

at all events not except in the small piece. His Appendix on the Idea of a Philosophy of Ethics in his first book is as powerful a piece of writing on the logic of morals as has at any time been produced, and it is typical; for when his intellect is not employed to destroy the ideas of those who assail what he loves, it is usually employed, as in this instance, for the pure pleasure of acute destructive analysis, which he also loves. The man who wrote that Appendix is a great thinker; yet he is not except in a few such fragments a philosopher, because he has no real world-view, no unified conception of things, reared by impartial thought, no purely realistic philosophy of life; he does not begin at the bottom; he begins where he is and wants to be and trips up all his assailants who would question his right to do so. He is for the most part, in one of the highest senses possible, a special pleader.

It is here that his sceptical and destructive bent deceives him, tricks his inmost mind. He is not a sophist—at least not in his deliberate writing; a superb intellect such as that has no interest, when freed from the squalid pressure of affairs, in the superficial show of triumph to be gained by twisting the evidence. None the less his beautiful logic-fence has got the better of him. In his quest for flaws he has lost the dark clutch of truth which feels its presence even when its spokesmen stumble and expose themselves to refutation, and even when our feelings would deny its presence. He has cultivated intellect at the expense of intelligence—the ultimate intelligence, the unbribable sense for the reality buried at the bottom of argument. This tacit sense is near to the very thing he takes his stand upon when he would fight off the assailants of unproved positions of his own, yet is not his. He has choice, allegiance, iron tenacity—that is Mr. Balfour; he has usually fine common sense; but he has not that grim and naked common sense, the profounder instinct of the mind, which preferences cannot shake and which must underlie all reasonings if they are to be sound; he has fenced and debated it away. The blemishes he discovers in all constructive philosophies permit him to think that, for the present at least, no true construction is possible. The world of philosophies is therefore for him a flimsy world; the solid world is the world of “things as they are,” or at least of loyalties as they are, the world of “authority,” in the sense he gives the term. But there is another world than either of these, the world of bottom-fact, which gives the final answer to experiment and alone forbids and permits. Mr. Balfour has never lived in that world, never come to close grips with stubborn reality and found either its pains or its possibilities. Fate has protected him from it, and he has no taste for experiments either in living or in statesmanship. He has dealt with talking assemblies and debating theories. In philosophy he has refused to live in it, his flashing defensive sword-play has protected him from it, he has preferred the world affirmed by his “inward inclination and impulse.” His opponents cannot deceive him, but he has deceived himself.

For this reason he is not a satisfactory apologist for religion. His apologetics does not lack fine reasoning, but it lacks substance. After all, the evidences for religion must be found in the world we are in; they must lie in experience, and this is not where he finds them. He finds them because he wants them; their evidence is in some sort to lie in their “value,” and we are to be dragooned into accepting them because of the disconcerting consequences of giving them up. This has been a mode of argument somewhat characteristic of the nineteenth century,

but happily religion does not stand or fall with it. The creative and transforming power of religion in this world is not a theme that he naturally dwells upon.

For the same reason too his political career, in view of his magnificent equipment, has been disappointing. He has always seemed to feel that the great improvements and beneficences, if possible at all, are not in his hands, not within the power of present statesmanship. They could come from the working of obscure forces, or from the “preferential action” of divine providence, or from the power of scientific invention, but not from any agencies for which he carries a responsibility. To work the institutions of his country as he finds them, to meet problems as well as is practicable when they are thrust upon him, this, he all but tells us, is his rule of political life. There have been creative statesmen; their secret lay in temperament even more than in capacity. Certainly Mr. Balfour has no claim to a place in their number. We can understand that religion does not attract such a mind upon the side of action. It attracts him because he is a little too fastidious for this world and welcomes another as a background and refuge, a sanction for the loyalties which he will not give up and the seat of a Ruler with that saving purpose toward humanity which, even in human measure, he himself is so ready to resign.

In the present volume of *Essays* the first three embody the most substantial thought and are all in the main negative. The first, on *Decadence*, is a companion-piece to the older essay on *Progress* and equally masterly and bleak. The address on *Bacon* is comparatively slight but truly admirable. That on *Psychical Research* is a finely poised discussion of the consequences of phenomena which have not been proved to exist. The political are contrasted with the speculative essays in kind and key. *Anglo-German Relations*, written in 1912, *The Freedom of the Seas*, 1916, the *Reply to President Wilson on British War-Aims*, January 1917, show the considerate and non-sensational statesman at his best.

Mr. E. T. Raymond's interesting book is something between a full biography and a political and personal sketch and is on a distinctly superior plan to this author's two volumes of sketches. It is clever, rapid and detached, eked out apparently by ready conjecture as to motives, designs, etc. in certain matters where close knowledge is wanting. A “biography” should give the grounds or sources of its bolder assertions—as would even this humble book-notice were space available. Mr. Raymond's talent for happy portraiture and entertaining narrative stand him in good stead.

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

Editors and the Easiest Way

The Editorial, A Study in Effectiveness of Writing, by Leon Nelson Elint. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Editorials and Editorial-Writing, by Robert Wilson Neal. Springfield, Mass.: The Home Correspondence School, Inc.

SCHOOLS of journalism are no longer curiosities, but there is still speculation—and justifiable speculation—as to what they are trying to do. Is a school of journalism a school of craftsmanship, a trade school, teaching young men and women the current practices of the newspaper and the easiest way to follow them? Or is it a professional school, teaching the technique of the profession, it is true, but aiming primarily to develop a new and better

journalism with a higher sense of social and ethical responsibility to the public?

