

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

AMERICA takes the lead for world peace. That is the inspiring purport of the President's action. Amid the score or more of wars that have occurred since the armistice of 1918, the continued military preparations of the powers, the rumors of impending conflicts of vast magnitude, and all the hesitancy, doubt and fear that beset the world, there comes one clear, brave voice. "Come," says the President in effect to the other four Great Powers, "Come, and let us reason together for the limitation of armaments." This is a summons which cannot be refused, and which can not fail—faith in God and man forbids us to doubt it—to have beneficent results surpassing anything else that we have known in our age. The question of limiting armaments has been discussed before, as one item in the voluminous agenda of miscellaneous conferences. This is the first time in history when the chief nations of the whole world have been called together for the specific and sole purpose of seeking such limitation. It is the voice of the President that calls them; and the voice of the President is the voice of America.

The long-promised new era in Ireland began, formally and actually, with the opening of Parliament at Belfast, the King and Queen being in personal attendance; and June 22, 1921, henceforth ranks in Irish and British annals with January 1, or February 2, 1801, whichever may be regarded as the true date of the beginning of the Union. Unhappily the new order of things was accepted and went into effect in only a minor fraction of the island, the central and southern parts, under Sinn Fein domination, remaining recalcitrant and defiant. Mr. Lloyd George immediately strove to put into effect the conciliatory spirit of the King's Speech, by inviting the heads of the Ulster government and the chiefs of the Sinn Fein "Republic" to meet himself and his colleagues in a friendly tripartite conference. His efforts were earnestly seconded by General Jan

Smuts, acting as a candid friend of all three parties and as an advocate at once of regional autonomy and of imperial solidarity. The gratifying result is a more hopeful prospect of just and amicable settlement than would a month ago have been regarded as possible. To the United States these developments should be of special interest, apart from our humane desire for the welfare of all kindred peoples, as confirmation of this country, both officially and popularly, in its correct attitude toward the "Irish question." No people are more ready than Americans to sympathize with every legitimate aspiration for governmental reform, enlargement of liberty, and establishment of self-government. None should be more scrupulous in refraining from interference of any kind in the domestic affairs of a friendly foreign Power. John Hay's description of our foreign policy as "the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule" is doubly apt. The one pledges us not to meddle in the affairs of European nations which do not concern us. The other admonishes us to do to others in 1921 as we wished others to do to us in 1861.

The college and university commencement season of 1921 has been marked with exceptional interest both in its general aspects and in various specific features. Among the latter conspicuously outstanding was the centenary commemoration of the founding of Amherst College as an institution for the free education of candidates for the Christian ministry. The college quickly got away from that narrow scope, and for a hundred years has been a fine example of what has rather infelicitously been called the "small college" and which may better be called simply the college as distinguished from the true university. It has been foremost in demonstrating the indispensable utility and value of such institutions of general culture as the very backbone of our higher educational system, whether as ends in themselves or as the best possible feeders to the post-graduate, professional and research schools of the great universities.

Another commencement time incident of national interest was the installation of a new President of Yale University, in circumstances marking a new era in the history of that institution, the chief of them being that Dr. Angell was before his election in no

the slightest respect connected or associated with Yale. A few of the very first Presidents of Yale were alumni of other colleges, for the reason that Yale had not yet a sufficient body of alumni to draw from. But since the first five, until Dr. Angell, every Yale President was a "Yale man." The new President was educated at the University of Michigan, and is the son of a President of that great institution who had himself been educated at Brown University. For the first time in a history of more than two centuries, Yale has at its head the product of a Western "freshwater college." That might mean that Yale had conformed itself with the standards of scholarship obtaining elsewhere, even in the generality of colleges and universities throughout the nation; or it might mean that other institutions had come up to Yale's standard. Did Mohammed go to the Mountain, or did the Mountain after all come to Mohammed? Judicious observers will in this case incline to the latter view. There has been no decline in the standards of Yale and the other great Eastern universities, but there has been a coming up to that standard by other institutions in all parts of the land. That is the national significance of Dr. Angell's election to Yale—the uniformity and solidarity of our national intellectual culture.

