

false. Equally is it undeniable that its political meaning has, in England at least, lost the force it possessed a quarter of a century ago. Its most valuable suggestion has become, in the form of pragmatism, a precious contribution to the intellectual movement of our time. But if it is thus theoretically moribund, its political assumptions are still, for the most part, the main obstacle to wholesale thinking and corporate endeavor. The saying of Sainte-Beuve that he who knows not Port-Royal knows not humanity is eminently true of the group of thinkers who drew their inspiration from Jeremy Bentham. It may be doubted whether any fellowship of men has set out so seriously to envisage the meaning of life. Few have brought to their task the same ability and the same enthusiasm. They were the legislators of the study; and the reforms of half a continent are directly traceable to their influence. They were in a real sense *crusaders*—and they were uniquely impressed with the urgency of their efforts. If their creed has suffered shipwreck in the light of advancing knowledge, it was yet a valuable contribution to the problem it attempted to solve. It may be doubted if any movement has been more distinguished by the sober loftiness of its purpose. It would be disastrous to neglect so vital an attitude.

It would be disastrous for the very good reason that until philosophers have supplied us with a faith as superficially capable of general acceptance, it is hopeless to expect its general replacement. It is true that in the most intimate relations of life its acceptance—as John Stuart Mill was driven to recognize—is now finally impossible. But—to take some obvious instances, your business man is a convinced and frank utilitarian in his own pursuit. The interpretation of the Fourteenth amendment from which we are at last beginning to be won by the imagination and insight of Mr. Brandeis is essentially based upon its tenets. Bentham would not have rejected the economic creed of Mr. Justice Brewer, and James Mill is own brother to Mr. Justice Peckham. It is a transcendental utilitarianism which lies at the root of our problems in international law. Your foreign office considers in a local spirit the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and the Declaration of London becomes branded as political Quixotism.

We do not sufficiently realize that the interpretation of liberty in terms of our common need is only at the outset of its history. To us, the individual—for we have thrown off the shackles of medieval communalism—has become a law unto himself. Our state has been a police-state, and the sense of it as fundamentally the only avenue to a richer life we are only beginning to feel; nor does it yet command the general assent even of thinking men. Everyone feels in himself the reality of that struggle for existence which pursues us like the shadow of some evil dream. It seems natural to base the philosophy of politics upon that gigantic truism. To be obvious is a political merit not easily capable of exaggeration. How easily it is capable of acceptance was shown long ago by Macaulay when he ended a demonstration of utilitarian iniquity by a bombastic reiteration of its principles. Undeniably they do not get the facts; but we have grave reason to consider wherein exactly their successors are to be found.

The truth is that the Utilitarians were anarchists at heart—and that though they would have indignantly repudiated the title. Professor Davidson brings out well, if unconsciously, their dread, in every sphere of life, of corporate effort. The value of working for a common goal they did indeed understand. Poverty, suffering, injustice, they hated as they have been hated by few men. But they unconsciously inherited that stern Puritanism which at-

tributed individual misfortune to individual demerit. They were so convinced—they so convinced others—of the virtues of the competitive process, that they were blind to its logical and inevitable outcome. It is in the opposition to their dogmas that the hope of our future must lie.

For, after all, the philosophy for which they stood is only the Hobbesian state of nature made a little less unkempt by the introduction of machinery and the happy innocence of Chadwick's workhouse. The idea of a life that is one also while it is many, that is unified by its very discreteness—to this they had not attained. No one can read Professor Davidson's book without a vivid sense of the sterility of so segregated an individualism. Man, after all, is a state-building animal, and it is to that conception that our outlook must be adjusted. The effort to attain good in any other fashion mistakes the scale of the world. The fundamental fact of to-day is group-life. The great thinker of tomorrow will be the man who—completing the work of Maitland and Gierke and Saleilles, reinterprets the philosophy of utility in terms of coöperative endeavor.

H. J. L.

Very Long and Sunny

We, by Gerald Stanley Lee. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. \$1.35 net.

