

Carpentier Shaw enters this particular contest with "a long reach, a long flexible neck, and, last but not least, a long head." On some occasions he strains his long flexible neck around impossible angles of observation. He is too knowing, too connoisseurish, too "inside." But his remarks about Carpentier's discobolusian balance on the ball of his foot leads up to a most beautiful bit of description, worth the fifteen cents that it costs to see the fight through his eyes:

The change in Carpentier's face when he sets to work is so startling that the spectators can see nothing else. The unmistakable Greek line digs a trench across his forehead at once; his color changes to a stony grey; he looks ten thousand years old; his eyes see through stone walls; and his expression of intensely concentrated will frightens everyone in the hall except his opponent, who is far too busy to attend to such curiosities.

The knock-out is handled bluntly by Bennett, in contrast to the expert Shaw; Bennett is the audacious reporter with a grasp of the telling facts:

Carpentier caught Beckett on the nose at once . . . Beckett was utterly outclassed. He never had a chance . . . The Stadium beheld him lying stunned on his face. And the sight of Beckett prone, and Carpentier standing by him listening to the counting of the allotted seconds, was the incredible miraculous consummation of all the months of training, all the organization, all the advertising, all the expenditure, all the frenzy. Aphrodite, breaking loose in the shape of a pretty girl bien maquillée, rushed to the ring. Men raised her in their arms, she raised her face; and Carpentier bent over the ropes and kissed her passionately amid the ecstasies of joy and disillusion that raged around them. That kiss seemed to be the bright flower of the affair. It summed up everything. Two minutes earlier Beckett in his majestic strength had been the idol of a kingdom. Now Beckett was a sack of potatoes, and Carpentier in might and glory was publicly kissing the chosen girl within a yard of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Bennett, it is clear, is entering into the spirit of the occasion. He issues phrases like "idol of a kingdom" and "might and glory" with ready complaisant exuberance. Bernard Shaw is harder to please. He admits that Beckett was the idol of a kingdom, but an idol manufactured for the delusion and exploitation of the public. As for this business of the public kiss "within a yard of the Prince of Wales," Shaw's blood freezes:

The usual orgy followed. Pugilists are a sentimental, feminine species, much given to kissing and crying. Carpentier was hoisted up to be chaired, dragged down to be kissed, hung out by the heels from the scaffold to be fondled by a lady, and in every possible way given reason to envy Beckett.

That is to say, if Shaw were hung out by the heels to be fondled by a lady, he (Shaw) would envy the fellow who was knocked out. But would everyone? Shaw describes Carpentier's "jubilant

spring in the air" after he had won the decision. The subsequent homage of that which Mr. Bennett so elegantly calls Aphrodite may have seemed not entirely unpleasant. Not to an Irish Puritan. Not, possibly, to a Greek God. Not even to Charles XII. But that is where the ebullient Carpentier leaves off and the misogynist Charles XII keeps aristocratically on.

Shaw's analytical perception of the knock-out, however, does increase one's respect for the aristocratic art of reporting. Bennett's account leaves out the "splendidly clean and finished right to the jaw." It leaves out "the droop with which Beckett went prone to the boards." In these matters, for all his expansiveness, Bernard Shaw is himself splendidly clean and finished. He is something of a Carpentier, a Carpentier grown père noble.

F. H.

## Night Fall After Wind

Oh desert infinite!  
Now the wind has died  
And left the great heart still:  
The ocean of white sand subsides  
The wind reeds hardly breathe,  
The distant hills grow dim;  
Steeped in mist  
Deep stars burn,  
Birdlings call,  
From the cactus comes the dove's low note—  
Great heart—thou art still,  
How still!

Oh may it be at nightfall,  
My own wild heart will rest  
Tremulous, wild wind reed  
Lie down with thee and sleep,  
Great heart!  
Lie down with thee and sleep.

AGNES CORNELL.

## The Symbolists

I heard old Ned the Rhymer say:  
"Since I never went to college,  
I would give this Moon of mine away  
In exchange for the Star of Knowledge."

And so I added to his line,  
Which is a rhymer's duty:  
"O I would give this Moon of mine  
In exchange for the Star of Beauty."

"Och! ye make me tired," the bar-maid said,  
As we started off for Drimmin;  
"Sure men like ye should be satisfied  
Since your wives are honest women."

FRANCIS CARLIN.



## A Japanese Pragmatist

*The Principles of the Moral Empire, by Kojiro Sugimori. University of London Press.*

A PRAGMATIST is like a grasshopper—you never can tell which way he will jump. Scarcely had pragmatism made its appearance when a critic identified thirteen different kinds, and since then the varieties of the new philosophy have doubtless passed the number that made the pickle famous. Quite naturally; for pragmatism is an indigenous rather than an exotic philosophy, finding its realization in and through human activities and social institutions. It does not, like the philosophy of tradition, aim to rise above time and place and person to catch a fleeting glimpse of an immutable reality beyond. Quite the contrary, it seeks for the meaning of existence in the very idiosyncrasies of human nature and in the very welter of finite experience. And this makes for variety.

