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The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

MOSAIC IN THE CHURCH OF SS. COSMAS AND DAMIAN AT ROME.

(See page 146.)

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Entered as Second-Class Matter March 26, 1897, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. under Act of March 3, 1879.
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THE LAST OF THE SHOGUNS.

BY ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

PRINCE Keiki Tokugawa, the last of the shoguns, who died last November in Tokyo, was a more distinguished personality than was really appreciated even in his own country. He was in more than one respect the ideal type of a modernized Japanese man, and he acted in a quiet and unassuming way even where his people did not yet recognize the change that was setting in.

The first of the shoguns was nominally one Watamaro, who, in 813 A. D., "was appointed *Sei-i-Tai-Shogun,* that is, Barbarian-Subduing Generalissimo," to wage war against the Ainu in the north of the empire.[1] After that, similar appointments were made from time to time. But the first of the shoguns was really Yoritomo, of the Minamoto family. He was appointed to that office in 1192 (in the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted and of Saladin) ; and he made himself the real administrator, the actual ruler, a Japanese mayor of the Palace, nominally under the authority of a puppet and *fainéant* emperor.

But the Minamoto family degenerated after the death of Yoritomo, so that in less than a century the real power was held by the Hojo regents of the effeminate shoguns of the *fainéant* emperors. Then the Hojo family was overthrown after 150 years, and the Ashikaga family of shoguns was established and wielded the power for over two centuries. The Ashikaga dynasty was overthrown by Nobunaga, who did not, however, receive the title of shogun. He was succeeded, after a few years, by Hideyoshi,

[1] Some say that the title was first bestowed in the reign of Kwammu (782-805), on Tamura Maro.

who likewise did not receive that appellation, but under the title of Taiko (Great Prince) was the actual ruler of Japan for more

PRINCE KEIKI TOKUGAWA.

than a decade. Next came the great Ieyasu who, after defeating his rivals in the battle of Sekigahara in 1600, was made shogun

in 1603 and established the last, but not least, famous line of shoguns, the Tokugawa. This dynasty continued for over 250 years, until 1868, when Keiki, resigning his office, ended not only the Tokugawa dynasty but, once for all, the system of a shogunate. He truly was in the fullest sense "the last of the shoguns."

This famous individual was born in 1830 as the seventh and favorite son of Nariaki (Rekko), the well-known Prince of Mito, who was leader of the anti-foreign party in the troublous days after Perry's arrival in 1853. His given name was Yoshinobu. He was adopted into the Hitotsubashi family, so that he is often called by that name in the historical records of his time; but he seems to have been best known by the name Keiki.

He came first into public prominence in 1859, when he was strongly supported, "in consideration of his high abilities," for the position of shogun, in place of Iesada, deceased. But, in view of the necessity felt for concluding the treaties with foreign powers, a son of the anti-foreign leader was a kind of *persona non grata* with the great Regent, Ii Kamon no Kami, who obtained the position for a mere child, only 12 years of age, of the Kii family. And at that time the old Prince of Mito was condemned to perpetual confinement at Mito, and his son, Hitotsubashi, "for having desired the office of shogun," was forced into retirement.

But in 1862 he was released from his domiciliary confinement,[2] and a little later was appointed guardian of the shogun and then vice-shogun. The next year the emperor fixed upon a certain date for the expulsion of foreigners from Japan and proposed to visit a famous shrine of Hachiman (the god of war) near Kyoto and there deliver to the shogun "the sword emblematic of his authority to expel the barbarians." The shogun, however, was conveniently sick and sent Hitotsubashi as his representative. The latter, too, was "extremely embarrassed and, pretexting illness, descended from the shrine." This so incensed some ronins that they exclaimed, "Bah! this sluggard is not fit for the work." Fortunately, however, this hostile plan was afterwards overthrown.

A few months later Hitotsubashi addressed to the emperor the following letter: "I have been the unworthy recipient of your majesty's boundless favors and have received the office of guardian to the shogun. But I have been completely unsuccessful and feel most uneasy in mind. Your Majesty has also specially instructed me to arrange for the closing of the ports; but, though I have striven day and night to requite one ten-thousandth part of the

[2] Ii had been assassinated in 1860 by Mito ronins.

benefits I have received from Your Majesty, I have been unable to carry out that measure also. My guilt in accepting such a grave responsibility without duly appreciating the action of events and estimating my own capacity, is too great to escape unpunished. I pray Your Majesty, therefore, by an exercise of that great goodness which is Your Majesty's chief attribute, to release me from the office of guardian of the shogun." The emperor, however, refused to grant his request at that time; but in the following year that office was taken from him, and he was made "protector of the imperial palace and commander-in-chief of the maritime defences in the Bay of Osaka."

Near the end of 1865 when the ministers of the foreign powers went to Kobe to request the emperor to ratify the treaties which the shogun had made, Hitotsubashi was one who recognized the futility of further opposition or delay; and he, with others, presented a joint memorial to the court, as follows: "The foreigners have come up to the home provinces to request that Your Majesty will signify your consent to the treaties and to demand the opening of Hiogo. They say that they have come to arrange these matters directly with Your Majesty, as the *bakufu* [shogunate] is unable to settle them. Your servants will do all in their power to create delays, but unless the imperial consent to the treaties is given, the foreigners will not quit the Inland Sea. If we were lightly to use force against them we might be victorious for the moment, but a tiny piece of territory like this could not long withstand the combined armies of the universe. We are not so much concerned for the preservation of the *bakufu* as for the security of the throne. If the result be what we must anticipate, your people will be plunged into the depths of misery. Your Majesty's sacred wish of protecting and succoring your subjects will be rendered unavailing, and the *bakufu* will be unable to fulfil its mission, which is to govern the country happily. Your servants cannot find heart to obey Your Majesty's order to break off foreign relations, and humbly pray that Your Majesty, deigning to take these things into consideration, will at once give your consent."

Another writer adds the following: "At last, all the members of the *gorojiu* [council], the great *metsuke* [censors] and high officials of the Tycoon [shogun], with Hitotsubashi at their head, called on the Mikado and prostrated themselves at His Majesty's feet. The Mikado was moved; but messages containing threats were brought in every minute and the sacred emperor was still hesitating, when all the high officers declared they would die at once

should they not obtain what they were sent for. Hitotsubashi went so far as to take hold of the sleeve of the Mikado, respectfully swearing that he would not loose his hold until His Majesty sanctioned the treatise. Finally, the kwampaku, the first officer of the Mikado, was directed to bring the book of the irrevocable wills —and the sanction was given." Quite a dramatic scene, if real!

About this time the young shogun, Iemochi, "who felt severely the weight of domestic and foreign affairs," asked permission to resign in favor of Hitotsubashi, but was refused, although he made a plea of ill-health. This was probably a true reason, because it was not long before he died, right in the midst of civil commotions which had about reached their climax. Toward the end of 1866 Hitotsubashi was declared successor, and in January, 1867, was installed as shogun at the age of thirty-seven.

Although Hitotsubashi, or Keiki, as we shall hereafter call him, was judged by some to have been ambitious, yet he seems to have been truly reluctant to assume the shogunate at such a stormy period. During the time between his election and installation he made attempts to be relieved of the dangerous though honorable, office; and he finally accepted on two conditions: "First, that the Mikado should give ear to his advice as that of a councilor who should by his office be brought into closer contact with foreigners than the great *daimios* [lords], and should give preference to his counsel; secondly, that all the *daimios* should not only approve of his appointment, but promise him their entire and unconditional support in carrying out the internal and foreign policy he might deem it necessary to pursue."

He then assumed the reins with great energy. We quote again from Mossman's *New Japan*: "It was acknowledged on all hands that he devoted to the public business of Japan at this transitionary period an amount of intelligence, energy and earnestness, seldom, if ever, exhibited by the executive ruler of the realm. At the same time, while he conciliated the people, he was held in great esteem by his sovereign. The only dissentients were the *daimios,* who were jealous of his abilities and power." And we might add to these words of Mossman, that upon him seemed to fall, unfortunately and unjustly, all the accumulated obloquy felt toward the shogunate.

Soon after this the emperor suddenly died, and after an interregnum of eighty days was succeeded by the late emperor Mutsuhito, posthumously named Meiji Tenno. This change of imperial masters was most providential, as later events proved; and at that time it was thought to be most fortunate for the country, "that

such a man as Hitotsubashi [Keiki] was at the head of affairs." It could scarcely have been foreseen, but was indeed providential, that about the same time "the young Tycoon and the bigoted barbarian-hating Mikado" were removed, and their places taken by such liberal successors.

In May, 1867, the new shogun received the foreign ministers in official audience at Osaka in a manner that pleased them and reflected credit upon himself. The following is a description of him at that time: "The Tycoon is a man of ordinary stature, with a pleasant and very intelligent face, very bright, sparkling eyes and a voice of remarkable sweetness. His manner is most easy and refined. He had never sat down to European dinners before he did so on this occasion."

But this friendly and hospitable action on the part of the shogun and his negotiations with foreigners were the occasion of severe criticism by enemies of his own nationality. Some of the leading *daimyo* claimed that he should not have carried on negotiations alone and surrounded only by his own immediate officials, but that he should have made a display of imperial troops and armed retainers of *daimyo*. This would seem to have been an expression of jealousy on the part of those who, in the words of Mossman, "were not bidden to the feast."

It was in October of 1867 that the Prince of Tosa sent to the shogun his famous letter advising the latter to restore to the lawful hereditary sovereign his power in all its fulness. This letter ran somewhat as follows: "It appears to me that although government and the penal laws have been administered by the military class ever since the Middle Ages, yet since the arrival of foreigners we have been squabbling among ourselves, and much public discussion has been excited. The East and West have risen in arms against each other, and civil war has never ceased, the effect being to draw on us the insult of foreign nations. The cause of this lies in the fact that the administration proceeds from two centers, causing the empire's ears and eyes to be turned in two different directions. The march of events has brought about a revolution, and the old system can no longer be obstinately persevered in. You should restore the governing power into the hands of the sovereign, and so lay a foundation on which Japan may take its stand as the equal of all other countries. This is the most imperative duty of the present moment and is the heartfelt prayer of Yodo.[3] Your Highness is wise enough to take this advice into consideration."

[3] The personal name of the Prince of Tosa.

This recommendation was supported by other prominent *daimyo* and their retainers, so that Keiki, "yielding to the force of public opinion," as Griffis puts it, resigned his position as *Sei-i-Tai-Shogun.*

What followed is more or less confused, and therefore difficult to narrate in precisely logical or chronological order. It appears, however, that in some way or other the opponents of Tokugawa increasing in number and influence in Kyoto, were enabled to get possession of the young emperor's ear and person. The Aidzu troops, loyal to the shogun, were deprived of their position as guards at the palace gate; and their places were taken by troops of Satsuma, Tosa and other clans. The old Tokugawa officials were dismissed and superseded by men favorable to the "combination." In Yedo, too, there were disturbances: Satsuma men attacked the shogun's palace; and Tokugawa adherents in return burned down the Satsuma *yashiki* (mansion).

It would seem that the reforms in the administration of the government were interpreted by Keiki, whether rightly or wrongly, as amounting to the overthrow of Tokugawa and the establishment of an authority equivalent to that of the former shogunate, but in the interests of the Tokugawa enemies. There seems to have been no small reason to suspect the ambition of Satsuma. These suspicions Keiki stated to his councilors as follows: "Why has the policy of the court altered thus in the last few days? There must be some one who, in order to succeed in a plot, is misleading the young emperor." He therefore abandoned Kyoto and went to Osaka, because, in the opinion of his friends, "it was better to take possession of this, the neck (key) of Kyoto, than to fall into the trap that was being laid for them." But this was apparently "a fatal move," because the new men thus had it all their own way in Kyoto.

Now, however, the new administration was in financial straits. As the imperial councilors put it, "although the imperial family is now in possession of the government, it has no means of meeting its expenses. Tokugawa and other clans should be made to contribute." In order to render the *bakufu* revenues available, an attempt was made to conciliate Keiki. The princes of Owari and Echizen, both of the Tokugawa family, were sent to Osaka, to invite him to become one of the councilors of the new régime. He seemed willing to accept, but was persuaded by the advice of the warlike Aidzu and others to this effect: "The word of Bishiu [Owari] and Echizen cannot be relied upon; if you must go to Kyoto, we

will go with you, to die, if necessary, in your support." Another writer adds: "On this expedition, we will remove from the emperor his bad councilors, and try the issue with them by the sword."

