination of the two, must be our difficult aim; and we must not rest satisfied so long as either dwells with us alone.

But are the two so hostile as they at first appear? Or can indeed, the first be obtained without the aid of the second? Supposing we are convinced that words possess no value in themselves, and are correct or incorrect only as they truly report experience, we shall feel ourselves impelled in the mere interest of accuracy to choose them freshly, and to put them together in ways in which they never cooperated before, so as to set forth with distinctness that which just we, not other people, have seen or felt. The reason why we do not naturally have this daring exactitude is probably twofold. We let our experiences be blurred, not observing sharply, nor knowing with any minuteness what we are thinking about; and so there is no individuality in our language. And then, besides, we are terrorized by custom, and inclined to adjust what we would say to what others have said before. The cure for the first of these troubles is to keep our eye on our object, instead of on our listener or ourselves; and for the second, to learn to rate the expressiveness of language more highly than its correctness. The opposite of this, the disposition to set correctness above expressiveness, produces that peculiarly vulgar diction known as "schoolma'am English," in which for the sake of a dull record with usage all the picturesque, imaginative, and forceful employment of words is sacrificed. Of course we must use words so that people can understand them, and understand them, too, with ease; but this once granted, let our language be our own, obedient to our special needs. "Whenever," says Thomas Jefferson, "by small grammatical negligences the energy of an idea can be condensed, or a word be made to stand for a sentence, I hold grammatical rigor in

contempt." "Young man," said Henry Ward Beecher to one who was pointing out grammatical errors in a sermon of his, "when the English language gets in my way, it doesn't stand a chance." No man can be convincing, writer or speaker, who is afraid to send his words wherever they may best follow his meaning; and this with but little regard to whether any other's words have ever been there before. In assessing merit, let us not stupefy ourselves with using negative standards.

Such audacious accuracy, however, distinguishing as it does noble speech from commonplace speech, can be practiced only by him who has a wide range of words. Our ordinary range is absurdly narrow. It is important, therefore, for anybody who would cultivate himself in English to make strenuous and systematic efforts to enlarge his vocabulary. Our dictionaries contain more than a hundred thousand words. The average speaker employs about three thousand. Is this because ordinary people have only three or four thousand things to say? Not at all. It is simply due to dullness. Listen to the average schoolboy. He has a dozen or two nouns, half a dozen verbs, three or four adjectives, and enough conjunctions and prepositions to stick the conglomerate together. This ordinary speech deserves the description which Hobbes gave to his State of Nature, that "it is solitary poor, nasty, brutish, and short." The fact is, we fall into the way of thinking that the wealthy words are for others and that they do not belong to us. We are like those who have received a vast inheritance, but who persist in the inconvenience of hard beds, scanty food, rude clothing; who never travel, and who limit their purchases to the bleak necessities of life. Ask such people why they endure niggard-

dly living while wealth in plenty is lying in the bank, and they can only answer that they have never learned how to spend. But this is worth learning. Milton used eight thousand words, Shakespeare fifteen thousand. • We have all the subjects talk about that these early speakers had; and in addition, we have bicycles and sciences and strikes and political combinations and all the complicated living of the modern world.

Why, then, do we hesitate to swell our words to meet our needs? It is a nonsense question. There is no reason. We are simply lazy; too lazy to make ourselves comfortable. We let our vocabularies be limited, and get along rawly without the refinements of human intercourse, without refinements in our own thoughts; for thoughts are almost as dependent on words as words on thoughts. For example, all exasperations we lump together as "aggravating," not considering whether they may not rather be displeasing, annoying, offensive, disgusting, irritating, or even maddening; and without observing, too, that in our reckless usage we have burned a word which might be convenient when we should need to mark some shading of the word "increase." Like the bad cook, we seize the frying pan whenever we need to fry, broil, roast, or stew, and then we wonder why all our dishes taste alike while in the next house the food is appetizing. It is all unnecessary. Enlarge the vocabulary. Let any one who wants to see himself grow, resolve to adopt two new words each week. It will not be long before the endless and enchanting variety of the world will begin to reflect itself in his speech, and in his mind as well. I know that when we use a word for the first time we are startled, as if a firecracker went off in our neighborhood. We

look about hastily to see if any one has noticed. But finding that no one has, we may be emboldened. A word used three times slips off the tongue with entire naturalness. Then it is ours forever, and with it some phase of life which had been lacking hitherto. For each word presents its own point of view, discloses a special aspect of things, reports some little importance not otherwise conveyed, and so contributes its small emancipation to our tied-up minds and tongues.

But a brief warning may be necessary to make my meaning clear. In urging the addition of new words to our present poverty-stricken stock. I am far from suggesting that we should seek out strange, technical, or inflated expressions, which do not appear in ordinary conversation. The very opposite is my aim. I would put every man who is now employing a diction merely local and personal in command of the approved resources of the English language. Our poverty usually comes through provinciality, through accepting without criticism the habits of our special set. My family, my immediate friends, have a diction of their own. Plenty of other words, recognized as sound, are known to be current in books, and to be employed by modest and intelligent speakers, only we do not use them. Our set has never said "diction," or "scope," or "scanty," or "hitherto," or "convey" or "lack." Far from unusual as these words are, to adopt them might seem to set me apart from those whose intellectual habits I share. From this I shrink. I do not like to wear clothes suitable enough for others, but not in the style of my own plain circle. Yet if each one of that circle does the same, general shabbiness is increased. The talk of all is made narrow enough to fit

the thinnest there. What we should seek is to contribute to each of the little companies with which our life is bound up a gently enlarging influence, such impulses as will not startle or create detachment, but which may save from humdrum, routine, and dreary usualness. We cannot be really kind without being a little venturesome. The small shocks of our increasing vocabulary will in all probability be as helpful to our friends as to ourselves.

Such, then, are the excellences of speech. If we would cultivate ourselves in the use of English, we must make our daily talk accurate, daring, and full. I have insisted on these points the more because in my judgment all literary power, especially that of busy men, is rooted in sound speech.

SHAPING OUR CIVILIZATION

By VISCOUNT SAMUEL

In what, after all, does civilization consist? In our ordinary lives we have to decide every day which values are best. Take for example the problems of the educator. How far should the education of children be literary and humanistic, or scientific and utilitarian, theological, artistic, athletic, military? Different schools of thought, here and elsewhere, put different values upon these elements. Which is right? Or are all of them right? Or none of them?

Consider the problem which underlies the economic situation in this country—and in all countries. The advance in science, invention and technical organization and skill has vastly and rapidly increased the productivity of industry and agriculture. The benefits of that progress may be distributed in various ways. They may go to the employing class in larger profits. Or they may go to the workers: in better wages, or else in more leisure, or perhaps in less labor for married women, young persons, or children. They may go to the consumers: in lower prices, or in the better quality of goods, or in more convenient methods of distribution. They may be diffused in a growing expenditure upon forms of trade competition. Or they may be taken by governments in taxation and spent either upon social services and the like, or upon armaments and war. The political and economic controversies of our time spring very largely from differences of opinion as to the comparative worth and necessity of these various purposes.

The market values of commodities themselves are not determined, as Marx taught, by the amount and quality of the labor needed for their production, but in the first place by the ideas that govern the demand for them. A country house which cost perhaps a hundred thousand pounds fifty years ago may not be worth one thousand today; the bigger it is and the more it cost, the crinoline now as in the eighteen-sixties; it would have fetched a price then, it is worthless today. A fat pig has considerable value in Chicago; it has none in Mecca or Tel-Aviv.

To take a different class of cases, young men and women have to choose occupations of some kind; and the choice is not solely a question of opportunity, but in varying degree also of predilection. Unless we are to be like thistledown, blown haphazard upon the wind, taking root or failing to take root wherever the floating seed may rest, there must be some judgment as to the kind of life, within the limits that are open, that is most worth while.

The answers given to all such questions determine the kind of civilization we shall have. In turn, the kind of civilization that we have helps to determine the answers that we give. We are in a circle; our choice of values determines our civilization, and our civilization determines our choice of values. Unless we can find some standpoint outside the circle where we can frame an independent criterion, we may go on for ever round and round.

For thousands of years religion set the standards. The character of a civilization was determined by its creed. It was a Christian civilization or Islamic, Buddhist or Hindu,

Confucian or Shinto. God had spoken, or the prophets and the sages; the peoples had only to accept. Beliefs crystallized into customs. In Europe all through the Middle Ages civilization was based on Christian theology—the theology especially of Saint Thomas Aquinas, which had drawn into alliance Aristotle's philosophy and found its interpreters in the Church and the Schoolmen. Throughout the Middle East and among Moslems elsewhere the Suras of the Koran gave the answer to every problem. The Crusades were the typical manifestation, on the one side and on the other, of the civilizations of the age. Judaism had become largely a matter of Rabbimics, the meticulous application of verbally inspired texts. In India the caste system grew up as a religious ordinance. In China popular Confucianism and Taoism developed their own codes of morals.

There came the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with the beginnings in Europe of modern science. Astronomy and physics in general, anatomy and all branches of physiology began rapidly to develop, and there arose straightway the great conflict between the established theology and the new science. Giordano Bruno was burnt at the stake; Galileo was indicted and persecuted; Spinoza excommunicated by the synagogue; Descartes intimidated by the attacks of theologians.

When the cause of intellectual liberty had won the victory, the scope of the human mind expanded. It no longer felt itself, to quote a sentence of Mr. H. G. Wells, 'boxed in imaginatively by the Creation and the Day of Judgment.' It saw its back-ground in a history immensely prolonged; and visualized an almost boundless future.

With Kant the idealist school arose, acquired a predominant position, but brought no conclusions generally agreed. Authority, whether religious or philosophic, was found to be insufficient. To fill the need, various currents of thought flowed in. Science was inclined to materialism, and set a trend that way.

Marxism followed the trend; the aggrieved elements, in an economic system disorganized by the Industrial Revolution found in it a creed and a purpose. Then came Nietzsche and the intuitionists, starting an anti-intellectual movement; and that movement gave room for Sorel, Spengler and the philosophy of violence. Out of these ideas have now arisen the Fascism of Italy and the National-Socialism of Germany. A lack of accepted standards in morals and politics have led thought into chaos, action into confusion and have given us the world that we see around us today.

'Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways,' says a poet of our time. His words would find an echo in many minds. Widespread among us is feeling that there must be a fresh start. It is often said that in these days civilization itself is in peril. But in what civilization consists, or should consist, we do not quite know. Who is to answer these questions? Who is to give us the independent criterion of values that we need? Where shall we find again the authority that has been lost?

'The philosophy which a nation receives,' wrote Emerson, 'rules its religion, poetry, politics, arts, trades and whole history.' But the nations of today do not receive—or at all events do not accept—any coherent philosophy of any kind.

The reason is not far to seek. It obviously comes from the disagreements among philosophers.

Bishop Gore wrote in his Gifford Lectures: 'It must of course be admitted that if a student today reads in succession the works of a number of contemporary or almost contemporary philosophers—surrendering himself to each in turn before he seeks to estimate the ultimate value of his speculations—he will be impelled toward a final skepticism, because he will find the conclusions, confidently presented to him for acceptance, so different and irreconcilable.

Some among them find an excuse by asserting that, after all, it is the search matters and not the finding. They accept the defeatism which says—I have heard Lord Baldwin use the quotation more than once—it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive.' Or else they take refuge in a theory that at bottom a man's philosophy can never be anything more than the expression of his temperament. This is the same as Fichte's doctrine: 'The kind of philosophy that a man chooses depends upon the kind of man that he is.' Such views may be amusing; they have in them a touch of good-humored cynicism; but if they were taken seriously they would be fatal to any prospect of help from philosophy in finding an issue from our troubles. Philosophy would sink into a matter of personal taste.

But how is philosophy to escape from the swamp of mere speculation, of assertion and counter-assertion, of 'proclamation without proof?' For my own part, I feel convinced that we shall find firm ground, that we shall be able to make a fresh start with any hope of success, only if philosophy, with

full deliberation accepts science as its basis. .

Philosophy ought not to be a matter of choosing one of a series of pigeon-holes inscribed with the names of thinkers or of schools of thought, of creeping in and sliding to the cover. Philosophy, I would submit, should rather devote itself in these days to a new clarification of its own ideas in the light of those new and fundamental discoveries of science. Then it may seek a synthesis with science and with religion. It is that threefold synthesis which may be able to offer to the world the guidance it so urgently needs; may be able to tell us what values are really worth while, in what a high civilization really consists.

Such a synthesis will not give us, indeed, a definite program of practical action. That is the province of politics and economics, of the specialized sciences and of religion separately; religion molded no doubt by philosophy and by science, but animated by its own authentic spirit and bringing its own specific contribution. The function of philosophy, in union with the others, is rather to set the aims which practical action should seek. As Hume said, 'We come to a philosopher to be instructed how we shall choose our ends, more than means for attaining the ends.'

But mark the number of practical issues besetting our minds day by day on which this synthesis of philosophy, science and religion will have a bearing. Is the State or nation a real entity, as Hegel taught and the Nazis and Fascists believe? Or is it only one more 'fictional abstraction?' Does the individual exist ultimately for the State, or the State for the individual? Is war between nations the outcome of a

supreme natural law of a struggle for existence leading to the survival of the fittest, and therefore in the end beneficent? Or is this merely a misapplication of biological conclusions to a sphere they do not fit?

The civilization that may come cannot be materialism. It will not lay too much emphasis on 'things.' Let each nation do honor to those of its members who are engaged in material production; but I cannot imagine a really great civilization being content to take as its symbol the tools of industry and agriculture, the hammer and the sickle; or spending for long its chief enthusiasm upon factories and tractors. That is to see in man a body that makes and consumes, rather than a mind that thinks and creates, understands, aspires and enjoys. A civilization in which economic factors are not kept as servants but are raised to be rulers, or even gods, can never suffice the human soul.

Philosophy coming out of its phase of classicism, science coming out of its phase of materialism, and religion from its servitude to dogmas that are outworn, may join in constructing a spiritual and intellectual framework for the future. They may give to mankind clear-cut ideas, simple, easily grasped, alive in the mind and powerful to guide conduct. 'Meliorism' may become a key-word—the discard, that is to say, of both optimism and pessimism, with emphasis on the need and the hopefulness of effort to make things better.

Conscious Evolution may be another root idea. Man has come to understand, however imperfectly, his place in the history of things: his environment, and how in some degree it may be modified; his own nature, and how in some degree

it may be molded. The knowledge will stimulate his efforts, help to determine their direction, immensely accelerate the pace of his progress. 'Man is in the making,' Lowes Dickinson wrote, 'but henceforth he must make himself. To that point Nature has led him out of the primeval slime. She has given him limbs, she has given him brain, she has given him the rudiment of a soul. Now it is for him to make or mar that splendid torso. Let him look no more to her for aid; for it is her will to create one who has the power to create himself. If he fails, she fails; back goes the metal to the pot; and the great process begins anew. If he succeeds, he succeeds alone. His fate is in his own hands. Of that fate, did he but know it, brain is the lord, to fashion a palace fit for the soul to inhabit'.

Such are the ideals to which our trinity of philosophy, science and religion may point. There we may see in what a true civilization consists. Lighted by that conception, the landscape through which we are passing need not seem so gloomy, but will have the sunshine slanting through it.

WHAT PREVENTS SOCIAL PROGRESS ?

By Dr. DWIGHT SANDERSON

I. Science and Invention

As they contemplate the muddle of human affairs in the world to-day, a chief question in the minds of all thinking people is—"Why, with such wonderful inventions as science has made possible, have we not been able to utilize science in bettering our human relations? Why can not science produce social as well as material progress?" With a superabundance of goods thousands of able-bodied, self-respecting people are cold and hungry, and life is chaotic. If science can invent machines and processes which make it possible to produce all the goods necessary in a much shorter work-day, as the engineers assure us is now possible, why can not science also show us how to adjust our human relations so that we can all have a chance to enjoy the advantages which it has made available?

Why, then, if science has been able to give us such marvelous material inventions and discoveries, so that we live in a material environment beyond the dreams of Jules Verne and Edward Bellamy, can not science give us social inventions which will enable us to solve the relations of capital and labor, the difficulties of the farmer in his efforts to maintain a worthy rural civilization, the money and banking problems, and to enjoy international peace instead of spending most of our national budgets in the insanity of war?

If you will but think for a moment how the methods of science have created the material inventions which we now

enjoy, it will be apparent why science has not made equal progress in social inventions. In the first place, the inventions and discoveries of scientists are not mere creations of the brilliant imagination of some individual genius. Every major invention or discovery is but the recombination of facts which hundreds and thousands of workers in the physical and biological sciences have laboriously brought together into a systematic body of knowledge during the past centuries. In the report on "Recent Social Trends," Professor W.F. Ogburn says: "An invention cannot be made unless the elements which form its base are in existence. The Greeks with all their intellectual powers could not invent the airplane, because they did not have the gas engine and their supporting devices. The larger the number of elements in a culture, the more numerous the inventions. Their growth seems to be somewhat like compound interest; the bigger the principal, the larger the interest."

On the other hand, the social sciences, economics, political science, sociology, anthropology and psychology, were born only at the close of the past century, although many of their ideas go back to thinkers of ancient Greece. There have been no such facilities for research in the social sciences as in the physical and biological sciences, for we have not become convinced that science can aid us in solving our social problems. Moreover, while inventions and discoveries of the physical sciences may be manufactured by individuals and corporations for *profit*, social inventions and discoveries, on the other hand, yield no immediate profit to any particular individual, but are created for the common good. There is no pecuniary reward

for the social scientist, and no immediate profit to any one in the use of his discoveries. On the contrary, social inventions which may ensure the general welfare usually are in opposition to the profits which some particular class or group of men have been making. They naturally oppose any change in the existing organization of society and persuade the masses of the people that the discoveries of the social scientist are mere vagaries and academic theories, or they seek to arouse antipathy by branding them "pink".

II. The Opposition to Social Inventions

It is evident, therefore, that the adoption of social inventions or the discoveries of social science must await a process of education until the people concerned are convinced of their value.

By this time I hear some reader asking, just what does he mean by social invention? Social inventions are not material things, but are new ways of human association whereby definite services and functions can be performed which were not possible under the previous forms of social organization. The corporation is an excellent example and has so revolutionized our economic life that to-day we live in the age of the corporation, just as the people of medieval Europe lived in the Feudal Age. The corporation is a legal institution, but it is primarily a social invention. We are just commencing to get over the hate of corporations which was the common attitude in the days of our grandfathers, for this new creature of the law was able to do many things which individuals could not and it was felt that it put the individual at a disadvantage.

In quite a different field of human activity the Sunday School when it was first established in the beginning of the nineteenth century was certainly a social invention, as was its contemporary the public day school. Both of these new institutions were violently opposed by the conservative people of those days as being entirely unnecessary and as being inimical to the general welfare. The public school was declared to be a most dangerous socialistic institution, and the Sunday School ran counter to the current theology of those days and has ever been an institution of the laity rather than of the clergy.

Cooperative societies of all sorts are another type of social invention, differing from the corporation in that the profits or savings are divided among those participating in the business rather than by the stockholders. Both cooperative consumers and cooperative marketing associations were violently opposed by private dealers and corporate business concerns, and only recently in this country have they won the recognition and support of the government. Other social inventions which may be mentioned as illustrations are community chests for the support of social welfare organizations, juvenile or children's courts, the direct primary, 4-H Clubs, clinics of all sorts, mothers' pensions, workmen's compensation, the visiting teacher, social settlements, group insurance and the Federal Reserve System. All these, and a host of others, embody essentially new combinations of old forms of human association, and are just as truly inventions as any of those produced in factories.

All these social inventions have been welcomed by pro-

gressive and public-spirited individuals, but in most cases a few of those who saw the advantages of the new invention worked for years against the strongest opposition until they were able to convince the majority that it should be given a trial. However, after they have once been adopted and become established social inventions become social institutions and a certain sanctity is attributed to them which arises both from use and from the fear that any change would endanger the established rights and relationships.

It is the emotional attachment to old ways and fear of experimenting with new ones, and the fact that social inventions must be adopted by the many rather than by individuals, which makes it impossible for social inventions, however rational or worthy, to be adopted suddenly. Many a seemingly good law has been unenforced or has been repealed because the mass of the citizens were not as ready for it as the progressive and intelligent leaders who sponsored it. The acceptance of social inventions involves new social attitudes and really new ideas, both of which are painful. It is evident, that social inventions will find a welcome only when the old ways have become outworn and fail to meet the existing situation, and when the individual finds that his personal welfare can be obtained only through new methods which will re-establish the general welfare.

III. Individualism vs. Social Welfare

The last century and a half has been an era which glorified individualism. The American and French Revolutions were not merely political. Their slogans of "Liberty and

Equality" were aimed not only at tyrannical governments but expressed the desire of the common man to be able to carve out his own destiny, freed from the social and economic restrictions of aristocracy and the privileged classes. To-day the situation is entirely changed and although we still cherish and admire a worthy individualism, we are compelled to admit that it does not have the opportunity that it had a century ago.

