

employee, while he sleepily waits for the recess which will release him for the loaf of bread, the jug of wine, and the particular song and dance which awaits him in the evening wilderness.

Only the jury does not belong to the bureaucracy. Only the jury is disgusted and mad and impatient. Only the jury can cut the Gordian knots of red tape which bar the way to truth and to justice.

As Lord Brougham said, exactly one hundred years ago: "In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, Lords and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box."

*Next month, "Jury, Democracy, and Efficiency,"
by Pierre Lepaulle.*

TO AN AVIATOR

You who have grown so intimate with stars
And known their silver dripping from your wings,
Trode with the breaking day across the sky,
Known kinship with each meteor that swings —

You who have touched the rainbow's fragile gold,
Carved Lyric ways through dawn and dusk and rain
And soared to heights our hearts have only dreamed —
How can you walk earth's common ways again?

— *Daniel Whitehead Hicky*

EDUCATION FOR SANITY

STEWART PATON, M.D.

Forum Education Series — VI

LAST month Professor Irwin Edman of Columbia said that education should deal, not with disembodied intelligence, but with the whole man. He urged every college to have a psychiatrist to help students adjust their personal tangles. Dr. Stewart Paton occupies this very position at Yale, and his experiment will surely be widely imitated when other colleges realize its importance. His experience convinces him that many students, while fitted for college, are in a larger sense quite unfitted for living.

AN anecdote that President Roosevelt greatly enjoyed telling was the account of a man who had invited a friend to take a ride with him in a new, recently purchased, high-powered car. The friend was cautioned not to speak to the chauffeur since the speed of the car was to be tried out on a rough road. As the car went faster and faster, the men on the back seat were jounced about and had great difficulty in keeping their places. Soon the motor swept furiously over a large mound in the road and then settled down to travel faster than ever. After having gone several miles, at very high speed, the friend on the back seat leaned forward and spoke cautiously to the chauffeur. He told the chauffeur that the owner of the car had advised him not to say a word that would take the chauffeur's attention for an instant away from steering the machine. "But," observed the friend, "I thought you might like to know that when we went over that large mound in the road about five miles back, your employer, Mr. Brown, left the car and has not been with us since."

In this over-coached, over-tutored, and over-lectured-to generation, we have less and less time to find out whether we shall be able to keep our seats in the machine that is being driven fast and furiously through life. We have little opportunity even to find out whether our fate is likely to be the same as Mr. Brown's, and whether we may expect to be bounced out of our own machine. Coaches, teachers, lecturers, reformers, prohibitionists, and promoters of various kinds drive us into and out of school, into college and out of it, into life, into society, into politics, and also into hospitals for the insane, and into courts and prisons. These well-intentioned people may succeed in fitting us for school, college, university, business, and various occupations