

smart youths who speak so patronizingly of the Puritans would read this volume of letters, and mark and inwardly digest.

ONE of the most effective spokesmen of the great anti-German majority of Swedes has been the gifted poet, K. G. Ossian-Nilsson. His last book, "Sven Hedin: Nobleman," translated by H. G. Wright (London: T. Fisher Unwin), shows the cruel injustice involved in the belief current abroad that the small but powerful clique of "activists" really represent Sweden. Closely examined, these men are the same "Storsvenskar" (ultra-conservatists or super-jingoists) who throughout history have been a millstone around the neck of mother Svea, and have, more than once, led her to the verge of ruin. Professing fear of Russia's aims—a fear which was justifiable enough a decade ago—they have worked to stampede their country into Pan-Germanic adventures; whereas the surprising fact is becoming known only now that German eggings-on were largely responsible for Muscovite aggressiveness in that quarter. Sven Hedin, the explorer of central Asia, embraced the creed of the "activists" with all the zeal and indiscretion of a recent convert. From being a scholar he has turned agitator. Ossian-Nilsson's irony is trained on his most recent exploits, when he was taken under the wings of the All-Highest and "personally conducted" about the east and west fronts, where he was allowed to see the pomp and circumstance of war, but not its horrors. At any rate, the works from his pen betray both a plentiful lack of independence and an astounding callousness to the monstrosities of German and Turkish warfare. One can thus sympathize with the author's bitter statement that the heaviest punishment yet meted out to his sorely tried country is to be represented in the eyes of the world by such men as Sven Hedin.

"COMMUNITY, A Sociological Study, being an attempt to set out the nature and fundamental laws of social life" (Macmillan; \$3.75)—all this in captions of various fonts on the title-page—is a production of some 430-odd pages, by R. M. Maciver. For having been so recently set out, the attainment of such proportions is somewhat ominous. Mr. Maciver is one of those writers who use the italic of insistence rather irritatingly; further, in order that the reader may not miss participation in the author's starts of amused amazement and other diverting emotions, there is a good deal of humorous prodding and nudging with the exclamation-point. But, aside from this solicitude for the reader's enjoyment, if it be such, there is not much to lighten the task of plodding through pages of distinctions and re-distinctions. Nothing very novel or enthralling emerges from the progress. There are little wreaths and ornaments of literary allusion strung up here and there; but the going is dismal. The author has his own idea of what a society is: "*Wherever living beings enter into, or maintain willed relations with one another, there society exists.*" All such willed relations are the primary social facts, and their consequences are the secondary social facts. As these relations and their consequences reach to the world's end and through all time, determining every possible activity of man and all other living things, it is clear that society is an element or function of life itself, present wherever life is found, but present in a greater or less degree." The "clue" by which "we can bring all the other

aspects of communal development, the growth of communal economy, the growth of environmental control, under a single law" is no less than the following: "*The actual development of personality attained in and through community by its members is the measure of the importance these attach to personality both in themselves and in their fellow-men.*" Of the wide terrain covered, including not a little classical ground, in chasing this clue to cover, it is impracticable to present a sketch-map. One can only say, being somewhat under classical suggestion:

μάλα πολλά μεταξύ,
οὐδέα τε σκίοντα θάλασσά τε ἤχησσαν.

DR. HORATIO W. DRESSER, the honorary president of the International New Thought Alliance, has nowhere given greater proofs of his originality and ingenuity than in the invention of new titles for his successive publications. Already the author of an even dozen books upon the New Thought, he has this year issued two more, which he calls "A Handbook of the New Thought" (Putnam; \$1.25 net) and "The Spirit of the New Thought" (Crowell; \$1.25 net). Of the latter, it should be said at once, he is the editor rather than the author—though he writes a larger part of it than any two of the other contributors. The volume is made up of short essays and addresses upon various aspects of the New Thought by various new thinkers, most of them written some years ago and selected by the editor as typical expressions of the broader aspects of the movement. Their aim, as he tells us, is to "point the way beyond mere healing to an interpretation of life from the inner point of view, disclosing a broadly spiritual vision, a practical approach to Christianity." The papers deal with such subjects as "The Gospel of Healing," "Can Disease Be Entirely Destroyed?" "The Disease of Apprehensiveness," "Concentration," "Criticisms of the New Thought," etc. The book closes with a final chapter by Dr. Dresser on "The Laws of Divine Healing" and a useful bibliography.