To-day individualism may still be an ideal, but it does not enable the individual to meet his needs or satisfy his desires as it did a century ago. The farmer is compelled to join cooperative marketing associations if he is to market his produce to advantage. He no longer raises merely what he needs for his own consumption, but he grows what the market demands and the kinds of crops which his neighbors grow so that there may be a sufficient volume of product and that it may be so standardized, packed and processed as to make it marketable to the best advantage. The industrial workman must belong to a trade union if he is to have any protection with regard to wages or working conditions. The local merchant must associate himself with others in buying pools so as to compete with the chain store, and even the manufacturer is forced to join trade associations and agreements in order to protect his interests.

Not only this, but with the increasing interdependence of commerce and industry we have become painfully aware that anything which affects one class, the city or the open farming country, affects the other, and that the welfare of the individual is increasingly dependent upon the common welfare.

Does this mean that we must abandon individualism and that there is no merit in the individual initiative which has been so extolled as the basis of American progress? By no means. Without individualism life would lose interest, society would be reduced to a dead level, and there would be little chance for invention or progress, either material or social. But there is a difference between the individualism which is self-centered and which seeks only its own immediate interests and the individualism which finds its achievement and satisfaction in serving the common welfare. The welfare of the individual and of society are not necessarily conflicting, and social progress has never been and never will be obtained except through the devotion of individuals who see that a satisfactory individualism is possible only under a social order which ensures true freedom and justice to all. In the past we have emphasized the rights of the individual. In the future if those rights are to be secured, we shall have to give more emphasis to the duties of the individual.

“Yes,” you say, “we agree with your platitudes, but granting all that, and although social progress is probably desirable, just how will it get us out of our present difficulties?” The answer is that any adequate or even partial solution of our present economic and social problems will be a step in social progress. It will depend first upon our being willing to abandon some of our old concepts of self-centered individualism and our ability to see that only through sacrificing what we have conceived to be the inalienable rights of the few will we be able to secure the rights and opportunities of the many. We need a new type of individualism which sees its oppor-

tunity in the common welfare, but to succeed in this aim, men must be ever re-educating themselves to understand new problems as they arise.

IV. Education versus Democracy

So we come to the problem of "Education versus Democracy." Not that we disbelieve in education for democracy, or that there is a real antithesis between them, but that democracy without education is impotent and may defeat its own desires.

In the nineteenth century we seemed to have a naive faith in a sort of Jacksonian democracy; that universal suffrage would ensure right decisions and prove the merits of political equality. Although probably few of us would vote to abandon universal suffrage, yet we have become disillusioned as to its efficacy for good government. Science has confirmed human experience that men are not equal by nature or training, and that, lacking knowledge of the issues, the number of votes cast does not ensure a wise decision. Nor are we so sure that political equality gives us democracy, for we find that democracy involves equality of opportunity, and that there is no equality of opportunity without economic democracy; business may manipulate politics.

Certain types of social progress which depend upon the power of authority are possible under absolutism, fascism or communism; but social progress under a democracy is dependent upon education.

V. Planning Social Progress

In addition to all these factors, a chief reason why social

progress lags behind material progress is that the latter is planned, whereas social progress is largely a product of social reform, an effort to correct social maladjustments rather than to prevent them by foresight. To-day, there is a peculiar need for social planning because material progress changes the social situation and disrupts our established human relations so rapidly that human relations tend to drift in its wake.

What, then, should be the procedure in planning for social progress? I can but briefly outline the essential steps.

First, we must have the facts. This involves research in social science comparable to that now made in the physical and biological sciences. As yet we have but a few bureaus of municipal research and various research bureaus of state and federal governments, all of which are considerably hampered by political considerations. As such research in social science is for the benefit of all rather than for the few, it will need to be supported by public taxation or by private endowment, for one of the essentials of any valid social research is that it must be free. It is difficult to twist the facts of chemistry, for they can be verified by laboratory experiments, but the findings of social science are not so readily verifiable and are always subject to the social pressure of interested parties.

Secondly, we shall require social inventions based upon the discoveries of social science. The difficulty and importance of social invention has already been discussed.

Thirdly, we shall need a new process of adult education which will inform the people of the facts, which will enable them to make wise decisions in the choice of social inventions

and which will make the success of these social inventions possible through the intelligent participation of those concerned in them.

Fourthly, we shall need a new definition of our objectives, a new conception of what is involved in such terms as "Democracy" and "Social Welfare," and a beginning at the resolution of the conflicting interests involved.

Finally will come a definite process of social planning which will seek to relate physical and social inventions to our probable future needs, carried on by groups of technical experts and by representatives of the various interests involved and of the general public. There is, as yet, no formula for social planning. The most important immediate step is to come to the conviction that social planning is necessary and to recognize that although mistakes will undoubtedly be made, it is possible to learn how to plan for social progress as well as for the improvement of our physical environment.

How far shall we go in planning for social progress? What shall be planned? Will social planning involve all phases of life? These are questions which can not be answered dogmatically. Wisdom would indicate a pragmatic procedure rather than following doctrinaire theories. We do not want the excessive regimentation of life involved when all life is planned as under communism, but we must plan how to meet those maladjustments which now threaten social chaos. Such problems as unemployment, money, banking, agricultural marketing and the control of agricultural production, adequate health and medical care, a broader system of education for all ages and international relations are forcing us to social

planning, whether we will or no. To what extent our planning will result in social progress will depend upon whether we utilize the best technical ability available and whether we are willing to pay the price involved in our own education so that we may give intelligent support to the plans which we will be called upon to approve.

There is no magical formula which will ensure social progress. The old adage, "If wishes were horses, all men would ride," is still true. Our wishes may be worthy ones, but we must have the horses. We must implement our desires, by making the same use of social science for social planning as we have used the engineer and the chemist in subduing a continent and creating modern industries. The age of pioneering is not past and there is more need than ever for a new type of initiative devoted to the common welfare. To-day's pioneering is in the field of social discovery and social planning, which will be as difficult and will require as much moral fortitude and heroism as was ever shown in conquering the primeval wilderness.

HARRY S. TRUMAN'S ADDRESS AT THE FINAL UNCIO PLENARY SESSION

Delivered on June 26, 1945

Mr. Chairman and Delegates to the United Nations Conference on International Organization:

I deeply regret that the press of circumstances when this conference opened made it impossible for me to be here to greet you in person. I have asked for the privilege of coming today, to express on behalf of the people of the United States our thanks for what you have done here, and to wish you God-speed on your journeys home.

Somewhere in this broad country, every one of you can find some of our citizens who are sons and daughters, or descendants in some degree of your own native land. All our people are glad and proud that this historic meeting and its accomplishments have taken place in our country, and that included the millions of loyal and patriotic Americans who stem from the countries not represented at this conference.

We are grateful to you for coming. We hope you have enjoyed your stay and that you will come again.

You assembled up San Francisco nine weeks ago with the high hope and confidence of peace-loving people the world over. Their hope for your success has been fulfilled.

The Charter of the United Nations which you have just signed is a solid structure upon which we can build a better world. History will honor you for it. Between the victory in Europe and the final victory in Japan, in this most des-

tructive of all wars, you have won a victory against war itself.

It was the hope of such a charter that helped sustain the courage of stricken peoples through the darkest days of the war. For it is a declaration of great faith by the nations of the earth—faith that war is not inevitable, faith that peace can be maintained.

If we had this charter a few years ago—and above all, the will to use it—millions now dead would be alive. If we should falter in the future in our will to use it, millions now living will surely die.

It has already been said by many that this is only a first step to lasting peace. That is true. The important thing is that our thinking and all our actions be based on the realization that it is in fact only a first step. Let us all have it firmly in mind that we start today from a good beginning, and with our eye always on the final objective, let us march forward.

The constitution of my own country came from a convention which—like this one—was made up of delegations with many different views. Like the Charter, our constitution came from a free and sometimes bitter exchange of conflicting opinions. When it was adopted, no one regarded it as a perfect document. But it grew and developed and expanded. And upon it there was built a bigger, a better and a mind perfect union.

This Charter, like our constitution, will be expanded and improved as time goes on. No one claims that it is now a final or a perfect instrument. It has not been poured into any fixed mold. Changing world conditions will be the readjust-

ments of peace, and not of war.

That we now have this Charter at all is a great wonder. It is also the cause for profound thanksgiving to Almighty God who has brought us so far in our search for peace through world organization.

There were many who doubted that agreement could ever be reached by these 50 countries differing so much in race and religion, in language and culture. But these differences we all have forgotten in one unshakable determination to find a way to end war.

Out of all the arguments and disputes, and different points of view, a way was found to agree. Here in the spotlight of full publicity in the tradition of liberty-loving people, proposals of world organization were, expressed openly and freely. The faith and the hope of 50 peaceful nations were laid before this world forum. Differences were overcome. This Charter was not the work of any single nation or a group of nations, large or small. It was the result of a spirit of give-and-take, of tolerance for the views and interests of others.

It was proof that nations, like men, can state their differences, can face them, and then can find common essence of democracy. That is the essence of keeping the peace in the future. By your agreement, the way was shown toward future agreement in the years to come.

This conference owes its success largely to the fact that you have kept your minds firmly on the main objective. You had the single job of writing a constitution—a charter for peace. And you stayed on that job.

In spite of the many distractions which came to you in the form of daily problems and disputes about such matters as new boundaries, control of Germany peace settlements, reparations, war criminals, the form of government of some of the European countries, in spite of all these, you continued in the task of framing this document.

Those problems and scores of others which will arise, are all difficult. They are complicated. They are controversial and dangerous.

But with a united spirit we met and solved even more difficult problems during the war. And with the same spirit, if we keep to our principles and never forsake our objective, the problems we now face and those to come will also be solved.

We have paid the price of cooperation in this war and have found that it works. Through the pooling of resources, through a joint and combined military command which constantly holds staff meetings, we have shown what united strength can be in war. That united strength forced Germany in surrender. United strength will force Japan to surrender.

The United Nations also had experience, even while the fighting was still going on, in reaching economic agreement for times of peace. What was done on the subject of relief at Atlantic City, food at Hot Springs, finance at Bretton Woods, aviation at Chicago, was a fair test of what can be done by nations determined to live cooperatively in a world where peaceful means are better than any other way. What you have accomplished in San Francisco shows that these lessons of military and economic cooperation have been learned. You

have created a great instrument for peace and security and human progress in the world.

The world must now use it.

If we fail to use it, we shall betray all these who have died in order that we might meet here in freedom and safety to create it.

If we seek to use it selfishly—for the advantage of any one nation or any small group of nations—we shall be equally of that betrayal.

The successful use of this instrument will require the united will and firm determination of the free peoples who have created it. This job will test the moral strength and fibre of us all.

We all have to recognize—no matter how great our strength—that we must deny ourselves the license to do always as we please. No one nation, no regional group, can or should expect any special privilege which harms another nation. If any nation would keep security for itself, it must be ready and willing to share security with other nations.

This is the price which each nation will have to pay for world peace. Unless we are all willing to pay that, no organization for world peace can accomplish its purpose. And what a reasonable price that is!

Out of this conflict have come powerful military nations, now fully trained and equipped for war. But they have no right to dominate the world. It is rather the duty of these powerful nations to assume the responsibility for leadership toward a world of peace. That is why we have here resolved that power and strength shall be used not to wage war, but



to keep the world at peace, and free from the fear of war.

By their own example the strong nations of the world should lead the way to international justice is the foundation stone of this Charter. That principle is the guiding spirit by which it must be carried out—not by words alone—but by continued concrete acts of goodwill.

There is a time for making plans and there is a time for action. The time for action is now. Let us, therefore, each in his own nation and according to his own way, seek immediate approval of this Charter and make it a living thing.

I shall send this Charter to the United States Senate at once. I am sure that the overwhelming sentiment of the people of my country and of their representatives in the Senate is in favor of immediate ratification.

A just and lasting peace cannot be attained by diplomatic agreement alone, or by military cooperation alone. Experience has shown how deeply the seeds of war are planted by economic rivalry and by social injustice. The Charter recognizes this fact, for it has provided for economic and social cooperation as well. It has provided for this cooperation as part of the very heart of the entire compact.

It has set us a machinery of international cooperation which this and other nations of good will can use to help correct economic and social causes for conflict.

Artificial and uneconomic trade barriers should be removed to the end that the standard of living of as many people as possible throughout the world may be raised. For freedom from want is one of the basic freedoms toward which we all strive. The large and powerful nations of the world must

assume leadership in this economic field as in all others.

Under this document we have good reason to expect the framing of an international Bill of Rights, acceptable to all the nations involved. That Bill of Rights is a part of our constitution. The Charter is dedicated to the achievement and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms. Unless we can attain these objectives for all men and women everywhere—without regard to race, language or religion—we cannot have permanent peace and security.

With this Charter the world can begin to look forward to the time when all worthy human beings may be permitted to live decently as free people.

The world has learned again that nations, like individuals, must know the truth if they could be free must read and hear the truth, learn and teach the truth.

We must set up an effective agency for a constant and thorough interchange of thought and ideas, for there lies the road to a better and more tolerant understanding among nations and among people .

All Fascism did not die with Mussolini. Hitler is finished—but the seeds spread by his disordered mind have a firm root in too many fanatical brains. It is easier to remove tyrants and destroy concentration camps than it is to kill the ideas which gave them birth and strength. Victory on the battlefield was essential but it was not enough. For a good peace, a lasting peace, the decent peoples of the earth must remain determined to strike down the evil spirit which has hung over the world for the last decade.

The forces of reaction and tyranny all over the world

will try to keep the United Nations from remaining united. Even while the military machine of the Axis was being destroyed in Europe—even down to its very end. They still tried to divide us.

They foiled. They will try again.

They are trying even now. To divide and conquer was—and still is—their plan. They still try to make one ally suspect the other, hate the other, desert the other.

But I know that I speak for every one of you when I say that the United Nations will remain united. They will not be divided by propaganda, either before the Japanese surrender—or after.

This occasion shows again the continuity of history.

By this Charter, you have given reality to the ideal of that great statesman of a generation ago—Woodrow Wilson.

By this Charter, you have moved toward the goal for which that gallant leader in this second world struggle worked and fought and gave his life—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

By this Charter you have realized the objectives of many men of vision in your own countries who have devoted their lives to the cause of world organization for peace.

Upon our decisive action rests the hope of those who have fallen, those now living, those yet unborn—the hope for a world of free countries—whith a decent standard of living—which will work and cooperate in a friendly civilized community of nations.

This new structure of peace is rising upon strong foundations.

Let us not fail to grasp this supreme chance to establish a worldwide rule of reason to create an enduring peace under the guidance of God.

**THE INSTRUMENT OF SURRENDER SIGNED
By THE JAPANESE REPRESENTATIVES**

Signed on September 2, 1945, on board

USS "Missouri" at Tokyo Bay

We, acting by the command of and in behalf of the Emperor of Japan, the Japanese Government and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters hereby accept the declaration issued by the United States, China, and Great Britain, July 26, 1945, at Potsdam and subsequently adhered to by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, which Four Powers are hereafter referred to as the Allied powers.

We hereby proclaim the unconditional surrender to the Allied Powers of the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters of all the Japanese Armed Forces and all the Armed Forces under Japanese control, wherever situated.

We hereby command all the Japanese Forces wherever situated, and the Japanese people, to cease hostilities forthwith, to preserve and save from damage all ships, aircraft and military and civil property and to comply with all requirements which may be imposed by the Supreme Command of the Allied Powers upon the agencies of the Japanese Government at his direction.

We hereby command the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters to issue at once the order to commanders of all Japanese forces and all forces under Japanese control wherever situated to surrender unconditionally themselves and all who are under their control.

We hereby command all civil, military and naval officials to obey and enforce all proclamations, orders and directives deemed by the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers to be proper to effectuate this surrender and issued by him or by those under his authority, and we direct all such officials to remain at their posts and to continue to perform their noncombatant duties unless specifically relieved by him or those under his authority.

We hereby undertake for the Emperor, the Japanese Government and their successors to carry out the provisions of the Potsdam Declaration all in good faith and to issue whatever orders and to take whatever action may be required by the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers or by any designated representatives of the Allied Powers for the purpose of giving effect to that Declaration.

We hereby command the Japanese Imperial Government and the Japanese Imperial General Headquarters at once to liberate all Allied prisoners of war and civilian internees not under Japanese control and to provide for their protection and welfare maintenance and immediate transportation to places as directed.

The authority of the Emperor and the Japanese Government to rule the state be subject to the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers, who will take such steps as he deems proper to effectuate those terms of the surrender.

PROPAGANDA IN INTERNATIONAL POLITICS

By E. H. CARR

Power over Opinion

The 'Jingoes' who, more than sixty years ago, sang 'We've got the ships,' we've got the men, we've got the money too' accurately diagnosed the three essential elements of political power: armaments, man-power, and economic power. But man-power is not reckoned by mere counting of heads. The art of persuasion has always been a necessary part of the equipment of a political leader. Power over opinion is not less essential for purposes of government than military and economic power, and is closely associated with them. Propaganda, defined by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as 'a concerted scheme for the promotion of a doctrine or practice', is the modern instrument of power over opinion, which has never been so important a factor in politics as it is to-day.

The most obvious reason for the increasing prominence attached to power over opinion in recent times is the broadening of the basis of politics, which has vastly increased the number of those whose opinion is politically significant. Until comparatively modern times, those whose opinion it was worth while to influence were few in number, united by close ties of interest and, generally speaking, highly educated; and the means of persuasion were correspondingly limited. Herr Hitler in *Mein Kampf* draws a distinction between what he calls 'scientific exposition' and propaganda. 'Scientific is for the intelligentsia. Propaganda is for the masses. Christianity

seems to have been the first great movement in history with a mass appeal. Appropriately enough, it was the Catholic which first understood and developed the potentialities of power over large masses of opinion. The catholic church in the Middle Ages was—and has, within the limits of its power, remained—an institution for diffusing certain opinions and suppressing other opinions contrary to them: it created the first censorship and the first propaganda organization—the office *De propaganda Fide*, from which the word itself is derived.

Propaganda in the Modern World

Propaganda in its modern form has been called into being by developments in economic and military technique—by the substitution of mass-production industries for individual craftsmanship and of the conscript citizen army for the volunteer professional force. Contemporary politics are vitally dependent on the opinion of large masses of more or less politically conscious people, of whom the most influential, and the most accessible to propaganda are those who live in and around great cities. The problem is one which no modern government ignores. In theory, the attitude adopted towards it by democracies and by totalitarian States is diametrically opposed. Democracies purport to follow mass opinion; totalitarian States set a standard and enforce conformity to it. In practice, the contrast is less clear-cut. Totalitarian governments, in determining their policy, profess to represent the will of the masses; and the profession is not wholly vain. Democracies, or the groups which control them, are not altogether innocent

of the arts of moulding and directing mass opinion. Totalitarian propagandists, whether Marxist or Fascist, continually insist on the illusory character of the freedom opinion enjoyed in democratic countries. There remains a solid substratum of difference between the attitude of democracies and totalitarian States towards mass opinion; and this difference may prove a decisive factor in times of crisis. But both agree in recognizing its paramount importance.

The same economic and social conditions, which have made mass opinion supremely important in politics, have also created instruments of unparalleled range and efficiency for moulding and directing it. The oldest, and still perhaps the most powerful, of these instruments is universal popular education. The State which provides the education necessarily determines its content. No State will allow its future citizens to imbibe in its schools teaching subversive of the principles on which it is based. In democracies, the child is taught to prize the liberties of democracy; in totalitarian States, to admire the strength and discipline of totalitarianism. In both, he is taught to respect the traditions and creeds and institutions of his own country, and to think it better than any other. The influence of this early unconscious moulding is difficult to exaggerate. In the last war spontaneous belief in the righteousness of the national cause was most easily generated and most firmly maintained in those countries where universal education was of long standing. Every country in the world now recognizes the importance of education in moulding a united nation. Marx's dictum that 'the worker has no country' has ceased to be true since the worker has passed through

national schools.

But when we speak of propaganda to-day, we think first and foremost of those other instruments whose use popular education has made possible: the radio, the film, and the popular press. These instruments of mass appeal have created propaganda in its modern form and have rendered inevitable a re-examination of our whole attitude toward power over opinion.

The Control of Opinion

In the nineteenth century the philosophers of *laissez-faire* believed that this absolute freedom would be an infallible guarantee of the public welfare. If every opinion were given an equal chance to assert itself, the right one was bound to prevail.

The prejudice which the word 'propaganda' excites in many minds to-day is closely parallel to the prejudice against State control of industry and trade. Opinion, like trade and industry, should under the old liberal conception be allowed to flow in its own natural channels without artificial regulation.