Although the latter statement furnishes the pretext for this move, it was undoubtedly an unfortunate one. When the troops of the shogun marched on Kyoto, they were met at Fushimi by a large array, chiefly Satsuma and Choshiu men, but with an imperial prince as commander-in-chief and the imperial gold brocade banner in the van. Thus the shogun's men became technically rebels or traitors. They, however, excused themselves as follows: "Our prince is going to court by order of the Mikado; and, if you venture to obstruct his passage, he will force his way through." In a hard-fought battle of three days, the imperial troops were finally victorious. Keiki and his followers fled first to Osaka, then to Kobe, and embarked thence on the "Kaiyo Maru," one of their own war-vessels, for Yedo.

At this point we quote from the reminiscences[4] of one of Keiki's retainers: "Having been defeated at the battle of Fushimi, Keiki, with his prime minister, Itakura, and the princes of Aizu and Kuwana, took passage for Yedo. At this time, English warships seemed to act somewhat imprudently toward the ships of the *bakufu*. Therefore the refugees intended to change and get on a French war-vessel for protection. For this purpose a letter from the British minister (Sir Henry Parker) was delivered to them. But nothing happened during the voyage; the 'Kayo Maru,' war-vessel of the *bakufu*, brought the anxious passengers in safety to Yedo. The letter was afterwards read and found to run as follows: 'Please pity this poor ex-shogun.' "

The emperor now issued a proclamation by which Keiki and his followers were deprived of all their honors and dignities; and, according to one authority, the ex-shogun was ordered to commit *harakiri*. Griffis also states that one of Keiki's own ministers "earnestly begged him to commit *harakiri*, urging its necessity to preserve the honor of the Tokugawa clan. His exhortation being unsuccessful, the proposer solemnly opened his own bowels."

The emperor also sent to Yedo an army, named "army of chastisement," under an imperial prince, with not only the brocade banner but also a "sword of justice." Keiki, however, was now willing to follow the wise counsels of more peacable advisers like Katsu and Okubo, and to give up entirely any further contest. He therefore accepted the terms of a lenient decree and retired to

[4] Taiyo, June, 1901.

private life, first in Mito, where he was said to be "busily employed in composing Japanese poetry." Later he was permitted at his own request to retire to Shizuoka, where he remained in strict seclusion till 1899, when he returned to his old capital, called no longer Yedo but Tokyo.

If we confine ourselves strictly to the limits of our subject we should stop here and have nothing to say about Keiki after he retired from the shogunate. But as we have written some about his career before he became shogun, so we may refer briefly to his career as ex-shogun. In fact, there is little to be said. He has been living in the utmost seclusion; even in Tokyo he has avoided society and lived very quietly. His chief sports have been hunting and riding a bicycle. He had audience once of the late emperor, to whom he, formerly the actual administrator of the empire, paid his respects as a loyal subject. The ex-shogun represented the old feudal Japan, which has passed away never to return; the late emperor represented the new constitutional Japan which is developing in the most wonderful manner. In 1902, at the annual "poem meeting" or poetical symposium held in the imperial palace, Prince Tokugawa, as he is now called, was the official reader. In short, he has been living the simple life.

It is interesting to note the conflicting opinions concerning the character of the last of the shoguns. As he was a son of the leader of the anti-foreign party, he was generally considered by the foreigners of that time to be, by heredity, "a determined opponent of foreign intercourse"; but he turned out to be "most friendly to foreigners," and, as we have already seen, was very active and earnest in persuading the emperor to give his sanction to the treaties with foreign powers. He has been condemned by Griffis in *The Mikado's Empire*, on the "testimony of his best friends," as being fickle; but he has also been vigorously defended from that very charge by Black, Reed, Mossman, and other writers of that day, who picture him as an able and energetic man.

Although from the Japanese point of view Keiki was severely condemned, yet by Occidental standards he should be highly praised for refusing to commit *harakiri* after his defeat. As Mossman puts it, "instead, therefore, of abandoning himself to the fatalism of his race, he exerted his political foresight to review the position of affairs, and saw that an inevitable change had revolutionized the governing classes of Japan, through the influence of foreign intercourse."

With reference to Keiki's general character, ability and pur-

poses, it may be profitable to consider the opinion of a man of that day, as stated in his own book, *Young Japan,* in which Black says: "I always contended, and I maintain the same opinion to this day [1881], that, had Hitotsubashi [or Keiki] been allowed to work out his plans in his own way, we should have seen by this time quite as great an advance as we see to-day; and it would have been more sound and solid. There would have been no sanguinary revolution; and yet the Mikado would have been restored to the fullest powers. This had already been reported as a portion of his scheme. There would have been, long ere now, a representative assembly; and, as the country would not have been put to the heavy expenses incurred in the civil strife of 1868 and the Formosan expedition, there would not have been all the financial trouble that has been, is being, and will be increasingly, experienced in the empire. There would have been no Saga, no Satsuma, rebellions. It is most likely that the *daimyo* would have retained their princely names and been an acknowledged hereditary nobility: but arrangements would have been made by which they would have been relieved of the old feudal duties and responsibilities; for a standing army was a part of the Tycoon's design; and this would have involved, necessarily, a modification of the old relations between the *daimyo* and the ruler with regard to revenues."

In another place, Black writes as follows: "It is now sometimes alleged against him, that he was inert and even cowardly in the latter days. But he had, as I have just related, distinctly said that he would resign, if he had not the requisite support. That he was not originally either inactive or cowardly we may infer from the fact that he, of all others, had been selected as the guardian of the young Tycoon: and it is evident that, in this capacity, he soon realized the unmistakable fact, that, whether the making of treaties was right or wrong; and whether the Tycoon Iesada, or his representative the Go-Tairo, had or had not legitimately the power to enter into them, the deed was done, and the treaties must be maintained. We have seen how prominent a part he took in obtaining the Mikado's sanction; and up to the very last he was most true to all the engagements they imposed upon Japan. He initiated many reforms for which the present government obtains the credit; and whatever advantages there may be—and undoubtedly there are many—in having the government in its present shape, he had foreseen them and declared his hope of gradually bringing it about. It is my sincere belief that, had he been permitted to work in his own way, we should have seen Japan make as rapid

progress as she has made, without all the horrors of revolution and repeated outbreaks of internal strife that have occurred."

Now, these opinions of Black, who was a keen observer of that time, are entitled to some weight. At least, if the charge of fickleness is the worst that can be brought against Keiki, he was no more a sinner than most of his contemporaries. Even in ordinary, peaceful times, consistency is a jewel; and in revolutionary times, inconsistency is not a great crime. Keiki's mistake seems to have been the withdrawal of his resignation and his attempted return from Osaka to Kyoto. But he had reason to believe that Satsuma was working for the overthrow of Tokugawa and the establishment of a Satsuma dynasty of shoguns; while his own honest purpose was the abandonment of the whole system of a shogunate. In this complicated situation of affairs he was persuaded against his better judgment to pursue a course which placed him in a most unfortunate position and precipitated a civil war. But instead of condemning Keiki for one mistake, let us rather give all honor to the man who had the vision to see, and the wisdom to recognize, that he was the last of the shoguns.

THE PORTRAYAL OF CHRIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

[CONTINUED FROM THE JANUARY NUMBER.]

THE oldest Christian artist whose name has come down to us is Hermogenes, and he was reproached with having been influenced strongly by pagan ideas. This accusation was probably founded on fact, for there is no doubt that Christian art developed from pagan art, and there is no harm in recognizing that Christianity owes more to ancient paganism than the early Christians themselves were aware.

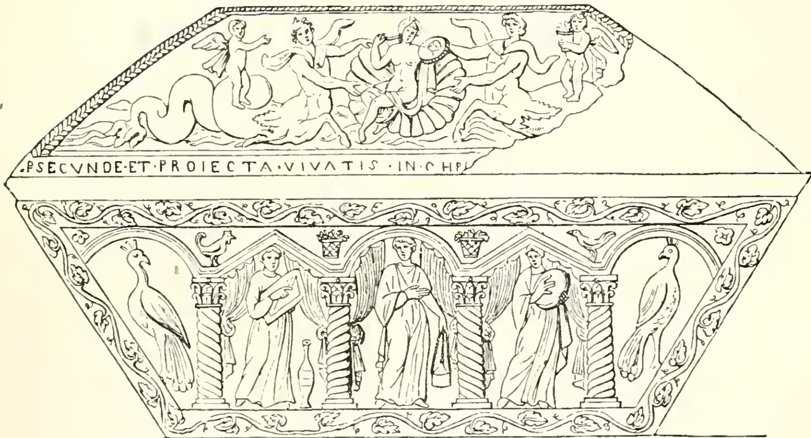
EROS AND PSYCHE TOGETHER WITH THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
Relief on a sarcophagus.

Paganism was in a state of decay. The common people knew little about Plato and Aristotle, and the better educated classes disappeared in the general deluge that swept away the classical civilization and gradually doomed it to oblivion. But some of the most beautiful ideas, such as forgiveness of evil-doers and the Logos conception, were saved from the shipwreck of Greek thought.

That in certain circles Christianity was adopted without any

antagonism to pagan traditions can be seen from the combination of pagan and Christian symbols which now and then occurs, the most interesting one being the representation of the Christian good shepherd placed side by side with Eros and Psyche, for this latter group is purely pagan and has never been adopted by Christianity. We must grant however that the good shepherd need not be Christian and has often served as a purely pagan picture. The most extreme syncretism appears in a box (possibly a wedding gift) ornamented with a portrait of Venus and the exhortation of the donor inscribed on the rim to enjoy wedded life in Christ.

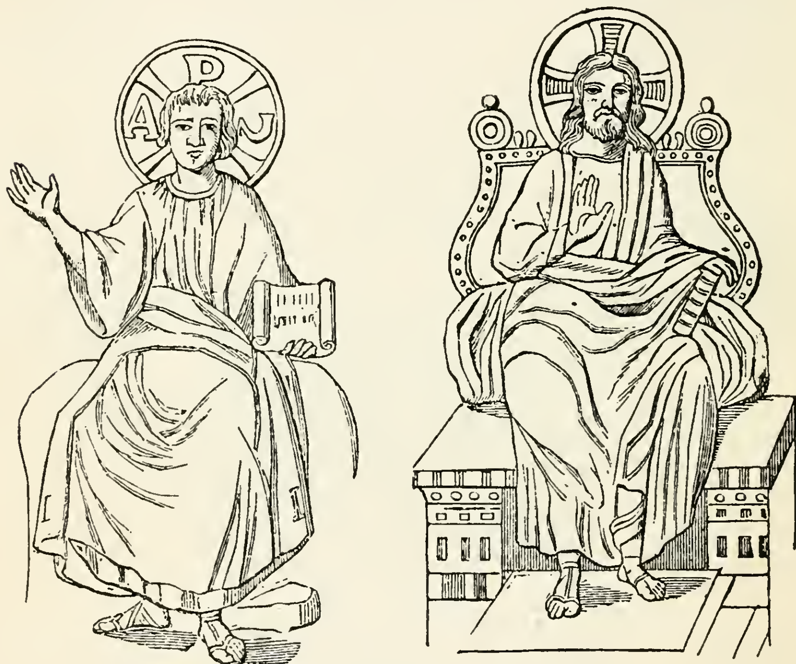
We must not think that Christians were from the beginning Christians pure and simple, or that they thought alike, or that all of



JEWEL CASKET IN THE DUKE OF BLACA'S COLLECTION.
Now in the British Museum. Showing syncretism between the old and new faiths.

them hated paganism. We believe that on the contrary with the exception of a very active minority, there were all shades of syncretism constituting all kinds of heresies and sects, mixtures with Egyptian, Syrian and Babylonian lores, with Mandaism, with Mithraism, with the baptizers, the creed of the disciples of St. John, with Sethites, with worshipers of Serapis and Isis, etc. It must have been an age of unrest, of a general fermentation, and few really knew what the outcome would be, but all this confusion was dominated by definite tendencies towards a belief in individual immortality, a dualistic world-conception, a rigorous monotheism, ethical views verging on asceticism, a purified worship without bloody sacrifice, and a hatred of polytheism. The old conceptions lingered with the people. Often the gods were not rejected but were regarded as

wicked demons; and in the same way many superstitions continued in a less virulent form. When the fear of idolatry began to abate and there came a general demand for a representation of Christ, Christian artists were for some time doubtful how to picture the features of Jesus. It was natural that they would not intentionally follow pagan prototypes, yet unconsciously they fashioned the Christ type after the traditional figures of pagan saviours, either by picturing representatives of light or eternal youth such as Apollo and Dionysos, or of vigorous manhood, such as Æsculapius or Zeus, and



THE TWO CHRIST TYPES CONTRASTED.
The one on the left from St. Aquilinus in Milan, on the right from St. Agatha of Ravenna.

the latter type proved the predetermined outcome. Nevertheless, the Christ type finally resulted in something entirely new, and had to be new in order to meet the demand, for there was a strong prejudice against pagan gods, which is evident from the story told by Theophanes[8] that in the year 454 the hand of an artist withered while using the head of a Zeus as a model for a picture of Christ. No doubt the Christians succeeded in creating a new and independent

[8] *Chron.*, I, ed. Bonn, 174.

type. While we need not deny this obvious truth, we may grant that they could not help utilizing their pagan traditions. The struggle lasted long, and at first wherever they produced an original type it possessed morbid features, the face of a consumptive or of a pathologically affected man.