IT is Mr. Lee's function to present to the American people the novel idea that inexpressibleness is the root of all evil. This he does in a book of 711 pages which is itself a masterpiece of inexpressibleness. One might have forgiven him if he had called it a journal—it is so palpably composed by sitting down each morning and writing sleekly out one after the other the sentences that happen to have come into Mr. Lee's head—but he has divided it into chapters and given them captions and arranged his work in parts just as if it were a real book. The thin and inexhaustible trickle seems to contain a record of almost everything Mr. Lee thought during the last months of 1915. It is about the war and the We-feeling and Henry Ford and the Ford car and Peace and Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Bryan and Gerald Stanley Lee. It is not about anything for very long, but when your vat is copious and the publishers generous and the world so full of a number of things and people will read you, there seems to be no reason why you shouldn't write a book like this.

Extricated from the morass of Mr. Lee's words, his thought is that war, industrial conflict, and all the other social evils are due to failures of publicity. They are our bungling efforts to express truly the truth that is within us. "The War," he says, "is a monument to the supreme failure of the advertising men of all nations to make their nations known to one another and to get their nations to express themselves." "The problem of American business life is the problem of dramatizing capital to labor and of dramatizing labor to capital, so that they will both be able to keep their eyes on each other and keep each other straight, and have a rockbed basis for honest loyal team work." "America can only be true to herself and fulfill her temperament and destiny and take her place among the nations by advertising among the nations her soul as she has advertised her motor cars, her pianolas, her harvesting machines, locomotives, aeroplanes, phonographs, telephones, and moving pictures."

What that soul of America is or how it shall be advertised Mr. Lee leaves very vague. We must substitute the

We-feeling for the I and the You-feeling, we must all be human and trustful about our work, we must imitate Mr. Ford's inspired liberality rather than Mr. Carnegie's Santa-Clausism. But the book is a much better advertisement for Mr. Ford and his car than it is for the We-feeling in America. Indeed, concerning Mr. Ford it is positively succulent. Mr. Lee's Utopia seems to be Main Street, Northampton, on Sunday afternoon, with one Ford car after another rolling by brimming over with the happy faces of children, the sun and skies beaming down an indomitable optimism on us all. In the distance would be seen the factory with the "inspired millionaire" paying humanity five dollars a day, as convict and saint together, in loyal cheer, turned out the ceaseless stream of cars to bear humanity on its endless joy-ride. Peace would come not by building façades on peace temples but through inspired advertisers making the peoples stop, look and listen.

The people Mr. Lee does not like are Mr. Carnegie, Bernard Shaw and Mr. Roosevelt. His hatred of Mr. Carnegie is a little hard to understand, for nobody reproduces more beautifully than Mr. Lee in his own style the unctuous jollity of America's Santa Claus. Mr. Lee reeks of benevolence, and his hatred must be founded on a secret rivalry in patronizing America, rather than a real spiritual antithesis. But for Mr. Lee's hatred of Shaw there is no excuse. The thing is laughable. You may think of Shaw as you think of the devil—Mr. Lee says the devil even trims his beard like Shaw—but to pitch into Shaw after you have been praising advertising for over 600 pages is to make yourself a joke. If Shaw is not the very prophet-publicity-agent who is Mr. Lee's modern hero, let Mr. Lee tell us who is. But Shaw scared Mr. Lee very badly with his "Commonsense About the War," and all Mr. Lee could think of to do was to run away and call him bad names over his shoulder. He calls him "a man without a God or a country, a mathematical, cosine or triangle sort of person, with a deadly meaningless correctness about him, a poor sterilized, depoeitized unrhythmic logarithmic man—a man who thinks antiseptic thoughts, who has pasteurized emotions, who never gives and takes, never warms or colors with human understanding or with human love," and then throws him into hell with Münsterberg and the other "hyphenates."