This conception has broken down on the hard fact that in modern conditions opinion, like trade and industry, is not and cannot be exempt from artificial controls. The radio, the film, and the press share to the fullest extent the characteristic attribute of modern industry: mass-production, quasi-monopoly, and standardization and a condition of their economical and efficient working. Their management has, in the natural course of development, become concentrated in fewer and fewer hands; and this concentration facilitates and makes inevitable

the centralized control of opinion. The mass-production of opinion is the corollary of the mass-production of goods. Just as the nineteenth century conception of political freedom was rendered illusory for large masses of the population by the growth and concentration of economic power, so the nineteenth-century conception of freedom of thought is being fundamentally modified by the development of these new and extremely powerful instruments of power over opinion. The issue is no longer whether men shall be politically free to express their opinions, but whether freedom of opinion has, for large masses of people, any meaning but subjection to the influence of innumerable forms of propaganda directed by vested interests of one kind or another. An interesting and revealing debate took place in the House of Commons on 7 December 1938 on the freedom of the press. The spokesman of the Liberal Opposition, who initiated the debate, argued for the freedom of the press on familiar nineteenth-century lines. The spokesman of the Labour Opposition, on the other hand, declared that the press had already lost its independence, being controlled by financiers, advertisers, and press magnates', and wanted to 'make every newspaper in the century responsible for every item of news it prints and answerable to this House or some public authority'.

Though the government of the day is always liable in democratic countries to be attacked for any specific measures which it takes to control and influence the expression of opinion through the press, the radio, or the film, there is substantial agreement among all parties everywhere—at any rate in Europe—that such measures are in some cases nece-

ssary. No future government, either in Great Britain or elsewhere, will be able to allow these immensely powerful organs of opinion to operate at the unfettered discretion of private interests and without any form of official direction. Some control by the State, however discreetly veiled, over the instruments of propaganda has become unavoidable if the public good is to be served and if the community is to survive. In the totalitarian countries, radio, press, and film are State industries absolutely controlled by governments. In democratic countries, conditions vary, but are everywhere tending towards more and more centralized control. Immense corporations are called into existence, which are too powerful to the community to remain wholly independent of the machine of government, and which themselves find it convenient to accept voluntary collaboration with the State as an alternative to formal control by it. It is significant that what a distinguished historian has called 'the nationalization of thought' has proceeded everywhere *pari passu* with the nationalization of industry. Both are completest in Soviet Russia, and almost equally complete in the other totalitarian States. In democratic countries both are achieved by indirect and partial methods which still leave a wide scope for individual initiative and for rivalry between conflicting interests and parties. The major problem in democratic countries is no longer whether the government should seek to influence opinion, but how to ensure that this power is exercised for recognizably national, and not for merely party, interests. War has inevitably led to the elaboration of far-reaching schemes for controlling and moulding of opinion by the State, and thereby stimulated the nationalization of thought, as well as of other aspects of national life.

WHAT IS THE FIFTH COLUMN?

By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

Our Minds are Being Besieged

As I write these words the enemies of civilization are battering at the gates of Paris. By the time they can be read it is possible that our own country will already have been defiled by the machines of the invaders. Yet there are some of us who still do not fully understand how this greatest, this most scientific, this most ruthless of all wars is being waged.

We think of it in terms of machines. Above our heads fly mechanical birds of prey. Along roads thunder the steel pachyderms let loose from the zoo of Hell. Clothed in armour, a mere five-foot-ten of human flesh and blood magnifies its destructive will by means of the internal combustion engine and a welter of automatic gadgets.

Yet this is not only or chiefly a war of machines. More than ever in history our enemies are bending their ingenuity to beleaguering and destroying minds. By studying how men think and feel the Nazi science of destruction is seeking to root out free thinking and humane feeling from the race of man.

When did this war Begin?

The preparations have been long and thorough. To see them at work let us begin by banishing for ever the illusion that this war started on a September morning in 1939. On that date it is true the laggard democracies in the tone of eighteenth-century gentlemen informed the Nazis that they

were about to impose billions of air-borne leaflets and a little physical violence in the path of their gathering fury; but the world war, the total war against mind as well as body, had been going on for years, and going on according to the Nazi plan.

This war began in 1933, and, though it has developed into the most physically destructive episode of all history, it began as a war directed against the human mind.

Tactics for a war Against the Mind

There was one fundamental idea, which led to two main tasks. The fundamental idea was that strength comes from national unity, and that weakness comes from national disunity,

Everything that the Nazis have succeeded in doing so far has been done not so much by reason of their machines as by the successful achievement of the two tasks which follow from this idea.

The first task was so to enslave the minds of the German people that there was absolute unity of thought at the service of its Nazi rulers. The second task was so to foster disunity of thought in those communities marked out as the victims of Naziism that resistance should be impossible.

Hitler reasoned thus: The world of ordinary people is full of rival philosophies, religions, ideologies, ideals, "isms", cranks, fads. Often these various ways of thinking can be associated with special groups of people. There are groups of people organized into antagonistic religious bodies, into rival political parties. There are group loyalties, summoning people together and keeping them cemented together as Trades

Unionists, Co-operators, Rotarians, Anti-Vaccinationists, Anti-Vivisectionists, Sports Club Members, Circles of Browning Lovers, Tolstoyans, Nudists, Navy Leaguers, League of Nations Unionists, Cat Fanciers, Carrier Pigeon Enthusiasts, and so on for ever.

Beside the already organized groups there are certain trends of opinion, which are capable of giving birth to new groups with aims destructive of national unity. There are, for example, many lovers of peace, who can be organized into Pacifist Societies, pledging one another for the best motives in the world that they will do nothing to assist the most hideous of human aberrations, war.

The multitude of human groupings cannot be counted, and each group develops its own group loyalty. Many such loyalties have nothing to do with politics, with religion, or with the State. A few hundred people decide that they all enjoy cycling. A few hundred people band themselves together to protect and enjoy the footpaths of the vanishing countryside. A few hundred people form a union of minds to celebrate the birthday of some former hero of the arts or of the sciences.

Old-fashioned political propagandists took no notice of such remote groupings as these. Occasionally the village flower show was mildly used by Conservative candidates as an aid to nursing their constituencies, while Socialists at one time were intelligent enough to turn cycling clubs to good uses from their particular point of view.

Communists and Nazis, on the other hand, have taken a far stronger line, but usually the Communist line and the Nazi

line have been diametrically opposite. The Communist has often been stupid enough to repel such human interests as mere escapism, a dissipation of energy, which should be grimly concentrated upon party activities. Not so the Nazis.

They are inhuman; but nothing human has seemed alien to them. If a certain number of people persist in collecting stamps, the Nazis have not lectured them; they have eagerly seized upon their enthusiasm, and found how it can be harnessed to the ultimate end. The mere fact that stamp collectors exist, both in Britain and in Germany, might well be a fruitful starting-point from the Nazi's point of view. The International of Philatelists can be made to add its quota to the innumerable underminings of the sense of national unity among the future victims of Naziism; for it is only natural that an English stamp collector should feel drawn towards a German stamp collector and away from an English hater of stamps.

In short, human beings show an uncontrollable passion for associating themselves with others into partial groups with limited objectives, and these partial groups cut right across national boundaries so that their loyalties undermine national loyalties.

The Nazi strategy of total war, always obedient to the teachings of psychology, accepts this human quality, seizes upon it, and uses it. But its attitude towards the innumerable groups and loyalties of human being is fundamentally different according as those human beings happen to be Germans or the intended victims of Germany.

Two Tasks of the Nazi war Against the Mind

The first task of the Nazi campaign against the human mind was to use every possible group within Germany to strengthen the unity of Nazi Germany, and those groups which could not be used, or which were deleterious to unity, were ruthlessly destroyed.

Outside Germany the exact opposite policy was consciously and painstakingly pursued. Every group loyalty, every ideology likely to reduce the national unity, the national will to resist the coming Nazi attempt at domination, was encouraged. A new and far more subtle technique of treachery was evolved.

Throughout history individuals have always been prepared to sell their country for a few pieces of silver. But treachery and venal spying have seldom produced very important results. The Nazis saw that the best way to undermine the morale of a nation is not by appealing to the low motives of a few scoundrels, but by appealing whenever possible to the ideals, to the highest qualities in people, whenever those ideals, those high qualities, could be used to destroy the national unity. This was their second task.

It is by scientific application of this theory that the Nazis have produced their deadly secret weapon, the Fifth Column. Treachery and spying are, of course, as old as the hills, but there is, as we shall see, something very new about Nazi Fifth Column tactics.

Mola Invents a new Phrase

It was General Mola, in the service of General Franco and his totalitarian foreign allies, who invented the phrase,

"Fifth Column". Four columns, he said, were advancing to the capture of Madrid; but there was a Fifth Column hidden within the city itself, which would achieve more than any of these, a Fifth Column consisting of the rebellious General's own supporters.

Anyone who experienced the Spanish Civil War at first hand knows that General Mola was right. Moreover, anyone who saw the working of the Fifth Column in Spain must know now that, although the Spanish Civil War offered the most perfect conditions for the manufacture of treachery, what happened was not simply a spontaneous reaction; it was not native treachery growing like a weed; it was something carefully cultivated, a German and Italian experiment in a new secret weapon.

Germany and Italy used Spain as an experimental station, where new ideas of warfare could be carried out. I have given evidence elsewhere showing that Germany and Italy were in no hurry to win the war for Franco or for anyone else. It was too useful to be able to experiment with new weapons on the living body of the Spanish people, and, we must be careful to add, on the living mind of the Spanish people also.

General Mola's Fifth Column was carefully organized under the tuition of Nazi psychologists. Long before General Franco took up the orthodox weapons of war I saw this psychological weapon in action. There was a deliberate and detailed campaign to create chaos, a chaos which would submerge the weak Republican Government, and make it easy for its opponents to overthrow it, with the full sympathy of well-meaning but misguided people elsewhere in the world.

ON TELLING THE TRUTH

By Harold Nicolson.

It is curious how much one despises and condemns the vices which one does not happen to possess. I am indeed a lenient man, nor would I permit myself to become intolerant of those failings which I share with others. But, having no particular temptation to be untruthful, I find myself contending, in a loud and selfcomplacent voice, that when one comes to think of it, truth is the major virtue and lying the most reprehensible of all the vices.

I should like, therefore, to get my mind a little clearer on the truth question. I flatter myself, as I have said, that I am a truthful man who, when he tells a lie, is careful not to forget that he has done so, and who takes infinite precautions to prevent his being found out. This, in the end, is the only test by which you can distinguish the liar from the man of truth. The latter is bothered by untruthfulness, is worried and anxious, and takes precautionary steps to buttress and protect his lapse from veracity. The real liar, however, is merely amused; he doesn't mind in the least even if he is subsequently exposed; he regards the truthful man as somewhat of a fool.

But this, surely (I like beginning a sentence with 'But' as it annoys the schoolmasters.—but this surely is one of the many false representations with which the real liar will endeavour to idealize his failing? It may be inevitable and even just to tell lies, but it cannot seriously be contended that such habits are intelligent? A lie is always an act of mental cowardice, whereas intelligence is brave. And yet there was

Bismarck, and yet there was Napoleon—surely intelligent men, and surely liars. The problem, therefore, is not so simple as it seems.

In the old days—before, that is, we had become so incessantly bothered by the unconscious—it was possible, more or less, to define what was a lie and what was not a lie. A lie was a statement made deliberately for the purpose of deception. It could take three forms. Either it was a deliberate misstatement, a conscious perversion of the truth. Or else it was an indirect misstatement, which, though correct in the letter was incorrect in the spirit in that the impression conveyed was essentially false. Or else it was suppression of the whole truth, a form of deception practised by biographers, politicians and all those who wish their ownpoint of view imposed upon an ignorant and possibly indifferent world. It was simple enough, in those old days, to define with approximate accuracy when a given statement ceased to become the truth and became a lie. The essential test was whether the perpetrator of a false statement knew that he was saying false, and consciously wished his audience to accept, and to remain under, this false impression. The test, therefore, was 'conscious intention.' Can we apply such a test today? Are we not at once brought up dead in front of the iron railings which lead to the vast and fog-bound park of the unconscious, And if we assume not merely the conscious but also unconscious desire to deceive, is there any man, George Washington even, who could withstand the test? For life in civilized communities is a process of adjusting the personal to the social, conforming

the individual impression to the joint impressions of the herd. This process of adjustment leads inevitably and rightly to a certain unconscious deception. Absolute truth, whether unconscious or even conscious, is thus impossible. It is to relative truth only that we can hope to aspire,

This reservation is comforting and important. It allows one a little latitude within the strict limits of veracity. It would be distressing, for instance, if it were considered recommendable to disclose to the world the full ugliness of one's thoughts or desires. It is possible that a man's remorse for his actions is a sincerer thing than the weakness which led him to succumb to a given temptation; it is possible that what one would like to be is more oneself than what one actually is.

I knew a diplomatist once who never told a lie. He was an eccentric little man dressed in grey flannels, who smoked endless pipes. He wore large round spectacles behind which he concealed his eyes, and he had a habit of digging people in the ribs. On the whole, I think, he was the most untruthful man that I have ever met, 'Is it true,' someone would ask him, 'that Montenegro has protested against the renewal of our Treaty with Liberia?' He would chuckle at this question, and then would dig his interlocuter in the ribs; and chuckle again. As a matter of fact, he had no idea that we had a Treaty with Liberia or that even if we had the matter could be of the slightest interest to Montenegro. At the same time he could not allow it to be thought that he (for, like all lazy men, he could never admit to ignorance) simply did not know. He thus chuckled and dug people in the ribs. This action prod-

uced a whole crop of false impressions. Firstly, the impression that he knew. Secondly, the impression that he would not say. And thirdly, the impression, according as the questioner wished to believe, that such a protest had or had not been delivered.

This diplomatist (he was an eminently distinguished and successful diplomatist) had a further method by which, while never telling an untruth, he propagated lies. When asked a leading question, he would fling himself back in his chair, chuckle silently for a minute, and then answer, 'Why, Monsieur Poincare asked me that question only yesterday!' In most cases people would be silenced by that remark. And if they were not silent, there would be more chucklings and digging in the ribs. Moreover, this particular diplomatist was very careful never to put things in writing. The elasticity which his truthfulness thereby acquired was amazing. And very useful.

And yet one did not like that little man. He was transferred to the Colonial Service and shortly afterwards made a large fortune in rubber. I do not wish him ill. It was merely that he was a bore to lunch with. It is this which brings me to the main contention of this tonic article. People who do not actively tell the truth end by becoming dull. Dr. Johnson, as usual, has observed this phenomenon, and expressed it in his accustomed granite style. 'The value,' he says, 'of every story depends upon its being true. A story is a picture either of an individual or of human nature—If it is false, it is a picture of nothing.' It is on such lines that we may now explore the inestimable advantage of telling the truth.

We are all familiar with the type of person who allows his or her day-dreams to obtrude into their conversation. Admirable studies of this peccant form of intercourse are furnished by Max Beerbohm in his portrait of Mr. A. V. Laidler, and by Miss Sackville-West in her novel, *Seducers in Ecuador*. In both these excellent works you have a picture of someone so constituted as to tell elaborate and wholly gratuitous lies. Now, the simplest story, given an average gift of observation and selection, is interesting so long as it is strictly true. It is the very stuff of life. The moment, however, that one suspects the slightest deviation from fact the thing becomes a tiresome recitation to which it is not worth the time of man to lend even a perfunctory ear. My advice, therefore, in every case is to stick to the devouring fact.

This desire for accuracy is a symptom of our present age. Our parents and grandparents preferred truth to be 'pleasant' and were apt, for this purpose, to array it in sun-bonnets and other disguises whereby its outlines were softened and its hard and handsome features shaded into something almost penitent and meek. They endeavoured to domesticate the muse of truth and to present her curtsying country-wise in a print frock. We to-day like the feeling of bones and outline rather than that of dimples and muslin. It is a change of taste. It is also more than that. In the nineteenth century, as in America to-day, the general tendency was to escape from the material success of everyday life to the immaterial shadow-line of religious and ethical doubt; in England, however, it is material life which is shadowed by uncertainties, and we endeavour to escape these fog-regions into clear-cut rockstable altitudes of clarity.

The Romantics had a passion for imaginative fantasies since the eighteenth century had wearied them with reason; the Victorians, tiring in their turn of romantic extravagance, but still hesitating to face facts, found a half-way house in what they called 'tender'—a curious mixture which was sufficiently like life not to be fantastic and sufficiently unlike life not to be painful. A new spirit is growing up within us today. You may call it, if you like, the scientific spirit. It is more correctly the inductive as opposed to the deductive spirit. Our fathers preferred to interpret facts in terms of ideas: our own tendency is to interpret ideas in terms of facts. The Victorians, realizing, for instance, that the greatest happiness accorded to man is that provided by a happy marriage, endeavoured to pretend that all their marriages were happy. We, for our part, admitting the fact that no feat of intelligence and character is so exacting as that required of two people who desire to live permanently together on a basis of amity, are obsessed by the problem of how to render the basic facts of cohabitation simpler and more reasonable, in order that unhappy marriages may less frequently result. The Victorians would have considered it 'painful' or 'unpleasant' were one to point out that only four marriages out of every ten are anything but forced servitudes. We ourselves start from this very assumption and try to build from it a theory of more sensible relations between the sexes. Of all forms of arrant untruthfulness Victorian optimism appears to me to have been the most cowardly and the most damaging.

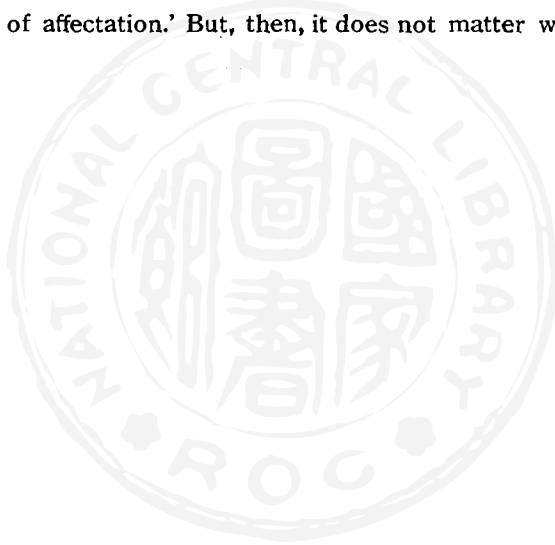
Truth, therefore, is an attitude of the mind. It is important, if one does not wish to inconvenience and to bore one's

friends, not to tell lies. But it is more important not to think lies, or to slide into those mechanical and untruthful habits of thought which are so pleasant and so easy as descents to mental ineptitude. Victorian habit of mind (which I consider to have been a bad habit of mind) was unduly preoccupied by what was socially and morally convenient. Convenience is, however, in all affairs of life, an execrable test of value. One should have the courage to think uncomfortably, since it is only by rejecting the convenient that one can come to think the truth.

Not, after all, that there is any such thing as truth. At best we can approach to some relative approximation. On the other hand, there is surely such a thing as untruth. One is generally aware when one has said something, or acted in some way which has left on other people an impression not strictly in accordance with the facts. One is generally aware, also, when one has thrust aside an inconvenient thought and slid into its place another thought which is convenient. One's awareness in the former case is in general more acute than in the latter, since we are more on the look-out for the lies we utter than for those we merely think. In fact, however, it is the untruthful thought which is the more vicious of the two. Spoken lies are invariably tiresome and may actually be dishonest. But continuous lying in the mind, a disease to which the Anglo-Saxon is peculiarly exposed, spells the destruction of human thought and character.

Unfortunately, however, it is the man who fights against convenient thinking who is the more often accused of insincerity. No thinking man thinks the same consistently. If he

has a mind at all he should be changing it week by week. Such alternations of aspect are considered by others, whose thoughts are merely 'convenient untruthfulness, to show a shiftiness of thought. In fact, they merely disclose a necessary and, indeed, essential mobility. 'That man,' they say, however, 'is a mass of affectation.' But, then, it does not matter what they say.



YOUNG AMERICA

By A. G. GARDINER

"If you want to understand America," said my host, "come and see her young barbarians at play. To-morrow Harvard meets Princeton at Princeton. It will be a great game. Come and see it."

He was a Harvard man himself, and spoke with the light of assured victory in his eyes. This was the first match since the war, but consider the record of the two Universities in the past. Harvard was as much ahead of Princeton on the football field as Oxford was ahead of Cambridge on the river. And I went to share his anticipated triumph. It was like a Derby Day at the Pennsylvania terminus at New York. From the great hall of that magnificent edifice a mighty throng of fur-coated men and women, wearing the favours of the rival colleges—yellow for Princeton and red for Harvard—passed through the gateways to the platform, filling train after train, that dipped under the Hudson and, coming out into the sunlight on the other side of the river, thundered away with its jolly load of revellers over the brown New Jersey country through historic Trenton and on by woodland and farm to the far-off towers of Princeton.

And there, under the noble trees, and in the quads and the colleges, such a mob of men and women, young and old and middle-aged, such "how-d'ye-do's" and greetings, such meetings and recollections of old times and ancient matches, such hurryings and scurryings to see familiar haunts, classroom, library, chapel, refectories, everything treasured in the

memory. Then off to the Stadium. There it rises like some terrific memorial of antiquity—seen from without a mighty circular wall of masonry, sixty or seventy feet high; seen from within a great oval, or rather horseshoe, of humanity, rising tier above tier from the level of the playground to the top of the giddy wall. Forty thousand spectators—on this side of the horseshoe, the reds; on the other side, with the sunlight full upon them, the yellows.

