

were so dealt with, not because of their faith, but because of their participation in the rioting. As a matter of fact, practically no Korean followers of the Roman Catholic Mission, the English Church Mission, the Congregational Church, the Salvation Army, and some other denominations were arrested or imprisoned, for the simple reason that they stood entirely aloof from politics and took no part whatever in the disturbances. It will be seen that the story that the Government had persecuted Christian converts is absolutely groundless.

INAUGURATION OF A LIBERAL ADMINISTRATION

It must be admitted that, in spite of much excellent work done and many improvements effected by the Government-General under General Terauchi and his successor, General Hasegawa, during the eight years following annexation, it was not wholly free from blunders and failed to keep pace with the progress of the times. To remedy all the past blunders and defects the Government of Japan reorganized the Government-General of Korea in August, 1919, and appointed Baron Saito as Governor-General. Many reforms on liberal lines have since been introduced into the administration of the country. To mention some of the more important, the police system was entirely remodeled, the whole police force formerly organized by the military being replaced by civil officials; discrimination formerly existing between Japanese and Korean officials as regards treatment and salaries was entirely done away



A KOREAN PEASANT WOMAN

with; restriction on the press was largely removed, with the result that the publication of three new Korean dailies has been started in Seoul; the old form of punishment by flogging for minor offenders, a relic from the old Korean Government, was abolished; and a general amnesty was proclaimed for political prisoners. Provincial, municipal, and village councils were newly instituted as a means for preparing the Korean people for local self-government,

and an extensive reform was introduced into the educational system, by which, among other things, all private schools, other than those for which the curriculum is fixed by law, have been given the liberty of teaching religion.

WHAT IS THE PRESENT SITUATION?

During 1920 the situation in Korea was still rather unsettled, signs of popular unrest appearing from time to time in various places. They have now all but completely disappeared. In the course of an article on the situation published in the "Korea Mission Field" for March, 1920, Bishop Herbert Welch, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, in Korea, said: "In a word, a number of the grievances which the world has recognized as heavy have been dealt with, and, while nothing striking or spectacular has been done, a beginning has been made towards the practical recognition of fundamental human rights and the preparation of the people for self-government. The greatest hope, however, which the situation holds is in the genial, democratic, and sincere character of the Governor-General, Baron Saito. With the authority committed to his hands in the scheme of the Japanese Empire and with the backing which he seems to have from the present Cabinet and others strong in political influence, his presence warrants, not merely an attitude of watchful waiting, but an attitude of hopeful expectation." This sanguine view has proved correct, for since this was written the situation in Korea has been gradually settling down and now it is entirely peaceful.

KILLING THE CLASSICS

BY HUBERT V. CORYELL

"**V**IRGIL'S *Æneid*! I'll read it for a price—in translation. The *Iliad*? The *Odyssey*? On the same conditions, if the price is high enough. Shakespeare? Milton? Chau—stop! Do you want me to sell my soul? I loathe them, one and all!"

He was an intelligent-looking young fellow, about thirty years old. The expression on his face, however, only intensified his avowed attitude toward the acknowledged masters and masterpieces of literature. His questioner, a ruddy-cheeked man of sixty, still able to hold his own with youngsters on the ice, in the saddle, or swinging an ax, gazed at him in blank, hurt amazement. For the older man, boy that he was still, was a real scholar, a man who loved and appreciated all that was richest and deepest in the world of books; and it positively cut him to the heart to hear this frank, emphatic explosion on the part of his young friend.

They talked for nearly half an hour on the subject, while I listened. And

listening, I found myself absorbing in almost equal parts the scholar's attitude of poignant regret and the young fellow's feeling of exasperation at the former's assumption that in the classics alone could be found the worth-while things of literature. Why, oh, why, I thought, have our educators so fixed things that out of every ten persons who might enjoy the classics nine come to have an unalterable aversion to them before they are really capable of appreciating them? Why do the scholars that plan our literature courses attempt to plant the superdelicate seed of love for the classics in the hearts of our youth before the frost of savagery is out of the virgin and unplowed soil of their minds?

