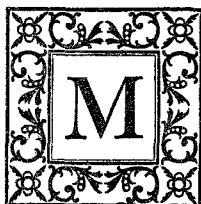


# Southern Memories

SIDELIGHTS ON THE RACE PROBLEM

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

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AY I not, once again, borrow the text of my sermon from Dom Anatole? It is written in *The Amethyst Ring*: "M. Gustave Lacarelle had a thick, long, and fair mustache, which, as it determined his physiognomy, determined also his character." He looked like an ancient Gaul; from his student days, he had been nicknamed the Gaul; and he felt in honor bound to uphold the Gallic tradition, which, as we all know, consists in making love to every woman. Poor Lacarelle found it irksome at times to maintain the standard of his race, especially when Madame Bergeret fell—plump—into his arms. But "noblesse oblige," and he pursued resignedly the course of his Gallic destiny.

Among our manifold delusions, there are few that are so pathetic, and none perhaps that is so dangerous, as this desire to live up to some preconceived type. Excellent Germans, adipose, beer-sodden, home-loving, possibly musical and metaphysical, whom Providence had intended for *Pantoffelhelden*, felt it their duty to rouse in their hearts the Berserker rage, the tearing fury of Blond Beasts, because such amiable traits had, in remote ages, characterized their hypothetical ancestors. Englishmen, and, above all, English governments, have been known to spurn as un-English the plain, immediate solution of an urgent problem, because it was truer to form to "muddle through somehow." I remember a lady of unusual scientific attainments who, because she was born in Baltimore, found it necessary to cultivate a number of odd little superstitions, with the proud apology: "I am Southern, you know."

It is particularly useless to discuss the race problem at all, so long as people

make a virtue of their prejudice and impregnably entrench themselves therein. You might have Logic, Science, Democracy, and Christianity on your side: all that your opponents have to answer is: "We are Southern, and we have the race feeling in the marrow of our bones. This is the one central fact, which you cannot understand, but which you will have to accept. All your specious arguments will be shattered against it." Thus a good little Christian from the South, who, finding herself at some missionary banquet by the side of a negro, rushed away from the table, convulsed with indignation. "But, my dear," said a lady who had followed her, "do you think that Jesus would take it in such a way?"—"Ah, well! Jesus came from Heaven: but I come from Alabama, and I won't stand it."

We have never been very much impressed with the argument that such feelings were "in the blood." We had been told that it was "in the blood" of Frenchmen and Germans to hate one another, just as cats hate dogs, horses hate camels, women hate mice, and Orangemen hate Sinn Feiners. But we realized that the noblest Germans, like Goethe and Nietzsche, had loved France, no more, however, than the noblest Frenchmen, Hugo, Michelet, Renan, had loved Germany. Even if we admitted that there were "something in the blood," this would not alter in the slightest degree the question of right and wrong. I am enough of a Fundamentalist to believe in the depravity of human nature, and in the necessity of some grace divine to curb its evil instincts. It is "in the blood" of man to kill, ravish, and get drunk. It has been done from earliest times, by all races, in all countries, under all religions. If we were told "Thou shalt not kill," it is because the Legislator knew that human nature is bent on killing. All laws, re-

ligious as well as civil, are engaged in a perpetual fight against human nature. And it is not a losing fight, because human nature is divided against itself, and because the angel in us is no less real than the beast.

That is why I formally refused to be bluffed by the Southern taboo. Taboos are exceedingly valuable as incentives to thought. As in the days of Eden, they point to the Tree of Knowledge.

It was my privilege to be connected for eleven years with a Southern institution. Now that I have left the Land of Cotton, I feel free to say that nowhere else, in Europe or in America, have I ever met such a genuine aristocracy of simplicity, kindness, wit, and culture. There, more completely than in the North or in the West, I was able to forget at times the vulgarity which besets our commercial civilization. Babbitt is ubiquitous in the New South: but he has not yet become supreme, and the merchant who is first of all a gentleman remains the ideal. Of all the nostalgic memories I have gathered in a roaming life, there is none perhaps that is so poignantly vivid as this: the farewell picnic of a small knot of friends, Townmen and Gownmen, cheerfully oblivious of wealth or learning; the sluggish bayou at our feet; the grove of live oaks draped with Spanish moss (that vampire among plants, which kills with beauty); and the well-known gentle voices rising in jest and song through the caressing softness of the Southern night. . . . Ah, well! The South did not treat me as a stranger, and I may be trusted to speak of it in the spirit of a grateful friend.