The order for the withdrawal of our arbitrary military despotism from Santo Domingo is to be regarded with gratitude, though it came too late to save us from much shame and from the just resentment of the people of the island republic. Years ago, when President Roosevelt merely loaned an expert official to advise and assist the Dominican Government in its fiscal affairs, there was a monstrous to-do over such "meddling" and "imperialism." Yet under the Wilson Administration our Government went almost immeasurably further than had so much as been dreamed of, and established what was very much like a military satrapy over a conquered and subject people. It cannot be maintained that there was any justification for such a course, in law or morals, nor does there seem to be any reason for hoping that permanent good has been wrought by it in the island. We shall be fortunate if, through frank withdrawal from a course which we never should have undertaken, we avoid a serious alienation of confidence.

One of the most interesting announcements of recent years in the realm of journalism is that of the purchase of control of the *Saturday Review* (of London) by the Canadian-English banker, Sir Edward Mackay Edgar, and the engagement of Mr. Sydney Brooks—who needs no introduction to the readers of this REVIEW—as its Editor. Since it was founded by Lord Salisbury's brother-in-law, Mr. Beresford-Hope, two-thirds of a century ago, the *Saturday Review* has had an always conspicuous, generally brilliant and often influential place in English journalism. At first Peelite and then ultra-Conservative in politics, its strenuous partisanship incurred for it at times the name of *Saturday Reviler*. But more than for its politics it is remembered and regarded for its attention to sociological and literary matters. It was in its pages that Mrs. Lynn Linton exploited the "Girl of the Period," and that Messrs. Andrew Lang, Frederick Greenwood, George Saintsbury, H. D. Traill and others presented some of their best writing to the public. Nor should we forget, as a striking instance of what we might call the liberality of Toryism, that during some of his most radical and iconoclastic years Mr. George Bernard Shaw was a conspicuous member of its staff. We could not wish Mr. Sydney Brooks a more fascinating task than that of taking over this journal, with its brilliant and unique traditions, and remoulding it in accordance with his own principles of journalism, nor could we wish the redoubtable *Saturday* a worthier fate than to fall into his cultivated and masterful hands.

The appalling flood disaster at Pueblo and other places in Colorado was apparently one of those "acts of God" for which men disclaim responsibility. It does not seem that it was due in any appreciable measure to human faults or follies, but to an outburst of the elements which could not be foreseen, averted or controlled; though we shall not question the possibility that some day engineering skill will devise ways and means of protecting mankind against even such disasters. By contrast, at almost the same time, there was a still more appalling occurrence at Tulsa, Oklahoma, which was not at all an "act of God" or a cataclysm of nature, but was due entirely to human faults and follies and the abhorrent passions which nineteen centuries of

Christianity have not yet eliminated from the race. Years ago a serious South American revolution arose over the question whether five or ten cents was to be paid for a melon. So this hideous race war of devastation and extermination is said to have arisen over the misuse or misunderstanding of a single word. But a spark cannot cause an explosion unless the magazine is there, ready to be exploded. The misinterpretation of the word was one of the commonest and stupidest of the current corruptions of English speech. But it would have been innocuous had not evil passions been there, ready for unchaining with even so small a key. Our civil engineers will do well to curb, if they can, the fury of mountain torrents. Immeasurably more do we need some moral engineering which will not only curb but if possible destroy the far more deadly passions of cruelty, savagery and hatred which lurk in the dark recesses of the human heart. Mention of Pueblo arouses only sentiments of pity, help and hope. Mention of Tulsa will for many a year excite those of loathing, detestation and immeasurable shame.

An encouraging reminder of progress in a little noticed corner of the world was afforded by the consecration in a New York City church, of the Protestant Episcopal faith, of a Suffragan Bishop of Liberia; the significant feature of the incident being that the clergyman was in his youth a member of one of the wild Negro tribes which still roam in the inland jungles of that part of Africa, and owed his civilization, education and preparation for the episcopal office entirely to schools within the Negro republic. It is just a hundred years since Liberia was founded by the American Colonization Society as a refuge for American Negroes who had been emancipated but were denied enfranchisement. In those years the little nation, now composed almost entirely of African-born Negroes, has been generally neglected by this and other countries to a discreditable degree, but in spite of that circumstance has maintained a stability and integrity of government and has attained a degree of civilization and culture, which might be much envied by many a more pretentious and more conspicuous State. It is particularly encouraging to observe that with a few early exceptions the men of "light and leading" 1 Liberia, such as Barclay and Blyden, and the newly-conse-

crated Bishop Gardiner, have been of unmixed Negro blood and have owed their culture chiefly if not entirely to Liberian schools.

