

of individuality in this process; on the contrary, there is a vast enlargement and clarification of personality. A notable and beautiful illustration of this clear and victorious development of a type by assimilating what was harmonious in its surroundings is furnished by the career and character of Lincoln, who was not only a complete individual type but a perfect national type as well—

“New birth of our new soil,
The first American.”

He appropriated from his country, his people, and his time that for which his nature had an affinity, and he became original, creative, typical, by self-unfolding. A man of this temper and methods uses books and technical processes, but is never their product. Whatever he takes of discipline, training, or knowledge, he makes so completely a part of himself that the processes and materials are entirely lost in the final product. His discipline and training leave no trace save in his self-command, his skill, and his effectiveness. His knowledge is so blended with his experience that he completely possesses it, instead of being possessed by it as is the pedant; and when he gives it out in expression, it has taken some new form or received some fresh interpretation. He uses experience, knowledge, all the materials of power which surround him, not to efface the lines along which his nature craves development, but to emphasize them. In every form of expression he gives us, not his acquirements, but himself; and his acquirements return to us so merged in the final product that we cannot trace them. A nature which has this power of drawing upon all the sources of influence, intelligence, and vitality about it becomes clairvoyant and typical. It attains such profound and unconscious harmony with the life in which it is enfolded and by which it is nourished that it speaks at last out of the depths of that life, and reveals its secrets.

A man of this temper knows what is in the heart of his race. He feels every movement of its unconscious life; he divines its thought; and he becomes in the end, on a colossal scale, the man of his time and his people. He is simple, harmonious, individual. Such a man was Tourguéneff—in certain respects the most marvelous race-interpreter of modern times. An artist of subtle and splendid gifts, he seemed to know intuitively all the secrets of the Russian people; and in those compact and impressive stories of his, so free from all extraneous discussion, so concentrated in spirit and action, so swift and deep and powerful in sentiment and movement, the Slavonic nature breathes and suffers and acts. From this point of view a further reference to Lincoln is almost inevitable. Born and bred on the old frontier, with the scantiest formal education, uncouth in figure, he seemed to many, in the critical hour when he became President, fatally untrained for the responsibilities of the time and the place. When the news of his nomination was received in a certain university town, a teacher of high character and wide culture is reported to have said that the country would have a good man in the White House if only some better-trained man could write his messages and speeches for him! Yet those messages and speeches are, with the exception of a few lyrics, the only literature of the great struggle. At least three of these public utterances have already become classics, not only because of their elevation and nobility of thought and feeling, but because of their rare beauty of style. Among all the speakers of his time, accomplished orators, students of rhetoric, masters of the art of eloquence, Lincoln is the only one whose speeches are likely to survive.

This superiority, it is hardly necessary to say, was neither

accidental nor spontaneous; like all superiority, it rested on a solid basis of preparation. Lincoln was, in some respects, the most genuinely educated man of his time; but his education was vital, not formal; individual, not academic. There is no antagonism between these two kinds of education; on the contrary, in the ideal training they must always combine and harmonize. There is a disposition, however, to assume that formal education is the only education. From this point of view men like Shakespeare and Lincoln are inexplicable. For every great work of art involves adequate education; chance is as finally barred out of the world of art as it is out of the world of nature.

The more one studies Lincoln's education the more complete is it seen to have been. In his own way he acquired a knowledge of his people, of his time, of himself, and of a few books, which, in its depth and thoroughness, made him the master not only of a great movement but of a great language. Men of the type of Gladstone and Sumner give the impression of having sought near and far for information and illustration. They impress us as having made large conquests in the field of knowledge; but we are soon aware that their gain has been more by conquest than by incorporation. They have annexed rather than absorbed. In the speeches of both these eminent men of affairs we oftener hear the voice of the student than the voice of the man. Lincoln, on the other hand, always gives us a single harmonious impression of himself. We are always in contact with the man. Whatever knowledge he has acquired and whatever training he has received are tributary to the original force of his own personality, and this is true of all men of the creative as contrasted with the secondary order; they are never, under any circumstances, eclectics; they are always, under all circumstances, intensely individual. They are never composite; they are always strongly marked types. Lincoln took the elements for which he had an affinity; all others he left alone.