It would seem as if the bearded type of Christ, as the lord, the king, the judge, which finally prevailed, was not formed after a classical prototype, but should be considered original and typically Christian. In the main this is quite true but not absolutely so, for even here we can trace the influence of classic art, or possibly a

JUPITER SERAPIS ON AN ETRUSCAN MIRROR.

return to it. Not only is there a similarity of this Christ type to the healer Æsculapius, but we find also a portrait of Jupiter Serapis on an Etruscan mirror in which the similarity to the bearded Christ type is quite apparent. Here in the face of Serapis there is even a slight suggestion of the pathological so common in Christ pictures. But we need not for the sake of a mere similarity insist on the theory that this Serapis type actually furnished Christian artists with the model for their Christ pictures, although this has been claimed even by some orthodox archeologists.[9] The similarity is rather an

[9] See Roscher, *s. v.* "Serapis," col. 380.

instance of the truth that everywhere the same or similar factors produce the same or similar results.

It is characteristic of the ancient paganism of Greece that it humanized its gods. The Christians, however, believed in a supernatural ideal, and so they attempted to produce a supernatural conception of Christ which in their opinion could be attained by exaggerating those traits of the human face and figure that showed symptoms of unearthliness and so appeared to them to be divinely significant. They elongated the features of the face, especially the nose, and the hands and in fact the whole figure; they enlarged the eyes, raised the eyebrows, let the hair fall down in long strands over the shoulders, took out every possible indication of gladness or

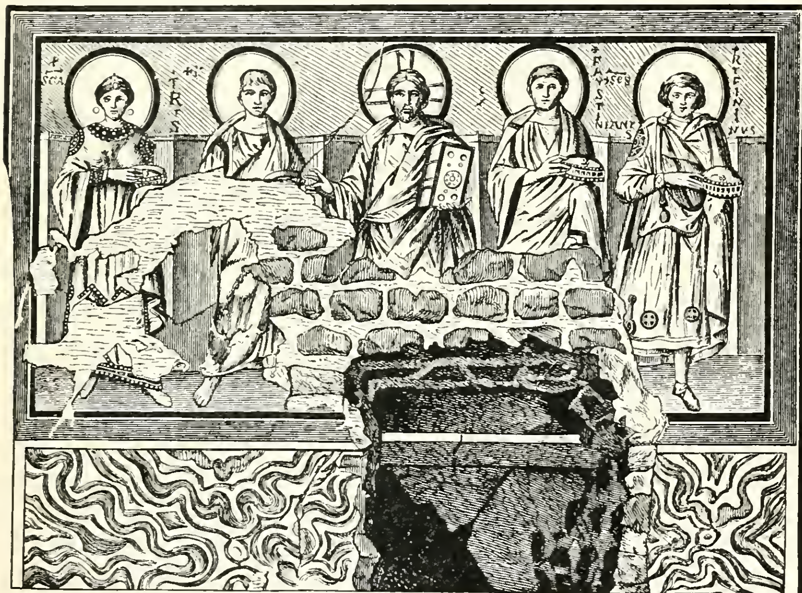
CHRIST HEAD IN ST. CALLISTUS.
After De Rossi.

CHRIST HEAD IN ST. GAUDIOSUS.
Naples.

human joy, and endowed this intendedly supernatural ideal with a disdain of worldliness and an awe-inspiring sternness, so as to deprive it of all sympathy. They intended to make Christ grand. However, what was meant to be supernatural degenerated into a morose expression and so the superhuman became morbid.

The head of Christ in the catacomb of St. Callistus discovered by De Rossi is a pronounced instance of this type. It found a parallel development in the Veronica portrayals, and was cultivated mainly in Byzantine art, the style of which did not find much favor in the Occidental church. The Christ head in St. Gaudiosus in Naples is of a similar character.

De Rossi discovered in his excavations between 1866 and 1869 a little chapel connected with the catacomb of St. Generosa ad Sextum Philippi which had lain concealed for centuries, and there he found a fresco of the bearded Christ seated with four saints. The age of the painting is difficult to determine, and for lovers of Christian art the temptation is strong to claim it as very old. The cemetery of St. Generosa contains the tombs of the brothers Simplicius and Faustinus, who were martyred under Diocletian (245-313). Might we not be justified in assuming that the fresco was made soon after the death of the martyred brothers? It is almost a pity that all the data of the history of the development of the Christ



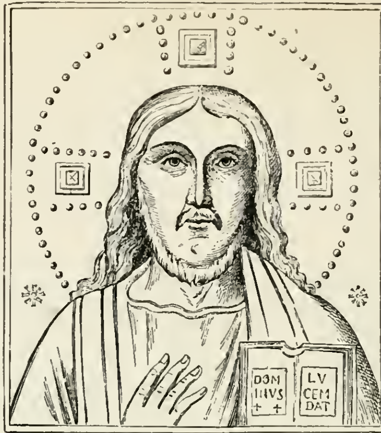
MURAL PAINTING IN THE CATACOMBS OF ST. GENEROSA.

picture militate against the supposition that it is older than the fifth century.

After Constantine Christ came more and more to be regarded as the conqueror and ruler of the world, and thus it was natural that in this period a new Christ type began to be developed in which the pathological feature became more and more subdued, and he appeared as a stern bearded man in the prime of life.

While symbolic representations of Christ and imaginary scenes of his life abound in the catacombs, we do not find portraits of Christ dating back much earlier than the fourth century, and then they show at once the later type. The oldest among them is prob-

ably the one in the catacomb of St. Callistus, and in various chapels of the catacombs we find types which show not so much the majestic



A HEAD OF CHRIST IN ST. PONTIANUS.
After Carucci, Plate 136.

king as the aweinspiring judge of the world, as, e. g., the two portraits in the Chapel of St. Pontianus.

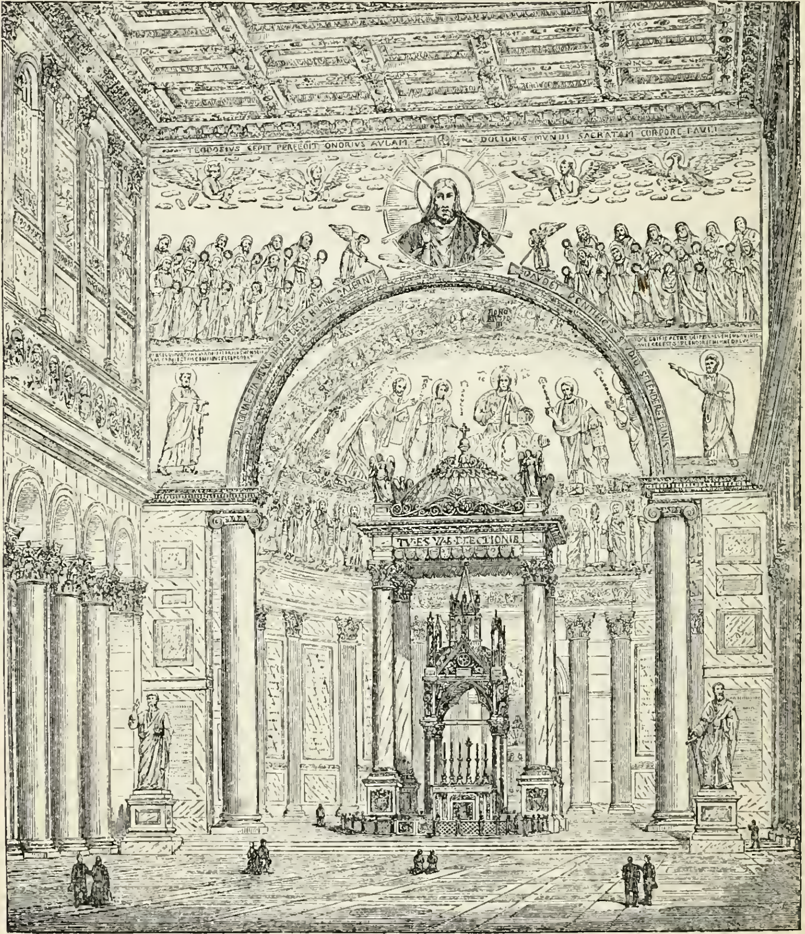
MOSAIC IN THE CHURCH OF SS. COSMAS AND DAMIAN.

In a mosaic in the church of SS. Cosmas and Damian and in the apse and above the arch of St. Paul Outside the Walls (both churches in Rome) Christ is represented as a full-grown man of

A NINTH CENTURY FRESCO IN ST. PONTIANUS.
From a photo.

majestic appearance and, especially in St. Paul's, he is the stern judge and not the gentle saviour.

The same church of St. Paul Outside the Walls contains another picture of Christ enthroned between saints which is most

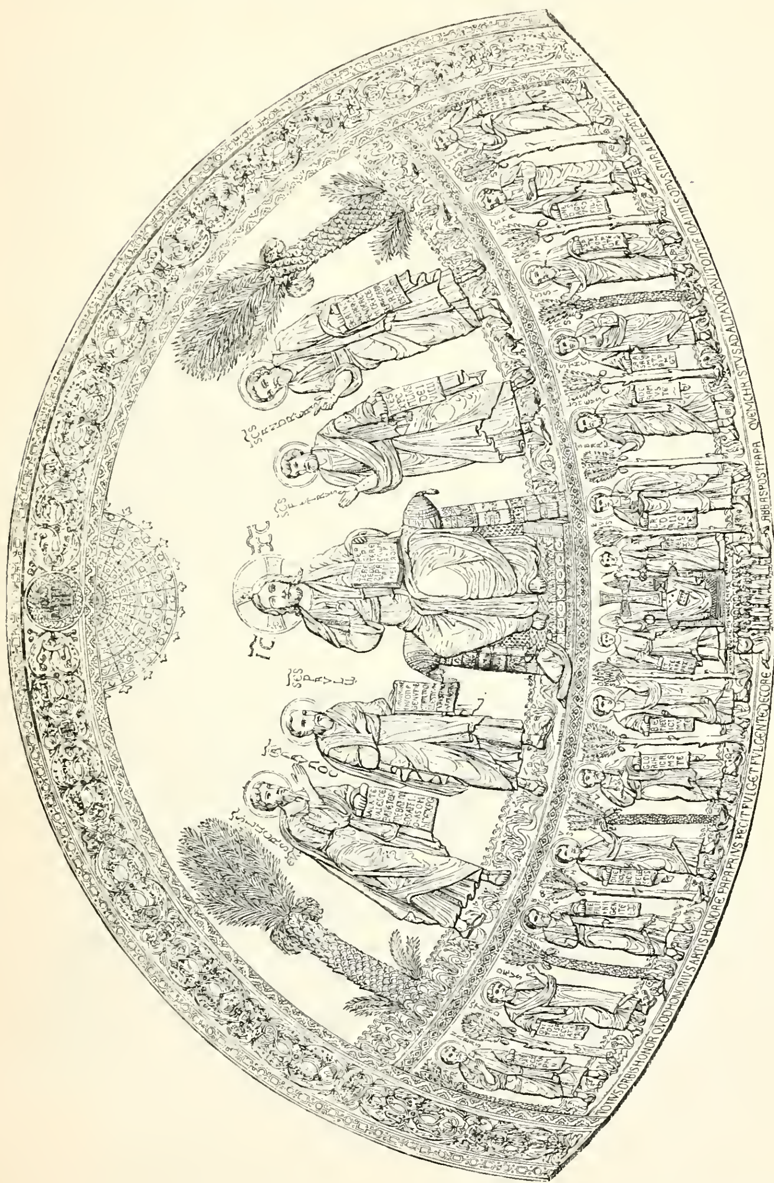


INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL OUTSIDE THE WALLS.
Showing the apse with the Christ picture in the center and another one above the arch.

artistically developed and possesses a dignity not often attained.

Among other pictures of the bearded Christ we will mention first the oldest representation of the last supper, picturing Christ with the eleven disciples, Judas having left, lying around a table

set with two fishes. The drawing here represented is made after an old mosaic in the new St. Apollinaris at Ravenna.



CHRIST ENTHRONED.
Mosaic in St. Paul Outside the Walls.

From the Christ pictures of the Greek church, we choose as one of the best and worthiest the mosaic on the portico of the church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, one of the few remnants which for

a long time escaped Turkish iconoclasm and which were copied by Salzenberg.[10] Christ is seated on a highly decorated throne in the

THE OLDEST PICTURE OF THE LAST SUPPER.
Mosaic in the "New" St. Apollinaris at Ravenna.

