

own writings and his numerous biographers tell of his friendly relations with Hanna, but are silent as to how it came about." Credit where credit is due. He was the man who saved many an historic situation: saved New York for Roosevelt, in 1904; saved John Hay from a curt dismissal, 1901; helped save the country from a panic, 1902. Try to think of anything in the last quarter century that Mr. Kohlsaat didn't engineer! The sinking of the Maine? Well no, he was not responsible for that; but a few days later, McKinley wired him to come post-haste to Washington to talk it over. The first air-raid in London? He was there! "I retired about 11 o'clock, and was awakened—" As you read on, you begin to be certain that nothing ever will happen, *can* happen, without Mr. Kohlsaat on the spot. "I sat next to Mrs. Asquith" . . . "Are my eyes very red, said McKinley" . . . "Old man, said Roosevelt, I am going to pay you the highest compliment I ever paid anyone in my life."

Once he quarreled with T. R. Apparently with no one else. Quarrels weren't his line. He wanted to commune. On through life he comes, collecting Presidents as other men acquire postage-stamps. His book is more than a biography. For he is the flower of a time-honored American ambition to chuckle with the great. Wanting nothing for himself, he dares to speak what truth he sees. He calls himself, this mirror of refracted majesty, "the brutal friend of Presidents." "Brutal" is not the word that everyone would choose. "Inescapable" is better. C. M.

The Age of Rocks vs. the Rock of Ages

Religion and Biology, by Ernest E. Unwin. London: The Swarthmore Press.

ALL Christendom is divided into three parts—by evolution. First, those who view with alarm. Their faith in the everlasting mercy of God commits them to an equally heroic faith in a certain unquenchable lake. They consign Mr. Darwin and his dupes to this lake—grimly and with evident relish. They are a funny folk. They feed on words. Mr. Bryan writes a curious book, which he christens *In His Image*. Its phrases make a great impression upon evangelical minds. He tells them "It is better to trust in the Rock of Ages, than to know the age of the rocks," and they cry "Amen."

Mr. Bryan is the high priest of this cult. But priestlets are scattered afar. The lower house of the Oklahoma Legislature is full of them. They pass a bill which bans all textbooks in which is taught "the materialistic conception of history, or the Darwinian theory as opposed to the teachings of the Holy Bible." Its supporters are most emphatic. One announces, "I'm neither a lawyer nor a preacher, but a two-horsed layman and I'm against theory called 'science.'" Another pounds his desk and shouts, "I promised my people at home that if I had a chance to down this hellish Darwin heresy that I would do it!"

Second, there are those who accept evolution—with reservations. They are open-minded, but they serve notice that a No Fishing Here sign is hung over certain doctrines. They list such items as the Virgin Birth, the person of Christ, the nature of sin, the special creation of man's spiritual nature. Having affirmed—and reserved—they are convinced of their breadth. They believe in evolution

—but they wouldn't think of glorying in it. Like the processes of sex and reproduction, it is probably inevitable, but—O Lord, let's not talk about it—let's not brag about it.

A third group gradually wins its place. The members of this group are enthusiastically Christian in their enthusiasms, and at the same time, find a wealth of spiritual suggestion in evolution. Mr. Unwin has contributed a suggestive brief for this third group. There is no grudging loyalty here—either to religion or science. He finds in each an aid and complement to the other. He finds in the evolution story an "onward advancing melody"—to borrow Lotze's phrase.

He sketches the evolution story with sympathy and skill, stressing the progress which is inherent in the life of things, the emergence of "mutual aid," and the various factors which lay a physical basis for ethical idealism. He finds in the whole orderly process, with its panorama of divine method, a rebuke for those who "seem to think that only if unbridgeable gaps exist, can they believe in God . . . and . . . try to justify their belief in God by postulating the need for some power to jump over these gaps."

What is the purpose of evolution? Mr. Unwin finds the answer in man's own sense of divine meaning. So religion "working downwards from man's personal experience of God should find its confirmation in the contribution from the scientific aspect, which, if we may use the metaphor, works upward to meet it." Science aids religion for "the work of the scientist should provide a highway leading to a place of vision, from which the spiritual faculties enable one to catch sight of the city of God." This is the purpose of evolution—"Man—but what man?" Man as we know him? No—but the man which is to be. Man, the very son of God. Evolution gives the slant. Religion furnishes the daring.

And the problem of evil. The story of evolution is "a-throb with purpose and the purpose is the rise into self-determination." Evolution moves toward freedom. This becomes ever finer until "man, a spiritual being in touch with the spiritual source of power and life, is able to make a conscious choice, and stand for the good, the beautiful and the true in the face of all the consequences, coming into the freedom for which he has been destined, the freedom of a son of God." Sin thus becomes the failure to continue the evolutionary struggle.

The third group, to which I have referred, will welcome Mr. Unwin's book. He has preserved a respectable balance between theological fervor and biological zeal. This kind of thing will help to banish the "half-gods."

And, Mr. Bryan, why not buy it? And then send a few copies to those Oklahomans.

HUBERT C. HERRING.

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