But it likewise makes for unity. If one result of the insistence upon the concrete is that pragmatists differ in the elaboration of their point of view, another is that they share in a common purpose. They all propose a fundamental reconstruction of philosophy in the interest of life. Moreover, it is exactly this common purpose which is the important and vital feature of pragmatism.

Both this loyalty to the central purpose and this originality in its application is interestingly illustrated by a Japanese pragmatist, Kojiro Sugimori, in his recent volume, *The Principles of the Moral Empire*. The book is of unusual interest for another reason. It represents the *Weltanschauung* of a Japanese thinker at a time when it cannot be a matter of indifference to the world what the Japanese are thinking and planning. Just how reliable a document the book is for the interpretation of the mind of Japan must be a matter for speculation, but as a professor of philosophy in the University of Waseda, Tokyo, the author is undoubtedly spokesman for others of his countrymen. This fact, together with the subject discussed (the nature of the moral self) and the thesis defended (that man should aim at the fullest self-realization) makes the volume one of exceptional timeliness.

There is much in Sugimori's faith in the regenerative power of the self to remind one of Fichte, but it is Fichte without a nationalistic program; in other words, it is not Fichte. There is much again to remind one of Nietzsche's doctrine of the superman, only Sugimori's superman bears little or no resemblance to Nietzsche's. Nietzsche's superman is the embodiment of the will to power, Sugimori's of the will to moral dignity. The reader will find Sugimori's book a fervent defense of pride and self-assertion as against love and self-surrender, but pride and self are defined in accordance with a more adequate psychology than that upon which the received conceptions rest; they are expensive rather than restrictive concepts. And this is the peculiar significance of Sugimori's doctrine for these days of aggressive self-assertion. There are two ways of meeting the present world-wide unrest. One is to attempt to kill the demand for a fuller self-realization from which this unrest springs; the other is to discover methods of investing self-realization for social returns. The first way is costly at best, and even if temporarily successful, must fail in the end. We may go over the precipice, but halt we cannot. The urge of the centuries is against it. The second way calls for great ingenuity and even greater faith, but it is the way of promise, for it has the dynamic power of human aspiration to draw upon and may have

that miracle of miracles, human intelligence, for guide. Here Sugimori belongs with those who designate self-respect as the greatest moral force at man's command, but at the same time point out that the self to be respected is moral in direct proportion to the range of interests it is able to cherish as its own.

Fundamentally, therefore, Sugimori is a pragmatist, as he claims to be. Our peculiar task, he urges, in this "most momentous time in comparison with which any age in history is simpler and smaller both in its magnitude and meaning," is to bring intelligence to the aid of man's impetuous determination to realize life in new forms. "Both shepherds and their flocks, in intellectual as well as practical aspects, want now most badly a new supply of intelligence." For this task philosophers and artists should be peculiarly qualified, but at present "Art and Philosophy . . . are hardly worth twopence in the estimation of the public." Small wonder; for artists and philosophers have insisted upon withdrawing into sequestered corners, leaving the world to manage its unholy affairs as best it might. And this has resulted in great loss. It was life deliberately blind-folding itself. What greater philosophical achievement can be conceived (to speak only of philosophy) than the reduction of the multitude of problems, with which the world is full, to an organized whole? This means vision. It means the attainment of a comprehensive view of the purpose of life and the invention of a method for its progressive realization. And because this is not the manner of philosophers they must be born anew. They must learn that he only is a philosopher who knows how to inspire and enlighten men where they live and feel and express themselves.

This is good pragmatism, and there is much more of the same sort in the book. In the discussion of special problems, however, the mutations make their appearance which distinguish the author's pragmatism from other varieties. Nor is variation the limit of his originality. At times, indeed, one suspects that were the thought stripped of its metaphorical dress the reader would find himself staring at pragmatic heresy. On the whole, Sugimori stands nearer the English humanistic pragmatism of Schiller than the more intellectualistic pragmatism of James or Dewey, and nearer James's blend of mysticism and logic than Dewey's scientific temper. But deviations and lapses may for present purposes be forgotten in the interest of the central doctrine of the book—the necessity of recognizing the widest possible self-realization as the supreme law of the moral life.

The high significance of self-realization permeates the book from cover to cover. Conscience and utility are defined in terms of it; the outer world exists in order that the self might have something to work upon; in the individual's Yea and Nay the universe becomes articulate; and so on. But the doctrine gets its fullest presentation in a chapter entitled, "The Two Fundamental Impulses of Life: Pride and Love." No forces, says Sugimori, do we know more intimately and none do we more thoroughly misunderstand. Everywhere pride is denounced and love praised and yet in the affairs of life we show that we value pride above love. This is because most people do not draw their views from life itself but accept them from those who claim to know. "Man defies things too soon, just as he damns things too hastily." And this has given vogue to many errors besides the notion that love is the greatest thing in the world. What does experience teach? It teaches that as man advances, humility is replaced by