MOSAIC FROM ST. SOPHIA.

usual attitude as a teacher with three fingers raised. At each side of him a medallion is inserted, one of Mary on his right, and one

[10] Salzenberg, *Altchristliche Baudenkmäler von Constantinopel vom 5. bis 12. Jahrhundert,* Berlin, 1854.

AN IVORY MEDALLION OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

HEAD OF CHRIST FROM GEORGIA.

of the archangel Michael on his left. Before him kneels an emperor distinguished by a halo.

How generally this type has been imitated in the Greek church appears from a Christ picture, reproduced after Kondakoff from an original in Grusia (Georgia).

An interesting medallion carved in ivory is now preserved in the Museo Cristiano, which shows the bearded Christ with a round

MOSAIC IN THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. APOLLINARIS AT RAVENNA.

halo and a christogram on his head, the latter in an unusual form, a cross with a loop on top representing the Greek XP (i. e., Chr.). Boldetti was the first one to call attention to it, and De Rossi has determined its date to be near the end of the fourth century. Its place of provenience is supposed to be the catacombs of St. Domitilla.

Among other ivory reliefs which represent Christ personally without any attempt at symbolization is the carving on a piece of

AN IVORY RELIEF IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM.

ivory now preserved in Berlin. It shows Christ as a well-grown boy among the doctors in the temple. In the right corner we see Abraham warned by the angel not to sacrifice Isaac.

The bearded type remained the favorite Christ-conception in the eighth and ninth centuries, instances of which can be offered

MOSAIC OF THE BLESSING CHRIST.
Preserved in the Lateran.

in many of the best Christ portrayals although in many cases the morbidity of the features is not entirely absent. One of the most artistic and imposing among these Christ pictures is probably a mosaic in the new St. Apollinaris in Ravenna.

A more sympathetic mosaic is preserved in the Lateran. It

portrays the saviour in an attitude of benediction and characterizes him as gentle and benevolent.

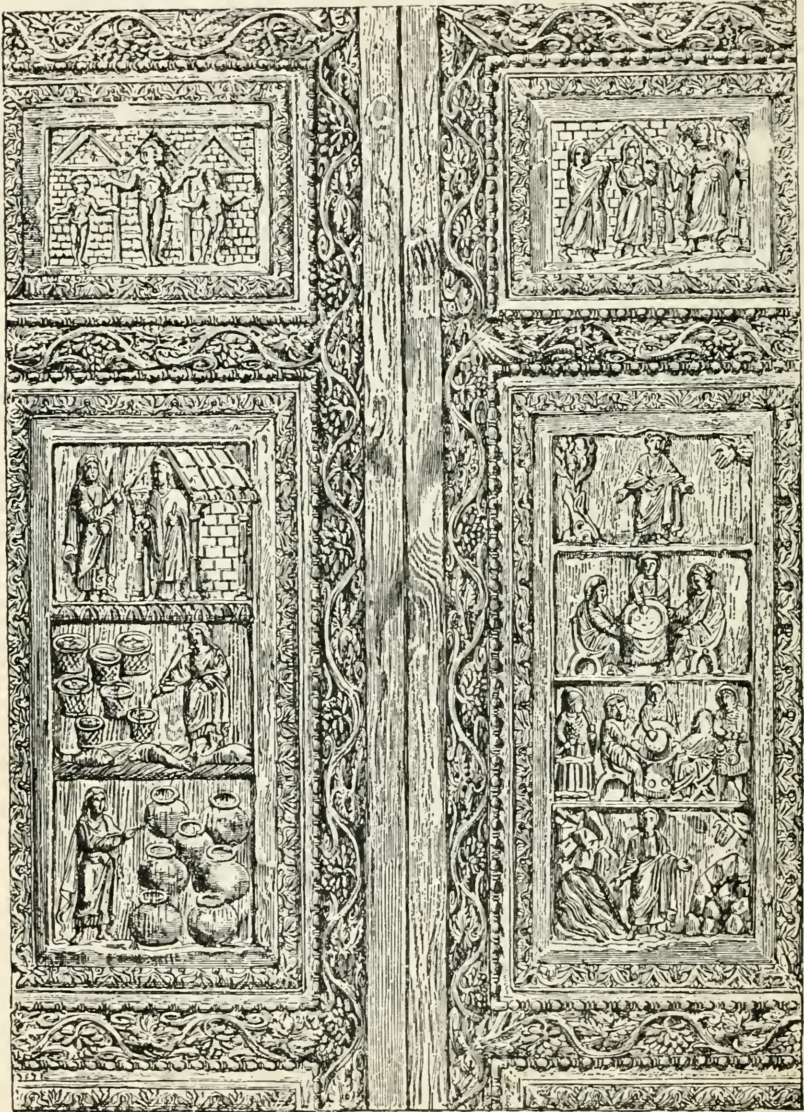
More morose, yet of much later date, is the Christ picture in a mosaic on the tomb of Emperor Otto II. Christ holds up his hand in benediction. St. Peter on the right side grasps three keys, an unusual number, while St. Paul holds in his right hand a burning candle and in his left a scroll.

The details of the Christ-conception were naturally subject to change according as the notions of the age changed with regard to

MOSAIC OF THE TOMB OF EMPEROR OTTO II.

the ideal type of mankind. Thus when the Teutonic race became predominant, when the powerful Goths and Lombards were still remembered and when German kings of the Frankish, the Saxon and the Swabian houses had been crowned emperors in Rome, Nicephorus Callistus (about 1333) described Jesus as having been seven feet high with golden yellow waving hair, dark eyebrows and an oval face of a delicately pink complexion. This description strongly resembles the Ravenna mosaics and kindred types of Christ for which the mighty northern conquerors may have furnished the models.

One phase in the development of the Christ type appears in a series of Biblical scenes on the doors of St. Sabina on the Aventine.



SOME DETAILS OF THE DOORS OF ST. SABINA.

Twenty-six of these represent the life of Jesus, thirteen portray his passion, and it should be noticed that the former ones show Christ

beardless as a youth with large eyes and a simple-minded face, with thick hair surrounding his forehead, but the Christ of the passion is a man of superhuman size with a thick beard and long hair falling down upon his shoulders.

Before Constantine Christian art had still been reluctant in the portrayal of Christ, but as soon as Christianity had become state religion of the empire all doubt disappeared. Henceforth the progress was rapid. Christ was not only represented freely in portraits but also in scenes of his life. Such illustrations may be dated from the end of the third century, and the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus in the middle of the fourth is the best known example extant.

A peculiar inversion of the general rule that the glorified Christ is represented by the bearded type while during life he is pictured

CRUCIFIXION ON THE DOORS OF ST. SABINA.

as a youth, is to be noted on a Dalmatica (about the year 800) which belonged to Charlemagne, the king of the Franks, and the first emperor of the restored Roman empire. The glorified Christ is seated surrounded by angels and saints, having the evangelists placed in the four quarters. Here he is represented as a youth of about twenty years or less, whereas in other scenes he appears as a bearded man. On either shoulder is found a picture of the Lord's Supper, which however is not an attempt at reconstructing history, but shows the ritual being administered after the fashion customary in the eighth and ninth centuries. On one shoulder Christ is seen handing out the wafers, while on the other shoulder he hands the cup to the communicants. On another place the scene of the children coming to Christ is represented.

The conception of Christ as a supernatural personality appears incidentally in the attribute of a magician's wand by which Christ

works his miracles. He does not carry the wand as a special distinction like a scepter or with any ostentation, but in raising Lazarus, in multiplying the loaves, in changing the water into wine, he performs the deed with a wand as a matter of course, and this wand never appears otherwise than incidental, because the

A DALMATICA OF CHARLEMAGNE.

main attribute by which he is distinguished is, as we have seen, the scroll.

This view of conceiving Christ as a magician constitutes only a transient phase, and so the wand disappears in later centuries and Christian archeologists therefore avoid calling attention to this peculiar phase so characteristic of the low grade of culture down

to the fifth century of the Christian era. Franz Xaver Kraus, for instance, never speaks of a wand but calls it the staff of omnipotence.

CHRIST RAISING LAZARUS.

THE WAND USED IN PERFORMING MIRACLES.

Christian ideas and traditions found their most religious and best interpreter in Fra Giovanni Beato Angelico da Fiesole, who because of his piety and religious devotion was most fit to produce

a portrait of Christ, and his art naturally appeared to his contemporaries as a true revelation of God. This artist was unique in the whole history of art because he lived only for religion, and his religion was an artistic presentation of the thoughts that moved him. He believed in the inspiration of himself. He never painted any other than religious subjects; he never took money for a picture, and never interrupted himself in a work that he had begun. He had no experience in worldly life but remained limited to the religious surroundings of his monkish habits, and thus we may regard as his chief defect an absence of certain realities of life with which he never became acquainted, as for instance the real pains of the suffering Christ or the individual features of his portrait as possessing a definite character. But his devotion is unsurpassed, and has not even been excelled by the divine genius of his greater successors, Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci or Titian, and the reason is that while the latter were artists, he was first of all and all through a devout believer, a simple and naive Christian. He knew nothing but his faith and had no other interest in life.

The worldly name of "Fra Angelico," as in an abbreviated form he was commonly called, was Guido da Pietro. He was born in 1387 at Vicchio in the district of Mugello. Together with his brother he joined the Dominican order at Fiesole. In his technique he was greatly influenced by the school of Siena, the religious character of which he deepened in a remarkable degree. In 1234 he took up his abode in the monastery of San Marco at Florence which had been donated to the Dominicans by the Medicis, and there he developed an unusual activity. In modern times the monastery has been changed into a museum, which is interesting to the traveler on account of the reminiscences preserved there not only of Fra Angelico but also of Savonarola. Here is the cell, still in its old condition, where the latter passed his last night before he was led to the fagots, and here the former has left most beautiful traces of his spirit in innumerable frescoes and oil paintings. Perhaps his most delicate works are his madonnas, but his Christ pictures too exhibit a remarkable depth of devotion, and we here reproduce two of them which deserve special attention. One shows Christ rising out of the tomb; the other, Christ as a pilgrim received by two friars of the Dominican order, which has made it one of its special duties to receive and entertain strangers in rememberance of Christ's saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

We reproduce this picture as frontispiece to the present number of *The Open Court.*

It was characteristic of Fra Angelico that when the pope de-

CHRIST RISING FROM THE TOMB.
By Fra Angelico.

sired to make him archbishop of Florence he refused the honor and recommended a brother of his order, Fra Antonio, for the office. The pope accepted his advice, and history reports that Antonio justified Fra Angelico's recommendation and the pope's

THE MARBLE STATUE OF CHRIST.
By Michelangelo.

confidence in his judgment. Fra Angelico died in Rome in 1455. The Catholic church has honored him with beatification, hence he is frequently called *Beato Angelico,* or even more simply, *Il Beato.*

Quite unique among the representations of Christ is a marble statue by Michelangelo which illustrates the now much neglected doctrine of Christ's descent to hell, so very important in the times of early Christianity. The ancient gods, among them the Babylonian Marduk, had gone down to the underworld to release the dead from their prison. There is reason to assume that in the dramatic performances which were customary in the days of paganism, the scene of the descent to the realm of death constituted the climax of the god's triumph. The gospel story echoes the same ideas. It still tells us that after the death of Jesus the saints left their graves and walked among the living. In this phase of his struggle Christ passed through the ordeal of death and like the gods of pre-Christian times he had to submit to the rules of the infernal regions. As Istar was deprived of all her ornaments and clothes in order to gain admittance to the realm of Allatu, Queen of the Land-of-no-return, so Christ was absolutely unclad, and Michelangelo did not shrink from the task of sculpturing him according to the traditional doctrine. Naturally Michelangelo's statue gave offence to later generations who no longer understood the artist's intention, and so the statue bears now a loin cloth made of thin sheet-iron.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WORD ABOUT GREEK WOMEN.

BY HESTER DONALDSON JENKINS.

TO one who has loved Greek art or literature or philosophy (and who has not been thralled by these?) there abides a fascination in the very word "Greek" and a charm in the land of Greece which even her genuine beauty alone could not evoke. So when I found myself teaching Greek girls among the other nationalities in Constantinople College, listening to their Greek tongue, looking on their occasionally classic features, and speaking their beautiful classic names, my heart was thrilled. Then, too, my first friends among the students were two Greek girls. One of them was extremely pretty, with a soft beauty that befitted an Ismene or some other lovely, unheroic classic figure. She had curly brown hair, with bronze lights in it, soft regular features, a delicate skin with now and then a lovely pink color, and a pretty habit of twining ivy or violets in her hair. All of our girls loved flowers and wore them in their hair, but the ivy seemed a peculiarly Greek decoration. Shortly before I arrived in Constantinople, the Greek students had given a modern Greek play in which were a number of songs, and I well remember how charmed I was when in the quiet scented evening the girls wandered about the garden, their arms intertwined, singing together these part songs.

