

## Editor's Study

IN our ultramodern interpretation of life we have the advantage of position.

We are not wiser than the ancients, but we face them; their portion of the ellipse needed our complementary portion for its true interpretation. Something is disclosed to our thought which they only felt, and which took in their thought the terms prompted by initiative impulse—terms expressing their sense of the aims and values of life but which we use with other meanings.

In a way, all beginnings intimate ends, as the seed holds the fruit, but it is the intervening cycle of growth that is interesting. The beginning, like the seed, is an involute, a closed-up thing. Doubtless the primitive Naturalism, if we could discover it, would show us peaceful communities, each closely and sympathetically bound together, and in many ways intimating, though in none illustrating, consummations such as our latter-day prophets dream of. But, in this stage, society was undeveloped; it was like a closed-up seed, which must die for its escape from darkness—must pass through a course apparently contradicting its initial principle, for the illustration of that principle.

The primitive amiability and peaceableness may have been the prelude to intimation, in an undeveloped humanity, of that world-peace which we look forward to as the signal consummation of a humanity fully developed; but it would not serve as an illustration of such a consummation, though we use the same term for it—"peace." That same kind of primordial amiability we still encounter among whole peoples who, like the Chinese, have been withdrawn from contacts with the outside world and who have lapsed into a crystalline stability. The progressive races, notably the Indo-European, created civilizations which repeated and contradicted every primitive virtue. Their flight from Eden had the range of an immense projection. We stand

at a point of this apparently contradictory and eccentric movement where we are able to see it as returning on another and higher plane, in its spiral course, to the principle it had seemed to repudiate.

We have, in our consideration of woman's emergence as a positive factor in our very modern civilization, and especially in our literature, shown how this emergence awaited that critical moment in the evolution of humanity when a new prospect was opened, which, as if defining and answering a long-cherished dream, appealed to her and invited her open and enthusiastic participation in affairs hitherto held to be quite exclusively the concern of man. We may call that moment the beginning of creative realism—of a new Naturalism, which had always been the secret expectation of woman.

This moment, for England, by a natural coincidence, was that of the first appearance of the English novel of society, divided by sharp cleavage from all previous romance. Hitherto every projection of the imagination in this field had been an evasion of plain, human reality, and the future of even this new form of fiction was yet to show many such evasions. But the turn had been taken. Richardson's *Pamela* has justly been called the first analytical novel in the English language. It was not merely an entertainment, bound to no verities; it was, with all its defects, a study of motives, a sincere attempt to truly disclose the springs of human action.

The same turn is visible to us, at our focus of the historical ellipse, in human civilization. We have had so much to say of woman, who, at this turn, found her predestined place in co-operation with man, as she did in the new era of fiction, that we have ignored and may have seemed to depreciate the immense accomplishment of man in that larger section of history which he exclusively dominated. As, from our modern advantage of position, we face this past, we see how

inevitable the whole course, with all its waste and error, has been, how all the primordial virtues must have been violated for their ultimate expression.

The momentum of progress in our own day has not been gained without much loss and confusion of values. Facility of communication through steam and electricity is an advantage we would not willingly forego. But as soon as we had the locomotive we thought of it not only as the means of easy shipment of goods to profitable markets and of expeditious journeys for business or pleasure, but as facilitating change of habitation. Even before that, the richer and cheaper land of the West had tempted farmers to brave the perils of the overland journey, and the difficulty had seemed only a stimulus to the nomadic adventure. Now every barrier was removed, and when the national crisis came, it was seen to be a great gain that the Western territories and the Pacific slope had been so speedily populated.

We wisely emphasize the illogical economy—the waste of material resources—incidental to this swift expansion, but we may easily be mistaken as to the dissipation of spiritual energy involved. For who shall say what is a waste of spiritual energy? We know that self-indulgence is, that stagnation is, and the avarice which hoards its gold, and the cowardly thrift which husbands virtues and powers, carefully evading all risks. That way men rot. Let us suppose that our grandfathers had been “near,” and had used newly discovered mechanical powers merely in agriculture and local trade or for domestic and village improvement, and that, having no unrest or discontent, they had never thought of changing old homes for new. They would have amply fertilized the land they had, instead of seeking virgin soil afar off, and would have developed the habit of close culture, with every possible variety of product and greatly multiplied harvests. The factory, also run by steam, would have been a complement of such well-organized farms, with happy employees—men and women and boys and girls, with short working-days and frequent holidays.

We are optimistic as to the social conditions of communities thus disposed and organized, all the members of each one

closely knit together in a warm and deep neighborliness which would gradually extend from one group to another, establishing sympathetic co-operation—resulting, indeed, in a wholesome and spontaneous socialism. We do not see how there could be such a thing as poverty. Everybody would be happy and virtuous, and have ample leisure for reasonable pleasures and mental satisfactions as well as for the culture of the heart.