Down between the rival hosts, and almost encircled by them, the empty playground, with its elaborate whitewash markings—for this American game is much more complicated than English Rugby—its goal-posts and its gigantic scoring boards that with their ten-foot letters keep up a minute record of the game.

The air hums with the buzz of forty thousand tongues. Through the buzz there crashes the sound of approaching music, martial music, challenging music, and the band of the Princeton men, with the undergrads marching like soldiers to the battlefield, emerges round the Princeton end of the horseshoe, and takes its place on the bottom rank of the Princeton host opposite. Terrific cheers from the enemy.

Another crash of music, and from our end of the horseshoe comes the Harvard band, with its tail of undergrads, to face the enemy across the greensward. Terrific cheers from ourselves.

The fateful hour is imminent. It is time to unleash the dogs of war. Three flannelled figures leap out in front of the Princeton host. They shout through megaphones to the enemy. They rush up and down the line, they wave their

arms furiously in time, they leap into the air. And with that leap there bursts from twenty thousand throats a barbaric chorus of cheers roared in unison and in perfect time, shot through with strange, demoniacal yells, and culminating in a gigantic bass growl, like that of a tiger, twenty thousand tigers leaping on their prey—the growl rising to a terrific snarl that rends the heavens.

The glove is thrown down. We take it up. We send back yell for yell, roar for roar. Three cheerleaders leap out on the greensward in front of us, and to their screams of command and to the wild gyrations of their limbs we stand up and shout the battle-cry of Harvard. What it is like I cannot hear, for I am lost in its roar. Then the band opposite leads off with the battle song of Princeton, and, thrown out by twenty thousand lusty pairs of lungs, it hits us like a Niagara of sound. But, unafraid, we rise like one man and, led by our band and kept in time by our cheer-leaders, gesticulating before us on the greensward like mad dervishes, we shout back the song of "Har-vard! Har-vard!"

And now, from underneath the Stadium, on either side there bound into the field two fearsome groups of gladiators, this clothed in crimson, that in the yellow and black stripes of the tiger, both padded and helmeted so that resemble some strange primeval animal of gigantic muscular development and horrific visage. At their entrance the megaphones opposite are heard again, and the enemy host rises and repeats its wonderful cheer and tiger growl. We rise and heave the challenge back. And now the teams are in position, the front lines, with the ball between, crouching on the ground for the spring. In the

silence that has suddenly fallen on the scene, one hears short, sharp cries of numbers: "Five!" "Eleven!" "Three!" "Six!" "Ten!" like the rattle of musketry. Then—crash! The front lines have leapt on each other. There is a frenzied swirl of arms and legs and bodies. The swirl clears and men are seen lying about all over the line as though a shell had burst in their midst, while away to the right a man with the ball is brought down with a crash to the ground by another, who leaps at him like a projectile that completes its trajectory at his ankles.

I will not pretend to describe what happened during the next ninety thrilling minutes—which, with intervals and stoppages for the attentions of the doctors, panned out to some two hours—how the battle surged to and fro; how the sides strained and strained until the tension of their muscles made your own muscles ache in sympathy; how Harvard scored a try our cheer-leaders leapt out and led us in a psalm of victory: how Princeton drew level—a cyclone from the other side!—and forged ahead—another cyclone—how man after man went down like an ox, was examined by the doctors and led away or carried away; how another brave in crimson or yellow leapt into the breach; how at last hardly a man of the original teams was left on the field; how at every convenient interval the Princeton host rose and roared at us and how we jumped up and roared at them; how Harvard scored again just on time; how the match ended in a draw and so deprived us of the great carnival of victory that is the crowning frenzy of these classic encounters—all this is recorded in columns and pages of the American newspapers and lives in

my mind as a jolly whirlwind, a tempestuous "rag" in which young and old, gravity, and gaiety, frantic fun and frantic fury, were amazingly confounded.

"And what did you think of it?" asked my host as we rattled back to New York in the darkness that night. "I think it has helped me to understand America," I replied. And I meant it, even though I could not have explained to him, or even to myself, all that I meant.

HOLIDAYS

By C. E. Montague

Holidays—the only kind of cake that makes
bread eat better after it. ANON.

I

Children are often too tired to sleep, and the worst thing about overwork is the way it may make you unfit for a holiday. You may be left able only to stand still and blink, like used-up horses when put out to grass, while the man who has worked in reason, and worried no more than he should, is off for the day or the month, to plunge into some kind of work not his own, just for the fun of the thing.

For all the best sport is the doing, for once, of somebody else's work. The wise cashier puts in a spell of steady exertion as a gardener. Statesmen, prelates and judges of appeal come as near as they can to fulfilling the functions of good professional golfers, fishermen or chauffeurs. The master minds who run our railways for us may seem to flee the very sight of a permanent way; but they don rucksacks for ten-hour tramps over rock, peat and bracken, such as the lighter kind of porters used to take for their living in the days before steam. The new-made husband and head of a house, released from his desk in a public office, will labour absorbedly from morning until dewy eve to put the attic in order or get the whole of the toolshed painted while yet it is light, proud and happy as Pepys when after a day of such application he put the glorious result down in his diary, adding—lest pride should grow sinful—'Pray God my mind run not too much upon it'.

Is it, then, mere change of work that makes the best holiday? Scarcely. The master cottonspinner would not find it sport to spend his August in ruling a dye-works. There is no rush of Civil Service clerks for a month's diversion, each year, among the ledgers of joint-stock banks in the City. A doubtful legend, as we all know, reports that if ever one of the old London drivers of horsed buses had holiday—and even this uncertain—he spent it in driving his wife and himself out into the country in a small trap. Suppose it was true. Yet even then, mark you, a small trap of the period had only one horse. And that leads to the point. What most charms us as play is not merely some other kind of work than our own. It is some kind more elementary.

Not that we want to bestow on this holiday work anything less than the whole of our energy. On our Bank Holidays do not we bend up every corporal agent to the sport!

We sweat in the eye of phoebus; we take it out of ourselves, yea, all of it. Just what we want, in our hearts, is to put forth our powers, for once in a while, upon some occupation in which our endeavour shall go, or at least seem to go, a mighty long way, and not go it in some direction which we have never intended. Most of our working time is spent in making for some distant objective—fame, or the good of our kind, or a golden wall or spire, or some other estimable thing. But the line of approach to these goals is not very clear, and then there is always the plaguy chance that, if ever we get there, the gold may turn out to be gilt. If we be parsons, Heaven knows when we shall have the parish reasonably sober. If we be doctors, perhaps casting out one bacterial

devil by letting another loose at it, how can we feel secure against making some deadly slip in the dark, like the man who let the first rabbit loose in Australia? In any kind of responsible work, be it only the work of rearing a family decently well, the way is dark and we are far from home. That is the real curse of Adam; not the work in itself but the worry and doubt of ever getting it done; perhaps the doubt, also, whether, after all, it ought to be done, or done at the price. All your working year you chase some phantom moment at which you might fairly say Now I am there. The Easter comes; you sail your own boat through a night of dirty weather from the Mersey to the Isle of Man; and, as you lower sail in Douglas harbour, you are there; no phantom this time; the curse of Adam is taken clean off you, at any rate for that morning. Or those seeds that you sowed in the back garden on that thrilling Saturday evening amaze and exalt you by coming up, and you learn in your proper person what the joys of discovery and creation are; you have, so far, succeeded in life and done what it piqued you to do in this world. All play, of course, and the victory tiny. Still, on its own scale and for its miniature lifetime, the little model is perfect; the humble muddler has come nearer than anything else is likely to bring him to feeling what the big triumphs of human power must taste like.

II

Man's job on the earth seems to be always becoming more intricate and advanced. Quite early he has to plunge on and on into deepening forests of complexity as his youth penetrates with uncertain feet the central wilds and dark

places of algebra-books. The toughness of our task, as compared with that of a hen, is said to be roughly indicated by the contrast between the preparation required for each; the hen is fairly ripe for its labours the day it is born; man is by no means always efficient after he has afforded employment to a cohort of nurses, governesses, schoolmasters, tutors and professors for more than a score or years. And so, as we proceed with this obscure and intractable undertaking, we dearly like, on our days off, to turn back and do over again, for the fun and easiness of the thing, what we or others really had to do, for dear life, in the infancy of the race.

When Easter releases the child, in any provincial suburb, from his inveterate bondage to grammar and sums, you will see him refreshing himself with sportive revivals of one of the earliest anxieties of man. Foraging round like a magpie or rook, he collects odd bits of castaway tarpaulin and sacking, desters, old petticoats, broken broom-sticks and fragments of corrugated iron. Assembling these building materials on some practicable patch of waste grass, preferably in the neighbourhood of water, he raises for himself a simple dwelling. The blessing of a small fire crowns these provisions for domestic felicity, and marvellous numbers of small persons may be seen sitting round these rude hearths, conversing with the gravity of Sioux chieftains or, at a menace of rain, packing themselves into incredibly small cubic spaces of wigwam.

Houses, of course, have been somewhat scarce in late years. Parents, no doubt, have shaken their heads over the hearth, and this may have reinforced in their young the

primitive human craving to start by getting a roof over one's head. The war, too, with all its talk of tent and hut, dug-out and bivouac, may have fortified the old impulse. Still, it is there, always and anyhow. It is the holiday impulse of self-rescue from that strange and desolating blindness which comes of knowing things too well and taking them as matters of course. Most of us have long become so used to the idea of living in a house that the idea has lost its old fascination. Of course we do value a house, in a way. That is, we are sorely put out if we cannot obtain one. And, having obtained it, we feel deeply wronged if we have forgotten the latchkey some night and cannot get in. But sheer delight in the very notion of a house, the chuckling, thigh-slapping triumph of early man when first he built one—this has died down in us, just as has the grinning and capering glee of some pioneer when he got the first fire to kindle.

In the orally transmitted Scriptures of some of the Australian blacks the Creator, Pund-jel, was so well pleased when he had fashioned the first man out of clay and bark that he danced for joy round this admirable piece of handiwork. Even the more staid Jehovah of our own Book of Genesis went on from finding his earlier products 'good' to find the whole week's work 'very good,' the exultant complacency of the artist increasing, as it always does, *pari passu* with the activity of his invention. Man has been preceeding, ever since, with the work that was thus started. A house, a bed, a wheel, a boat, a plough—rapturously must his mind have capered, like pund-jel's, round each of these happy masterpieces when it was new. So, too, would it caper now, but for some pestilent bar

that familiarity interposes between us and the deft miracles of gumption that make us able to sit and look out, dry and warm, half an inch from a tempest of snow, and lie ensconced in tiny cubes of snug stillness hoisted up as high as the top of a tree amidst the raving and whining of violent winter winds.

In poets, perhaps, and in a few other people doubly charged with relish for all the contents of existence, some traces of that jubilation persist. Any child who is happily placed and wisely reared has his chance of reviving it for himself. There come to him exultant ecstasies of climbing in trees with the zest of the first tree-dweller in his ancient pedigree; he huddles in holes that he has dugged for himself with all the gusto and pride of a pioneer caveman; then from the joys of the domestic cave he passes on to the sweets of the original ramshackle tent, symbol of the opening of the nomad stage in the life of his kind. Packed as miraculously tight into his own small life as a hyacinth, flower and leaves and all, is compressed in the bulb, there unfolds itself for his diversion a stirring recapitulation of the adventurous life of mankind on the earth: he relives with relish the whole career of his race; he has been with other ape-like figures in the upper boughs of trees and has shivered with delicious apprehension in caverns of the earth, undergoing a sort of painless return of the terrors of naked savages crouched in imperfect cover, with roaring beasts ranging the forests without. No wonder the little ragged boys are both happy and grave as they sit in pow-wow at the door of a tabernacle composed of two aged sacks, or lean upon their one-foot-

high stockade of bits of turf and scan the enigmatic horizon.

III

All fortunate holiday travel, like all good recovery after illness, is a renewal of youth. All the rest of the year your youth is running down within you. The salt of living—not of success and arrival but of mere living, the conscious adventure—is losing its savour; insensibly the days are coming near ‘when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.’ We may be toiling or fussing away in the van of some sort of big human march. And quite right too of course; marches have to go on; there is no dropping out of the column; on active service you cannot resign. And yet it may grow hard to keep your zest for the simpler, ruder, basic good things of existence while fingering some of its latest subtleties. What fun the alphabet was, once! But you almost forget, in your present wrestlings with words of six syllables. The rooms where you work are so well heated, without any effort of yours, that willy-nilly you come to forget what the joy of repelling cold is; you may have to sit for so much of the day that the rapture of rest after real fatigue of the body becomes merely words, a thing in a book, not an object of sense; streets and trains and cars are rendered, by some impersonal forces unknown, so utterly safe that safety becomes a mere matter of course, with no power to rouse or astonish; meals appear with an unflinching air of automatism, so that the start of delight with which, in another state of yourself, you look upon a laid dinner-table, with all its centuries of accumulations of ‘cute’ dodges for refining the use of pasture, does not visit you now; even that divine and yet most

human contrivance, a bed, the ultimate product of tens of thousands of years of man's nightly consideration of means for being still snugger next night, may lose its power of making you chuckle as you plunge in between the sheets.

But then come holidays. They soon put things to rights. In his story of Marius, Walter Pater describes his hero's recovery of a lost interest in common things—household customs, the daily meals, just the eating of ordinary food at appointed and recurrent times: Marius awoke to regained enjoyment of that poetic and, as it were, moral significance which surely belongs to all the means of daily life, could we but break through the veil of our familiarity with things by no means vulgar in themselves. Some such retransfiguration of things that had sunk into triteness blesses the fortunate holidaymaker. The sandwiches eaten with gummy fingers at the top of the Napes on Great Gable attain a strange quality of pleasantness; the meal, like every meal that has not somehow gone wrong, achieves a touch of sacramental significance; and the subsequent smoke is the true pipe of peace once more, redolent of spiritual harmonies and romantic dreams. Bodily safety, a treasure charmless to the mind in ordinary life, regains the piquant value of a thing that will not just come of itself; it has to be wooed; the winning of it depends on the right exertion of some faculty not too perplexing to be joyous—the yachtsman's handling of his craft, the climber's hold on rock, the swimmer's sureness of himself across half a mile of deep water. Best of all when the security of every one in a party depends upon the alertness and fitness of each of the others. Then you revivify all human comradeship too; it

comes back cleared of the blur that may have dulled your sense of it at home, where human inter-dependence may be so intricate and so incessant and often so muddled up with annoying circumstances that it seems more tiresome than real, like a virtue vulgarised by the stale eulogistic phrasing of rhetoricians.

In such a sport as mountaineering, vicissitudes of heat and cold are again, for a few makebelieve hours, the hazards that they must have been to the houseless man of the prime; sunset and dawn are recharged with the freshness and wonder that they might have had on the morning and the evening of the first day. Rightly to perceive a thing, in all the fullness of its qualities, is really to create it. So, on perfect holidays, you re-create your world and sign on again as a pleased and enthusiastic member of the great airship's company. The word recreation seems to tell you as much, and I suppose the old poets hinted it too in their tale of Antaeus, whose strength would all come back with a rush whenever he got a good kiss of his mother the earth.

IV

Something in modern ways of work seems to make some little nip of artificial excitement, of one sort or another, an object of sharper desire than it was. Labour in great mills and workshops and large counting-houses is probably healthier now, for the body, than ever before. Yet there seems to have been some loss for the mind and the spirits. Perhaps it comes of a cause that cannot be helped any more than an army can help the defects of a landscape through which it must pass in the course of a long march. The cause, I

suppose, is the inevitable minute subdivision of labour. To put it roughly, the old-time workman made a thing; the modern workman only gives a passing touch to a thing which it is being made. Forty years ago a small Thames boat-builder, working alone in his shed, would make a whole boat, of a very beautiful build, by himself, from its keel to the last lick of its varnish. He got his share—and you could see him get it if you were friends with him—of that joy and excitement of creation in which healthy children at play are at one with inventors and discoverers. The passing of the greater part of that happy excitement away from so many modern modes of manufacture has been a real Fall of Man. It has gone some way to make work what it is said to have been to Adam after his misfortune—a thing to be got through and borne with, because you cannot go on living upon any other terms.

The thing has gone so far that at any trade-union meeting to-day you would not expect to hear a word implying that the work its members do is anything but a mere cause of weariness, only made endurable by pay; this although all work which has not somehow gone wrong is like the work of a normal artist—a thing for which the artist means to get properly paid if he can, but also a thing which he would go on doing anyhow, whether any one paid him or not. You will see men fairly rushing away from the factory gate to get a little excitement out of a bet or a League match. Many of them, and some of the best, may be unconsciously looking for something to put in the place of that satisfying stir of heart and mind which visits every good

craftsman during his exhilarating struggle with a testing piece of work. *Their* work has failed to yield it. They hunt for substitutes for the lost joys of their trade, and of all substitutes an active holiday is the best. The finer or longer holiday a man or woman can get whose work is an eternal picking-up of pins or dipping of match-heads in phosphorus, the greater their chance of remaining decently human. Some inarticulate sense of this may be showing itself in the almost frenzied grasp which new millions are making now at every possible holiday—not in laziness but in a sane instinctive effort to keep the salt of their existence from losing its savour.

AUTUMN FLIES HER FLAGS

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

All summer a tree has spread its green tiers of foliage outside your window, spray on spray of airy leaves that set the sun and shade to dancing on your floor. In the night wind it whispered to your roof. Through the long summer you came to take it for granted, and almost ceased to see it.

Now, suddenly, what was only a tree has turned into a radiant presence. As the sun shines through its autumn tints, the light in your room is colored, as if a cathedral window had been set there, and the faces within glow a little with that unearthly beauty.

Across the street your fiery sugar maple is matched by an oak burning with the embers of all summer's pyre. And next door is a purple dog-wood, and beyond a poplar carelessly dropping its gold pieces into the gutter.

And so it is all up and down the street—any street, in every American town of the great hardwood zone. The North has its Christmas trees all year round, and the South has palms and live oaks that never go bare, but in the heart-land between them summer dies in a glorious national pageant.

Out in the country, where the first hoar frost rimes the angry purple of the blackberry leaf, are heaped the spoils of the season. At the door of the white farmhouse the soft maples, gold above and silver below, scatter their wealth. The sumacs, like savages in war paint, besiege the well-stored barn.

Field after field, the landscape fills with the russet of the turning grasses. Crickets chant; a last bobwhite calls. The hedgerows burn with a low running fire of blueberry bushes. But in the oaks, craggy against October sky, nature plays out the climax of the great drama, in salvo after salvo of changing color.

That it is American, above all, foreign travelers agree. All British reserve left Lord Bryce as he spoke of the American fall. Mrs. Trollope, who liked almost nothing else here, admitted that at this season the whole country goes to glory. Our autumns are startling to the new-comer, for the cold rainy autumns of Europe preclude gorgeous colors. Even the native maples there only pale sadly. To achieve autumnal vistas like ours, the English plant American species in their gardens. Virginia creeper is their favorite, but they have even been known to play with the hell-fire flickerings of poison ivy!

Only regions with drop-leaf or deciduous trees can have autumn coloration. This confines nature's efforts to the north temperate zone. But temperate Europe lacks variety in hardwoods, and red and purple in its autumn hues. China is too largely deforested to rival us seriously.

If I could bring some of my foreign friends to this country I would have them come in the fall and start on a journey, beginning in September in the north woods of Maine. I would have them see aspens shining gold against the closed ranks of dark spruces and firs and white-limbed birches, standing like nymphs in the shower of their own gold hair. Then I would have them travel southward after the living fire of the sugar maples

as it lights the whole landscape from the forests where they grow wild, to the village where, planted, they march two by two up the hill to the meeting house.

South of the belt of maple and birch comes the great band of American oaks, stretching from the Atlantic to the prairie. And of all this I would choose to show my visitors the oaks of the Indiana dunes along Lake Michigan. Not that autumn isn't fine in Pennsylvania or New Jersey, in Wisconsin or Ohio, but there is something special about the zest of "dune weather" when the lake comes foaming up the beach, filling the stately painted woods with its roar and its fresh breath. There is something incomparable, too, about the way the sumacs flame there, and the Virginia creeper, clambering to the highest trees, pours down molten color.

You could do well, also, to show foreigners the dreamy Indian summer distances of the Ohio Valley, where the paw-paws, amid clear lemon leaves, ripen their dark-skinned fruits. Or to take them to Arkansas, just for the sake of its blazing hawthorn trees and the beaten gold of the Osage orange leaves, or the sulky beauty of the smokebush.

In November the southern Appalachians catch fire. Besides the vivid sugar maples and oaks and sumac, there are sassafras, its gaudy orange and scarlet intermixed with the glossy green of leaves not yet turned color, and sourwood, beloved of the bees for the fine honey it makes. And there are the tulip trees, casting the glowing squares of their foliage upon the chill spring bubbling at their feet, For colors more subtle still there is white ash, that turns mauve and bluish bronze, or the wild hazel, soft salmon and rose pink.