The Passion for Publicity

In no direction does the average American newspaper sin so grievously as in its violation of the privacies of personal and domestic life. It is at this point that its fundamental irreverence, its disregard of the natural pieties of human existence, is most evident and most repulsive. It is no exaggeration to say that the wanton and unrestricted invasion of privacy by the modern press constitutes in certain respects the most offensive form of tyranny which the world has ever known. There is absolutely no shelter for the unlucky man or woman whose career or circumstances in any way furnish material for sensational report. Uprightness of character, unblemished reputation, eminent public services, great afflictions, appalling calamities—those unusual tragic happenings which used by their very awfulness to shield a man from public curiosity—the helplessness of childhood, the innocence of youth, the sacredness of womanhood, the consideration due to old age—all these appeals to the forbearance, the silence, the respect of men, are absolutely lost on a great number of American newspapers. On the contrary, the more urgent the appeal of the exceptional and tragic condition, the more eager the search for news, the more striking the head-lines, the more shameless the invasion by detective methods of the privacy of home, the more minute the detailed report. The sheer, unmitigated brutality of this invasion of privacy is so constantly illustrated in the columns of many newspapers that a large part of the American people have come to acquiesce in it as one of the fixed conditions of modern

life—a tyranny from which there is no escape and against which no successful revolt can be made. A man with the instincts of a gentleman is sometimes tempted to think that nothing but a return to the primitive methods of redressing personal grievances will ever bring certain newspapers to their senses, and that decency will have to be horse-whipped into some newspaper editors and managers. A single incident will illustrate the extent to which this lawless invasion of personal rights is carried. A cultivated and refined woman living in a boarding-house was so unfortunate as to awaken the admiration of a young man of unbalanced mind who was living under the same roof. He paid her attentions which were courteously but firmly declined. He wrote her letters which were at first acknowledged in the most formal way, and finally ignored. No woman could have been more circumspect and dignified. The young man preserved copies of his own letters, introduced the two or three brief and formal notes which he had received in reply, made a story of the incident, stole the photograph of the woman, inclosed his own photograph, mailed the whole matter to a New York newspaper, and committed suicide. The result was a two or three column report of the incident, with portraits of the unfortunate woman and the suicide, and an elaborate and startling exaggeration of the few inconspicuous, insignificant, and colorless facts from which the narrative was elaborated. That a refined woman in American society should be exposed to such a brutal invasion of her privacy as that which was committed in this case reflects upon every gentleman in the country.

It remains to be said, however, and it ought to be said with the utmost frankness, that the passion for publicity which is illustrated in the columns of the American newspaper has also taken possession of a very considerable part of the American people, and that what one sees in the newspaper is the reflection of a very widespread social condition. The interest in other people's affairs in this country is almost measureless. The morning and evening papers make us feel as if we belonged to a great village, and as if what we call National news were nothing more than village gossip writ large; as if our chief interest lay in what is going on at the other end of the street, and our chief curiosity played, not about the great questions of life, but about the doings of people on the next block. This is the vulgar and discouraging side of the matter; but there is another side which the candid critic, who desires to take, not the short and easy, but the long and rational, view of the American newspaper, must take into account. A writer in the April issue of "Scribner's Magazine" puts this other aspect of the matter in the form of a question: "In reality, do we perceive what the vulgarities of the modern newspaper press actually represent? Do we realize that their personalities are the result of the desperate desire of the new classes, to whom democratic institutions have given their first chance, to discover the way to *live*, in the wide social meaning of the word? The hour belongs to these classes. Their ideals are becoming more and more the ideals of all masses of society, and what they are chiefly eager for is not ideas but palpable realities. What the man wants who newly finds himself with incalculably increased material opportunities before him is not, at first, thoughts that will strengthen his hold upon the eternal verities. No. It is information that will put him in direct touch with the actualities of the passing hour; information that will teach him all about his environment, and what he is to do there, and how he is to conduct himself in order to keep the place that he has got, and to extend it, to push himself farther

on." There is unquestionably a great deal of truth in this interpretation of one of the most depressing facts in our life to-day.