In such a society there could be no tendency toward aggregation in cities to the impoverishment of the country, no fear of race suicide, no ruinous competition in business. Progress would be intensive, like agriculture and culture of every sort, the measure of its expansion being that of its depth. A railroad would not be projected, like an exposed nerve, into empty space, speculatively anticipative of the demand for it. In every sense the social growth and expansion would be physiological—nerve and tissue developing together.

But the merits of this hypothetical organization of society disappear when we come to scrutinize more closely the premises upon which the hypothesis rests.

Such a society as we have supposed would not, of itself and following its natural habit, have invented the steam-engine or any other so wonderful industrial leverage, and would not have been eagerly disposed to avail of such inventions if offered from the outside.

Our ancestors on this continent had in them a strain which would have prevented them from coming within the scope of our hypothesis. They did not project themselves from one continent to another to start a society devoid of ambition and hostile to competition. They braved every hardship and danger for the satisfaction of their love of adventure, which was allied with their lust of possession, dominion, empire. They belonged to a civilization which first loses the soul to find it in the world before it is willing to lose the world to find the soul. In either stage of its culture it is soul-finding.

There are two antagonistic orders of spiritual life. One of these is, indeed, rather moral, after the Confucian type, than spiritual, or psychical. The other, from which a distinctively psychical issue

is possible, is what we know as the Indo-European order, of which speculation is a leading characteristic. This speculation, in all its various meanings, serves best to distinguish that kind of civilization which has meant most for humanity, both in its conscious progress and in its evolution, being not only a stimulus to experiment, heroic and romantic adventure, invention, and competition, but involving also a prophetic impulse and vision which transcend experience.

We are not denying to any race the possibility of such speculation. The Chinese at some remote period in the past developed to a remarkable degree the faculty of invention and, like the Japanese, may have an occidental induction to an adventurous future. The Semitic peoples have been nomadic, have built empires, and have cradled two of the principal religions of the world. Emphatically the ancient Hebrew dealt in "futures," being under the control of a prophecy which denuded his present and held out to him the promise of ultimate empire, interpreted materially by the mass and spiritually by the "remnant." When the spiritual import of the prophetic message, as embodied in the Messiah, became manifest, it is significant that this exalted meaning repelled the Hebrew people and appealed to the Indo-European of the West—the race which had hitherto especially illustrated and was still to illustrate even more eminently the possibilities of a speculative imagination in art, literature, and science, as well as in the exploitation of the material world.

The two orders of civilization are not two orders of humanity, but follow distinct courses of development determined by situation and circumstance, so that the one becomes or remains provincial, static, with a near and backward regard of human relations, intensifying neighborly amiability and ancestral loyalty, while the other confronts reactions, cherishes variations, resolving repellances into attractions, founding amenities upon strifes and facilities upon difficulties, yet ever seeking fresh difficulties for new beginnings, and, from the habit of forward-looking, easily drops old customs and traditions; it has the long view, foregoing the immediate and obvious, to seize upon a distant point of vantage.

Each of these orders has the defects of its excellences. That which seeks stability and obvious content seems to be peace-loving and does develop a superficial amiability, but it falls into lassitude, and even social evolution is arrested; its excellences are shown to be apparent rather than real, negative because limited in their depth and scope. That intensive culture which, theoretically, should be the fruit of an unambitious and non-competitive economy is checked by the same limitations. On the other hand, the speculatively expansive civilization, while in the end it practically realizes the excellences expected of it, at every step, and especially in the cruder stages of its career, incurs not only the perils inherent in its adventure, but those due to misdirection, and, not the least, those incident to success. Ignorance, greed, overleaping ambition, cold indifference, and selfish cruelty have played their part in the triumphs not less than in the ruins of vast enterprises and of civilizations themselves. There has been no field in which the tares have not grown with the wheat, whether the harvest has been material or spiritual.

Nevertheless there has been no gain to the human spirit in any other than this adventurous course. Speculation is eminently a spiritual function—the escape from the physiological to the psychical, from animalities to humanities. By this leap we pass from a purely natural morality, with virtues based upon close relations, to one transcending these narrow boundaries and in which distance is no bar to interest and sympathy. The apostolic phase of early Christian movements, like the later missionary phase, is significant as related to the long view. Other-worldliness, in its first appeal to the Christian, was a dynamic leverage. The kingdom of heaven was sought, as by a difficult pilgrimage, before it was disclosed as within the individual soul.

We can see why Christianity was eagerly adopted by the restless and heroic races, at first indeed by the lowly, yet soon by those who were ambitious to conquer under its sign and who availed of its heroic altruism as an excuse, or rather a divine mandate, for the subjection of the infidel. Compulsory baptism of a people, as the sequel of its military sub-

jugation, was a signal exercise of this altruism. With even greater majesty, since it masqued Infinite Sovereignty, standing for that in a refractory world, and wielding the splendors of heaven and the terrors of hell, the ecclesiastic empire over the souls of men spread with wonderful expansion. The Crusades, the Renaissance, the world-politics of medieval Europe, and the discovery and exploitation of a new hemisphere show the vast extension of human adventure and interest, responsive to a highly pitched note of spiritual exaltation such as no pagan civilization had caught.