Does not this sort of thing make you see Mr. Lee as a finicky, desperately popular yet well groomed literary Billy Sunday? Mr. Lee used to sit on a Massachusetts mountain and write about books and other things. One day he didn't like a toothbrush advertisement that he was inserting in his magazine. So he asked permission to rewrite it. His readers liked the advertisement so much better than the literature that he revised his philosophy of life. He found that most Americans were business men and had business thoughts and business ideals. The profession of advertising was the art of expressing business men's ideas for them. So Mr. Lee came down from his mountain and began lunching with vice-presidents of railroads and directors of corporations and press-agents and factory-supervisors. Mere literature was pallid and remote in comparison with this contact with real men and real things. His heart opened and he embraced the age.

As he says in one of his relapses to ancient literary fervor, "The man who picks up a lady's handkerchief or a flower that she has dropped and who hides it or carries it around with him for days as a presence, as a smile, as a voice, has in him the spiritual secret out of which Wordsworth wrote his Ode to Immortality, out of which any real man does any real thing." Mr. Lee is devoting his life to

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELRY

PEARLS, DIAMONDS

AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

revealing this spiritual secret, this lady's handkerchief which the American publicity man is carrying around with him. Into the nobility of his promise must the American advertiser be teased and coaxed. "We" is the latest of those books in which, the world not having come to Mr. Lee's mountain, Mr. Lee goes down and slaps the world on the back. His heart is with dear old blundering, good-hearted inexpressive America. He does not want it to get ahead any faster expressively than he does. He hates Shaw because, suddenly confronted with the incomparable incarnation of his own theory, he recoils and screams, "Not like that!" And this is why he scolds Mr. Roosevelt so good-humoredly. "The Colonel," he says, "calls people who do not agree with him cowards and liars because he cannot express himself. It is merely Colonel Roosevelt's unintellectual and inexpressible condition, the whirl of meaningless energy in his mind. All he can express is his colossal state of inexpressibleness. It is this ache or colic of words in Colonel Roosevelt, this distress he has inside, this futility in clearly conveying ideas and finding pleasing art-forms for his feelings, which is always leading him and leading all his currents of thought down into a common fight." Now Mr. Lee, being less pugnacious, liberates his colossal ache of inexpressibleness in whimsical verbosity.

Nothing is more irritating than to see good ideas mishandled. A good book could be made of the idea that a civilization of expressiveness, irony, candor, intelligence, would banish war and all the virus of social conflict. Mr. Lee chooses to smother such an idea in mushiness. He affects the rosy simplicity of outlook, the jocular ease, the desperate good-nature, of the business world.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

A Natural Friendship

With Americans of Past and Present Days, by J. J. Jusserand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

THE French Ambassador to the United States has much enriched and enlarged our sympathies by this book, which reviews the French way of understanding us. He begins with an account of the feelings that brought over the French to help us in 1780 and that seem like forebears of American love of France to-day. As ancestors should, they place us in a fine tradition—that of free devotion to an idea. Americans were fighting for liberty and democracy and the French who came here impelled to give aid by their passion for what Rochambeau called, "that natural liberty which God has conferred on man," did not wish either England's loss or their own gain—they refused Canada as a separate settlement; they wished whole-heartedly American independence. And their idealism seems re-born in many Americans who are now serving in France. For them, too, the fate of a nation not their own seems to involve democracy and freedom.

They had a pleasant literary habit, the young French officers who came over so gayly and so readily with Rochambeau, or earlier as volunteers. They sent home such diaries and journals and sketches that we can still have the experience of their adventure. They are very precise about their sensations and set down details of the crowded ships and of the condition of Yorktown after the siege that remind us how much a dislike for sentimentalizing makes for sympathy with the eighteenth century. Enthusiasm for ideas and, with that, no shirking of actual physical fact, but rather a relish of it, stripped and simple—the combination was theirs and is ours.

The wish for social reconstruction and the consciousness of a new fellowship holds together all their journalism, which is amusingly full too of our manners and customs—our "shake-hand" and our toasts and our tea-drinking and the beauty of our women. The moral consequences of the war they kept aware of in the midst of a destruction and death that could not have seemed small to them. The young Marquis de Saint-Simon, who later in life professed pacificism, wrote of his American campaign: "In itself, war did not interest me, but its object interested me keenly, and I willingly took part in its labors."