There was, and with much reason, profound satisfaction, in the United States as in France itself, at the fine support which M. Briand received in the Chamber of Deputies when a vote of confidence was sought on his policy in the settlement with Germany. Criticism had been noisy and virulent, but when after full and free debate, and after M. Briand's frank and manly exposition of his course and the reasons for it, a vote was taken, more than seventy-one per cent of the Deputies registered their approval. Equally gratifying was the assurance, quickly following, that the relations between France and Great Britain remained unimpaired in cordiality and mutual confidence. It would have been deplorable and ominous for M. Briand to be repudiated by the representatives of the nation which he has served so well in so difficult circumstances. It would have been nothing less than disastrous to have a breach between the two great Allied Powers.

Lord Curzon's destructive criticism of the League of Nations was described by some writers as unexpected. Why, does not appear; unless merely in the time and technical occasion. He is a man whose sane perceptions are not dazzled by idealistic visions. Mr. Lloyd George had only a week before declared that the League was dangerously insufficient, and that unless controlled by a right public opinion it might lead to war. And a little before that various League Powers, great and small, had taken both diplomatic and military action of the most important kind without consulting the League or so much as recognizing its existence; while several others, of authoritative status, had given notice of their resolute purpose to move for radical amendment of the Covenant, even to the cardiectomy or excision of Article Ten. The progress of events is remorselessly demonstrating that, as Lord Curzon says, the Allies at Paris erred in precipitately rushing into discussion of matters which it is now seen would better have been solved by being postponed; and that if instead of taking up the regulation of the world they had endeavored to secure the peace of the world as it then was, "we should

have been much further advanced in the conditions of peace than we now are."

Memorial Day was marked, above many other appropriate and impressive incidents, by the unveiling and dedication of a bust of Washington in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, close by the monumental tombs of Nelson and Wellington. We are not sure that a more gratefully significant act of the kind was ever performed in any country of the world, though it was merely a confirmatory epilogue to the memorable speech of King George at his dinner to President Wilson at Buckingham Palace. Of course it is historically true that Washington was in the first instance a British commander, fighting for the King under the Union Jack, and it was not unfitting to be reminded of that fact. But of course it was not for that reason that he was honored by the side of Nelson and Wellington, but rather because he was the victorious leader of a revolution against British misgovernment and the founder of a new and independent Anglo-Saxon nation. It was not Braddock's aid and successor, but Cornwallis's conqueror, not the Washington of Great Meadows but the Washington of Trenton and Yorktown, whose effigy was placed in St. Paul's. The incident interpreted in action the King's speech of three and a half years before.

The death of General Horace Porter, literally "full of honors and years," removed almost the last important figure of the Civil War, and one of even greater importance in civil and diplomatic life since that struggle. A grateful nation must never forget that it owes to him the stately sepulchre of its most famous soldier and also the home-coming and appropriate entombment of the founder of its navy. Those two labors of love will cause his name to be inseparably and perpetually associated with the fame of Grant and John Paul Jones. Neither will it be forgotten, while international law and justice are cherished, that he conspicuously made the influence and the principles of America felt in the great Congress at The Hague, in the direction of the adjudication of international controversies on a basis of equity and equality.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CHINA, JAPAN, AND KOREA. By J. O. P. Bland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The great virtue of Mr. Bland's book about China, Japan, and Korea—which is mainly a book about China, and only incidentally a book about the other countries mentioned in the title—is that it outlines with unsparing clearness an unsolved and perhaps insoluble problem. A secondary virtue, but by no means a small one, is its freedom from too much discursiveness. In most writings about the Far East important facts are largely mingled with impressions and with more or less sentimental reflections—to the practical obscuring of issues. In reading accounts in which so much is strange, sensational, or picturesque, one finds difficulty in giving due weight to the real factors. Pestilence, starvation, and graft, placed beside odd social customs and striking scenes lose half their significance and take on a merely imaginative value. In short, we receive too readily the point of view of the visitor to China as distinguished from that of the resident in that country.