The Far West is best famed for its conifers, its pines and firs. But there is a subtle beauty in an Oregon maple, trembling like a splendidly dressed bride before the towering strength of redwoods. And when you round the corner of some Colorado trail through Engelman's spruces, you'll come abruptly upon an aspen, the purest gold in all the world, breath-taking as some angelic apparition.

Were you told, as a child, that Jack Frost paints the leaves? Actually a severe, early frost kills the leaves before they can turn color. The yellow pigments in almost all foliage are present in the interior cells, but are masked all summer by the rich green pigments. When the life in the leaf cell goes, so does the green turn yellow in a drought. In fall the tree cuts off life from its leaf by growing a row of brittle, corky cells at the base of the twig, cutting off circulation of sap. Summer's green disappears and the latent yellow gets its chance.

Light is as essential in bringing out reds and purples as it is in bringing out an image on a photographic plate; thus sunny autumns are the most brilliant. A dearth of nitrogen is also conducive to high color. Where this plant food is abundant, as on heavily manured soil, leaves may stay green until so late that a final frost kills them colorlessly. In consequence, the poor, rocky, acid soils of New England and the southern Appalachians and the sands of the Great Lakes dunes are ideal for artist Nature's purpose.

Sugar in the sap is especially conducive to reds; that's why the sugar maple is the king of autumn foliage. It is the same with acidity; at time of cell death, acidity spreads through the leaf. And as acids turn litmus paper pink, so they turn

leaves red.

Three chemicals account for most fall tints. Tannin in the leaves produces the browns. Xanthophyll, which is also present in egg yolk, gives most of the yellows. This pigment is water-fast. But the reds and purples, produced by the anthocyanins, are water-soluble; they are mere stains, and are found only in the superficial cells of certain leaves. These are the ones that most need the sun to bring them out. Sometimes when a leaf or a whole tree that is normally red is denied sunlight it will fall back on the underlying yellow. That's why the swamp maples, for instance, may be red or yellow, and the same maple that was red one year will in another, cloudier season be yellow only. Orange, of course, is due to what artists call overpainting. That is, the underlying yellow is shining through the overlying red, and makes the blended shade.

It is essentially death that causes all the brave show. But it is a glorious one, and all Americans are proud of their country when it is hung with the battle flags of a triumphant year.

IN NAINI PRISON

By JAWAKARLAL NEHRU

I had gone back to gaol after nearly seven years, and memories of prison life had somewhat faded. I was in Naini Central Prison, one of the big prisons of the province, and I was to have the novel experience of being kept by myself. My enclosure was apart from the big enclosure containing the gaol population of between 2200 and 2300. It was a small enclosure, circular in shape, with a diameter of about one hundred feet, and with a circular wall about fifteen feet high surrounding it. In the middle of it was a drab and ugly building containing four cells. I was given two of these cells, connecting with each other, one to serve as a bathroom and lavatory. The others remained unoccupied for some time.

After the exciting and very active life I had been leading outside, I felt rather lonely and depressed. I was tired out, and for two or three days I slept a great deal. The hot weather had already begun, and I was permitted to sleep at night in the open, outside my cell in the narrow space between the inner building and the enclosing wall. My bed was heavily chained up, lest I might take it up and walk away, or, more probably, to avoid the bed being used as a kind of scaling ladder to climb the wall of the enclosure. The nights were full of strange noises. The convict overseers, who guarded the main wall, frequently shouted to each other in varying keys, sometimes lengthening out their cries till they sounded like the moaning of a distant wind; the night-watchmen in the barracks were continually counting away in a loud voice

the prisoners under their charge and shouting out that all was well; and several times a night some gaol official, going his rounds, visited our enclosure and shouted an enquiry to the warder on duty. As my enclosure was some distance away from the others, most of these voices reached me indistinctly, and I could not make out at first what they were. At times I felt as if I was on the verge of the forest, and the peasantry were shouting to keep the wild animals away from their fields; sometimes it seemed the forest itself and the beasts of the night were keeping up their nocturnal chorus.

Was it my fancy, I wonder, or is it a fact that a circular wall reminds one more of captivity than a rectangular one? The absence of corners and angles adds to the sense of oppression. In the daytime that wall even encroached on the sky and only allowed a glimpse of a narrow-bounded portion. With a wistful eye I looked.

“Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by.”

At night that wall enclosed me all the more, and I felt as if I was at the bottom of a well. Or else that part of the starlit sky that I saw ceased to be real and seemed part of an artificial planetarium.

My barrack and enclosure were popularly known throughout the gaol as the Kuttaghar—the Dog House. This was an old name which had nothing to do with me. The little barrack had been built originally, apart from all others, for especially dangerous criminals who had to be isolated. Latterly

it had been used for political prisoners, detenus, and the like who could thus be kept apart from the rest of the gaol. In front of the enclosure, some distance away, was an erection that gave me a shock when I first had a glimpse of it from my barrack. It looked like a huge cage, and men went round and round inside it. I found out later that it was a water-pump worked by human labour, as many as sixteen persons being employed at a time. I got used to it as one gets used to everything, but it has always seemed to me one of the most foolish and barbarous ways of utilising human labour-power. And Whenever I pass it I think of the zoo.

For some days I was not permitted to go outside my enclosure for exercise or any other purpose. I was later allowed to go out for half an hour in the early mornings, when it was almost dark, and to walk or run under the main wall. That early morning hour had been fixed for me so that I might not come in contact with, or be seen by, the other prisoners. I liked that outing, and it refreshed me tremendously. In order to compress as much open-air exercise as I could in the short time at my disposal, I took to running, and gradually increased this to over two miles daily.

I used to get very early in the morning, about four, or even half-past three, when it was quite dark. Partly this was due to going to bed early, as the light provided was not good for much reading. I liked to watch the stars, and the position of some well-known constellation would give me the approximate time. From where I lay I could just see the Pole Star peeping over the wall, and as it was always there, I found it extraordinarily comforting. Surrounded by a revolving sky,

it seemed to be a symbol of cheerful constancy and perseverance.

For a month I had no companion, but I was not alone, as I had the warder and the convict overseers and a convict cook and cleaner in my enclosure. Occasionally other prisoners came there on some business, most of them being convict overseers-C.O.'s—serving out long sentences. 'Lifers'—convicts sentenced for life—were common. Usually a life-sentence was supposed to terminate after twenty years, or even less, but there were many in prison then who had served more than twenty years already. I saw one very remarkable case in Naini. Prisoners carry about, attached to their clothes at the shoulder, little wooden boards giving information about their convictions and mentioning the date when release was due. On the board of one prisoner I read that his date of release was 1996! He had already, in 1930, served out several years, and he was then a person of middle age. Probably he had been given several sentences and they had been added up one after the other; the total, I think, amounting to seventy-five years.

For years and years many of these 'lifers' do not see a child or woman, or even animals. They lose touch with the out-side world completely, and have no human contacts left. They brood and wrap themselves in angry thoughts of fear and revenge and hatred; forget the good of the world, the kindness and joy, and live only wrapped up in the evil, till gradually even hatred loses its edge and life becomes a soulless thing, a machine-like routine. Like automatons they pass their days, each exactly like the other, and have few sensations,

except one—fear! From time to time the prisoner's body is weighed and measured. But how is one to weigh the mind and the spirit which wilt and stunt themselves and wither away in this terrible atmosphere of oppression? People argue against the death penalty, and their arguments appeal to me greatly. But when I see the long drawnout agony, of a life spent in prison, I feel that it is perhaps better to have that penalty rather than to kill a person slowly and by degrees. One of the 'lifers' came up to me once and asked me: "What of us lifers? Will Swaraj take us out of this hell?"

Who are these lifers? Many of them come in gag cases, when large numbers, as many as fifty or a hundred, may be convicted *en bloc*. Some of these are probably guilty, but I doubt if most of those convicted are really guilty; it is easy to get people involved in such cases. An approver's evidence, a little identification, is all that is needed. Dacoities are increasing nowadays and the prison population goes up year by year. If people starve, what are they to do? Judges and magistrates wax eloquent about the increase of crime, but are blind to the obvious economic causes of it.

Then there are the agriculturists who have a little village riot over some land dispute, lathis fly about, and somebody dies—result, many people in gaol for life or for a long term. Often all the menfolk in a family will be imprisoned in this way, leaving the women to carry on as best they can. Not one of these is a criminal type. Generally they are fine young men, considerably above the average villager, both physically and mentally. A little training, some diversion of interest to other subjects and jobs, and these people would

be valuable assets to the country.

Indian prisons contain, of course, hardened criminals, persons who are aggressively anti-social and dangerous to the community. But I have been amazed to find large numbers of fine types in prison, boys and men, whom I would trust unhesitatingly. I do not know what the proportion of real criminals to non-criminal types is, and probably no one in the prison department has ever even thought of this distinction. Some interesting figures are given on this subject by Lewis E. Lawes, the Warden of Sing Sing Prison in New York. He says of his prison population, that to his knowledge 50 per cent. are not criminally inclined at all; that 25 per cent. are the products of circumstances and environment; that of the remaining 25 per cent. only a possible half, that is $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., are aggressively anti-social. It is a well-known fact that real criminality flourishes more in the big cities and centres of modern civilisation than in the undeveloped countries. American gangsterdom is notorious, and Sing Sing has a special reputation as a prison where some of the worst criminals go. And yet, according to its warden, only $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of its prisoners are really bad. I think it may very safely be said that this proportion is far less in an Indian prison. A more sensible economic policy, more employment, more education would soon empty out our prisons. But of course to make that successful, a radical plan, affecting the whole of our social fabric, is essential. The only other real alternative is what the British Government is doing: increasing its police forces and enlarging its prisons in India. The number of persons sent to gaol in India is appalling. In a recent report

issued by the Secretary of the All-India Prisoners' Aid Society, it is stated that in the Bombay Presidency alone 128,000 persons were sent to gaol in 1933, and the figure for Bengal for the same year was 124,000¹. I do not know the figures for all the provinces, but if the total for two provinces exceeds a quarter of a million, it is quite possible that the All-India total approaches the million mark. This figure does not, of course, represent the permanent gaol population, for a large number of persons get short sentences. The permanent population will be very much less, but still it must be enormous. Some of the major provinces in India are said to have the biggest prison administrations in the world. The U.P. is among those supposed to have this doubtful honour, and very probably it is, or was, one of the most backward and reactionary administrations. Not the least effort is made to consider the prisoner as an individual, a human being, and to improve or look after his mind. The one thing the U.P. administration excels in is keeping its prisoners. There are remarkably few attempts to escape, and I doubt if one in ten thousand succeeds in escaping.

One of the most saddening features of the prisons is the large number of boys, from fifteen upwards, who are to be found in them. Most of them are brightlooking lads who, if given the chance, might easily make good. Lately some beginnings have been made to teach them the elements of reading and writing but, as usual, these are absurdly inadequate and inefficient. There are very few opportunities for games or recreation, no newspapers of any kind are permitted nor are books encouraged. For twelve hours or more all prisoners

¹ *Statesman*, December 11, 1934.

are kept locked up in their barracks or cells with nothing whatever to do in the long evenings.

Interviews are only permitted once in three months, and so are letters—a monstrously long period. Even so, many prisoners cannot take advantage of them. If they are illiterate, as most are, they have to rely on some gaol official to write on their behalf; and the latter, not being keen on adding to his other work, usually avoids it. Or, if a letter is written, the address is not properly given and the letter does not reach. Interviews are still more difficult. Almost invariably they depend on a gratification for some gaol official. Often prisoners are transferred to different gaols, and their people cannot trace them. I have met many prisoners who had lost complete touch with their families for years, and did not know what had happened. Interviews, when they do take place after three months or more, are most extraordinary. A number of prisoners and their interviewers are placed together on either side of a barrier, and they all try to talk simultaneously. There is a great deal of shouting at each other, and the slight human touch that might have come from the interview is entirely absent.

A very small number of prisoners, ordinarily not exceeding one in a thousand (Europeans excepted), are given some extra privileges in the shape of better food and more frequent interviews and letters. During a big political civil resistance movement, when scores of thousands of political prisoners go to gaol, this figure of special class prisoners goes up slightly, but even so it is very low. About 95 per cent. of these political prisoners, men and women, are treated in the

ordinary way and are not given even these facilities.

Some individuals, sentenced for revolutionary activities for life or long terms of imprisonment, are often kept in solitary confinement for long periods. In the U.P., I believe, all such persons are automatically kept in solitary cellular confinement. Ordinarily, this solitary confinement is awarded as a special punishment for a prison offence. But in the case of these persons—usually young boys—they are kept alone although their behaviour in gaol might be exemplary. Thus an additional and very terrible punishment is added by the Gaol Department to the sentence of the court, without any reason therefor. This seems very extraordinary, and hardly in conformity with any rule of law. Solitary confinement, even for a short period, is a most painful affair; for it to be prolonged for years is a terrible thing. It means the slow and continuous deterioration of the mind, till it begins to border on insanity; and the appearance of a look of vacancy, or a frightened animal type of expression. It is the killing of the spirit by degrees, the slow vivisection of the soul. Even if a man survives it, he becomes abnormal and an absolute misfit in the world. And the question always arises—was this man guilty at all of any act or offence? Police methods in India have long been suspect; in political matters they are doubly so.

European or Eurasian prisoners, whatever their crime or status, are automatically placed in a higher class and get better food, lighter work and more interviews and letters. A weekly visit from a clergyman keeps them in touch with outside affairs. The parson brings them foreign illustrated and humorous papers, and communicates with their families when

necessary.

No one grudges the European convicts these privileges, for they are few enough, but it is a little painful to see the utter absence of any human standard in the treatment of others—men and women. The convict is not thought of as an individual human being, and so he or she is seldom treated as such. One sees in prison the inhuman side of the State apparatus of administrative repression at its worst. It is a machine which works away callously and unthinkingly, crushing all that come in its grip, and the gaol rules have been purposely framed to keep this machine in evidence. Offered to sensitive men and women, this soulless regime is a torture and an anguish of the mind. I have seen long-term convicts sometimes breaking down at the dreariness of it all, and weeping like little children. And a word of sympathy and encouragement, so rare in this atmosphere, has suddenly made their faces light up with joy and gratitude.

And yet among the prisoners themselves there were often touching instances of charity and good comradeship. A blind 'habitual' prisoner was once discharged after thirteen years. After this long period he was going out, wholly unprovided for, into a friendless world. His fellow convicts were eager to help him, but they could not do much. One gave his shirt deposited in the gaol office, another some other piece of clothing. A third had that very morning received a new pair of *chappals* (leather sandals) and he had shown them to me with some pride. It was a great acquisition in prison. But when he saw this blind companion of many years going out bare-footed, he willingly parted with his new *chappals*.

I thought then that there appeared to be more charity inside the gaol than outside it.

That year 1930 was full of dramatic situations and inspiring happenings; what surprised most was the amazing power of Gandhiji to inspire and enthuse a whole people. There was something almost hypnotic about it, and we remembered the words used by Gokhale about him: how he had the power of making heroes out of clay. Peaceful civil disobedience as a technique of action for achieving great national ends seemed to have justified itself, and a quiet confidence grew in the country, shared by friend and opponent alike, that we were marching towards victory. A strange excitement filled those who were active in the movement, and some of this even crept inside the gaol. "Swaraj is coming!" said the ordinary convicts: and they waited impatiently for it, in the selfish hope that it might do them some good. The warders, coming in contact with the gossip of the bazaars, also expected that Swaraj was near; the petty gaol official grew a little more nervous.

We had no daily newspapers in prison, but a Hindi weekly brought us some news, and often this news would set our imagination afire. Daily charges, sometimes firing, martial law at Sholapur with sentences of ten years for carrying the national flag. We felt proud of our people, and especially of our womenfolk, all over the country. I had a special feeling of satisfaction because of the activities of my mother, wife and sisters, as well as many girl cousins and friends; and though I was separated from them and was in prison, we grew nearer to each other, bound by a new sense of com-

radeship in a great cause. The family seemed to merge into a larger group, and yet to retain its old flavour and intimacy. Kamala surprised me, for her energy and enthusiasm overcame her physical ill-health and, for some time at least, she kept well in spite of strenuous activities.

The thought that I was having a relatively easy time in prison, at a time when others were facing danger and suffering outside, began to oppress me. I longed to go out, and as I could not do that, I made my life in prison a hard one, full of work, I used to spin daily for nearly three hours on my own *charkha*; for another two or three hours I did *newar* weaving, which I had especially asked for from the gaol authorities. I liked these activities. they kept me occupied without undue strain or requiring too much attention, and they soothed the fever of my mind. I read a great deal, and otherwise busied myself with cleaning up, washing my clothes, etc. The manual labour I did was of my own choice as my imprisonment was 'simple'.

And so, between thought of outside happenings and my gaol routine, I passed my days in Naini Prison. Watching the working of an Indian prison, it struck me that it was not unlike the British government of India. There is great efficiency in the apparatus of government, which goes to strengthen the hold of the Government on the country. Outwardly the prison must appear efficiently run, and to some extent this was true. But no one seemed to think that the main purpose of the prison must be to improve and help the unhappy individuals who come to it. Break them!—that is the idea, so that by the time they go out, they may not have the

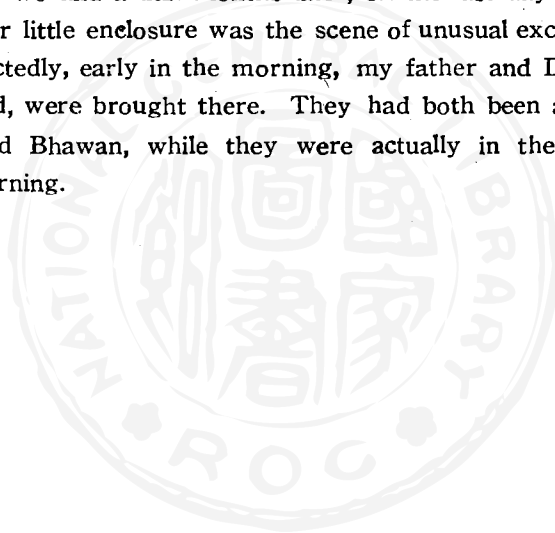
least bit of spirit left in them. And how is the prison controlled, and the convicts kept in check and punished? Very largely with the help of the convicts themselves, some of whom are made convict-warders (C.W.'s.) or convict-overseers (C.O.'s), and are induced to cooperate with the authorities because of fear, and in the hope of rewards and special remissions. There are relatively few paid non-convict-warders; most of the guarding inside the prison is done by convict-warders and C.O.'s. A widespread system of spying pervades the prison, convicts being encouraged to become stool pigeons and spy on each other; and no combination or joint action is, of course, permitted among the prisoners. This is easy to understand, for only by keeping them divided up could they be kept in check.

Outside, in the government of our country, we see much of this duplicated on a larger, though less obvious, scale. But there the C.W.'s or C.O.'s. are known differently. They have impressive titles, and their liveries of office are more gorgeous. And behind them, as in prison, stands the armed guard with weapons ever ready to enforce conformity.

How important and essential is a prison to the modern State! The prisoner at least begins to think so, and the numerous administrative and other functions of the government appear almost superficial before the basic functions of the prison, the police, the army. In prison one begins to appreciate the Marxian theory, that the State is really the coercive apparatus meant to enforce the will of a group that controls the government.

For a month I was alone in my barrack. Then a com-

panion came—Narmada Prasad Singh—and his coming was a relief. Two and a half months later, on the last day of June 1930, our little enclosure was the scene of unusual excitement. Unexpectedly, early in the morning, my father and Dr. Syed Mahmud, were brought there. They had both been arrested in Anand Bhawan, while they were actually in their beds, that morning.



THE OPEN ROAD

To make space for wandering is it that the world was made so wide.—GOETHE, *Wilhelm Meister*.

BY DAVID GRAYSON

I love sometimes to have a day alone—a riotous day. Sometimes I do not care to see even my best friends: but I give myself up to the full enjoyment of the world around me. I go out of my door in the morning—preferably a sunny morning, though any morning will do well enough—and walk straight out into the world. I take with me the burden of no duty or responsibility. I draw in the fresh air, odour-laden from orchard and wood. I look about me as if everything were new—and behold, everything is new. My barn, my oaks, my fences—I declare I never saw them before. I have no preconceived impressions, or beliefs, or opinions. My lane fence is the end of the known earth. I am a discoverer of new fields among old ones. I see, feel, hear, smell, taste all these wonderful things for the first time. I have no idea what discoveries I shall make!

So I go down the lane, looking up and about me. I cross the town road and climb the fence on the other side. I brush one shoulder among the bushes as I pass: I feel the solid yet easy pressure of the sod. The long blades of the timothy-grass clasp at my legs and let go with reluctance. I break off a twig here and there and taste the tart or bitter sap. I take off my hat and let the warm sun shine on my head. I am an adventurer upon a new earth.