The modern Greeks are not pure blooded in their descent from the ancients. Albanian, Slavic and other intermixture of blood has changed them considerably, so that to many visitors to their country they seem utterly unlike the Greeks of Periclean Athens or the Isles of Greece. But perhaps their heritage counts for more than at first glance we see. The language, corrupt, simplified and modernized, yet is the child of the ancient tongue, and all students learn the old Greek, and feel it as few of us westerners can. It is a musical language that they speak now, full of soft dentals and labials. In appearance, too, the classical heritage often manifests itself. I re-

member one girl who as an attendant in a Greek play was so like an early Greek statue in her classical robes that it was positively startling, while three or four of our students were of an Helenic beauty. As a class the women are strong-featured rather than pretty, with pale or dark complexions wholly without color, with dark, generally curly hair, rather short figures, and small hands and feet. The men look very much like Frenchmen. Although the Christian name Mary in its diminutive Marica is perhaps the commonest Greek name, the classical names are much in vogue. These are pronounced with full vowel and the stress on the penult, a pronunciation which came to sound much more beautiful to me than ours. Thus Antigone is Anti-gó-ne; Andromache, Andro-mách-e; Eurydice, Evry-thé-ke; Iphigenia, Iphe-gá-nia. Sometimes the names associated in our minds with goddesses and poets seem ridiculously misapplied, as when a mother calls her fat, gurgling baby Demos-thé-nes, or one discovers that Aphro-dé-te is an old hag. It was very interesting in the history classes to see the pride which the Greek students felt towards the history of ancient Greece, regarding it as their own. I have seen a Greek girl, in the presence of Armenians and Turks, swell visibly over some fine accomplishment of Athenian or Spartan.

One taste inherited from the ancients is a love of the drama. A group of commonplace Greek girls would be transformed by the performance of "Electra" or "Iphigenia." They have great dramatic ability and render a classical play with a nobility, beauty and fire that is amazing. I have never seen a dramatic performance anywhere that has moved me more or seemed more highly and seriously beautiful than "Antigone," given by the Greek Society of Constantinople College. In the other college plays, French and English, the Greek girls always took a prominent part. A year or two ago "As You Like It" was given out of doors on the beautiful new grounds of the college. Oriental girls are always unconscious in their acting, an English or American girl in the cast being noticeably self-conscious beside them. On this occasion there was a long stretch of sward to cross before the actors reached the stage, and the charm and unconsciousness with which they walked over the lawn was beautiful. The part of Rosalind was taken by a Greek named Marianthe. She was tall and slender, pale-skinned and auburn-haired, a lovely figure, and acted with grace and simplicity. A group of young American men who saw the play went home together in a boat, and one of them afterwards told me, "We men were not noisy, as fellows usually are after an entertainment, but

we all sat quietly in the boat saying little; when we got to the quay we found that we had all fallen in love with Marianthe."

The Greek people are divided geographically among Greece, the Greek Islands, and Turkey, those of the last named being largely descendants of the Byzantines who ruled the empire before the Turks conquered it. They are not generally a peasant people like the Bulgarians, but a race of traders, merchants and professional men. They are a people of clever brains, and gravitate naturally towards the cities and schools. Of course there are some farmers and peasants living the primitive life of centuries ago. I remember a peasant woman in a village near Delphi, dressed in bloomers, with a kerchief on her braided hair, working hard in her dark hut and filling up her spare time with spinning on a hand loom, twisting between her hard thumb and finger the wool that dropped from the spindle.

If one wishes to see the Greek peasant to advantage, he should go to Megara on Easter Tuesday, for on that holy day the peasants gather from a great distance, clad in gala dress, and join in folk dances. The dress of the women consists of a long, heavy, handwoven cotton gown, embroidered many inches deep in black and white or in bright colors. Over it is worn a jacket of broadcloth or flannel, embroidered in gold and colors. A kerchief on the hair, strings of beads about the throat, and red, tasseled shoes complete the costume. When a girl baby is born, the peasant mother commences to embroider her gala gown, which is ready for her when she is full grown. The Greek man wears generally the full white pleated skirt, red, turned-up shoes, embroidered jacket and modified fez, and is most picturesque, especially if he have fierce mustachios with his ballet costume. The folk dance, the Hora, is danced in a circle or long line, and is lively, full of stamping and leaping.

Independent Greece is scarcely a century old. Before 1826 it was a province of Turkey, a bare land harassed by brigands and guerillas, with miserable villages at intervals. Now it is a country of some cultivation and a fair number of comfortable towns and cities. The harbors of Patras and Pireus are bustling ports, and Athens is a beautiful, well-kept city. In building it the planners did not ignore the classical traditions, but followed Doric and Ionic styles in many of the public bulidings, so the University Street is a boulevard fronted with some fine, classical buildings, and the Via Cephissa is a charming road lined with porticoed houses in a beautiful classical style. The royal palaces of Athens are very plain and the hotels modern. It is of course a modern town, with public

gardens, shops, wide streets, medieval churches and comfortable residences. It suggests prosperity and progress. We once had a Greek student who had spent her life in a Turkish village. She loved Constantinople, but friends thought she should visit the Greek city. When she returned from a brief visit to Athens, we asked her eagerly about her impressions, the Acropolis, the ruins, the surrounding mountains. But she shook her head. They were beautiful, but she could scarcely notice them in face of her first modern city. It was a revelation to her to see clean streets, sidewalks, lighting at night, and people in the streets as though it were day, handsome houses and shops filled with beautiful things. One hears a good deal about the dissensions in Greek politics, and the financial instability of the country, but despite some drawbacks Greece has accomplished a great deal and has developed surprisingly. The Greeks have shown themselves eager to adopt western civilization and have made most creditable progress.

Greek students differ greatly in quality. We have had a number of girls who were in college because they were sent there by their parents, whose interests were mainly in fashion and society, and who did careless, poor work. These were mainly from rich families. On the other hand, some of our most brilliant students were Greeks, who always stood high, and with scarcely any effort easily outdistanced their classmates. I also recall two or three hard working, ambitious Greeks who obtained excellent marks by sheer industry. In my composition classes were two Greek girls, Euphrosy′-ne or Phroso as we called her, and Chrysanthe, who wrote English with remarkable ability. They both had large vocabularies, notably large in the classical words, and brilliant powers of observation and description, and their lively sense of humor made their compositions very good reading. The Greek girls who were good students excelled in philosophy and literature and in some kinds of science as well as in language work, but rare is the Oriental girl who applies herself to mathematics with any satisfaction. Both Phroso and Chrysanthe could versify amusingly in English and French.

A good many of the Greek graduates of Constantinople become teachers, and an increasingly large number are taking up nursing as a profession. The college is putting domestic science and nursing into the program to satisfy the growing desire of the Oriental women for self-support. Some years ago, before it could offer any such course, but when it inspired its graduates with a desire to work, one of its girls, Cleonike Clonari, went to Boston to study nursing. While in a hospital there she was noted by a Greek traveler who

eventually got her to come back to Athens as head of the Children's Hospital; and she has done a splendid work there, winning recognition from the queen and from the medical profession. Women in Athens have graduated from the Athenian University and have taken an important part in the educational work of the country. I know a number of very highly cultured Greek ladies, among whom was Princess Mavrocordato, wife of the then Greek minister to the Porte. She read and spoke English and French like a native, keeping up with both of those literatures, and was in touch with educational, political and literary movements throughout Europe. Among educated Greeks, French influence is great. Many Greek families speak French almost exclusively, read French novels to excess, have their clothes made in French establishments, dance French dances, name their daughters Helène and Madeleine and Marie, and send them to French Catholic schools. We feel that a wholesome American and English influence is very desirable for this class.

A Greek girl's marriage is a careful business arrangement made by her guardians; and woe unto the girl with no dowry! She may be as lovely as Helen and as faithful as Penelope and the best of housewives, but without a little dot that can go into her husband's business she can not hope to marry. Sometimes a girl is bargained for and sent to a distant husband, in which case the happiness of her marriage is very problematical. If she does not marry, a Greek girl of the lower class may become cook, or housemaid, or if better educated she may become a dressmaker, milliner, governess, companion, or school teacher, musician, or even a member of some "learned profession." I know one woman physician in Athens who has a fine practice as well as a city appointment. Greeks have most of the dressmaking and millinery establishments in Constantinople, owing to their natural taste. They also furnish a very large number of the servants of the city. These servants are often as independent as ours in America. One girl of a rich Greek family told me that their housemaid was leaving them, not because she had insufficient wages or over much work, but because, so she claimed, she didn't hear enough music in the house! There comes to my mind in contrast to this incident, a beautiful story of faithfulness in service. In a Greek household there was a maid Daphne, who was the special maid of the daughter of the house. When the latter married Daphne went with her to the new establishment. Children were born to the mother, and Daphne loved and tended them all. Then the mistress decided that the maid should marry, so she got her an

outfit of linen and arranged for a suitable husband. Just before the marriage was to take place, the husband of the mistress died, leaving his widow with small means and three children. Daphne immediately threw over her own prospects, and declaring she would never leave her beloved mistress, settled down to live the life of the latter in perfect devotion. When I knew her she was a middle-aged woman, doing the work of the family and seldom meeting the guests, but to the mistress a dearly loved friend and to the children a second mother.

The Greeks have a good many interesting religious and social customs. Let me tell you of a visit I made to a Greek bride at the New Year's season. Elisávet lived in a village on the Marmora, a suburb of Constantinople. Her husband had a comfortable two-story house set in a pretty, flower-filled garden. The house was furnished in characteristic fashion. There were thick, bright rugs on all the floors, a brown porcelain stove in the living room, and a shining copper brazier in the parlor, while the bed-rooms were not heated. Long divans or benches covered with rugs and cushions ran along the sides of the rooms. The parlor contained some gay plush furniture and was adorned with pictures and wax flowers. There were pots of growing flowers in the sunny windows. The last day of the year we spent largely in making the great New Year's cake, which every Greek family makes of flour and milk, honey and nuts and other ingredients. When one huge cake and many smaller ones had been mixed, it was all sent to the public oven to be baked. It is considered a suitable attention to send small cakes or pieces of cake to one's friends and neighbors, so a rapid exchange is carried on late in the day, each person giving and receiving cake made according to the same recipe, and baked in the same oven! In the cake that is reserved for home consumption a coin is placed that will bring luck to the one who finds it in his piece.

Our New Year's feast was a fine one, for my host was an epicure. We had fruits from Smyrna, mullet stuffed with pine nuts and raisins, sweets and pickles from Cæsarea, and a sort of Greek cocktail, and finally the cake. How we commended the cake, the first the bride had ever made, and how eagerly we looked for the silver piaster that was to bring luck, and how pleased we felt when the beaming bridegroom found it in his piece! It was a merry occasion, the more so because of the New Year's gifts, for it is at New Year's rather then Christmas that the Greeks exchange presents. The bride was gladdened by a diamond brooch, the host's

brother received a watch chain, and the maid was suitably remembered by both master and mistress.

While we were still at the table we heard singing outside, and my host said, "Here come the lanterns of St. Nicholas." So we went to the window and looked out on the boys carrying paper lanterns representing houses or boats or churches, while the boys sang a doleful song about St. Nicholas and waited for coppers. The expansive groom gave them several pennies, and they moved on to the next house. We saw a good many lantern-bearers that evening.

In the morning we arose early, for the bride and groom must attend the first mass of the year together. Elisávet wore her diamond brooch and her best furs, and the groom was resplendent in new clothes and a bright tie. After the mass came a most curious ceremony known as "swimming for the cross," a ceremony that takes place all along the shores of the Marmora and Bosphorus wherever there is a Greek orthodox church, and doubtless all over the Greek country. It was about seven o'clock of a January morning when we made our way to the seashore, following the congregation of the church we had just attended. We took good places on the long dock whence we could see both water and shore. On the shore, sitting in some boats, were six or eight brawny Greek youths. naked but for swimming trunks and sweaters thrown over their shoulders. They were shivering in the frosty air, or sparring with one another to keep up their circulation. Presently down the street came a procession of priests, their robes and long black hair fluttering in the keen winter wind, holding aloft a banner and a huge metal cross. These priests embarked in a little boat and pushed into the water. The waiting boys threw off their wraps and stood tensely waiting. At a given moment a gun was fired from the little boat, and a tall priest, standing upright, hurled the cross into the water. Instantly the boys were off, each swimming at his topmost speed towards the priests' boat. Their muscles swelled and rippled, as they spurted through the waves, and plunged into the deep water. Suddenly a shout went up as one of the divers emerged holding high the cross. That day the successful swimmer was the hero of his village; he could eat or drink freely at any restaurant or wine shop. He took up a collection of silver coin wherever he went, and the water from his wet garments was wrung out and saved to be used as holy water by the priests. The Greek ceremonies for Holy Week and Easter in Athens are one of my interesting memories, but an account of them would take us too far from the subject to be related here.