Those who prefer optimistic, ingeniously constructive, entertainingly discursive books, especially about subjects seeming so remote from our daily lives as the condition of China, will find Mr. Bland's work unsatisfying. To others it will prove intensely interesting. There can be no doubt that the author, who has lived for thirty years in China as secretary to Sir Robert Hart, is well informed; and his arguments are hard to resist.

The problem of life in China depends upon the ratio of population to food—a ratio which has to be multiplied by another factor,—the “procreative recklessness” of the people. Plainly not much can be done to improve matters unless this last coefficient can be in some way cancelled or diminished. But this appears to be impossible, for it would involve a complete change in the social system and the religious beliefs of all China. This being the case, the plan of introducing modern methods among the Chinese, with a view to enabling them to compete industrially with the white races, could, even if practicable, bring only temporary relief. Moreover, “there is no possibility of materially increasing either the productivity of the soil or the area under cultivation.” The “Wisconsin Idea” is absurd as applied to a land already cultivated more intensively than any other part of the world; and machinery can do little good in a country where agricultural man-power is far cheaper than any fuel-driven machine.

It is this essential condition which Mr. Bland keeps plainly before us throughout his discussion. As a remedy for such a deep-seated and chronic evil, a

republican form of government is, of course, the hollowest of mockeries. How can a real republic exist in a country where the great mass of the people are inevitably ignorant and degraded—debarred from progress by their very virtues and by that “procreative recklessness” which is a part of their religion?

But the Chinese Republic is also in itself a sham, and it is evidently a political evil. “Young China” is not truly representative of the nation, nor is it truly modern or advanced. Those who look hopefully upon the student movement “overlook the fact that whereas Young China will work itself to a semi-hysterical condition of eloquence and tears over China’s sovereign rights in the Shantung case, its indignation has never yet been publicly directed against the growing rapacity of the metropolitan and provincial officials or the notorious corruption of both parliaments.” Pretended civil wars—wars not really for the assertion of any clearly defined political principle, but mere “struggles for place and patronage and pelf”—go on within the republic under the leadership of immensely able men, “coldly calculating and quite ruthless.” The Tuchuns have amassed great wealth, and some of them are known to be multi-millionaires. But the most convincing argument tending to prove the proposition that the republic is a futility, and its corollary, that the only course offering stability and solvency to China is a return to the monarchy—the most convincing argument of all is Mr. Bland’s highly interesting and instructive account of the career of Yuan Shih-K’ai. Every step in this wily statesman’s policy was based upon the assumption that just these things were true—that the republic was a delusion; that a monarchy was the only form of government which the Chinese people could understand and peaceably live under. Shams, hypocrisies, corruption, double-dealing, he knew they would regard as quite normal and put up with, while the monarchy in itself would appeal to them. He was entirely right. Every step was successful until Yuan slipped up through his ignorance of foreign relations.

As for reconstruction, Mr. Bland thinks that the present four-Power consortium, which has made disbandment of Chinese armies a condition of loans to China, can work effectively only by arriving at a comprehensive agreement with Japan. There is reason, he believes, to hope that the old Japanese militaristic spirit is on the wane, and that in the future the Japanese will seek for economic predominance rather than political control in China. But if Japanese militarism—in the sense of war for war’s sake—is decreasing, there is nevertheless no diminution of Japanese pride or self-assertiveness. Moreover, the actual economic needs of Japan are pressing. There is no valid objection, the author thinks, to Japanese expansion into Manchuria and Mongolia; and in Korea the only practicable procedure seems to be gradual assimilation by the Japanese.

Other close students of the Far East have advocated a solution of difficulties in that part of the world along lines of practical expediency rather than idealism, but perhaps no other has given his reasons quite so convincingly as Mr. Bland.

LEGENDS. By Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Miss Lowell makes in her Preface the most pregnant of comments upon her own book. A Legend is something which nobody has written and everybody has written, and which anybody is at liberty to rewrite; wherefore she cares nothing about the inaccuracies—from the point of view of the student of folk-lore—which have crept into her poems, because the truth of poetry is imaginative, not literal. In all that we most cordially agree with her, in relation to the present work. But since this is so significantly and pertinently true concerning the poetry of legends, we cannot escape wondering that Miss Lowell has not always perceived the equal truth of the converse, or perhaps of a corollary, when applied to what we may call the poetry of history.