Is it not marvellous how far afield some of us are willing to travel in pursuit of that beauty which we leave behind us at home? We mistake unfamiliarity for beauty; we darken our perceptions with idle foreignness. For want of that ardent inner curiosity which is the only true foundation for the appreciation of beauty—for beauty is inward, not outward—we find ourselves hastening from land to land, gathering mere curious resemblances which, like unassimilated property, possess no power of foundation. With what pathetic diligence we collect peaks and passes in Switzerland; how we come laden from England with vain cathedrals!

Beauty? What is it but a new way of approach? For wilderness, for foreignness, I have no need to go a mile: I have only to come up through my thicket or cross my field from my own roadside—and behold, a new heaven and a new earth!

Things grow old and stale, not because they are old but because we cease to see them. Whole vibrant significant worlds around us disappear within the sombre mists of familiarity.

Whichever way we look the roads are dull and barren. There is a tree at our gate we have not seen in years: a flower blooms in our door-yard more wonderful than the shining heights of the Alps!

It has seemed to me sometimes as though I could see men hardening before my eyes, drawing in a feeler here, walling up an opening there. Naming things! Objects fall into categories for them and wear little sure channels in the brain. A mountain is a mountain, a tree a tree to them, a field for

ever a field. Life solidifies itself in words. And finally how everything wearies them: and that is old age!

Is it not the prime struggle of life to keep the mind plastic? To see and feel and hear things newly? To accept nothing as settled; to defend the eternal right of the questioner? To reject every conclusion of yesterday before the surer observations of to-day?—is not that the best life we know?

And so to the Open Road! Not many miles from my farm there is a tamarack swamp. The soft dark green of it fills the round bowl of a valley. Around it spread rising forests and fields; fences divide it from the known land. Coming across my fields one day, I saw it there. I felt the habit of avoidance. It is a custom, well enough in a practical land, to shun such a spot of perplexity; but on that day I was following the Open Road, and it led me straight to the moist dark stillness of the tamaracks. I cannot here tell the marvels I found in that place. I trod where human foot had never trod before. Cobwebs here tell all the marvels I found in that place. I trod where human foot had never trod before. Cobwebs barred my passage (the bars to most passages when we come to them are only cobwebs), the earth was soft with the thick swamp mosses, and with many an autumn of fallen, dead, brown leaves. I crossed the track of a muskrat, I saw the nest of a hawk—and how, how many other things of the wilderness I must not here relate. And I came out of it renewed and refreshed; I know now the feeling of the pioneer and the discoverer. Peary has no more than I; Stanley tells me nothing I have not experienced.

What more than that is the accomplishment of the great inventor, poet, painter? Such cannot abide habit-hedged wildernesses. They follow the Open Road, they see for themselves, and will not accept the paths or the names of the world. And Sight, kept clear, becomes, curiously, Insight. A thousand had seen apples fall before Newton. But Newton was dowered with the spirit of the Open Road.

Sometimes as I walk, seeking to see, hear, feel, everything newly, I devise secret words for the things I see: words that convey to me alone the thought, or impression, or emotion of a peculiar spot. All this, I know, to some will seem the acme of foolish illusion. Indeed, I am not telling of it because it is practical; there is no cash at the end of it. I am reporting it as an experience in life; those who understand will understand. And thus out of my journeys I have words which bring back to me with indescribable poignancy the peculiar impression of a time or a place. I prize them more highly than almost any other of my possessions, for they come to me seemingly out of the air, and the remembrance of them enables me to recall or live over a past experience with scarcely diminished emotion.

And one of these words—how it brings to me the very mood of a gay October day! A sleepy west wind blowing. The fields are bare, the corn shocks brown, and the long road looks flat and dull. Away in the marsh I hear a single melancholy crow. A heavy day, namelessly sad! Old sorrows flock to one's memory and old regrets. The creeper is red in the swamp and the grass is brown on the hill. It comes to me that I was a boy once—

So to the flat road and away! And turn at the turning and rise with the hill. Will the mood change: will the day? I see a lone man in the top of a pasture crying, "Coo-ee, coo-ee." I do not see at first why he cries, and then over the hill come the ewes, a dense grey flock of them, huddling toward me. The yokel behind has a stick in each hand. "Coo-ee, coo-ee," he also cries. And the two men, gathering in, threatening, sidling, advancing slowly, the sheep turning uncertainly this way and that, come at last to the boarded pen.

"That's the idee," says the helper.

"A poor lot," remarks the leader: "such is the farmer's life."

From the roadway they back their frame-decked wagon to the fence and unhook their team. The leader throws off his coat and stands thick and muscular in his blue jeans—a roistering fellow with a red face, thick neck, and chapped hands.

"I'll pass 'em up," he says; "that's a man's work. You stand in the wagon and put 'em in."

So he springs into the yard and the sheep huddle close into the corner, here and there raising a timid head, here and there darting aside in a panic.

"Hi, there, it's for you," shouts the leader, and thrusts his hands deep in the wool of one of the ewes.

"Come up here, you Southdown with the bare belly," says the man in the wagon.

"That's my old game—wrasting," the leader remarks, struggling with the next ewe. "Stiddy, stiddy, now I got you, up with you, dang you!"

"That's the idee," says the man in the wagon.

So I watch and they pass up the sheep one by one, and as I go on down the road I hear the leader's thick voice, "Stiddy, stiddy," and the response of the other, "That's the idee." And so on into the grey day.

My Open Road leads not only to beauty, not only to fresh adventures in outer observation. I believe in the Open Road in religion, in education, in politics: there is nothing really settled, fenced in, nor finally decided upon this earth. Nothing that is not questionable. I do not mean that I would immediately tear down well-built fences or do away with established and beaten roads. By no means. The wisdom of past ages is likely to be wiser than any hasty conclusions of mine. I would not invite any other person to follow my road until I had well proven it a better way toward truth than that which time had established. And yet I would have every man tread the Open Road; I would have him upon occasion question the smuggest institution and look askance upon the most ancient habit. I would have him throw a doubt upon Newton and defy Darwin! I would have him look straight at men and nature with his own eyes. He should acknowledge no common gods unless he proved them gods for himself. The 'equality of men' which we worship: is there not a higher inequality? The material progress which we deify: is it real progress? Democracy—is it after all better than monarchy? I would have him question the canons of art, literature, music, morals: so will he continue young and useful!

And yet sometimes I ask myself: What do I travel for?

Why all this excitement and eagerness of inquiry? What is it that I go forth to find? Am I better for keeping my roads open than my neighbour is who travels with contentment the paths of ancient habit? I am gnawed by the tooth of unrest—to what end? Often as I travel I ask myself that question and I have never had a convincing answer. I am looking for something I cannot find. My Open Road is open, too, at the end! What is it that drives a man onward, that scourges him with unanswered question? We only know that we are driven; we do not know who drives. We travel, we inquire, we work—only knowing that these activities satisfy a certain deep and secret demand within us. We have Faith that there is a Reason: and is there not a present Joy in following the Open Road?

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun.

And at the end of the day the Open Road, if we follow it with wisdom as well as fervour, will bring us safely home again. For after all the Open Road must return to the Beaten Path. The Open Road is for adventure; and adventure is not the food of life, but the spice.

Thus I came back this evening from rioting in my fields. As I walked down the lane I heard the soft tinkle of a cow-bell, a certain earthy exhalation, as of work, came out of the bare fields, the duties of my daily life crowded upon me bringing a pleasant calmness of spirit, and I said to myself:

“Lord be praised for that which is common.”

And after I had done my chores I came in, hungry, to my supper.

THE TWO-TWEFTY LOW HURDLE RACE

By William Saroyan

The boys, athletic coach of Ithaca High School stood in the office of the principal of Ithaca High School—a man whose last name was Ek, a circumstance duly reported by Mr. Robert Ripley in a daily newspaper cartoon entitled "Believe It or Not". Mr. Ek's first name was Oscar, and not worthy of notice.

"Miss Hicks," the principal of Ithaca High School said to the coach of Ithaca High School, "is the oldest and by far the best teacher we have ever had at this school. She was *my* teacher when I attended Ithaca High School and she was your teacher, too, Mr. Byfield. I'm afraid I wouldn't care to go over her head about punishing a couple of unruly, boys."

"Hubert Ackley the Third is not an unruly boy", the coach said. "Homer Macauley—yes. Hubert Ackley—no. He is a perfect little gentleman."

"Yes," the principal said, "Hubert Ackley *does* come from a well-to-do family. But if Miss Hicks has asked him to stay in after school, then *in* it is. He is a perfect little gentleman, no doubt. His *father* was, I remember. Perfect—perfect. But Miss Hicks is the teacher of the ancient history class and has never been known to punish anyone who has not deserved to be punished. Hubert Ackley will have to be satisfied to run the race some other time."

The matter was surely closed now, the principal felt. The coach turned and left the office. He did not go to the athletic field, however. He went to the ancient history classroom

instead. There he found Homer and Hubert and Miss Hicks. He bowed to the old teacher and smiled.

"Miss Hicks," he said, "I have spoken to Mr. Ek about this matter. The implication of his remark was that he had been given authorization to come and liberate Hubert Ackley III. Homer Macauley, however, leaped to his feet as if it were he who was to be liberated.

"Not *you*" the coach said with a tone of contempt. He turned to the other boy and said, "Mr. Ackley."

"What do *you* mean?" the ancient-history teacher said.

"Mr. Ackley," the coach said, "is to get into his track suit immediately and run the two-twenty low hurdles. We're waiting for him."

"Oh yeah?" Homer said. He was overflowing with righteous indignation. "Well," he said, "what about me—Mr. Macauley?" There was no reply from the coach, who walked out of the room followed by a somewhat troubled and confused young man—Hubert Ackley III.

"Did you see that, Miss Hicks?" Homer Macauley shouted. "Is that special privilege or not?"

The ancient-history teacher was so upset by what had happened that she could barely speak.

"Mr. Byfield," she whispered softly, "is fitted to teach athletics only to jackasses like himself." She paused to observe the unworthiness of her remark. "I'm sorry," she said. "But man is not only ignorant, he is a liar!" It was delightful to see Miss Hicks with so much natural and uncontrollable bitterness. It made Homer feel that she was just about the best teacher ever.

"I never did like him," Homer said. "It sure is good to know that you don't like him either."

"I have taught ancient history at Ithaca High School thirty-five years," Miss Hicks said. "I have been the school mother of hundreds of Ithaca boys and girls. I taught your brother Marcus and your sister Bess, and if you have younger brothers or sisters at home I shall some day teach them too."

"Just a brother, Miss Hicks," Homer said. "His name is Ulysses. How was Marcus in school?"

"Marcus and Bess," Miss Hicks said, "were both good-honest and civilized, Yes," she said, "*civilized*," and she emphasized the word very carefully. "The behavior of ancient peoples had made them civilized from birth. Like yourself, Marcus sometimes spoke out of turn, but he was never a liar. Now these inferior human beings, these Byields of the world who were never anything but fools—they think of me as an old woman. He came here and deliberately lied to me—just as he had lied to me time and again when he sat in this classroom as a boy. He has learned nothing except to toady shamelessly to those he feels are superior."

"Yeah?" Homer said, urging the ancient-history teacher to go on with her criticism.

"I have seen better men pushed around by his kind," she said "The kind who go through life lying and cheating and crowding out men who are above such behavior. The two-twenty low hurdles! Low indeed!" The ancient-history teacher was terribly hurt. She blew her nose and wiped her eyes.

"Ah, don't feel bad, Miss Hicks," Homer said. "I'll stay in. You can punish me for talking out of turn. I guess I've

got it coming, but from now on I'm going to try to be good. I never did know the teachers are human beings like anybody else—and better, too! It's all right, Miss Hicks. You can punish me."

"I didn't keep you in to punish you Homer Macauley," the ancient-history teacher said. "I have always kept in only those who have meant the most to me—I have kept them in to be nearer them. I still do not believe I am mistaken about Hubert Ackley. It was Mr. Byfield who made him disobey me. I was going to send both of you to the field after a moment, anyway. You were not kept in for punishment, but for education. I watch the growth of spirit in the children who come to my class, and I am made happy by every fresh evidence of that growth. You apologized to Hubert Ackley, and even though it embarrassed him to do so, because your apology made him unworthy, he graciously accepted your apology. I kept you in after school because I wanted to talk to both of you—one of you from a good well-to-do family, the other from a good poor family. Getting along in this world will be even more difficult for him than for you. I wanted you to know one another a little better. It is very important, I wanted to talk to *both* of you."

"I guess I like Hubert," Homer said, "only he seems to think he is better than the other boys."

"Yes, I know," the ancient-history teacher said. "I know how you feel, but every man in the world is better than someone *else*, and not as good as someone else. Joe Terranova is brighter than Hubert, but Hubert is just as honest in his own way. In a democratic state every man is the equal of

every man up to the point of exertion, and after that every man is free to exert himself to do good or not, to grow nobly or foolishly, as he wishes. I am eager for my boys and girls to exert themselves to do good and to grow nobly. What my children *appear* to be on the surface is no matter to me. I am fooled neither by gracious manners nor by bad manners. I am interested in what is truly beneath each kind of manners. Whether one of my children is rich or poor, Catholic or Protestant or Jew, white or black or yellow, brilliant or slow, genius or simple-minded, is no matter to me. if there is humanity in him—if he has a heart—if he loves truth and honor—if he respects his inferiors and loves his superiors. If the children of my classroom are human, I do not want them to be alike in their *manner* of being human. If they are not corrupt, it does not matter to me how they differ from one another. I want each of my children to be himself. I don't want you, Homer, to be like somebody else just to please me or to make my work easier. I would soon be weary of a classroom full of perfect little ladies and gentlemen. I want my children to be *people*—each one separate—each one special—each one a pleasant and exciting variation of all the others. I wanted Hubert Ackley here to listen to this with you—to understand with you that if at the present you do not like him and he does not like you, that is perfectly natural. I wanted him to know that each of you will begin to be truly human when, in spite of your natural dislike of one another, you still respect one another. That is what it means to be civilized—that is what we are to learn from a study of ancient history.” The teacher stopped now a moment and

looked at the boy who, for some reason that even he could, not understand, was on the verge of tears.

"I'm glad I've spoken to you," she said, "rather than to anyone else I know. When you leave this school—long after you have forgotten me—I shall be watching for you in the world, and I shall never be startled by the good things I know you shall do." The ancient-history teacher blew her nose again and touched her handkerchief to her eyes. "Run along to the athletic field," she said. "Race against Hubert Ackley in the two-twenty low hurdles. If there isn't time to change to your track clothes, run as you are, even if everybody laughs at you. Before you go very far along in the world, you will hear laughter many times, and not the laughter of men alone, but the mocking laughter of things themselves seeking to embarrass and hold you back—but I know you will pay no attention to that laughter," The teacher sighed and said wearily, "Run along to the field, Homer Macauley. I shall be watching."

The second son of the Macauley family of Santa Clara Avenue in Ithaca, California, turned and walked out of the room.

On the athletic field Hubert Ackley and the three boys who had already raced with him that day were taking their places in the lanes for the two-twenty low hurdle race. Homer reached the fifth lane just as the man with the pistol lifted his arm to start the race. Homer went to mark with the others. He felt very good, but also very angry, and he believed that nothing in the world would be able to keep him from winning this race—the wrong kind of shoes, the wrong

kind of clothes for running, no practice, or anything else. He would just naturally win the race.

Hubert Ackley, in the lane next to Homer's lane, turned to him and said, "*You* can't run this race—like *that*."

"No?" Homer said. "Wait and see."

Mr. Byfield, sitting in the grandstand, turned to the man next to him and said, "Who's that starting in the outside lane without track clothes?" Then he remembered who it was.

He decided to stop the race so that he could remove the fifth runner, but it was too late. The gun had been fired and the runners were running. Homer and Hubert took the first hurdle a little ahead of the others, each of them clearing nicely. Homer moved a little forward of Hubert on the second hurdle and kept moving forward on the third, fourth fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth hurdles. But close behind him was Hubert Ackley. The two boys exchanged words as they ran. On the first hurdle Hubert shouted, "Where did you learn to run like that?"

"Nowhere," Homer said. "I'm learning *now*."

On the second hurdle, Hubert said, "What's the hurry? You're going too fast."

"I'm going to win the race" Homer said.

On the third hurdle Ackley said, "Who said so?"

And on the fourth hurdle Homer said, "I said so."

On the fifth hurdle Hubert said, "Slow down. This is long race. You'll get tired." And then suddenly he shouted, "Oh—oh, look out! Here comes Byfield!"

Homer reached the ninth hurdle exactly when the coach of Ithaca High School reached it, coming in the opposite dire-

ction. Nevertheless, Homer hurdled. He hurdled straight into the open arms of the athletic coach and the man and the boy fell to the ground. Hubert Ackley stopped running and turned to the other runners. "Stay where you are," he shouted. "Let him get up. He's running a good race, and he's had interference." Homer got to his feet quickly and went on running. The instant he started, the others started running also.

Everyone in the grandstand, even Helen Eliot, was amazed at what was happening in the race. Now the ancient-history teacher, Miss Hicks, was at the finish line of the race. She was cheering, but she was cheering for *each* of the boys.

"Come on, Homer!" she said. "Come on, Hubert! Hurry, Sam!—George!—Henry!"

At the next to the last hurdle Hubert Ackley caught up with Homer Macauley. "Sorry," he said, "I, ve got to do it."

"Go ahead," Homer said, "if you can."

Hubert Ackley ran a little in front of Homer and there was no longer far to go. Homer didn't clear the last hurdle, but he almost caught up with the front runner. The finish of the race was so close no one could tell whether Hubert Ackley won or whether Homer Macauley won. Sam, Geoge and Henry came in soon after, and Miss Hicks, the ancient-history teacher, brought them all together.

"You ran beautifully," she said, "every one of you!"

"I'm sorry," Hubert Ackley said, "and it was good of you to wait for Homer to get up when he was interfered with."

Furious and bitter and a little shocked by the fall he had taken, the coach of Ithaca High School came running toward

the group which Miss Hicks had gathered around her.

"Macauley!" he shouted from a distance of fifteen yards. "For the remainder of this semester," he said, "for what you have just done, you are deprived of the privilege of taking part in any school sport activities."

The coach reached the group and stood glaring at Homer Macauley. The ancient-history teacher turned to him.

"Mr. Byfield," she said, "why are you punishing Homer Macauley?"

"Excuse me, Miss Hicks," the coach said. "I will make my decisions without any assistance from the ancient history department." He turned to Homer and said, "Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

"Now go to my office and stay there until I tell you to go," Byfield said.

"Your office?" Homer said. "But I've got to go—" He suddenly remembered that he had to be at work at four o'clock. "What time is it?" he said.

Hubert Ackley looked at his wrist watch. "It's a quarter to four," he said.

"Go to my office!" Byfield shouted.

"But you don't understand, Mr. Byfield," Homer said. "I've got some place to go. I'll be late."

Joe Terranova came into the group. "Why should he stay after school?" Joe said. "He didn't do anything wrong."

The coach had already suffered too much. "You keep your dirty little wop mouth shut!" he shouted at Joe. Then he pushed the boy, who went sprawling. But before he had

touched the ground Joe Terranova shouted: "w-o-p?"

Homer tackled Mr. Byfield as if they were on a football field at the same time saying, "You can't call a friend of mine names."

By the time Homer and Byfield were on the ground again. Joe Terranova was on his feet. In a fury he leaped on Byfield so that the man was sprawled all over the place. The principal of the school. Mr. Ek, came running, breathless and bewildered.

"Gentlemen!" he said. "Boys, boys, boys!" He dragged Joe Terranova off the athletic coach, who did not get to his feet.

"Mr. Byfield," the principal of the school said, "what is the meaning of this unusual behavior?"

Speechless, Byfield pointed to Miss Hicks.

Miss Hicks stood above the man. "I've told you many times, Mr. Byfield, not to push people around," she said. "They don't like it." She turned to the principal of the school, "Mr. Byfield," she said, "owes Joe Terranova on apology."

"Is that so? Is that so, Mr. Byfield?" Mr. Ek said.

"Joe's people are from Italy," Miss Hicks said. "They are not, however, to be referred to as wops."

Joe Terranova said, "He doesn't need to apologize to me. If he calls me names, I'll bust him in the mouth. If he beats me up I'll get my brothers."

"Joseph!" Miss Hicks said. "You must allow Mr. Byfield to apologize. He is not apologizing to you or to your people. He is apologizing to our own country. You must give him the privilege of once again trying to be an American."

"Yes, that's so," the principal of the school said. "This is America, and the only foreigners here are those who forget that this is America." He turned to the man who was still sprawled on the ground. "Mr. Byfield," he commanded.

The athletic coach of Ithaca High School got to his feet. To no one in particular he said, "I apologize," and hurried away. Joe Terranova and Homer Macauley went off together. Joe walked well, but Homer limped. He had hurt his left leg when Byfield had tried to stop him.

Miss Hicks and Mr. Ek turned to the thirty or forty boys and girls gathered around. They were of many types and many nationalities.