A farmer knows better than to sprinkle wheat in a newly cleared piece of woodland. Of course he knows that in a few isolated spots, where the soil has been thrown up by accident, there will come a luxuriant growth of wheat. But he knows still better that the bulk of

his seed will be wasted. So he waits until the ground has been sweetened by exposure to air and the growth of chance vegetation, until the stumps have for the most part rotted out and the rocks have been cleared away. Even then he plants a preparatory crop, like potatoes, first to help get the soil into condition for the wheat. And when he does plant, he prepares every foot of ground with plow and harrow and manure and fertilizer before he ventures to sow the seed. He holds up the final act, moreover, until the conditions of temperature, moisture, and so forth, are just right.

Wise farmer!

Foolish scholars!

If our educators would only study the process of preparing fresh young minds for the reception of the seed of classical appreciation, we should have such a different attitude on the part of our young people to-day. The mind of a human child is literally virgin soil. We can make of it almost anything we wish if

we will only have patience and develop it through its long gamut of changes. But it is far more sensitive than earth clods, which simply refuse to produce properly until properly treated. It reacts against the persistent planting of seed for which it is not ready, just as the body of a human being reacts against the repeated onslaught of unwholesome things in its physical environment. It develops a spiritual immunity far more virile and active than the immunity of the body to the ever-present germs of disease. The immunity of the young mind against the classics developed through contact with them before the soul is ready for them is like the immunity of the armored tank as compared with the immunity of the porcupine. The porcupine causes pain to those who touch it. The tank shoots down the enemies before they can approach within hailing distance. In a like manner the youthful mind, accustomed to having the classics thrust down its throat by blind enthusiasts at every stage of school life, acquires the instinct of self-protection and learns to shoot down at sight everything that smacks of the classics to the slightest degree.

The youthful mind, by sad experiences in defending itself from foreign invasion, learns to shun all things foreign, which means all things that scholars love the best and most want the youth of this land to love.

A modern general—to use the figure already introduced—never sends his men to storm a fortress until he has prepared the ground by a long, painstaking barrage. The doting scholar of to-day, on the other hand, sends his poor loved classical masterpieces to storm the redoubt of the mind of youth without previous preparation by barrage fire of piercing quality. And as a result his cherished masterpieces are hurled back, riddled with machine-gun bullets. After that neither scholar nor classics can get within a mile of the human soul of the youth behind the ramparts. Instead of being loved by youth, the great old masters and masterpieces are hated and loathed.

What, then, is the barrage that must be used in capturing the heart of youth? What caliber guns shall we use? With what explosives shall we fill our shells? The writer only wishes he could answer with perfect definiteness. But he can't, and nobody can—exactly—because each young heart has its own type of barrier to be broken down. The best that can be done is to suggest a few possible lines of action.

Certainly, if a person is ever to love the classics, he must first learn to love to read something—good books if possible, but certainly something—if it be no better than wild Indian stories, wild pirate stories, or the exploits of Jesse James. By hook or by crook the young mind must be captured by the delights of the printed page; and until these delights have gripped the young mind

firmly it is worse than folly to attempt any further steps in the development of true literary appreciation.

Suppose now that we have initiated the young mind into the joys of reading, what is the next step? Surely it is to gain the confidence of the youthful mind by frank sympathy with its crude tastes. Let us admit the thrills of Jesse James, Nick Carter, or Captain Kidd. Let us admit that these books of lightening action hold our breathless attention. Let us get into rapport with the youthful mind.

Then let us casually introduce to the youthful mind something a little more worth while—something still full of good, vigorous action, but something with vivid pictures too of interesting things—pictures of strange places, strange people, strange times; places, peoples, times, however, that have their part in the sum total of human experience. Suppose we talk about books with our young friends, and in our talks quite naturally dwell on those tales which have rich and worth-while backgrounds.

The next step is easier. We shall not find it difficult to lure our young book chums on to the trial of books that deal also with the growth and development of human character. It will not be hard to get a boy to read eagerly the story of "Swiss Family Robinson" or to get a girl to read "Little Women." Or, if these two do not appeal, something else can be found that will. Boys and girls are not slow to discover the joy of reading books that they can go back to and visit with as one goes back to visit with an old friend. They may go on reading the trashy time-killers—let them; it will furnish a basis for comparison—but they will come back to the more solid things, and they will begin to read them more and more constantly and with greater and greater understanding.