The poet should be free to exercise any flight, vagary or eccentricity of imagination or of invention in writing legends, because legends are essentially products of imagination and invention. But incidents and narratives of history are not imaginary, but literal; wherefore in enshrining them in poetic structures we should always so far adhere to the spirit of the facts that, no matter how opulently adorned with the embroidery of imagination, the finished poem shall produce an effect in harmony with that of the most prosaic and dry-as-dust annals. This can always be done without in any degree hampering the poet or sacrificing the fanciful charm of the work, for the reason that historic truth must always be as fertile soil and as fecund a source of inspiration for imaginative enlargement as historic untruth. Of this a striking exemplification was afforded in a former volume of Miss Lowell's. Among its contents are two historic poems, side by side; of which one produces upon the mind of the reader an impression exactly accordant with the known facts of history, and the other an impression as exactly discordant. Yet in amplitude and variety of the exercise of creative imagination, the former is if possible superior to the latter.

All this is, however, by the way for the present, since the volume before us comprises nothing but Legends in the truest sense of the word. Every one of them is sheer invention, and of every one of them the inventor has from time immemorial been unknown. Doubtful is it, in fact, if one of them ever had an individual inventor, author, composer. Rather should we say that they "out from the heart of Nature rolled," and they are no more to be strait-jacketed in a single fixed form than the sunrise or sunset sky is to be confined to a single fixed color scheme. The epigram of Kipling on Tribal Lays is apt and accurate. No matter in how many different ways one of these Legends may be repeated, they are all right ways, so long as they are instinct with the essential spirit of legendry. And that spirit is assuredly not lacking in any of these vibrant, scintillating and heart-haunting versions. Miss Lowell has, as she admits,—or boasts,—changed, added, subtracted, jumbled at will, made over to suit her own poetic vision. But always she has done so in the intrinsically legendary vein, and the result is so enthralling, so enchanting,

that we are quite sure that her version is the best possible version and is the very one in which the legend was from the beginning of time intended to be told.

When from the matter of the Legends we turn to the dress in which Miss Lowell has clothed them, we are inclined to felicitate many other poets upon her insistence in pursuing her own unique and self-ruled way. For here is convincing evidence that if she had chosen to adhere to any of the more familiar and conventional mediums of poetical expression, she would have so greatly excelled that among many of her competitors there would have been "no second." Thus in "The Ring and the Castle" we have the very perfection of ballad-making, and again in "Dried Majoram," though in an entirely different rhythm; as both are entirely different from the accepted and traditional "ballad measure." Again, in "From a Yucca to a Passion Vine" there are passages so purely lyrical that they sing themselves, whether the reader wills or no. In the colossal "Many Swans" we find all things, lyrical, dramatic, narrative, descriptive; as many and as varied notes as in a Beethoven symphony, and all as harmonious and as integral.

Those, if those there be, who assume Miss Lowell's poems always to be devoid of rhyme and rhythm, will be informed otherwise by finding here sustained passages of marvellous beauty in which the versification is as regular, the rhythm as uniform, the rhymes as carefully chosen, as in any poem of Tennyson's or Poe's. True, we do find "hero" made to rhyme with "must know," and "lustres" with "dust blurs"; but we should not have to search far to discover more flagrant examples in the masters of rhyme whom we have mentioned. We may with Horace be indignant "*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*," though if we are we shall be unreasonable and shall risk spoiling our sweet dispositions. Personally, we have always wondered why Tennyson went to the trouble of composing his famous "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," in the competition for the most hopelessly commonplace and wooden line, when he could have done as well by quoting a line from Poe's "Raven," or from "The Warden of the Cinque Ports" of Poe's *bête noir*, Longfellow.

But—and this is the supreme merit and charm—whenever Miss Lowell does thus employ regular forms, rhythm and rhyme, we are invariably made to feel that she does so not because she is compelled but because she freely elects so to do, and that she thus elects solely because such forms happen to be in her taste and judgment the best suited to the themes. If it would have served the themes better, she would unhesitatingly have employed "free verse" or blank verse or "polyphonic prose" or what not. So these meticulously versified, rhythmical and rhyming ballads and lyrics are after all as truly "free" as any other form of poetical expression. They were not imposed upon the writer, but were taken by her, of her own free will, simply because they suited her purpose better than any other. This, we repeat, is the supreme fascination of these poems; that they always seem absolutely free, spontaneous, sincere. They are not exempt from faults, and sometimes these are grievous.