"All right, now," Miss Hicks said. "Go along home to your families," and as the children were all a little bewildered, she added, "Brighten up, brighten up—don't be so upset. This is nothing.

"Yes," the principal of the school said, "brighten up. The War isn't going to last forever."

The children broke up into groups and walked away.

THE TIN BOX

By CLIFFORD HORNBY

The first time he passed it he only hesitated, and then walked on until he was by the theatre queue. Perhaps it was their patient waiting in the half light that prompted him to pause again. They'll think I've forgotten something. He was used to people noticing his movements. I only want to go back to look. He pretended to have remembered something, and walked back, slowly. It doesn't mean anything, he thought. I don't have to go back. One gets out of these things gradually. I'd never let a thing like that get hold of me, he thought, as he walked back against a heavier stream of people; for there was little to attract in the dark east and the flood had set now towards the well-lit channels westwards. But he was noticed.

He hesitated by the windows of the women's shoe shop. It had been about there. He could have sworn that he remembered the shoes. There was a bright pair with scarlet and black bands, he had seen them as he had looked round before moving on. Now it was gone. He moved over to the shop window, undecided and worried, and then the girl spoke to him.

It was still a new experience to be spoken to by a strange voice, and he looked up eagerly and saw her smiling; head a little to one side, her body moving slightly under the short fur coat as she tapped a foot to an unsung rhythm.

"Are you looking for me, 'chéri'?" she asked, her voice huskily French. He smiled; it was so silly really. I was

looking for a little tin box he wanted to say.

"No, I—I thought I'd dropped something. I came back to look." He would have moved away but she pouted her lips into a sympathetic 'o,' and pretended to look around her feet.

"What was it?" she asked, amused disbelief in her voice. Even now she was amused by shy men.

"Perhaps it does not matter now you've found Paulette?" Quite suddenly he felt tired. If he had just been able to pick up the box and put it in his pocket and walk on he would have felt better. He crossed the pavement, stared a moment at the kerb and then moved out into the slowing traffic. Very lightly her hand rested on his arms, guiding him through the opposition of cars until they were in a quieter side street. She did not talk any more but led him past the dark shuttered shops, glancing at his face a moment in yellow light, soft filtered through the urn-steamy window of a café, then she turned into an open doorway and he followed her, hearing the click and tap of her heels upon the narrow brass-edged stairs.

The room was full of light, a large grate of bright glowing coals threw heat that touched him as he stood hesitant in the doorway. She dropped her bag on to a chair and turning with the relieved air of a woman home again, smiled at him.

"You like it?" she asked and nodded to the room, the fire, and the lemon yellow of the velvet curtains.

"Yes," he said, "it's—nice"; and involuntarily he moved in towards the fire and stood there bathing his hands in the heat. When he turned again she was naked and clicked her tongue at him for his slowness.

"That is better," she said when his clothes were folded over a chair. "No noise here," she said, "very cosy, just you and me."

He did not answer and half turned to stare again into the fire, uneasy in mind. Perhaps she will swear at me, he thought. I don't want her to do that.

"Chéri?" She glanced down at him a moment, a professional diagnosis; then pulling him with her a pace, stood before a tall pier glass, undulating her body as Indian dancers do and watching him in the glass.

"Could we just sit a little while?" he asked abruptly, his speech clipped, prepared for verbal blows, prepared to accept them as he had accepted the routine blows of the Japanese guards.

• "But yes, darling!" Her pose abandoned in the middle of a movement she turned smiling, possessed and confident, wishing to please. "Here," she threw a wrap to him and settled herself into the deep armchair opposite him.

The hot fire lay pleasingly on his legs and chest. So many of them are brown like that, she thought. It didn't make any difference really, but there was an added—what? An added pleasure perhaps to her duties to see the shining brown bodies against the white linen sheet on the bed top. Yes, it made the work more pleasant really. Their bodies were nice to see, more muscle, flatter stomachs. They hurt her sometimes these days. Good for her perhaps; wake up her technique.

"You are a soldier?" she asked and smiled at him.

"No," He shifted more easily into the chair feeling the comfort of the warm room as an acute new pleasure. "I've

been a prisoner for four years. Prisoner of the Japs." Nobody watched him in this room. He could relax in the enfolding heat of the fire, not alone. She was looking at the fire. There was no tension in this room.

"Your name is Pawlette isn't it?" "Paulette," she corrected his over-broad French accent. That was something he had not remembered for those four years. The pleasure of names, of words well spoken. "Paulette," he repeated. "Yes, yes, that is better." He smiled, easily. He had never sat with a woman before without some tension.

"I wasn't a soldier," he said, "I was interned with all the civilians; women and children, all of us. It wasn't so bad really." She nodded slowly, remembering the rough-healed scars on a man's body she had traded with. He had cried suddenly in shame and anger because his male power had escaped through the deliberate, slowly inflicted wounds. "You were not 'blessé, 'not er?—" "Hurt? No. Beaten up sometimes. If we didn't bow to them, the Jap guards. I was manager of a rubber company," he told her, "I didn't like bowing to Jap guards."

"Non, non." she shook her head, indignant in her mind at the thought of him having to bow to the Japs. She understood that such enforced humility would be difficult for a man. She did not know that she daily suffered humility. Neither was he aware of the implications of her indignation for him; yet a question arose in his mind.

"Do you like your job?" It was the comfort and serenity of the room that made him wonder about her. Again the absence of tension impressed him as she sat opposite him

against the fire, as a wife would sit.

Without clothes she seemed to be without sin. The sins of the prison camp had been different, against trust and faith, sins that trailed on in a man's mind, always behind the eyes of friends.

"Do you like it?" he asked. How curious men were about it, she thought. Some grew zealous and tried to reform her, unable to understand that it was her work, that she lived by it. She looked at him, at ease and happy. "I seem to be needed," she said.

"I wasn't looking for, for anyone—like you," he explained suddenly. "I was looking for a tin. For four years an inch of wire or a nail lying on the ground was of great value. Everything was needed. The tin I saw just now was lying on the pavement and I wanted it because I could not bear to leave it, to waste it. We made reflectors from bits of tin for rush lights in our hospital. The Japs cut off our electricity for a month. A nail had more uses than you can think of. We all do it still—pick up things that are thrown away. I'll git over it. I don't want to bore you," he said.

"You talk, darlink," she said. Talking could bring satisfaction too, she knew that, for her room was a confessional. "I've got a bit out of things," he said in explanation. The excitement of liberation finished with the long flight from the East. After that two men with him on the aircraft had deliberately avoided seeing him as they had passed in Piccadilly. He would have liked the day of release all over again and the friends of the journey. But things had altered suddenly. The acquaintances who had made release so gay and exciting had

done their job: his need had been satisfied.

"I thought we'd learn something in the camp," he said to her as though he were continuing a conversation. "I suppose we did. The boy scout tricks of cooking and making comfort out of damn little. And then there was no class or seniority of position. It was a communal life and we shared the poor food as much as the beatings."

"You had girls, women, there too?"

"Yes, we were all there, all of us taken from our offices and houses, from the big swivel chairs and glass-topped desks, and the little offices where the punkahs were worn and rattled; and the people who had liced up the hill now shared a room with those who lived in employees' rows further down."

He went on talking, his voice calm and level, watching the little tongues of hatred and bitterness in him as though he watched a fire struggling without draught.

"My wife had a baby," he said. "Her food ration was about twelve hundred calories."

"Comment?"

"Just about enough to keep alive on. She breast fed it for fourteen months, drank gallons of water a day to keep the milk flowing."

"Aah," she said, sympathetic at the thought.

"There was a black market in the camp. One or two men had money smuggled in from Chinese friends, then they would deal with the guards, pay hidden sums of money to get food in—for those who needed it most—for the women pregnant or with babies."

His voice had tightened and she watched him closely,

noting the slide of tautening muscles under his skin. Psychologist, doctor, prostitute, she knew the signals of danger in men's minds.

"Yes, please tell me," she asked, her voice friendly, trying to smooth away opposition.

"Then they traded," he said. "Showed the food and traded for cheques to be honoured after the war, I paid eighty pounds sterling for a little tin of biscuits."

He sat forward suddenly, startling her. The wrap had fallen open and she saw the white grip of his hands on the bunched muscles of his thighs. "She kept the baby at her breasts, even when she felt the room softening around her, and falling on to the bed she still struggled against the nausea and spinning vortex in which she would have welcomed unconsciousness. I was late for a parade because of it, and had to kneel while my face was slapped, backwards and forwards, thirty times. After that my rations were cut so that I could not give her anything extra."

"But I did get a little extra food for her; not much; a sprinkle of rice, two cabbage leaves, stolen from the gardens. These things were given to me; by people who needed them." He stopped speaking and leaned back, and watching him she saw his hands relax and a puzzlement cross his face. "A lot of us needed so much," he went on, "and because of this I think that children had a new significance. I saw men and women watching them sometimes with a strange concentration, for it seemed that only children could live long enough to have a future, to get into the goodness that must follow the bad time."

"Oui. Je comprends," she nodded. "Après la guerre." He smiled briefly at her phrase. The golden future. He wanted to tell her that there was no Phoenix of goodness rising from the ashes. To explain that he was puzzled himself because of this. He remembered the expression on the man's face, the same expression he had seen in the old days in the board room; and the bland comment, inflection still high at the end of a sentence, shoulders slightly hunched, an involuntary indication that this was the crux of the deal. That this was the point at which you scored or got the thinner end of the bargain. Admirable it had seemed then.

"—but this time it wasn't a deal on paper; it wasn't, you see," he said to her, his forehead wrinkled with the difficulty of understanding. "I'd already signed cheques for fifteen hundred pounds—I don't know whether he knew—but I had only another three hundred left and he wanted four hundred for a case of tinned milk. He haggled over the number of tins I'd get for three hundred, and when in exhaustion and anger, I spluttered words at him, my wife came over and put her hand on my shoulder to calm me, to try and stop me losing the milk in anger. Her hand on my shoulder was meant to help me, but I could feel the weight of her body on my shoulder too, and I knew that she was upright only because she had enough strength to hang on to me."

She shook her head in sympathy.

"She is well now? Now it is all finished?"

But he seemed not to hear her and he went on, explaining to himself.

"Sometimes we were all put on to store carrying, the pathway led round a small sandy bay where we were allowed to swim.

It was worth a beating for one of us to slip, and for the case to fall, breaking to pieces on the lumpy cliff. Days later we often found a tin washed into a crevice by the sea. The guards did not beat the women, they made them carry stores for punishment. Do you know that malnutrition often causes partial blindness?" he asked abruptly.

She did not answer, but put one hand slowly to her chest, her eyes fixed upon his face.

"She slipped on the narrow path," he went on, "and the case fell from her shoulder. It did not drop all the way and I think she could see a yellow blur lodged against the vague jumbio that was all she could see of the cliff. The guard came running, quietly in his rubber shoes, and lifting his hand slapped her on her bottom.

"Bitch," he shouted, "English whore," and he caught her skirt as though to subject her to further humiliation. "I'll get it for you," she cried, too weak to resist, fearful of blows, and she put her hands out as though she were walking in darkness and, going forward, put her foot on a grey blur that might have been a rock,"

His voice was dull and nearly conversational as he went on.

"There were no punishments for this. The Japs knew the war was nearly lost and they wanted us to forget the incident. We had a little more food that night, and two days later the camp commandant gave me two pieces of wood and

a hammer and two nails and I was allowed to make a cross to put over the place where they had buried her body."

A door shut heavily somewhere in the building and he heard the clink of feet down the brass-edged stairs.

"Sacrè-Cæur." She was muttering "Sacrè-Cæur" again and again and she leaned forwards closer to the fire as though the room had chilled. "I must go," he said, and stood up, and all the while he dressed she sat, rocking her body slightly and muttering.

"Good-bye," he said, "I didn't mean to talk so much." He took two pound notes from a wallet, "Thank you," he said. Without looking she reached out for the notes, then she hesitated. "I will keep one, she said. "It is my present." She stood up and looked at him, then with a gesture in which there was no artifice she reached up and straightened his tie. "Good-bye," she said.

Down the stairs, from the warm quietude of the room and into the west flowing stream, on to the old grey pavements, across the hard polished road surface to the grey pavement and the warm lit pane behind which the women's shoes pointed empty toes.

In line with the shoes he hesitated and looked about the pavement, moving forward a step to look between the twinkling legs. The constable watched him, unsure.

He looked all right. "Can I help you—sir," he asked. He looked up at the policeman, uncertain what to say. "No, it's all right. I—"

The constable looked at him and turned away, pretending to look across at the traffic lights studding the amber shot

grey distance of the street. When he turned back he looked first at his boots, moving them slightly to confirm the hard polish of the toes. Just below them in the gutter the tin shone suddenly in the light of a passing bus. The policeman stooped and picked it up, turning it over slowly in his hands.

The words broke from the man. "I saw it first," and he reached out for it. But the policeman's fingers closed over it, and he stared at the man, trying to understand the joke in the situation.

"Findings keepings," he said and laughed a little. "Well not really, not according to the law." He pushed his shoulders back. "No one can keep what they find." He looked at the man to see if he too felt the little joke over now. Something here he couldn't quite line up. The man was staring at the box as if he would take it but dared not. The policeman turned it over and fumbled to open it, suspicious suddenly that a man should want a tin box, curious to find out if it were empty. The flow and shuffle of people had more contact with them now; the faces glowed as they turned into the passing glare of bus lights to look at a man and a policeman opening a tin box. Curious and inwardly satisfied that their own faults were hidden safely, their sins still free within themselves, wishing briefly that they could stay to see the box opened and know what it held; curious because of the curiosity of the unsmiling blue uniform about the tin. The young girls passed and turned their heads with the movement of pigeons, quick and jerked to move the heavy mass of snooded hair across their shoulders, and the car lights

glistered on the wet polished corners of their eyes before they turned back again and pressed their shoulders more tightly against the man who led them down the avenue, in and out of the moving lights and shadows, past the gemcrusted sword belt of the traffic lights. Little men looked too, little men from Soho streets in long dark overcoats, turned to look intently, their hard shoulders bumping people aside. The bastard they said automatically to themselves as they saw the policeman fumbling at the little tin box.

The receding traffic lights played their colour tunes like children's Pan Pipes.

"It's empty!" The policeman seemed relieved because the tin was innocent, without complications, without sin. "Not even a cough lozenge." He laughed. "Well," he said, "Just I need. Useful tin. Just what I need," and he took off his helmet, glanced round because of his undress and took four cigarette ends from the lining. "Can't waste them. Not now we can't," he said. He put the cigarette ends into the tin and closed it. "Suppose you thought you'd found something worth while," he said. "Silver case perhaps. No," he said, "don't often do that; usually turns out to be something like this—an old tin. Some thing you don't want." He looked at the man for a moment. "You don't need an old cough drop tin, do you?"

The man shook his head. I don't need the tin, he thought. I don't really need anything. I'm all right, manager of a rubber company.

Yet it did not seem reasonable that the manager of a company could need as much as he did.

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH

By F. G. GOULD

A lady was being helped into a railway carriage. Her face was pale; her head drooped wearily; her fingers were thin; she sighed when her friends had seated her, as comfortably as they could, by the window. She looked out at the bustling crowd on the platform—the porters, the guards, the soldiers, the children, the nurses, the old lady with twenty bundles; but she never smiled. She was in search of something. I looked up at the name-board attached to the carriage and I saw the train was going to a place at the seaside—a place of yellow sands, and of cliffs and caves, and bright gardens, and tall, dark pine-trees. Then I knew what this lady was in search of. She was searching for *health*. She hoped when the sea-breeze blew in her face it would bring freshness to her blood, and hope to her sad heart.

“Yes, Sir,” said a man who was about to step into the same train, “I expect to make a good bargain of it. The plot of land I have bought lies near the cliffs. On this land, sir, I shall build a hotel with five hundred rooms in it. There will be a most splendid view from the windows; across the bay, including the lighthouse and the sea-gulls’ island. I shall do a fine business, sir. I shall make a profit of fifty per cent., sir.”

This man was in search of *wealth*.

“Ha, ha!” laughed young Harry, who had just taken his seat, and was bidding good-bye to his cousin Cordon; “you won’t know me when I come back, my face will be so brown.

I shall bathe every morning; I shall go boating; I shall play tennis; I shall have picnics in Greenwood Forest; I shall take long spins on my bicycle; I shall go to the concert; I shall have feasts of lobster."

This young man was in search of *enjoyment*.

A fourth person was entering the same train, and was talking quietly to a companion.

"They say this cave runs several hundred feet into the Blackstone Hill, and that in the floor of this cave have been found the bones of hyaenas and bears along with the bones of men. You see it is thousands and thousands of years since the hyaena and bear lived in this country, and so it will prove that man lived on this earth a very long time ago long before the period when many people suppose the world began. I shall examine the cause very carefully day after day until I can find out all the facts."

"This man was in search of truth. I shall talk about men who have searched for different kinds of truth.

Some search for truth about the earth we live on. Such was David Livingstone, who was born near Glasgow in 1813. His father kept a small shop, and was poor. David, at the age of ten, was sent to work in a cotton-spinning factory, a great ugly building with hundreds of windows and with tall smoking chimneys. From six in the morning till eight in the evening the lad toiled in the dreary cottonmill. Yet he had a great passion—a great love—for learning. He attended a night school from eight till ten o'clock. Often he read and read till his mother snatched the book from his hand and bade him go to bed. Afterwards he became

a student at Glasgow University, though he had little money, and his food was often only oatmeal. He studied and studied till he became a doctor—Dr. Livingstone. In 1840 he went as a preacher to the Cape of Good Hope. The rest of his life he travelled in Africa, meeting lions (once a lion left the marks of its teeth on the Doctor's arm), talking kindly to brown Kaffirs and Arabs, to black negroes, sorrowing when he saw people in slavery, and trying to persuade people to put a stop to the wickedness of buying, selling, and ill-treating African natives. He was eager to find out the secrets of the Dark Continent—the secrets of its streams, its great waterfalls, its broad blue lakes, its forests, its mountains, and the beginning of the vast River Nile. He wished to know more; not to get gain for himself, but that white men might understand Africa, and make colonies in it, and make the Africans more peaceable and more wise. It is true that Europeans have often done evil to the Dark Continent: but Livingstone never showed them a bad example. He never lifted his arm to shoot or injure a fellow-man. And when he had searched the land for many years, he fell ill, and laid down and died in a little hut in May, 1873; and the black men, who loved him, carried his body, wrapped in bark, to the distant seashore; and now he rests in Westminster Abbey.

Some search for truth about the heavens. Many years ago, night after night, a man used to sit at a garret window and watch the sky and the glittering stars. All around the streets were quiet; the citizens were asleep. This watcher alone kept awake, and, as he gazed he drew maps and diagrams, and wrote many notes in his books. Sometimes he would

mount the narrow stairs of the high cathedral tower, from one of the topmost little windows, he would continue his search for truth. He felt more sure the teachers at the colleges were mistaken when they said the earth stood still and the sun rolled round it day by day and month by month. No; it was otherwise. The big radiant sun kept its place, and the earth and the moon and the other planets wheeled round it in immense circles. It was a deep joy to him to think of all this, and he forgot his weariness and coldness as he dreamed of it. But he almost feared to tell the people what he had found. For the priests of the Church might fall upon him in anger and put a curse upon him for teaching such new ideas. But he explained his discoveries in a book, and the printer brought the book to him as he lay on his death-bed. This was in 1443; and the watcher's name was Kopernik, or Copernicus. His map of the sun and planets (very much as we now learn it at school) show us what is called the Copernican system.

In Italy, about twenty years after the death of the watcher at the steeple-window (1564), a baby was born who was one day to bear a famous name. When he grew to boyhood and manhood, he felt a strong desire to learn things useful and wonderful. Many people about him looked at him with frowning and jealousy, for they did not care to see a young man so ready to discover new facts. When he was sure a thing was true, he would go and tell it openly to everybody, and his frankness offended the priests, for they wished the people to learn only from the Church. Once, indeed, young Galileo did learn from a church—from the lamps in the

cathedral of Pisa. One evening an attendant was lighting the lamps that hung by chains from the roof and, as he passed along, he left them swinging from side to side. Galileo looked keenly and steadily. Surely these lamps took no longer to swing a wide swing than a short one. He felt his pulse, and counted the beats—yes, it was true, that great bronze lamp took four beats to go from right; and, now that it swings a less distance, it still takes four beats! Galileo goes home, and hangs a weight at the end of a cord, and swings it in long curves and short curves; they all occupy the same number of pulses, or throbs. Galileo feels as glad as if he had lit upon a casket of precious jewels. He has found a new truth, which is afterwards turned to good use in making the pendulums of clocks.