There is a strong strain of sentimentality in Greek girls. They

take ardent fancies to each other and to teachers, and revel in emotionality. When I entered Constantinople College, I found the subfreshman class in English reading Irving's *Sketch Book*. After we had finished the better known sketches, I turned to "Rural Funerals." To my dismay several girls wept in the class, and one of them said to me with pride, "I have a right to cry, my little brother died." So when they requested to read next, "The Broken Heart" I sternly declined and sought a less lachrymose subject. In cases of illness and death they regard it as a sign of respect and proper feeling to make a great outcry, sometimes throwing themselves on the floor and screaming. A Christian funeral is rather a dreadful thing to see in the Orient. The corpse is carried through the streets in an uncovered box, the dead face staring at the sky, and one may even encounter the gruesome sight of a dead girl sitting upright in her chair on her way to the grave. Forty days after the funeral there is a second service of commemoration with a visit to the grave, and all the family and friends tear open their wounds afresh, weeping and exclaiming, "Oh, but she was a lovely girl, such a girl! How can we live without her! Oh Electra!" until we wonder how they stand it at all. I say, a Christian funeral is a dreadful thing, for a Moslem funeral is much quieter and more restrained than a Greek or Armenian funeral, and the Moslems say that one who believes in immortality should not grieve actively. Of course they are not able to live up to this ideal, but the fact that it is an ideal shames the Christians, whose faith in a future life seems less real. The Moslem, naturally, does not wear mourning, but the Oriental Christians not only shroud themselves in waves of crape, but tie up their picture frames and their plush furniture and their mirrors in black, making their houses places of dread. Little girls losing relatives whom they have never known are put into dead black, and for months and even years after a death a family lives in an atmosphere of crape.

In connection with death a curious custom has sprung up of concealing a death from a relative until a convenient season. Let me give some instances of this. Dora, one of our students, lost her father who had lived in Russia. His death was in the paper, so that the other girls saw it, but they did not tell her. Her mother had written her that her father was ill, but when he died she wrote Dora that he had recovered. Dora was relieved, but when she never heard from him she began to be anxious again. She moved about among girls, many of whom were in black, her pink dress looking odd to us who knew, and her little face growing more and more strained. At

length school was over, and she was told that her parents had come for her. An uncle called at the college for her. She cried, "My father! I fear he is dead!" But he replied soothingly, "No indeed, he is at the boat." So she went to the boat with him, where she saw her mother in deep mourning and learned the truth. This custom worked badly, for whenever a girl did not hear from her family for some time she was sure some one was dead; but we could never make the families see the unwisdom of it. One amusing incident connected with this custom was the speech of a Greek serving woman to her mistress, "My husband is so thoughtful; he is at Erenkeuy, my old home, and he writes me that there have been a great many deaths there this winter, but he will not tell me who they are for fear of worrying me." The most cruel case I ever knew was of an old woman who was allowed to sell her few goods and go to America to live with a son who had been dead some months. We once had a Greek teacher who was living a strange lie. Her sister had left home because of illness and had gone to visit a married sister, at whose house she died. The mother had a weak heart, and the daughters thought it would kill her to know of Sappho's death. So they told her Sappho was getting better, and every week the married sister wrote to her in Sappho's name. Our teacher wore mourning when in college, but every night on her way home she went into a neighbor's house and put on colors to appear before her mother. I asked her how long she expected to keep up the deceit and she replied, her plain face lighting with a loving look, "As long as Mama lives, for she could not bear to know."

Greek women are interesting and lovable, and knowing them was one of the pleasures of living in the Orient.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE FARM-YARD.

BY PHILIP E. B. JOURDAIN.

> Observe the hen, the cat, the cow,
> The little pig, the greater sow,
> And you will promptly see
> That each is like some one we know,
> As You-know-who or So-and-so
> (I don't mean you or me).

"IT is unfortunate," said the March Hare, "that the animals in that farm-yard are so like human beings."

"You mean that it is unfortunate that human beings are like *them*," said I.

"That would appear not only to be implied by what I said, but to be tautological," replied the March Hare briskly; "for to assert that A is in some respect like B is surely the same thing as to assert that B is in that respect like A."

There was a brief silence. We were sitting on a sunny bank from which we could see, far below, a farm-yard. A Cock, several Hens, and Pigs could be seen, leisurely feeding or sleeping. The time was mid-afternoon. The March Hare continued:

"Adam Smith's remark applies just as much to fowls as to people. You remember it? 'Speculative systems have, in all ages of the world, been embraced upon evidence which would not have determined the judgment of a man of common sense in a matter of the smallest pecuniary interest.' A year or so ago it was pragmatism; now it is Bergsonianism."

"But how does that affect the farm-yard?" asked I.

"I don't say that it does, " replied the March Hare, "What I mean is that it *did* at one time, and I wonder if, and expect that, on no better grounds than I wonder if, and expect that, the sun will rise to-morrow, it will do so again."

"How did it?" I inquired.

"Don't you know how pragmatism came to and went from the farm-yard?" asked the March Hare; and without waiting for a reply he told me the story of

THE FATE OF THE PRAGMATIC COCK.

"The Cock used to be a Kantian and, impelled by the categorical imperative, used to get up at an early and unpleasant hour every morning and wake up the rest of the farm-yard by his crowing. This habit survived his study of Hegel. But, alas, one day in June there came to stay at the farm-house, for part of the long vacation, two Dons from Oxford, one of whom was a shining light of pragmatism. The Cock overheard some of the conversation between the two visitors, and became a convert to pragmatism. The result of the conversion was that the Cock, who was growing out of Kantianism and had ceased to believe in things-in-themselves, slid into believing, not like Mr. Rostand's Cock, that the sun could not rise without him, but that he created the sun. You see, as he gave up believing in things-in-themselves and was unchecked by science, he became a solipsist, and so, when he became convinced that the proposition "there is a sun" only began to be true when it has an influence on life, he concluded that there was no sun until he himself by his actions caused it to come into being. Thus the poor Cock fell into the same trap which Dr. Samual Johnson, in his misunderstanding of Berkeley, thought that Berkeley had fallen into.

"From this point onwards the Cock's downfall was rapid. Since, so the Cock argued, there were no other people really, he only created the sun for his own pleasure; and since more pleasure seemed to him to be gained by resting longer in the morning, the Cock omitted to crow. He felt a momentary surprise when he saw the sun shining as brightly as ever when he awoke next morning, and was far from convinced when a neighboring Cock, who was also a pragmatist, informed him that the reason the sun had risen that morning was because *he* had created it. Awkward reflections crowded in upon our hero's mind. If two people created the *same* object, he would have to be a realist to explain that phenomenon, and realism must be avoided at all costs. But, further, realism would seem to militate against ideas of creation by the mind of anything. All this was most perplexing.

"But the Cock persevered and still refused to get up early in the mornings. So in the end the Farmer killed the Cock on the ground that it was the part of a Cock to crow early in the morning.

In this the Farmer acted quite as justly as that Mayor of Basel, who, in the fifteenth century, condemned a Cock to be burnt at the stake because he so far departed from the true business of a Cock as to lay an egg.

"Now, a pragmatist would hardly maintain that death was a good for any Cock; and so even the would-be pragmatists of the farm-yard were forced to believe that the proposition "the sun rises" is true. And perhaps that is why there have been no more pragmatists in that farm-yard."

The March Hare stopped. Down below, the Farmer, on his way to drive the Cows home to be milked, paused at the farm-yard gate, and with unlighted pipe between his teeth, surveyed his live-stock with apparent satisfaction for some time. Then he turned away and resumed his walk, thinking of markets and the price of barley-meal. As he walked absent-mindedly he caught his foot in a rake which was lying on the ground. Down he went, and hurt himself badly, judging from his loud and irrelevant exclamations.

He was a short distance from the farm-yard, so he did not startle the Hens much. One Hen who was near the gate showed a slight and transient alarm, but the others remained indifferent.

"Did you see any of the Fowls smile?" asked the March Hare.

"Certainly not," said I. "I thought their conduct most well-bred, though perhaps rather too indifferent."

"Then," said the March Hare, "you see that Bergsonianism has not yet made much progress in the farm-yard."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why, M. Bergson tells us that the falling down of a man is a laughable thing. We laugh at those things, and at those things only, which are evidence that things are being enacted in a mechanical way by living people. Stretching out one's hand to grasp a pen which is not there is laughable. So is walking without thought, like an automaton, and consequently tripping over something. Of course, though, the Hens may not have laughed because they had gone beyond Bergson and become more consistent."

"Yes?" I queried, as the March Hare paused.

"M. Bergson holds that things only begin to be funny when they are something like human beings—a freak carrot, for instance; and yet that human beings become funny when they behave like automata."

* * *

"I suppose," said the March Hare, "that Bergsonianism is attractive to many people because it persuades them that they have

the power to do things that, logically speaking, they cannot. Thus, a well-known scientific man[1] said that arithmetical laws can be disproved by certain experiments which are roughly described by some such phrase as 'two things coalesce into one.' Then, too, some people who have good digestions like to think that they are continually creating something, and can exercise free-will. And they often think they can take credit for actions which are really determined. Have you ever heard of the first convert to Bergsonianism in the farm-yard?"

"No," said I. So then the March Hare told me the story of

THE BERGSONIAN HEN.

"It was the season when normally constituted Hens actually prefer to sit for about three weeks at a time on some eggs instead of pursuing the fleeting joys of the farm-yard. A Hen of my acquaintance was thus sitting in a stuffy hen-house with a somewhat expressionless face, taking great credit to herself for sitting in a stuffy atmosphere where duty called her. The truth was she couldn't help obeying the command of Nature, and rather enjoyed the stuffiness.

"The hen-house was rather stuffier than usual. In fact, a fire had been burning the house down and had nearly reached the old Hen.

"'If this goes on much longer,' said she, 'I shall really have to get up and open a window! My nostrils always were so quick to detect any stuffy smell or....' (sniff, sniff) '....Was that something burning?' But nobody answered: all the others had been stifled with the smoke and burnt long ago.

"The Farmer gave her a grand burial, and a tombstone set forth her virtues. "She died," it said, "at the post of duty." And a hollow glass hemisphere winked at the sun above her bones and protected some artificial flowers from the great enemy of hen-kind —fresh air. It was all just as she would have wished.

"And the rest of the farm-yard said, with a smile: 'So that

[1] Sir Oliver Lodge says, on page 292 of his paper on "Balfour and Bergson" in the number of the *Hibbert Journal* for January, 1912 (Vol. X, pp. 290-307): "....I would contend that whereas the proposition that one added to one makes two is abstractedly beneath controversy, it need not be true for the addition of concrete things. It is not true for two globules of mercury, for instance, nor for a couple of colliding stars; not true for a pint of water added to a pint of oil of vitriol, nor for nitric oxide added to oxigen, nor for the ingredients of an explosive mixture; not necessarily true, either, for snakes in a cage, or for capital invested in a business concern, flourishing or otherwise; nor is it true, save in a temporary manner, for a couple of trout added to a pond. Life can ridicule arithmetic."

palmist she consulted *was* right after all: she wasn't boiled, but roasted!' "

* * *

"Is there any connection between Bergsonianism and sham?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so," said the March Hare. "You see, if people get into the way of thinking that they deserve credit for things which they can't help doing, or that they create the things that they merely discover—like the Hen who discovered the egg—.... Do you know the story?"

"No," said I.

"The story of

THE DISCOVERED EGG.

rather reminds one of the re-discovery of pragmatism, in some ways," remarked the March Hare reflectively, and paused, with rather a bitter smile on his clever brown face. "However, here it is:

"Once upon a time there was a dear old Hen, who had a great grief. Although she had eaten the Farmer's barley-meal, Indian corn and flower-seeds for fifteen years (so the gossips said), she had never yet succeeded in laying an egg. This unfulfilled moral obligation was a source of great sadness to her; not of complaint, for of course she was far too delicate (in feeling, not flesh) to touch upon such subjects in public.

"But, besides this, there was the minor consideration that, if her secret were discovered by the Farmer—well, though unfitted for roasting (I have already remarked that she had seen fifteen summers), she might yet make a digestible, though unpalatable, dish after being boiled for several hours.