There are a host of people under the easier and larger conditions of that life who are stepping out of their old places to find the horizons of comfort and intelligence broadening about them, and who are eager to know how men live, what men are doing. Closeness of contact, by reason of railroads and telegraphs and telephones, has made what used to be local conditions practically National conditions. Every man is now a member of the National as well as of the local community. He is eager to know what is going on. In the exact measure in which his opportunities are new, he wants to know what other people in better conditions are doing. He has a passion for knowing how the other half lives. His interest is very largely instinctive, indiscriminating, and unmoral. He is indifferent to the significance of the things that are told him. He is as ready to see evil as good things. What he wants is facts—facts about life, facts about social habit, facts about individual character and experience. He has no sense of the relative value of these facts. He does not attempt to arrange them by any scale of comparative significance. He has not yet reached that point. What he wants is to get the contents of the drag-net. To his uneducated taste one fact is as good as another. The process is vulgar and has gone far to destroy the reverence which once guarded and fostered the higher and finer aspects of life in the family, the church, the college, and society, but it is not vulgar at the root; it is an instinctive desire to know what is in life. It is part of that democratic movement which is so much vaster in its scope and so much more radical in its spirit than our political fathers perceived, or than most of us understand or are willing to accept. The democracy which is fast coming in modern society is a very different affair from the old New England conception of popular government conducted by the town meeting—the rule of the best in the order of a natural aristocracy. We have, even in this country, a long way still to go before the democratic idea is completely worked out. It is not surprising that some of the most thoughtful students of affairs stand aghast at the changes which they see before society—changes more radical than those wrought by the French Revolution; changes as radical as those through which the transition from antique to modern life was effected. This stirring up of society from the bottom to the top brings many disagreeable things to the surface; but the end will justify the pain and loss by the way. We must be content to wait two or three centuries for the finer fruits of a real popular life. Meantime we may as well recognize the fact that publicity rather than reverence will characterize our life, and, in a rough way, protect and develop it. This is the bright side of the matter; there is another side which is not so bright, and that is the prominence of vulgar people in this country and the degree in which they affect all forms of expression. There is no more vulgarity in America than in Germany or France or Italy; but in Europe vulgarity is largely silent; here it is always in evidence. It flaunts and parades itself; keeps itself continually on the surface; thrusts itself forward as if it were *the* National characteristic. It is this aggressive vulgarity which dominates a multitude of newspapers, and many newspaper managers apparently assume that it is a National characteristic. We are not a vulgar people, but the vulgar among us are very generally permitted to represent us. The press is too largely edited for them; they explain that monstrosity of vulgarity, the sensational Sunday newspaper. And publicity is the very breath of their being. To be talked about is

the end of their social ambition ; to talk about others is at once their recreation and their occupation.



The Increase of Homicide

The clergymen of Charlotte, N. C., and the surrounding country took a step on a recent Sunday that may well serve as an example to clergymen in other districts where lynchings occur. As a result of the local discussion of the appalling extent of this form of lawlessness, they devoted their sermons to a denunciation of it. It would doubtless be well to give pulpit attention to the still more appalling prevalence of homicide in general throughout the whole country. The statistics of crime published by the Chicago "Tribune" every year, and the recent lecture of Dr. Andrew D. White, ex-Minister to Berlin and St. Petersburg, on the increase of murder, make it imperative that public sentiment should be awakened on the subject. Both of these authorities place the number of murders in the United States in 1895 at 10,500. The increase during the past seven years has been so great as to be almost incredible, the number in 1889 being 3,567. The total number during this period is 47,469, which is an increase from 58 to 155 in the million of population.

Taking these figures as a basis of a prophecy, Dr. White thus pictures the fate that awaits thousands of Americans the coming year: "To-day, this 10th of April, 1896, I announce to you that there are doomed to death in the United States, in the year which begins this day, over 10,000 persons, who will be executed murderously, cruelly, without opportunity to take leave of those they love, without opportunity to make provision for those depending upon them ; and all of this multitude of persons, who have committed no crime, will be put to death without the slightest regard for the fearful distress and sorrow and, in many cases, beggary of their families. Fully two-thirds of these murders will be due to this easy-going, maudlin sentiment in the community at large, miscalled mercy, but really most fearful cruelty."