THE "Handbook of the New Thought," coming as it does entirely from Dr. Dresser's pen, is more systematic than its companion volume, and is to be especially commended to those who desire a brief but comprehensive view of the nature, history, and aims of the movement. No one is better qualified than Dr. Dresser to present an authoritative account of the New Thought, both because of his long association with it (amounting to nearly thirty-five years) and also because of his very reasonable and even empirical way of looking at the whole subject. Although he has given up his entire life to the New Thought movement, he is in no way fanatical over it, and his emphasis has ever been upon the broader and more truly spiritual problems involved. For him the New Thought is something very much deeper than an easy way of getting rid of disease. "The greatest merit of the New Thought," he writes, "is that it traces responsibility to the individual, and shows that each of us must begin any desired change or reform by modifying his own attitude and the conduct growing therefrom. . . . The priceless gift of this whole practical movement is the method of realizing the vital presence of spiritual realities. This method can be assimilated without accepting any of the extravagant claims brought forward by those who permit the cosmos to evolve about the affirmative ego. This is a real contribution to human development. It opens the way for every individual to apply religious and psycho-

logical principles to real advantage. . . . For some, this direct method of approach to the divine presence is the equivalent of a new revelation of Christianity." While most of us will probably feel constrained to consider Dr. Dresser and his colleagues over sanguine in their hope for the control of disease by the will, there can be little doubt that the proper use of the mind can accomplish more for the benefit of the body than we yet know; and a movement such as the New Thought, which means to see how far this beneficial influence really goes, and combines with this attempt true religion and earnest thought, in place of the Freudian foulness and the Eddyan nonsense, deserves well of the community.

National Miniatures

James A. Reed

IN the mind of the habitual consumer of newspaper paragraphs, the one constant association with a Missourian is the plea: "Show me." When, therefore, he meets a man from Missouri like Senator James A. Reed, who is always bent on showing everything to everybody instead of being shown, he doesn't know what to think. Even experienced journalists are sometimes puzzled to decide into what category to put Reed. John Temple Graves, for instance, exalts him as a great reformer; George Creel, with equal assurance, pelts him as a pompous pretender; between these opposing judgments the taxable public pay their money and take their choice. The one fact about him which is absolutely certain is that, though he proudly hails from Missouri, he did not begin life there, but in Ohio, the home of Hayes and Garfield, McKinley and Taft. While a youth he was taken thence by his parents, not yet into Missouri, but into Iowa, the State of broad grain fields and small cities, of rock-ribbed Republicans and soft-shell turtles. There he got his schooling and was admitted to the bar. It was not till he was twenty-six that he crossed over into Missouri, seeking a combination of urban activity with rustic habits and environment, and finding it in Kansas City, at that time a rather sordid little railway town with a fringe of forests and corn fields that fairly bristled with placards advertising beautiful corner lots and grand business sites for sale—a market for real estate "futures."

Here he settled down to practice law and politics. He was not long in elbowing his way into law, but it took him ten years to break into politics. By 1898 he was able to make his first bow as prosecuting attorney, and it has been his boast ever since that of 287 cases he tackled he procured convictions in all but two. His next aspiration was to the Mayoralty, which he attained with the aid of a group of Democratic politicians who were running local affairs at the time, and at once he turned his guns upon the "monopolistic" street-railway and electric-lighting interests, quite ignoring the fact that it was the enlightened policy they had pursued, in extending their public utilities through unprofitable suburbs, which had done more than anything else to make Kansas City a populous and thrifty centre. But the "monopoly" was broken—or at least cracked—by the elevation of one of Reed's closest political friends to the head of the railway and lighting systems, and the friend made it his pressing business to retain Reed as counsel for the two concerns.

Next the gubernatorial bee found a rift in Reed's hat, crawled in, and set up a vigorous buzzing. Joseph W. Folk was the choice of the honest elements among the voting population, almost regardless of party, but Reed flattered himself that he had a good chance if he could get into the fight early enough and stay there. By the time Folk had beaten him to exhaustion, he discovered his mistake. Folk served four years as Governor—very wholesome and fruitful years in the main—and during this period, and for a little while later, Reed contented himself with his employment as corporate counsel. Then the new railway monopoly, which apparently was less popular than the old, suffered a rather serious backset, and his heart turned once more politicsward. Entering the Senatorship contest against David R. Francis, our present Ambassador to Russia, he carried off the prize; and after a term in which he took a rather conspicuous part in the debates on anti-Trust legislation, always urging the argument that mere dissolution of a combination accomplishes nothing except to make its component parts richer than before, and that nothing would suffice to crush a Trust except to throw it into the hands of receivers and sell out its property, root and branch. Our nation did not become directly involved in the war till he had received a second election to the Senate, so his opposition to the policies of the Administration, with all his puerile and silly flings at "some Hoover" and the like, did not occur till too late for the better people of his State to manifest their resentment at the polls. He still hangs on, and presumably will continue to do so till his constituents have another chance to vote.

Reed is not an inspiring person to look at or listen to. In the midst of his square face is set a nose which is a perfect triangle—almost a right-angle triangle, but just a trifle too long-pointed for that. His eyebrows take an inward and upward curve and end in a slight pucker, giving him an expression of chronic dissatisfaction. His hair is pretty well turned to gray, though his years number only fifty-six. His voice has all the inflections of the old-fashioned campaigning exhorter, and his style in ordinary debate may be well illustrated by a brief passage from one of his anti-Trust speeches, in which he freely pounded his party for not carrying its legislation to sufficient extremes. "We are playing the hypocrite," he declared. "We came here sounding our cymbals, girding up our loins, burnishing our

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