"Now, one frosty morning our heroine put on her dolman, the bonnet trimmed with jet, and the brooch containing a colored cabinet photograph of her late husband, and went for a constitutional round the yard. Soon she espied, lying in a corner, an unclaimed egg. Quick as thought, she glanced behind her, thereby causing every one who saw her faded charms to look the other way, sprang on the egg with an agility surprising in a bird of her years, and settled down on it with a resigned expression of countenance, just as the Cock, with hesitating, fussy gait, and talking loudly to himself, came by.

"When she judged the egg to be sufficiently warm, she leaped

up, cackling loudly, so as to announce to all that she had laid an egg.

"But, alas, instead of the laudatory crow, she heard the crow of derision; instead of the henpeck of envy, she received the henpeck of malice and all uncharitableness; *for the egg was pottery.*"

* * *

The next morning, so greatly had my interest in the inhabitants of the farm-yard grown, I got up to see the Fowls have breakfast. Again I met the March Hare, and I sat down by him on the hillock, expecting some more reflections of a philosophical nature.

Soon, into the silent and deserted yard—the Fowls were still shut up—came the Farmer bearing a bucket of steaming barley-meal. Having filled a long iron trough with the meal, he unlatched the Fowls' bedroom door. There poured out a stream of noisy, hungry, struggling birds. They quickly gobbled their breakfast and, with a lazy and yet business-like air, turned away to find something else to eat, uttering happy noises of repletion.

Their philosophical standpoint seemed to me to be simply hedonistic, but the March Hare gave it a more subtle interpretation.

"The majority of those Hens," said the March Hare, "are Spring Chickens, and were hatched at various times from January to May. It is now July, so that the January Chickens are only just about ready to be killed. None of them, however, has yet been killed. The laying Hens have, of course, seen or heard deaths last year; but the memories of Hens are notoriously bad, and the memories of the aged Hens are nearly as impaired by time as the memories of the 'oldest inhabitants' of villages. Thus all the Hens firmly believe in the uniformity of nature; that is to say, they believe that the Farmer will continue to feed them punctually and indefinitely. Now...."

The March Hare broke off. The Farmer had again entered the yard, separated one of the January Chickens from her numerous aunts and sisters, and, with a few deft movements, wrung her neck. There was not much noise; but a few Hens glanced up at the operation, and even allowed the more callous and greedy ones to snatch, unrebuked, choice morsels from under their feet. But the new young Cock was more affected. He was just crowing "Cock-a-doodle—....," and stopped just before the "-doo"! He, too, had hitherto believed in the uniformity of nature, and this occurrence was a great blow to him....He would have to readjust his philosophical standpoint. There was one one bright star in the firma-

ment of his disappointment: When he had reconstructed his philosophy, although he was precluded from writing a book about it, he could at least give a course of lectures to the Hens.

What happened I heard later from the March Hare. Fortunately the Cock, though he was neither an ascetic nor a monogamist, was of a deeply religious temperament. That Cock would have delighted M. Bergson: he was full of *élan vitale* and he was constructive without being at all critical. The Hens were neither constructive nor critical, so the lectures were a great success.

The gist of the lectures was this: The Farmer was Providence; and this was proved, firstly, by the powerful argument from design afforded by the wonderful principle of the uniformity of nature; and, secondly, by ocular proof that the Farmer could, on occasion, break this principle.

So, from that time on, the Farmer was treated with a new respect by the hens when he came to feed them; or rather he would have been so treated if the Hens were not so hungry.

And after being thus worshiped by implication—so to speak—as Providence, the Farmer would go indoors, where he was usually greeted by the affliction of some complaining remarks from his wife's acid tongue. His wife was an invalid, and described herself as "afflicted by Providence."

* * *

"Talking of Optimism and Pessimism," said the March Hare; "I must tell you the story of

"THE OPTIMISTIC BULL-DOG.

"Once I knew a Bull-dog. He was brindled, very ugly, and good-tempered; he had a heart over-flowing with affection for every one, and took a cheerful view of life. He would see some children playing in the road, and would merrily waddle among them, wearing a large smile, and you could imagine him saying, rather breathlessly, and mopping his forehead with a rather loud handkerchief: 'Now children, is there room for your old uncle? Not so old, though, but that he can. . . .'

"But the children fled with shrieks of terror.

"There are few sadder thoughts than the thought of certain kinds of optimism. But the Bull-dog did not need pity, for he never seemed to feel these rebuffs. Perhaps he was rather stupid, and perhaps that was why he was an optimist."

"I wouldn't object to people being optimists," continued the

March Hare after a pause, "if they didn't nearly always consider it to be a merit on their parts. Pessimists sometimes, but not quite so often, consider pessimism a merit.... Some people are so generous about overlooking the character of their actions and giving them good 'characters.' They act towards their actions, like unconscientious mistresses towards dishonest servants of whom they are anxious to get rid."

The March Hare seemed lost in reverie. Milking-time was drawing near, and a member of the advance-guard of Cows returning to the farm-yard stopped and looked over the gate.

The Cow had a face like those women whom one calls "clean and respectable." She hardly merited the whole of this description, but she was certainly respectable—from lack of opportunity, once said a spiteful and rakish Cock.

The Parrot in the sitting-room window began to quote largely from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*; and the Cow gave a wan smile and remarked, in a deprecating tone, to the farm-yard:

"Law, how he do talk; I've never had much time for readin' myself, what with one thing and another, and doin' for my 'usband and children...."

But the old Sow interrupted her, poking her nose through the lower gate and saying, in a shrill monotone, and with a strong Dorset accent:

"Children! Be ye tarken to I 'bout children? I've had thirty children a year for the last dree years and I be Darset barn and Darset bred, and so was vaither and mother!

"Yes, and nary a one of em what's living can say a word agin I. I've brought em up *prapper*, I have," she added aggressively, and then turned to one of her troublesome off-spring:

"Now then, Jarge, what be you doing, pulling of me skirts. I'll teach ye manners!" and she seized him neatly by the back, and bit him, so that he died.

* * *

"That illustrates what I said about people's generosity," said the March Hare sardonically, "even better than the story of

THE CONSCIENTIOUS HEN

that I was going to tell you."

"Do tell it," said I.

"It also illustrates the fact that that sort of generosity, though it obviously increases self-esteem, does not always tend to happiness."

The March Hare paused for an instant and then began:

"'I've not had a minute's peace since these blessed motors were invented,' said the Hen untruthfully, as she fluffed out her feathers in her comfortable sand-bath on the sunny side of the hedge; 'why, cr-r-r-k! if here isn't another of 'em!'

"And, cackling loudly, she snatched up her reticule and rushed from her place of safety to the nearest point of danger, and perished."

* * *

"Has all this anything to do with pragmatism or Bergsonianism, do you think?" I asked.

"Well," said the March Hare, "when people lay greater importance on practical conduct than on the conduct of the intellect, on what they call 'intuition,' than reason, and have rather loose ideas on the meaning of truth, it seems to me that apparent advisability must come to be more highly esteemed than logical or even ethical permissibility."

"You spoke of 'intuition' just now," said I. "Doesn't that sound rather Kantian?"

"Yes, but Bergsonianism is radically opposed to the old intellectualism of Kant."

Just then the Turkey-Cock came slowly by. He was making that sort of noise that people usually describe as "gobbling"; what he really was saying was "Categorical, categorical." A Duckling ran between his legs after some morsel that looked good to eat, without showing the slightest reverence for the Turkey-Cock.

"Nobody respects the old Kantian Turkey-Cock now," continued the March Hare. "Apparently Bergsonianism has already got a hold on the Ducks."

A comparatively young Duck came waddling by, and overheard the last words. "Ah, that *dear* M. Bergson!" said she. "Isn't it nice to think that intuition—'woman's triple intuition' as *dear* Rudyard Kipling calls it—carries us *so* much farther than the intellect!"

The March Hare gave a cynical smile, looked at the Duck's retreating form, and said: "She has gone to wait for the Cock, for whom she has conceived a passion based on her new philosophy. She does not pretend indifference as Hens do." This reminded the March Hare of something, and soon he went on:

"One spring, many ladies used to wear nearly entire Cocks on their hats. Somebody I knew wore a hat like this, and she used to write for hours out of doors just behind a privet hedge little

more than four feet high. The hat had a most ludicrous appearance when viewed from the other side of the hedge. A Cock of unknown breed and strange attitude seemed to move slowly backwards and forwards along a path about six inches long on the top of the hedge.

"I was puzzled at first by observing that, every fine morning, the Hens from a farm-yard across the road gathered in a sort of *queue* at the garden-gate of my friend's house, waiting for the gate to open. At least the older Hens waited. The younger Hens gave their well-known scuffling jump to the top of the wall, and a scuffling jump down on the other side,—but without making the customary useless noises.

"One day I determined to solve the mystery. I went in at the gate, carefully closing it behind me. I have no doubt that I was the means of causing great disappointment to many old Hens. But I have no doubt that they concealed their disappointment very well, as only Hens can.

"Dozens of the younger Hens were strolling about near the privet hedge, busily engaged in looking for food. My friend was hard at work writing on the other side of the hedge....

"Then I did a tactless thing. I sat down and roared with laughter. I was not close enough seriously to alarm the Hens, and they merely looked at me with some scorn and moved away indifferently, proclaiming in every motion that there were just as good pickings in places nowhere near the privet hedge. In this statement they were certainly correct."

* * *

We sat side by side, smoking and silent, for a long time. The sun set, and the Hens soon began of their own accord to go into their house to roost for the night. When they were all in, the dark and hardly distinguishable figure of the Farmer came out of the farm-house and shut the little door of the hen-house. Then a bright moon rose up above the trees. And then at last the March Hare spoke with a passionate earnestness:

"It makes me angry and sorry at the same time to see nearly everybody believing that he or she is creating something or hoping to create something. They talk of 'creative work,' 'constructive ideas,' and 'destructive' or 'negative' criticism, and get carried away by superficial analogies to building operations, all for this reason. They think that any one who points out that truth is not made by them, and that all they can do is uncreatively to discover things and label them, insults their powers. Criticism they dis-

parage, and, if they are polite and more or less well-educated, they call it 'merely analytic in the Kantian sense'; if they are less polite and less educated, they call it 'scholastic.' And yet criticism has exactly the same object as any other investigation: the discovery of truth. And some people persist in maintaining that criticism has about the same status as a personal remark...."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" came from the hen-house. The moon was very bright; so bright that many people would untruthfully call the landscape "as bright as day." The Cock seemed really to have trusted too much to his astronomy and mistaken the light of the moon for the light of the sun.

The March Hare seemed to be recalled to earth by the Cock's interruption. He sat down, and, after a short silence said bitterly:

"The pragmatists and Bergsonians hail what they think is a sun that they think they have made. It isn't a sun, and they haven't made it. Perhaps they will find both things out some day."

* * *

But I was engrossed with a more human problem. The crowing continued for some time, but soon the Cock stopped suddenly. I am sure that he felt that he had been making a fool of himself, and nothing is more heart-breaking than that, especially when it is as true as it usually is. I felt quite genuinely sorry for the Cock.

When, some hours later, the sun really did rise, there was no greeting crow. I was really seriously concerned about the Cock. Perhaps if he were removed to a new yard where nobody knew anything about him...., or perhaps if.... I nearly fell asleep with the exertion of making plans for the Cock's future.

But, as a matter of fact, the Cock was asleep until six in the morning.

Perhaps, after all, philosophy does not really have such a profound influence on our lives—even on the life of a Cock.

THE LAW'S DELAY.[1]

BY C. CROZAT CONVERSE.

THE law's delay is accentuated by the present obligatory use of dead legal terms and forms. Common sense exclaims: Let the dead legal terms bury their dead! Are they burying them? An indenture was originally a document having tooth-like notches in it. Present documents have none in them though called indentures. A New Jersey deed, and one of numerous other states, may read: "This indenture witnesseth," though not being an indenture. An acknowledgment of a New Jersey deed, not necessarily made before a lawyer, reads: "State of New Jersey, County of Bergen, ss. On the....day of....A. D., 19... before me.... who I am satisfied ....is the grantor.... mentioned in the within indenture." Then, assuming the ignorance of the grantor of to-day, this acknowledgment continues: "to whom I first made known the contents thereof, and thereupon.... acknowledged that.... signed, sealed and delivered the same as.... voluntary act and deed." Then, assuming that the wife of to-day is not the grantor's wife that she really is, this acknowledgment continues: "and the said.... being by me privately examined, separate and apart from her husband, further acknowledged that she signed, sealed and delivered the same as her voluntary act and deed, freely, without any fear, threats or compulsion of her said husband." This form is used in numerous other states. The grantor of to-day knows that he is a grantor, and his wife, after having "signed, sealed and delivered" a deed, could not be influenced by any commissioner of deeds to say that her act was not voluntary. The state of Pennsylvania does not require her separate acknowledgment; and the state of Vermont does not require her to join in the conveyance or acknowledgment of her hus-

[1] Dr. C. Crozat Converse, of Highwood, Bergen County, New Jersey, is a graduate of the Albany Law School, has received the honorary degree of LL. D., and was admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Court by Chief Justice Chase.—ED.

band's realty, unless it be the homestead or a part of it. Contrast this condition with the wife's treatment in places where she cannot convey her own property without acknowledging her deed "separate and apart from her husband."