Later on this learned Italian put glasses into a tube, and looked upwards to sun, moon, and stars. He had made the first telescope. And, as the breast of David Livingstone swelled with joy when he beheld a new river, a new lake, a new range of mountains in Africa, so Galileo experienced delight at the new scenes which his little telescope uncovered to his eyes. The Milky Way spreads its band of white mist across the night sky; Galileo's telescope told him that it was made of countless brilliant stars. The sun blazed with golden flame; Galileo's telescope showed him dark spots in the midst of the brightness. The planet Jupiter rolls around the sun; Galileo's telescope unveiled to him four tiny moons revolving round Jupiter (since then a fifth moon has been noticed). The planet Saturn appears to the naked eye as a simple silver ball; Galileo's telescope proved to him that Saturn was girdled

with a belt, or band. And, like Copernicus, he declared that the earth wheeled round the sun, Would you not think that all the people would join in Galileo's wonder, and feel happy with him in his new knowledge? Would you not think the folk would tell one another in the market-place: "Galileo has seen strange and beautiful things in the sky; let us be thankful to him for telling us what he has seen?" Alas, no! Most people called him wicked for teaching ideas about the heavens which the priests of the Church could not find in their holy books. Galileo was put in prison for a year; he became blind; he died in disgrace in the year 1632. He was a noble soul; you and I will love to think of him, because he lived to think of true things.

Like Copernicus and Galileo was young James Ferguson. His father was a Scotch labourer, and James was the younger child. While the elder boys learned to read, little James listened, and picked up his letters and words, and he used to ask an old dame the meanings of the words his brothers repeated. One day the father found, to his astonishment, that James could read; and he thought the boy deserved to be taught more, and he showed him how to write. James was set to work as a shepherd-boy. The sheep gave very little trouble, and he had many leisure hours, during which he made models of windmills and spinning-wheels. His chief pleasure was to wait till the red sunset faded out of the sky, and over the rugged Scotch mountains gleamed the army of the stars. Wrapped in a blanket, and with a lighted candle at his side, James sat in the meadow like a small ghost! He held up a thread on which beads were strung, and he would

turn to a group of stars, such as the seven in the Great Bear, and move a bead until it covered up one star, and another bead until it covered another star.

"The distance between the two stars," he would murmur to himself, "appears on the thread to be an inch and a half."

Then he would turn to a paper and mark dots on it to represent the stars at that distance. Again holding up his thread and beads, he proceeded to observe other stars, and thus he worked out a map of the heavens.

"He, ha, ho," laughed the farmer one day, when he caught sight of James Ferguson's curious map.

But his face became serious when he learned the meaning of the marks, and he saw in the shepherd-boy's eyes a light that told of his gladness in searching for truth. He encouraged James to make large, clean copies of his star-maps. In after years Ferguson was known as a skilful astronomer, and he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society—F. R. S. A "fellow" means a companion. The young shepherd had become a companion of wise men,

ETIQUETTE AMONG THE BEASTS

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Wild animals have their own code of manners, often comically like ours. They are frequently courteous, tenderhearted, and considerate to the point of being romantic. They possess that unembarrassed demeanor which is indicative of soul-poise, and manifest on many occasions a behavior that has the intellectual quality of good taste and fine perception. Lapses of good faith among animals, for instance, are more certain of punishment than are our breaches of trust. For in the natural world the laws are those insuring life itself; and one who disobeys usually imperils himself and all his fellows.

Nearly every group of wild creatures, for example, has a system of posting sentinels. One day a flock of crows visited my field of young corn. A sentry was perched on the top of a dead pine on an adjacent ditch-bank. Getting down in the ditch, I evaded him and fired into the flock. Even in their ensuing precipitate flight at least a dozen crows, with loud cawings of disgust and clamorous blame, attacked the sentry, beat him unmercifully, and drove him, not only far over the forest, but, I believe, completely out of their fellowship. His vital duty had been to give warning of the approach of an enemy. Technically, he had been asleep at his post.

One day, walking in the edges of a forest bordering a big cotton-field, a friend of mine saw a fox coming down one of the rows dragging with difficulty a 20-pound gobbler he had killed. After some further attempts to move the big bird, the

fox left it and trotted away into the forest. My friend picked the turkey up, but had hardly gained the shelter of the woods when he saw the fox coming back with another fox coming back with another fox much larger and darker than himself. The two sniffed about eagerly and vainly for a few minutes. Then the newcomer that had been invited either to a feast there in the field, or to help drag the turkey into the woods, finding things not as they had been represented to him, sprang on his host, and a fierce and prolonged battle ensued.

Once I came upon two foxes evidently hunting together, on a ricefield bank. I watched them from behind a small canebreak. One lay down under a bush close by the path. The other slunk away craftily down the side of the bank. Presently I heard a slight noise, and down the bank toward the fox in ambush came the other fox on a full run, a scared rabbit before him. The waiting fox made a sudden dash at the flying bunny, but for some reason the stratagem went wrong, and the rabbit escaped. The driver-fox attacked his confederate with unfeigned fury, sure that he had been double-crossed. They broke away from each other only when I came up; and even then, as they raced down the bank together, they were growling and snapping at each other.

I once saw an old gander leading about 30 of his fellows northward in mid-March. The flock was flying low; and as it passed over a farmyard, the farmer began shooting at the geese. Almost at once the birds, aware of their danger but aware also that "someone had blundered," set up a raucous chorus of denunciation, and drove their pilot from the point.

of their V. In the community of wild life trusted leaders are addressed to the stern service of utter and infallible loyalty. If they fail, they are disgraced.

One form of etiquette that birds and animals apparently observe by instinct is personal immaculacy. Even many of the scavengers, usually despised because of their habits, are strangely clean considering their chances to be otherwise. I have seen between 2,000 and 3,000 wild deer. But I never yet saw an unwounded deer that did not impress me with that patrician elegance, that gallantry of air and natural vigor that come from a most exacting form of life and perfect obedience to the laws of personal hygiene. A wild creature is always on a diet. We cage and pen them and are disgusted at their table manners. But when they are at home, they behave. Even the tiger is naturally a delicate feeder.

Any observer of the human scene is familiar with the vagaries of people falling in love. One of these is the desire to "show off." But while we often like to astonish the whole world with our superiority, a wild creature makes himself exceptional only that he may be loved by another. Throughout one entire winter I tried to cultivate the acquaintance of a wild turkey. All my coaxings with a variety of calls failed to produce on his part the faintest response. Then came the spring. At daybreak one morning I went into the woods, having with me nothing but a turkey-call made out of a willow limb. Seating myself on an old pine stump, I gave one soft note. Immediately the gobbler answered from a tall cypress on the creekbank a half-mile away. Then a splendid



form suddenly filled the rosy morning heavens. He

was flying straight for me. The moment he came to the ground about 100 yards off, I called again. Listening keenly for a moment, he then came for me on a dead run, stopped 30 yerds away to strut in most grandiloquent fashion, and to gobble blatantly. Then he advanced in all the sheeny grandeur of his nuptial plumage. When I moved, he was, of course, startled; but fear was not his chief emotion. He felt more disappointment and disgust. He did not fly. He did not run. He just stalked away with injured majesty.

All about us in the woods and the fields and the sky and the grass one may observe an etiquette of loving.

In much of the affection of wild mates for each other there is a tenderness of consideration that is clear evidence that they care for each other with a genuineness of affection far beyond mere physical attraction. Cardinals, for instance, mate for life; even in the dead of winter they remember love and carol to each other in its name clear scarlet madrigals.

Another display of good manners is the large tolerance with which wild creatures regard one another. Of course there are fights, originating almost wholly in love-rivalry; and there is the ancient feud between predatory creatures and their prey. But there are no social climbers. There are no business antagonists. There are no fantastic jealousies over place and power. There does appear to be a bond of the conciousness of the rights of others. To a far greater degree than is commonly realized, they dwell together in unity. In a huge dead pine on my place in the South is a series of hollows, one above the other, the lowest at a height of about 30 feet, the highest at 93. During the course of

a single mating season I have known these homes to be occupied by a pair of bluebirds, of black pileated woodpeckers, of flickers, of fox-squirrels, of screech-owls, and of sparrowhawks! Here were six families of entirely different nationalities, let us say; yet all living happily, one above the same tenement. Such serenity required genuine tact and observance of etiquette.

Being a good sport is, in a deep sense, showing good manners. Birds and animals have a gallantry of bearing that seems a part of their code of behavior. They bear disappointment, pain, death with a courage that is extraordinary. A certain resiliency of spirit is theirs, a certain grace of heart. They have solved the problem of living joyously and completely.

THE THREE ENTITIES

By ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

When a man begins to think, seriously, of the world, or worlds, round about him, he is at first dazed by the seeming complexity of it all. Thousands of phenomena confront him, inextricably tangled, and there seems to be no simple way of co-ordinating them. That the universe must be harmonious, is a fundamental demand of our human nature. Nor is this faith misplaced. Just so soon as we actually begin to sort things out, matters proceed with gratifying smoothness and it soon becomes apparent that one may place all he knows of this universe of space and time into just exactly three compartments. These compartments we shall label;

1. MATTER.
2. ETHER.
3. ENERGY.

These are three physical entities outside of which, so far as we understand the physical universe, there is nothing, and into which the universal content of the mind of man, so far as it concerns things outside itself, may be stowed away. For the sake of our atom, we must define these three entities, and we must define them by means of the current conceptions.

MATTER

What matter is in itself and by itself, is quite hopeless of answer and concerns only metaphysicians. The "Dingan sich" is forever outside the province of science. If all men stopped to quarrel over the inner inwardness of things, progress, of course, would cease. Science is naive; she takes things as

they come, and rests content with some such practical definition as will serve to differentiate matter from all other forms of non-matter. This may be done, strictly provisionally in this place, by defining matter as that which occupies space and possesses weight. Using these two properties it is readily possible to sift out matter from all the heterogeneous phenomena that present themselves to the senses, and that, in this place, is all we want. Thus, wood, water, copper, oil, and air are forms of matter for they evidently possess weight and fill space. But light, heat, electricity, and magnetism we cannot consider to fill so many quarts or weigh so many pounds. They are therefore forms of non-matter. In like manner, things such as grace, mercy, justice and truth, while they are existing entities as much as matter, are unquestionably non-matter.

We have consequently, in this definition, a ready touchstone for distinguishing matter from non-matter.

Now, governing matter in all its varied forms, there is one great fundamental law which up to this time has been ironclad in its character.

This law, known as the law of the conservation of mass, states that no particle of matter, however small, may be created or destroyed. All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot destroy a pin's head. We may smash that pin's head, dissolve it in acid, burn it in the electric furnace, employ, in a word, every annihilating agency, and yet that pin's head persists in being. Again it is uncreatable as it is indestructible. In other words we cannot create something out of nothing. The material must be furnished for every existent article. The sum of matter in the universe is X pounds,—and,—while

it may be carried through a myriad forms, when all is said and done, it is just—X pounds.

In the foregoing statements we have used the conceptions of the older science, and, indeed, the current conceptions; but to say that throughout all time we should never be able to destroy or create matter, or to say indeed that matter is not, to some extent, being created and destroyed to-day, would be to run the risk of profound error. All that *we* can say, to-day, is that we cannot do it. If creation or annihilation is actually going on, we are mere spectators and stand in no causal relation.

ETHER

Any discussion of ether leads out upon the highroad to incredulity. A thing must be defined by its properties and the properties of the ether are for the most part negative; so negative, indeed, are they, that when one says boldly that one cannot see ether, hear it, taste it, smell it, exhaust it, weigh it or measure it, one feels timid that sane-minded people will meet these negative qualities of our ether by a decided negation of belief in its existence. But the fact of the matter is that if this thing "ether" is not visible to the eye of *sense* it is visible to the eye of the mind, which is much less liable to err. To demonstrate this place a little instrument known as the radiometer up in the sunlight. This instrument consists of a glass bulb containing a partial vacuum in which hangs poised a tiny mill wheel of aluminium. On the impact of the sunlight the wheel at once begins to revolve, and soon attains a velocity so great that the eye is unable to distinguish the

separate vanes. Now the eye of the mind is applied; something, therefore, lies 93,000,000 of miles from the sun and causes that wheel to revolve, and that something must be the radiations of light and heat. With regard to the nature of these radiations we are positively shut up to one of two explanations.

The light and heat proceeding from the sun consist either of particles or of waves. There is no other explanation conceivable.

The first assumption, that they consist of particles, is known as the "corpuscular theory," and was killed outright and buried years ago after a battle royal. The second assumption, that of waves known as the undulatory theory, meets with universal acceptance. It is the only complete explanation of all the known facts. The radiations from the sun, therefore, that moved our mill wheel, consist of waves; and now comes the inevitable back thrust of the mind, waves of *what?*

Once convinced that light consists of waves, the mind insists that these waves must inhere in something. The ocean waves are made of water, sound waves of air, light waves of, we must say,—*something*. This something cannot be air or water or any form of matter as we know it, for throughout that great reach of 93,000,000 miles between the sun and us there exists but empty space, filled this empty space is, however, and to the brim. There is no such thing as emptiness. From corner to corner of the universe, wherever a star shines or light darts, there broods this vast circumambient medium—the ether. Not only through interstellar spaces, but through

the world also, in all its manifold complexity, through our own bodies; all lie not only encompassed by it but soaking in it as a sponge lies soaked in water. How much we ourselves are matter and how much ether is, in these days, a very moot question.

ENERGY

Just as there is no such thing as emptiness, so there is no such thing as rest. It is doubtful there is such a thing as rest even in a relative sense. The very particles that constitute the materials of our so-solid-seeming earth, that seem so fixed and at rest relatively to one another, are in a state of perpetual unremitting quiver—what we call temperature—and that quivering, had we eyes but big enough to see it, is very far indeed removed from rest. Now this motion is continually changing, from one velocity to another, and the same kind of reasoning that led us to believe in the ether leads us to believe that a body can go faster or slower only because of some cause. This cause, *or this power to change the state of motion of a body*, is energy.

Just as matter may exist in so many different forms, so may energy, a list of the forms of which we append;

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| 1. Kinetic Energy. | 6. Chemical Energy. |
| 2. Gravitation Energy. | 7. Electrical Energy. |
| 3. Heat. | 8. Magnetic Energy. |
| 4. Energy of Elasticity. | 9. Radiant Energy. |
| 5. Cohesion Energy. | |

This list comprises forms of energy and not “different energies,” for the reason that they are one and all inter-con-

vertible. Energy is protean in its nature, for it may be converted, directly or indirectly, into any other form. They are, therefore, different phases of one thing, not different things. For example, the energy of the burning coal is converted consecutively into heat, into mechanical energy, into electrical energy, and, finally, in some far away street, into the radiant energy of the arc lamp. It is possible, even, that these very "forms" may not be distinct from one another, actually, but are simply so many different varieties of motion.

However that may be, energy is not only transformable but transferable. In a word, we may transfer energy from a waterfall into a dynamo and from the dynamo into a sewing machine. Matter is but a stepping-stone to energy, here and away, through one form to another and from one body to another, infinitely restless, constant only to one thing,—its total quantity. However much energy may be transformed or transferred, when any quantity of one form disappears, a precisely equal quantity simultaneously appears in some other form or forms. Just as with matter, you cannot create or destroy any quantity of energy however small, and since energy is the great worker of the universe you cannot get something for nothing. No machine can make energy, and it is curious that this fact is so little understood of men, that, according to rumour, the Patent Office finds it necessary to employ a special clerk to deal with persons who believe in perpetual motion. It will readily be seen, then, that since energy may be transformed from one form to another, and since, moreover, it cannot be created or destroyed we have precisely the same grounds for believing in its existence as

an actual entity as we had for believing in the existence of matter. It is proper for us to hold as reasonable the view that energy is an existing "thing." Concerning the dictum of current science, that it is impossible to create or destroy it, we ought to make the same provision as we did with matter, that while it may not be forever and forever indestructible and uncreatable, and while it may be even now suffering annihilation, we have no control over it. The doctrine of the conservation of energy is receiving some hard knocks nowadays, and whether or not it is weakening will be for the future to determine.

We have, thus, reduced the universe to three terms; matter-ether-energy, and we ought now to consider whether this triune conception may not be capable of a deeper synthesis. We have all I imagine, a deep-seated conviction of the essential "oneness" of the universe, and to justify it, we may assume, either that these three things are after all but "forms" or phases of an underlying and unknowable reality, or that separate and distinct as they appear, they are themselves one, in some mysterious way altogether beyond the power of human reason to grasp.

THE CONQUEST OF OUTER SPACE AN APPROACH TO ASTRONAUTICS

by PETER VAN DRESSER

The world is small and getting smaller. Sailors in steam are apt to refer sarcastically to themselves as seagoing conductors: even the air, though it still holds a deal of romantic promise, is being invaded by the worldly and the commercial. The discarded razor blades and empty film containers of exploring parties before very long will have littered all the trails of distant romance still left; air travel—safely, on schedule, anywhere—will become commonplace, and bathysphere excursions to the sea-bottom will furnish amusement for week-enders. What then will be left for the “lunatic fringe” of eternal adventurers, the men who were willing to gamble that the ocean did not end somewhere in a bottomless abyss, the men to whom unknown lands, unconquered elements, have been challenges and lures not to be resisted? Will they cease to exist? Will they sublimate their desires to other fields, scientific, economic or technical? Or will they settle back in their armchairs and at last become rational, admit that, having reached the sky, man has encountered his ordained limits?

Hundred miles or more above us stretches a zone mystery, a zone where rarefied gases react in obscure ways to radiations from the sun, moon, and stars, where streams of ions weave in patterns almost astrological, where meteorites from outermost space strike and burn themselves to dazzling lances of white-

hot vapor, and the eerie glow of the aurora shifts and flickers. Incalculably rich in significance to the life far below are the enigmatic processes of this region. Here are set up the balances, the interplays and elements which, as they flow about the atmospheric globe and work downward through its various strata, condition the weather for the day, the year, the decade. Here occur the great electronic tides controlled by radiation from bodies in the solar system beyond, whose pulses are reflected in the operation of our radio network. Here begins the strange catenation of influences which links sunspot cycles ninety million miles away with the yearly thickness of fur worn by animals in North America, with the level of Lake Nyasa in Africa, and with environmental changes affecting our destinies with unknown profundity.

Tier on tier withdrawing from us stretch the chambers of the universe; we give them resounding names. Beyond the sky is the stratosphere, and above that the ionosphere, and beyond that Störmer's toroid reaches out into space three hundred thousand miles or more. And all this is but an antechamber to the vastness of the solar system, wherein the nine planets with their moons wheel and circle miraculously.

We have learned a little of these worlds in the generations since we guessed their existence. We want to learn more. And it is in our blood to demand. Will the ship be built to take us to them?

Vaguely in answer to these questions looms astroplane of the future, the ship of space, its form limned in by the men who are laying the foundations of the coming science of

astronautics. Yet to visualize it is difficult, for one must adjust oneself to a mode of operation entirely new. Aeronautics, ballistics, and celestial mechanics will be combined in its design. A little of the airplane, more of the projectile, and a great deal of the asteroid, the star-ship will be quite literally like nothing on earth. First of all its propelling principle must be completely independent of air or even of gravitation, and because "astronautics is primarily a problem of quantities of motion"—it must be capable of driving it to speeds vastly greater than any we are used to, aircraft or even cannon shot not excepted. This is an absolute necessity. Can we conceivably meet it? Conceivably, yes.

There is one instrument in existence which in theory is able to deliver velocity in the required amounts and under the required conditions. That instrument is the reaction motor or rocket.

The art of rocketry, even in its present stage of development, offers the base for a sound program of research leading to immensely valuable results. There is no physical reason why our technic cannot be perfected to such an extent that we can send exploring rockets equipped with instruments twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred miles into the stratosphere. The increasingly important science of meteorology would probably receive the greatest immediate benefit from such an achievement. With hundreds of weather stations about the globe one equipped to probe quickly and accurately into atmospheric condition scores of miles above, the "three-dimensional weather map" would become a vital reality, and long-range forecasting would influence our economics and sociology. Accurate

knowledge of what goes on in the outermost of the sky would lead to the development of a science of a kind how hardly conceivable—a science of the cosmic factors affecting terrestrial life and activity.

The next logical field for development is in the fast transport of mail by rockets traveling in trajectories between the great cities of the world. Transportation of this sort would be about the ultimate in speed: a rocket mail projectile operating between New York and Paris, for example, would cover the distance in about twenty-five minutes. The economic value of such a service in this age ought certainly to be high. As for man-carrying rockets, they will probably be evolved by judicious crossbreeding with the airplane. Projects for high speed stratosphere planes point toward evolution of this kind; for these aircraft will probably reach velocities at which the reaction motor may develop a type of extremely fast high-altitude craft which as its power and range increase will gradually merge into something worthy of the name astroplane.

Rocket experiments, however, are quite expensive gestures, and it is hard to interest capital in making them. What work has so far been done has been with limited or erratic financial resources. A great many mistakes have been made, and a great deal of duplication of effort. The majority of rockets so far built—and there have been some ambitious ones—seem to have exploded in midair, and none of them has set an altitude record.

But the work goes on and must sooner or later blaze a trail through and beyond the skies. And this is true above all

because the idea has gripped our imaginations—because it speaks imperiously to the presiding genius of our race. We must bring into hard reality the promise of this vision, and affirm once more our unique and all-important creative mastery of matter and space and time.