But the damning faults of affectation, and of eccentricity just for eccentricity's sake, which are characteristic of the major portion of current "free verse," are never found in the poems of Amy Lowell.

THE SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION. By H. G. Wells. New York: the Macmillan Company.

A kind of intellectual knight-errantry upon the part of Mr. Wells—a willingness to attack the most monstrous and savage problems with the weapons of idealism—is no small part of this writer's undeniable appeal. It requires some boldness, one must remember, to advance constructive ideas. Only a venturesome, as well as a disinterested thinker could have written a book like *The Salvaging of Civilization*, and the adventure itself, considering the courage, the high motives, and the intellectual address displayed in it, wins applause. It must be said, however, that Mr. Wells, like Sir Launcelot, does not quite arrive.

Civilization, thinks Mr. Wells, is liable shortly to collapse and the human race to decay unless some way can be found to prevent wars—for into further wars the world is aimlessly drifting; the next great convulsion will be more horrible than the one just passed, and civilization will be unable to withstand the strain. To avert this disaster, the author offers three suggestions—two of which are original.

With that perspicacity which he never fails to manifest in some part of every book that he writes Mr. Wells perceives that the present League of Nations—and, indeed, the league of nations *idea*—is amateurish and insufficient. In words that could not be bettered he points out that the League is "at once, a little too much for American participation and not sufficient for the urgent needs of Europe." What is needed is not something less than the League, but something far greater—a true World State. The proposition is a big one, for the abolition of war means no mere readjustment of human relations, but a change of human nature—war is as much an integral and shaping influence in our present civilization as is religion or law. We ought not, therefore, to underrate the magnitude of the undertaking, but we should realize that because of this very magnitude a heroic remedy is required.

It at once occurs to the reader, at this point, that there is possibly something a little wrong with Mr. Wells's logic. To say that because a World State is incompatible with national jealousy, with that atrocious Sinn-Fein spirit which the author identifies with European patriotism, that therefore the remedy for war is to establish a World State as soon as possible, would be like arguing that because football-playing is incompatible with physical debility therefore tubercular patients should play football. Practically Mr. Wells recognizes this; but the recognition takes away more perhaps than he realizes from the force of his plea for a World State. The whole problem, he admits, is one of intellectual and moral education.

How does Mr. Wells propose to provide the education necessary for the salvaging of civilization? His first suggestion on this score is original and fascinating—if somewhat startling. He suggests the preparation of a book of wisdom for universal distribution, to be called “the Bible of Civilization.” The old Bible, he argues, is open to criticism in several important respects. For one thing, it is tautological; it tells, for instance, the history of the Jewish nation twice over. And again, it is unscientific. But its most serious fault is that it has become standardized, that it has ceased to grow—a condition that did not exist in those early ages in which the Bible had its origin. The idea of the old Bible was, however, essentially right. It was a needed compilation of all the knowledge and inspiration available in its age, and, best of all, it did give man a real conception of his place in the universe. Following so successful a model, Mr. Wells would construct his modern Bible closely upon the lines of the old. There would be a biological and geological section corresponding to the Book of Genesis; hygiene and ethics would fill the place of Deuteronomy; there would be literary Books; and finally there would be a “Book of Forecasts.” Mr. Wells does not say whether he would include in his Book of Proverbs such sayings as Thomas Brackett Reed’s definition of a statesman, or Labouchere’s comment that “mere disbelief in the existence of God does not entitle a man’s opinions on all other topics to uncritical acceptance.” The Book of Forecasts would consist of the programmes and philosophies of living statesmen, and the author ironically suggests that while the first draught would undoubtedly be a pale and sad affair, the project would at least force public men to define their ultimate aims and to question themselves as to whether they had any ultimate aims.