Sealing a deed is not now making an impression upon wax. A mere scroll suffices, or the letters L S in a circle; and as to delivery of a deed, it occurs after its acknowledgment. The state of Washington has abolished the use of private seals. The state of California has extended the term "grant" to include warranting against encumbrances. The term "bigamy" is used in cases of polygamy, though they concern more than two marriages.

The term "larceny" means "grand larceny" now, little thieving, formerly termed "petit larceny," now being styled "misdemeanor." The term "larceny" also differs in meaning in statute and common law. For example: stealing a corpse is larceny under statute; stealing a corpse is not larceny at common law.

Legal term-changes being many, would it not be well for our state-courts to combine in making legal terms suit their intended meanings by substituting live terms for dead terms, practicalizing the scriptural injunction to leave the spiritually dead, in a verbal way, ending, in this regard, the law's delay?

THE UNHISTORICITY OF PAUL.

BY A. KAMPMEIER.

AT the close of an article in *The Open Court* of August, 1912 (p. 507), the writer said, "What will be next? Perhaps the evaporation of Paul himself, etc." While I was writing these words this evaporation was already going on without my knowledge in the retort of a German writer, Samuel Lublinski.

Dr. W. Nestle in a review[1] of that author's work[2] says: "S. Lublinski has rightly seen that the theory of Drews can only be saved if Paul is struck out of history. Therefore Paul = Peter = Jesus = Barnabas, and finally, as it is to be expected, becomes a sun-god. Proof: His imprisonment in Philippi, the symbol for the land of the dead, and his journey to Rome which was from east to west. When will the historian of religion appear, who will declare Columbus a sun-god! It is high time, for he also voyaged from east to west and temporarily also was in prison. And as Paul becomes a sun-god, so Lydia, the purple-seller, becomes Mary-Isis, 'that mythical female being, whom we have already met so often.' Peter is a double of Christ, and his mother-in-law a double of Mary as are also his mother and wife. Not exactly to the taste of everybody!"

By the way, the denial of the historicity of Paul and Peter is nothing new. Bruno Bauer denied it seventy years ago. Only here, figuratively speaking, the sun, or at least the most important part of it, went from west to east. For "to Bauer Christianity is essentially stoicism in a Jewish metamorphosis. Only the skeleton of Christianity came from the east, from Judaism, its spirit from the west."[3]

[1] *Protestantenblatt,* No. 50, 1913, Berlin.

[2] *Der urchristliche Erdkreis und sein Mythos,* Vol. I. *Das werdende Dogma vom Leben Jesu,* Vol. II. E. Diederichs, Jena.

[3] Herzog and Plitt, *Theol. Realencyklopädie.*

In this denial of the historicity of Paul lies the hidden confession that in spite of his purely dogmatic and polemical writings, because these writings were the earliest of the New Testament and were written only about twenty-five years after the death of Jesus,[4] and in consequence of the little accidental scraps of historical notices occurring in these writings, Paul is a weighty witness for the historicity of Jesus and of a religious society which had already formed itself about his name before Paul persecuted it. Such scraps are the frequent mention of the crucifixion of Jesus; his killing "by the Jews" as they had done to "their prophets" (1 Thess. ii. 14-15); the last supper with the disciples; the earliest account of different appearances of Jesus after his death; the mention of "the pillars" of the church at Jerusalem, Peter, John and James "the brother of the Lord"; that "of the brothers of the Lord" playing a rôle as missionaries (1 Cor. ix. 5); the influence of Peter even outside of Palestine in Corinth; the collections made in the Gentile churches for the church in Jerusalem which would indicate that this city was the center from which Christianity started; the repeated visits of Paul to Jerusalem; his fifteen days' stay with Peter and James (Gal. i. 18-19) after his conversion; his former persecution of the Palestinian church; his flight from Damascus under King Aretas, a very important scrap for fixing the early existence of a pre-Pauline church in Palestine and on its borders.

In the denial of Paul's historicity lies also the hidden confession that Jesus may have played a more important part than we think in causing the beginning of a new religious society, but of this I will not speak at present. I will only mention one thing. The strong eschatological thought that the end is soon to come, which occurs in the Pauline letters, must also stand in connection with the ideas Jesus uttered on this subject as recorded in the gospels, and which the early pre-Pauline Christian community must have shared.

* * *

The following which I translate from R. Reitzenstein, a philologist but not a theologian, may be of interest to some in connection with my brief discussion: "Does any one hold philologists to be so irreligious and childlike as to impute to them the idea that the first church, or even only Paul, when introducing or interpreting the sacraments, proposed to transfer a piece of Egyptian

[4] The Pauline epistles with the exception of the pastorals are here meant. Even advanced critics now accept Ephesians and 2 Thessalonians as Pauline.

or any other cult over into Judaism simply by a short cut in order to make it more attractive thereby? Or that the disciples or Paul, when they became persuaded of the resurrection and divinity of their master, thought: 'It is the old nature-god Osiris or Attis; let us now combine this religion with our ancestral faith'? A religious personality can not borrow in that way at all; it always creates in an individual way, and a religious conception which conquers the world must in the last sense be new. But we must not deduce from this, that such a religious personality has remained wholly uninfluenced by the surrounding world in language, conception and custom, and that every similarity must be based on accident. Like all intellectual history, religious history too must proceed from personality, and there is always a double explanation to account for it, one coming from the personality itself and one from the surrounding world. But it is more certainly true in religious history than elsewhere, that nothing can be effective which does not find preparation beforehand, and that nothing exerts a vivifying influence which has not become essentially new."

To these words of Reitzenstein I might add the following of interest as being perhaps a corroboration of his view. Hans Böhlig[5] contends that the Pauline designation of Jesus as "Lord" (Greek: *Kyrios*) is of Syrian-Tarsan origin, and that neither the Jewish writings of those days use it for the Messiah, nor Matthew or Mark as a metaphysical attribute of Christ, but only as a form of polite address, not in the sense of religious veneration; that the writings of Luke (he himself and his style being also of Greek-Syrian culture) first use this word to denote the metaphysical nature of Jesus; that the name *kyrios* was an old designation for the active deity and is to be found thus on coins and monuments of Tarsus, while writers of a fine sense like Dion of Prusa sharply distinguish between *kyrios* and *despotes* though both mean "Lord." But *kyrios* is used only for designating the sphere of the power of a divinity, while *despotes* is used of the power of a human master in distinction from the slave. Thus Paul places in contrast to "the many gods and many lords," "the one God, the father, and the one Lord, Jesus Christ" (1. Cor. viii. 5-6).

[5] In *Die Geisteskultur von Tarsos im augusteischen Zeitalter* (Göttingen, Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, 1913).

LOVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

LOVE is the witch that lures us into life
And holds us here, thralls of her magic spell.
Happy is he who, drunk with her sweet wine,
Raves in a paradise of self-deception,
A paradise build up by his own thought;
But wretched he who, being disillusioned,
No longer trusts the guidance of her wand.

The primal stuff of ether is too neutral,
Too nondescript for Love to play her game.
She slumbers in its vast, unmeasured ocean
Till matter forms within its secret depths;
Then she awakes and straight she is at work.

When in concrete formation worlds take shape,
When egotism cramps itself into
The entities of separate existence,
Setting themselves in ownhood definite
Against the rest, against all other being,
Then Love stirs them to seek a higher goal.
It is as though primordial unity
Reacted 'gainst the isolation of
Concrete particulars; it reasserts
Itself in longings wild and undefined,
Prompted by Love, creation's beauteous queen.
She holds all things material in her leash—
Not one of them can break away; they all
Remain but parts of the encircling whole.

Love makes the atoms, those self-centered specks
Of being, yearn with all their gravity

For other atoms. In their search they whirl
With myriads of their kind in graceful spirals,
And when their passion flashes up in heat
Their radiance trembles through the space as light.
Love is an artist, and she takes delight
In moulding what is bodily. Her creatures,
Countless in number, varied in design,
Swarm out of her deft hands in bright array.
She breathes her breath into the dull commotion
And lo! our world like water bubbles rises
In garish, dazzling beauty! But how hollow
Is their revolving shape! And on their films
Material motes crowding round emptiness,
Self-seeking puny egos, find a place.

Such is Love's work and here she finds her field.
Nor can we doubt that the same law determines
Varieties untold. The molecules
Are mutually attracted and combine
According to their forms in search for others.
And while they satisfy their needs they build
Newer creations full of richer chances.
Affinity—that is the law of Love,
And Love's the power that keeps the world in motion.
She moldeth life, and inexhaustible
Are her designs, her patterns, her devices.

Wherever life prevails there too lurks Love.
Raptures of happiness like hashish visions
Glow in the sentiments of every soul.

Watch here the butterfly! There comes another
Who has just caught a vision of his mate.
See how that fluttering phantom draws him on:
The iridescent colors on her wings,
Their gay designs, their graceful flapping motions
Possess the charms that will appeal to him.
Indeed, the quivering image finds response
In slumbering sentiments. Intoxicated
He follows her, while she, his mate, withdraws.
Now she alights; there on the flower she lingers,
As though expecting him—a moment only.

For now, anon, she's on the wing and so
In playfully coquettish chase they move.
When he approaches, she will coyly flee
As though she stood in awe of things unknown.

And do we read aright the secret meaning
Which her erratic hoverings indicate?
His wooing wakens in her virgin mind
Sweet dreamlike reminiscences, an heirloom
Of ages past, and yet she hesitates.
She seems to waver whether she may trust
The fairy vision, whether it is he
Whom she expects. Will he fulfil the longing
That stirs her little soul? Ought she to stay?
Ought she allow him to draw nigh to her?

And thou, Oh man, art of no other fabric—
Only more complicated, partly greater
And partly grosser. Yet there is but one
Of all thy preferences quite unique:
To thee that rarest faculty is given
To comprehend the world, to know thyself,
Eke, if thou choose, to search for truth and find it.
Not being shackled by the fleeting present,
Beholding past and future all in one,
The vision of eternity is thine.

Thou seest the rule that dominates all forms
And reachest out into the realm of norms.
What to all other creatures is concealed,
The cosmic lawdom, is to thee revealed.
As more and more the truth will make thee free,
Thou wilt be master of thy destiny.
And yet with all thy pride, wisdom and art,
'T is Love that fills and dominates thy heart.
Be comforted, perhaps 't is for thy best
Thou art as much Love's toy as all the rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

Nietzsche und kein Ende. By *Karl Knortz.* Torgau: Torgauer Druck- und Verlagshaus.

This whimsical appreciation of Nietzsche by the universally curious German-American scholar, Professor Karl Knortz, is a readable, if random, little volume. Readers of any others of Professor Knortz's imposingly long list of studies will not be surprised to find in this ostensible monograph long digressions dealing caustically with religious conditions in America and elsewhere, with the quarrel between Christianity and science, the superiority of American women to our men, the injurious effect of a war on the victorious nation and its correspondingly beneficial effect on the vanquished, and a hundred other matters which have the slightest possible connection with Nietzsche; but the reader who is willing to follow a somewhat winding path will find these excursions surprisingly interesting and thought-provoking; and there remains enough about the choleric Superman himself to furnish a very clear and complete outline of his philosophy. Professor Knortz is a gifted popularizer; he has the happy faculty of re-telling somewhat difficult matters in simple and intelligible language, and his books deserve to be better known than they are at present. R. T. H.

Srimad-Bhagavad-Gita; or The Blessed Lord's Song. Translated from the Original Sanskrit Text by *Swâmi Paramânanda.* Boston: The Vedanta Centre, 1913. Pp. 144. Price 75 cents net.

This new translation of the Bhagavadgita is regarded by its producers as one which is peculiarly qualified to clear up whatever obscurities may lurk in this ancient Vedanta scripture. It seems almost to bear the claim of independent inspiration, for the editor thus describes in the Preface the conditions under which it was prepared: "The present translation was undertaken as a labor of love for a small group of earnest students gathered in the quiet garden of a Tuscan hill-side near Florence, Italy. Begun in September, it was completed on the last Thursday of October—a *tour de force* well-nigh impossible for the mere scholar, who not infrequently devotes long years to the same task, but quite possible for the true devotee, whose whole life is but God's Word lived out." ρ

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