But, shocking as this presentation is, and adequate as it should be to evoke the most powerful sentiment against this prevalence of the spirit of murder, there are other figures that show with the same impressiveness the need of such sentiment. They relate to the inadequate punishment of homicides and the abnormal exercise of "executive clemency." While murders have shockingly increased, the number of legal executions has steadily diminished. In 1890 one murderer in forty-five was legally executed ; in 1895, only one in seventy-four. At the same time there has been an increase of illegal executions, that is to say lynchings, which numbered 171 in 1895 against 132 legal ones. The aversion to capital punishment does not explain the immunity of homicides from all punishment. Of the 42,000 homicides that have escaped legal and illegal execution during the past six years, only 7,351 are in prison. The rest are at large, ready to repeat their crimes. Is it any wonder that some cynical judge once exclaimed that "the taking of life for the highest crime after due process of law seems to be the only way of taking life to which the average American has any objection" !

Even when murderers escape from the gallows to imprisonment for terms ranging from life to a few years, society has no assurance that they will be called upon to suffer the milder penalty pronounced against them. Owing to the lack of a powerful public opinion against the practice, Governors are too prone to accede to the request of the multitude of petitioners that any criminal, however odious, appears to be able to get presented in his

behalf. Dr. White mentions the case of Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, who went out of office in 1892. One of his last acts was to pardon eighteen men, several of whom had committed willful and brutal murders. During the four years that he served as Governor he pardoned 801 men, the list of whose offenses "includes every crime in the calendar." But Southern Governors are not the only offenders. Dr. White cites acts of Governors of Illinois, Michigan, and New York. During the last month of Governor Hill's term of office he pardoned fifteen men from prison, and during the last day of his term, six, two of whom were murderers serving life sentences.

The creation of a proper public sentiment, a "deep, determined, fruitful indignation toward wrong and crime," such as President Woolsey sought to arouse in his sermon on "Righteous Anger," would produce the most beneficent results. In the first place, it would bring to an end that repulsive sympathy for murderers that takes the form of floral contributions to them and notes of maudlin sympathy. In the second place, it would make impossible the getting up of monster petitions like that in behalf of "Bat" Shea, which is said to have been signed by 25,000 persons. In the third place, the executive power would feel it incumbent upon it to exercise clemency very sparingly. In the fourth place, there would be a reform of judicial procedure that would make it impossible for men guilty of murder to escape upon technicalities. In the fifth place, the creation of a proper public sentiment would effect a general curbing of the homicidal instinct. And, finally, it would furnish a necessary basis for those preventive and reformatory measures which to be effective must always be founded on a righteous but not revengeful justice.



The Hem of the Garment

Very few readers of the New Testament probably ever stop to think how brief the biography of Christ is, and how much must have been omitted from the narrative. There must have been another history of the divine teacher, written, not by the hands of his disciples, but in the hearts of those whom he had cheered and helped and healed by the way. There must have been a beautiful unwritten gospel passed from mouth to mouth for many generations, the light of which faded very slowly as the night of barbarism and wandering came on. For a personality like Christ's, filled with divine compassion and love, must have poured itself out in a thousand unseen rivulets as well as in the great channels so definitely marked in the New Testament story. There must have been thousands to whom he spoke words which were not recorded ; there must have been multitudes whose lives were renewed by his power of whom no mention is made. As this was true of the divinest personality known to men, so it is also true of every human personality. The most searching and influential power that issues from any human life is that of which the person himself is largely unconscious. It flows from him in every form of occupation, in every relationship, in rest or in work, in silence or in speech, at home or abroad. There are hosts of men and women who are healers and teachers and helpers almost without consciousness of the fact. Light shines from them and help flows from them at times when they are utterly unconscious that the hem of the garment is being touched. The real test of the possession of the highest power of character and the most perfect devotion to the noblest things in life is not the quality of the direct touch ; it is the presence of the virtue even in the hem of the garment.