What Mr. Wells presents in his conception of a modern Bible is, in short, just a brief abstract of all our education and culture—including the sort of thing we read in the magazines and reviews. Well, probably Mr. Bryan would contribute, and if he isn’t a prophet, who is? It is a grave question whether our modern education and culture, with its vast extent, its rival views, and its considerable uncertainty, could advantageously be thus compacted. Besides, how many, who do not go to college, could really understand Mr. Wells’s Bible? Not even the amount of advertizing done by the promoters of the Encyclopaedia Britannica would be sufficient to popularize such a work, and this amount does not equal the total propaganda in behalf of education in our colleges. Illiterate persons would not assemble in churches and Grange halls to hear Mr. Wells’s Bible read to them. People do not do that sort of thing nowadays. They go to Chautauquas to hear Mr. Bryan direct. In brief, isn’t it better to let our vast and somewhat fluid culture do its work in the ways it has found for itself—in schools and libraries, in books and periodicals—than to attempt to concentrate it in a Bible? It is by its very nature a diffused and general influence.

Moreover, in all this, Mr. Wells seems completely to ignore the fact that the immense influence of the Bible has been due in large part to general belief in

its inspiration. It may be true that the world has passed the point when it can be saved, or greatly aided, by belief in an inspired book; but it does not follow from this that it can be saved by the popularization of an uninspired book. Something more than factitious enthusiasm for the five-foot shelf is evidently needed.

The author's third suggestion seems more practical than the others. Mr. Wells is one of the few who have grasped the essential truth that the great difficulty in education is just the difficulty of securing an adequate supply of competent teachers. He therefore urges that the work of planning lessons and supplying materials be centralized; that every teacher be supplied with the best possible lecture notes, apparatus, diagrams, phonograph records, and cinema films from a central bureau. The premise is certainly sound, and better organization in these matters might secure greater efficiency. But Mr. Wells's criticism seems to point to deficiencies possibly more prevalent in England than in America, and also it is clear that, in the form of text-books, laboratory methods, and uniform supplies, we already have a considerable degree of standardization. Experience seems to show, moreover, that good teachers, and writers of excellent text-books, are apt to become affected with a kind of bureaucratic stupidity as soon as they are constrained to coöperate in making out a syllabus. Something is to be said, after all, for educational liberty.

On the whole, one finds in Mr. Wells's extraordinary and stimulating, not to say provoking book, little more than several ordinary ideas greatly magnified.

IS AMERICA SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY? By William McDougal, Professor of Psychology in Harvard College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

While Mr. Wells pessimistically analyzes the causes of the probable downfall of European civilization, and with unquenchable optimism suggests educational remedies, Professor McDougal writes in a somewhat sprightly manner of how "the American nation is speeding gaily down the road to destruction," and not too hopefully points to Eugenics as the sole available remedy. It is worth noting that Eugenics is the one thing that Mr. Wells considers too vague and impractical to be worth discussing as a means of national and world salvation, whereas Professor McDougal emphasizes the limited effect of education upon the race. If one had to choose between the two, one would unhesitatingly decide in favor of Professor McDougal. It ought to be clear enough by this time that the limits of education, and hence of reform, are fixed by native intelligence, and Eugenics appears both a more logical and a more sufficient alternative to sheer destruction than does a centralized educational bureau. But when doctors disagree there is always the hope that both may be wrong, and the thesis that this or that is the *only possible* remedy for a threatening evil has been frequently falsified by history.

Hence we hope that, despite Mr. Balfour's thesis that conclusions are gener-

ally sounder than premises, Professor McDougal's premises may be sounder than his main conclusion.

This tentative suggestion is, however, about the only idea remotely approaching a criticism that one has to offer as comment upon Professor McDougal's book.

It would be difficult to imagine a wiser, more interesting, more generally acceptable popular discussion of the vexed questions of heredity and of race than this able psychologist and philosopher has written. Particularly fascinating are the developments of the idea that "on both the moral and intellectual sides the *innate* potentialities of the mind are richer, more various, and more specific than can be described in terms of degrees of intelligence and degrees of strength of the several instinctive influences." Through statistical methods, moreover, the author seems able to fix with approximate accuracy certain really primary psychological qualities of the principal races of Europe. Of course, the Eugenic significance of all this is simply that moral and intellectual qualities are distributed in about the same way as are physical characteristics such as stature; and that they are, at least relatively, unchangeable—though Professor McDougal suggests that Weissman *may* not have been right in holding that acquired characteristics are in no degree transmitted to offspring. But the subject of race is in itself of immense importance and a real clarification of the questions about it could not but deeply affect our thinking upon a great variety of other subjects, including politics, art and literature.