These questions are raised once more by the only two books published which profess to deal exclusively with the editorial and its writing. Both works are by journalism teachers of long experience. Both aim chiefly to teach editorial writing as a craft. This is Mr. Flint's position:

While it is interesting to consider editorial writing historically, and tremendously important that its ethical aspects be regarded, the writer of this study of the editorial admits that for him the greatest fascination lies in the study of technique—materials, aims, organization, style. In short, *results*.

Apparently ethics and results have nothing in common. The author does, however, devote two chapters of his book to Weakness and Strength of the Editorial and The Editor and his Readers. These chapters deal to a considerable extent with ethical problems. Mr. Flint advocates independent newspapers, opposes the holding of stock in public service corporations by newspaper owners, and points out that news suppression or coloring or objectionable advertising destroys the influence of anything that a publication may say editorially. One of the most interesting things in these chapters is a list of twenty-seven qualifications on the basis of which an editorial writer, actual or prospective, may take an inventory of himself. The list is worth any editor's reading. For instance, the successful editor must, according to Mr. Flint, be "free from the itch for office," be able to "look beyond the present fact to its consequences a generation ahead," have the power to "break the bonds of inertia in which most people lie helpless," and his indignation must kindle "at the injustice ignored by the dulled sensibilities of the crowd."

These chapters are preliminary to the main part of the book, which is devoted almost exclusively to editorial technique. The author makes detailed analyses—sometimes too detailed—of editorial classifications and methods. He teaches the aspiring student of journalism how to write such an editorial as appears in the ordinary American newspaper. Most of the editorials quoted as examples are commonplace stuff—which of course is what the ordinary American newspaper publishes. In Mr. Flint's book are editorials on Boosting, Why Brothers and Sisters Quarrel, Only a Dog, Hairpins. One may search vainly in the volume for significant editorials on important political, economic, and sociological issues, such as fortunately are published here and there, now and then.

Mr. Neal's book is more obviously a craftsman's volume than is Mr. Flint's. The Introduction, by Henry J. Haskell of The Kansas City Star, makes brief comment on ethical matters. There is a rather abstract chapter on The Writer of Editorials, which has an ethical tinge. There are quotations from various writers, chiefly newspaper men, in a chapter on Ideals, Sidelights, and Hints.

Most of the book is made up of editorials for study and analysis, with a small amount of discussion of technique on the part of the author of the volume. Mr. Neal gives an outline containing one hundred and twenty-seven questions for the study of editorials; of these three relate to ethical problems—less than the proverbial 2.75 per cent with which we got acquainted in wartime. Typical of the questions are these: Has the writer chosen the most suitable or effective aspects of the subject? With what purpose is the editorial written—to entertain, to instruct, to convince, or to appeal to the feelings? If the development is climactic, by what means is the climax built up?

What proportion of the sentences are simple? Compound? Complex?

There is no 2.75 per cent restriction on Mr. Neal when it comes to normalcy, the errors of trade unions, "law and order" as duly interpreted by the inheritors of the earth—not necessarily the meek—and the rest of the political regime of the day. He rises to a grand 275 per cent. One may admit that liberalism and radicalism have lately suffered somewhat of a setback, but scarcely the grand eclipse—"visible in all parts of the world," as the almanacs say—that Mr. Neal evidently imagines. From his book one would conclude that The Review is the great American magazine of opinion. He reprints no fewer than eight editorials from its pages. The Freeman gets in—with an article by Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton on Legs in the Sixties. No other radical or liberal magazine published in the United States is so much as mentioned, though the Manchester Guardian is quoted a number of times in the chapter dealing with British leader writing. Editorials from Harvey's Weekly, The Manufacturers' Record, and The Weekly Circular of William H. Barr, President of the National Founders' Association, decorate Mr. Neal's pages. Ultra-conservative newspapers are likewise conspicuous in the book. Apparently the student of journalism need not be taught anything about liberalism. There are plenty of conservative publications, and they pay the best salaries. Learn to write for them, and one of them will give you a job.

Right there is the trouble with both books—Mr. Flint's and Mr. Neal's. They aim to prepare students for jobs. Now a job is an important thing, especially to a newspaper man. But the technique of the newspaper man's job is not so difficult to learn. Many have learned it without attending schools of journalism. The school of journalism, if it is to be a serious, significant, and permanent division of the university, has got to consider itself a servant, not of the students who attend it, not of the newspapers that employ its graduates, but of the public, which reads the newspapers and is dependent largely upon them for the information essential to dependable democratic government. The editorial writer of course must know how to write. But if he has not unyielding honesty, a thorough sense of fairness and justice, and a wide knowledge in subjects of public concern, it were better for the public that he were illiterate. If the school of journalism is to be a trade school and if books written for it are to be trade school books, its function is exceedingly questionable. That way is, it is true, the easiest way, but not the way of permanent usefulness.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD.

Love by Pantomime

The Death of Society, by Romer Wilson. New York: George H. Doran.

AFTER Mrs. Elinor Glyn had written *Three Weeks* she wrote a sequel to it called *One Day*. With apologies and reservations, it might be suggested to Miss Romer Wilson that she re-christen her book and call it *Five Days* and publish it in the Glyn series. These are hard words to an author who has written so good a book as *Martin Schuler*, but although her characters in the *Death of Society* play Bach and talk on a high philosophical plane, they have no more relation to humanity than the Glyn puppets.