Before we know it our boys and girls will be eating their way out of juvenile literature, and will be wanting to read what grown-ups read. This is the time not to offer them Shakespeare, or Milton, or the semi-classical Bulwer and Thackeray and others of like ilk. It is the time for "Lorna Doone" or perhaps some of the best of our moderns. This does not mean that our classics must be denied to the youthful prospectors. It means that they must not be offered as the literary *food of foods*. It means that, frankly showing our own fondness for them, we must equally frankly admit that perhaps they are still "a little beyond" our boys and girls, that perhaps they contain ideas which the young people "could not fully understand." If the young people insist, let us feed out grudgingly those that have the most continuous action, the least long-winded description, the least elaborate wordings, phrasings, and allusions, and the simplest presentation of human character in human relationships. "Pride and Prejudice" is easier for the young mind to grapple with than is

"Vanity Fair." Scott is simpler than Shakespeare. Let us be chary about unlocking the treasure house of our literary masterpieces, lest we glut the appetites of our young adventurers with too rich food or cheapen the treasure in their eyes.

Above all, let us *stop teaching* the classics as if we were professors of anatomy dissecting the human body. Students of anatomy may be stimulated to further research by the marvelous demonstrations of the dissector's art, the use of the microscope, and all that goes with the process. But books were meant to be read as wholes, loved as wholes, and lived with as wholes. They were not meant to be chopped up into small lesson sections and studied by the aid of a classical dictionary, and students of literature will not be stirred deeply by any such procedure. Even the enthusiastic professor of English does not actually cut his beloved masterpieces into microscopic segments when reading for his own joy. It is only when he is presenting them to an immature class, trained by long years of classic imposition into a spirit of numbness—only then, faced by a feeling that he must prove the beauties of his masterpieces—only then, that the real scholar smashes up his beloved art treasures to furnish a few worthless fragments for the unwilling inspection of his suspicious, antagonistic students. It is only when worked up to an insane frenzy by his own helplessness against the overwhelming odds of inbred distaste that the real scholar offers up the classics at the altar of the college entrance requirements and cuts the literary gems of the ages into miserable, ugly bits of grit and sand. This is the crime of crimes, viewed by the true lover of the classics.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra!

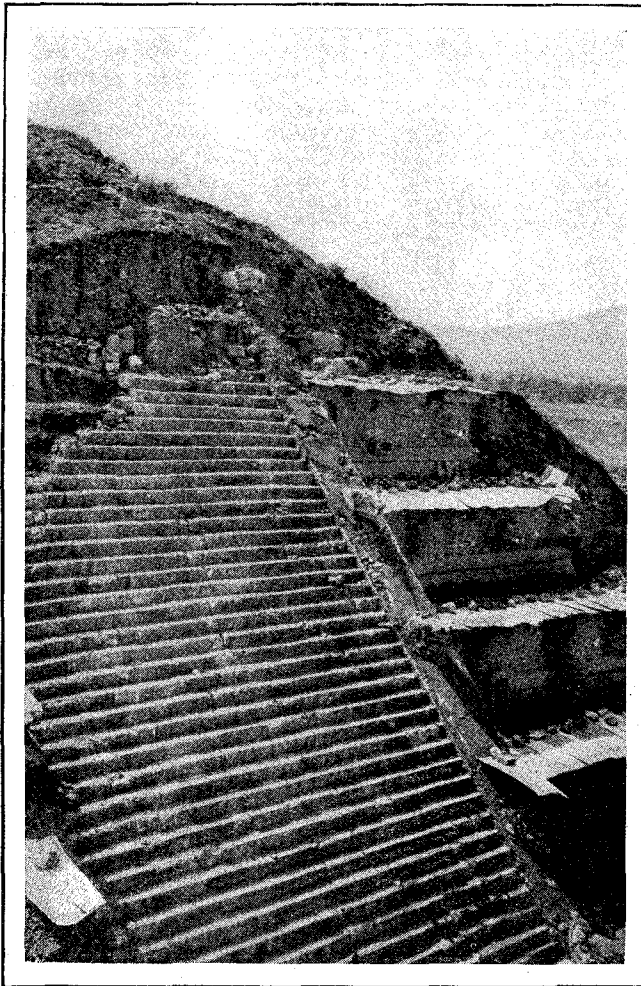
How much longer must we stand for these human sacrifices!