They had generous sympathies always, these young *civilisés*, who came over to what they felt to be a crude and undeveloped country. They could put off their fine taste in trappings and enjoy the courage of their unequipped allies. The Baron de Clozen, a young Aide of Rochambeau, has described the surrender at Yorktown. "Passing between the two armies, the English showed much disdain for the Americans, who so far as dress and appearances went represented the seamy side, many of those poor boys being garbed in linen *habits-vestes*, torn, soiled, a number among them almost shoeless. What does it matter? the man of sense will think."

But the Americans on their side seem also to have tried to meet their strange allies half way and to put off prejudice. "It is difficult to imagine," Abbé Robin declared at the time, "the idea Americans entertained about the French before the war." They considered them "as a kind of light, brittle, queer-shapen mechanisms only busy frizzling their hair and painting their faces, without faith or morals." It went hard with Washington at first to welcome the French, he having read *The Spectator* all his youth. But the Americans showed they could be changed by experience.

They sounded often the same note of amiable surprise and pleasure we have grown used to now-a-days. William Channing wrote to Ezra Stiles, President of Yale University: "The French are a fine body of men, and appear to be well officered. Neither the officers nor men are the effeminate beings we were heretofore taught to believe them. They are as large and likely men as can be produced by any nation."

One feels throughout M. Jusserand's book his pride in the free and sensitive French intelligence, with its fine indifference to the easily classified and its taste for appreciating the special. This intelligence, he points out, made quick response to Lincoln and to the principles of democracy at stake in our Civil War. And it is this intelligence which still believes there is a strong and essential solidarity be-

Now, we all know (if we own anything that looks like a house) that it is the measly repair bills that eat the holes in our bank accounts. Of course, the reason is that we didn't learn about CYPRESS, "The Wood Eternal," in time. But we CAN do the next best thing and make all replacements of CYPRESS. That's one comfort.

All-round Helps Department

Southern Cypress Mfrs.' Ass'n

1255 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La.
1255 Heard Nat'l Bank Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

INTERLAKEN A School on a Farm

"Where boys learn by doing" **SCHOOL**

Thorough instruction in sciences and languages. Prepares for all universities. Academic work applied in practical agricultural and mechanical training. The school, located on a 700-acre farm, with its own electric light, power plant, wood and metal shops, makes two hours of useful work each day part of the school course. Boy leadership. Self-government under university-trained men counselors.

Summer Camp Mid-June to September 1st

For particulars and catalog address

Headmaster, Box 120, Rolling Prairie, LaPorte Co., Ind.
Chicago Representative, 'phone Kenwood, 4375.

A HANDBOOK of AMERICAN PRIVATE SCHOOLS

The 2nd Edition revised and enlarged of the *Handbook of the Best Private Schools*. A critical and discriminating account of the Private Schools as they are with historical chapters. Among the new features are a Complete List of Private Secondary Schools; new Educational Directories; a List of Secondary School Periodicals.

New Introductory Chapters—Measuring Educational Results, the Year in Education; Review of Recent Educational Literature, etc., by Prof. Arthur O. Norton of Wellesley College, Prof. Clayton C. Kohl of New York University and others. 608 pages, round corners, crimson silk cloth, gold stamped, \$2.00.

A HANDBOOK OF NEW ENGLAND

Descriptive of Town and Country along the Routes of Automobile Travel, with Introductory Chapters. 840 pages, round corners, crimson silk cloth, gold stamped, \$2.00. Limp Crimson Leather, \$2.50.

PORTER E. SARGENT, 50 Congress Street, BOSTON, MASS.

THE NEW YORK TRAINING SCHOOL for COMMUNITY WORKERS ANNOUNCES THE OPENING OF ITS SECOND YEAR OF LECTURES AND PRACTICAL WORK, BEGINNING OCTOBER 11TH, 1916

For Information address Executive Secretary, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.