One does not characterize these movements as pacific or as prompted by a deep human sympathy, as that sentiment is modernly understood. They seem more to contradict than express the spirit of the Gospel—to continue and intensify older impulses, to exaggerate individual eminence and aristocratic distinction at the expense of the community. But the central principle of this expansive progress and culture was, from the beginning, just that which we of to-day see, and those of future generations will more clearly see, as being expressed in its real meaning—just as the cosmic beauty and harmony of our solar system, now open to our observation, express what was implicit, though hidden, in its primal nebulous expansion, which gave no intimations of chemical affinities or physiological organisms and seemed to contradict the attraction of gravitation itself, the very reflex of the vast expansion.

The seeds of our Christian culture were first sown in the hearts of people who had no part in heroic achievement, and in these bore its native fruits in simple graces and homely virtues. This was a hidden field, though not without its humble tares. That other field, which is the world and which has a history, discloses the conspicuous drama of expansion, which has determined the scope of an adventurous civilization, and which, as we now see, is unfolding the original principle of Christianity itself through the realization of a new humanity.

We are only beginning to see what this realization means—the true intent being now apparent, after innumerable disguises. The regeneration is not a sudden transformation by some power from with-

out; if it were, the issue would be the embodiment of that power, not the renaissance of humanity. Every renaissance of human faculty and vision has been partial. Our expectation may be defined by the same terms as that of the first Christian generation, but the terms have different meanings. Thus we are looking forward to the peace of the world; but the peace expected by that generation would have been a wholly different thing; it would have been an arrest of the world's development. On the contrary, the evolution of humanity, in a distinctively human procedure, implied movements which war alone could promote and accomplish; and these movements have thus been effected, as a matter of history, creating cosmopolitanism, bringing peoples into closer harmony through their antagonisms, and leading up to conditions which make possible and ultimately certain the fulfilment of our hopes for a peace which does not mean stagnation, but a concentration of national and international activities.

So the aristocracies of the past were the necessary preliminary to a thoroughly vitalized and organized democracy. But for the vast range of competitive effort, such co-operation as we have, and such better as we hope for, would be impossible. Thus the eccentric movement becomes, by its inevitable flexion, concentric, and the expansive culture intensive.

As man began science with astronomy and ends with psychology,—began art and literature with mythological representations and ends with the human, so he began civilization with a far-reaching speculation describing the scope of his destiny, the intent of which, after all his distant quests and conquests, he finds in his own soul—but the true sense of the psychical values waited upon the development of the world-sense.

Such has been the man-made civilization. Woman has held to its implications and, while impressed by its grandeurs, herself an inspiration of all manly heroism, has cherished her own dream, waiting for man to become plain man—for the time to come when, having occupied the world, he could really *dwell* in it and, with that world's support, could look forward to disarmament, without spiritual atrophy.

## Editor's Drawer

# On the Trail

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

PATROLMAN PATRICK CLANCEY, twelve years on the force, stood at the Captain's desk. Clancey was by way of being a detective. Fern Ridge had no plain-clothes department, and it had always been Clancey's delight to solve what few mysteries racked the suburb by applied logic and implied deduction. Was it not he who had found where Mr. Pimperney's prize chickens had gone, by the simple process of discovering that a colored brother in the west end of the suburb had given a birthday supper on the night after the fowls were missed from their wonted roosts? Was it not he who ran to earth the miscreant who stole Mr. Congrove's bulldog, by spreading the report that he owned a dog that could whip its weight in wildcats, give or take ten pounds? But the task now outlined for him was not one to his liking.

"'Tis no disguise for a man grown, Cap," he protested.

"It is the only way to catch him," asserted the Captain. "Them's your orders, Clancey. All the trouble is on your beat, so you can walk it in disguise as well as not."

Patrolman Clancey's beat was a long one, and part of it covered the stretch of prairie between the boulevard and the lake. Now, the trouble of which the Captain had been talking was this: Three nights before, Tillie Eriksen, a maid of all work, had reached her place of employment in a state bordering on hysterics, and had asserted that a strange man had frightened her as she travelled a lonesome section of the street. And just the night before another girl had rushed into her place with the same alarming story. Details and descriptions were scanty, and the city papers had contented themselves with describing the offender

as a "burly man," and with publishing alleged pictures of the maids, together with the interesting information that they were leaders in Fern Ridge society.

"More like 'tis some prank av thim divils av students," Patrolman Clancey declared. "Thim byes is full av rascality, an' always glad av th' chanst to scare some wan."

"It's no concern of ours who it is or why it is," sagaciously replied the Captain. "Our work is to catch the guilty man. Tonight and every night until you get him you are to wear woman's clothes and promenade your beat slowly, until the brute shows up—then you grab him."

Patrolman Clancey stalked solemnly along



THE MAN SAW THE CIGAR, AND, WITH A GASP, HURRIED ON