Love for the classics, at least for those classics that truly merit our love, will come to those of us who are capable of the most elevated of literary attachments all in good time if we be led naturally, step by step, along the way. It will never come to most of us if we are picked up and hurled bodily into a purely classical environment at an immature age. It will never come if the high priests of classicism persist in offering up their fairest children for dissection by the knife and for microscopic examination. The boy who is forced to read "The Last Days of Pompeii" at ten will never read Bulwer after he is twenty-one. The girl who analyzes "Julius Caesar" scene by scene at sixteen will avoid Shakespeare and all his works at twenty. If a thing is worth loving, we come to love it of our own free will, in our own good time, provided we are let alone. If it is forced upon us, we hate it.

Lovers of the classics, stop *killing* the classics!

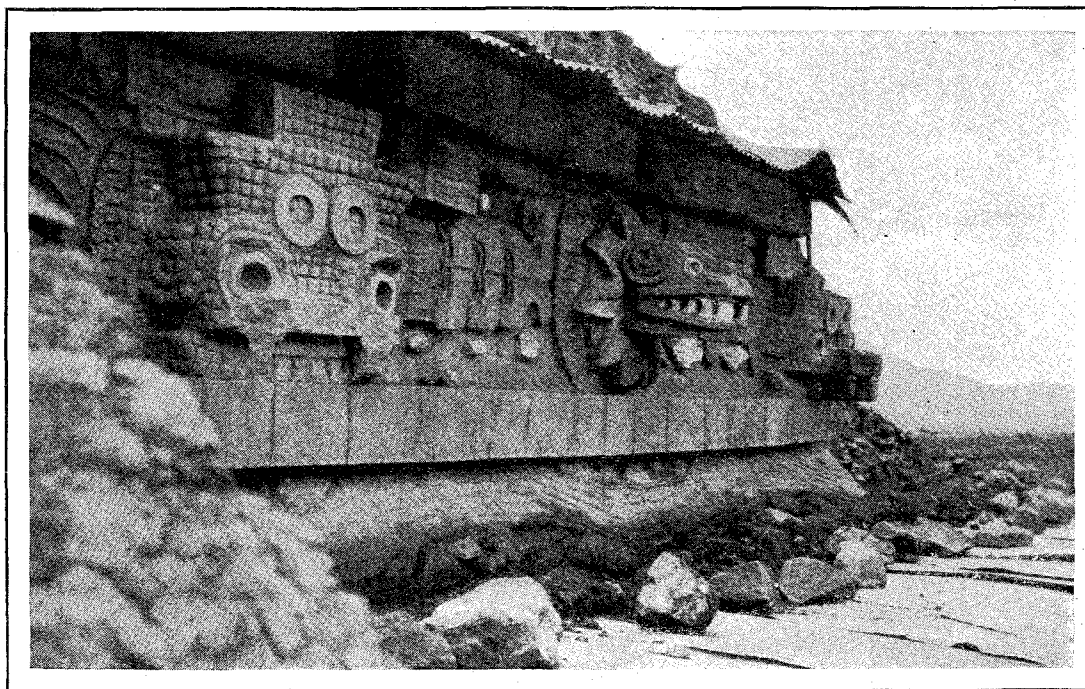
AMERICAN PYRAMIDS DISCLOSED

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



ONE OF THE TEMPLE
PYRAMIDS PARTLY
EXCAVATED. ON THE
FACE OF THIS PYRAMID
ARE THE HUGE AZTEC
IMAGES SHOWN IN
DETAIL IN THE
PICTURE BELOW

Excavations made recently at Teotihuacan, Mexico, have revealed the ruins of Aztec temples. "These temples," our contributor says, "are of considerable interest to archaeologists on account of their resemblance to the Egyptian pyramids. The serpent heads and other symbols are characteristically Aztec"



IMAGES ON THE FACE OF THE PYRAMID SHOWN ABOVE. THE FIGURES
ARE CARVED FROM VOLCANIC ROCK AND REPRESENT MYTHOLOGICAL
CHARACTERS

From L. H. MacDaniels, Ithaca, N. Y.