If I had come down South with the preconceived idea that all Southern whites were busy grinding the dark faces of the poor, a few weeks' experience would have sufficed to explode the delusion. Before the Great War, there was no more contented working class anywhere than the Southern negroes; and if they are now more restless than they used to be, their discontent is mild compared with the ominous ferment found in other parts. Nowhere will you find better relations between masters and servants. The material conditions are such as would make millions of European mouths water; and

there exists in the Southern homes an atmosphere of personal friendliness which has survived the Civil War and sixty years of emancipation. It is not all idyllic, I know: servants and masters are human, all too human. But no Southern negro could stand the cold contempt, the lack of humanity, the positive cruelty, as it would seem in comparison, that prevail in London or Paris.

Gradually, as facts were impressed upon me, I came to the staggering conclusion that there was no race question in the South at all. I did not accept it easily: it sounded too good to be true. I happened to hear, in my Southern home town, that picturesque character, Pastor Russell. He told us that we had already entered upon the millennium: in fact, it had begun, I believe, in the year 1897. As I was listening to his ingenious Apocalyptic calculations, I could not help thinking: "What is the use of a millennium, then, if it looks just like Hell?" I wish evil could be exorcised by a mere denial. But I don't belong to the thriving sect which suppresses the Devil by cutting him dead. Ugly realities will not down, even though, like Soviet Russia, they are not officially recognized.

Yet, in that very sense, all true Southerners would agree with my paradox. There is no real race question; it is an importation from the North. Don't spoil our niggers with false ideas; leave us alone, there will be races in the South, but no difficulty between them. It is the same spirit which prompted Germany, before 1914, to deny that there was any Alsace-Lorraine problem. Recently, England served notice upon the League of Nations that the Egyptian unpleasantness did not exist, and sent a few warships to Alexandria to make that non-existence more palpable. This spirit has been admirably summed up by Rose Macaulay: "Don't interfere: we want to have our little war in peace."

There is another point upon which I can claim the support of the entire South: there is no antipathy between the races, but exactly the reverse. The Southern Mammy is no myth; I have seen her with my own eyes. And even the younger generation, shifting and shiftless as they may be, show an instinctive loyalty to

their masters, a pride in whatever distinction comes to "the family," a sense of *belonging* which is not slavish, but feudal, and in line with our finest Nordic tradition. These sentiments are reciprocated, as the real Southerner is of a kindly and affectionate disposition. There is on the part of the ruling class a feeling of responsibility which, at its best, is truly ennobling. Yes, the darkies and the white folks are genuinely fond of one another. Talk of "sending the blacks back to Africa"! That sounds in Dixie like Yankee nonsense. Not only do the Southerners need the negroes in their cotton fields and in their mills, but they want them in their own homes, washing, cleaning, cooking for them, holding their babies, inextricably mixed with their most intimate life. A Southern lady is never so happy as when her house is swarming with negro help, and pickaninies playing on the back stoop. There is something delightfully picturesque and human about a big colored "lady" boiling clothes in the open air, over a primitive charcoal bucket, singing some plaintive and humorous tune in a voice as rich as a Thanksgiving dinner. To be sure, an electric washing-machine would be more efficient; but it would not have the same appeal. All this is sentimental, but are we not discussing sentiments? I do not see why "sentimental" should invariably be a term of reproach. Shelley is not condemned because some one did write "The Rosary."

It is evident that Southern children are born perfectly innocent of race prejudice. They sit on their nurses' knees without any sense of repugnance; they play with negro children on a footing of perfect equality. I have clearly in my mind the picture of an unusually fair little girl, the daughter of one of the richest cotton men in the country, sitting on a toy wagon with a negro boy, whom she was holding as tight as she could. A very few months later, probably, she did begin to realize that the creature she had been treating like a brother was under an inexorable curse. I have watched the growth of the race feeling in my own children. It was not native to them, it came insidiously, by imperceptible steps, like their Southern drawl.

What is the root of the trouble, then, if it is not racial antipathy? First of all, there are historical reasons, which are still potent in a tradition-loving country. The economic wounds have been healed; the bitterness of actual warfare has been forgotten, and the veterans of both armies are able to meet in friendliest fashion. But the conflict has undoubtedly seared the Southern soul. A nation—and if Wilson's gospel of self-determination has any sense, no country ever deserved the name of *nation* more truly than the Confederacy—a nation will confess that she was wrong—or defeated—but never both. I have heard Britishers admit that the Opium War was a crime: but they were not suggesting that Hong Kong should be returned to China. Some Germans are willing to acknowledge they were beaten; others will own the Imperial Government was guilty: few will accept an adverse verdict on both points. So the South, beaten to her knees, clings all the more tenaciously to the idea that she was right; and right, not on the issue of secession, which is now dead, but on the issue of white supremacy. To admit that the Yankee abolitionists were justified would be rank treason to the heroic spirit of the South: their ancestors would turn in their graves. Thus the South has been hardened by defeat into an attitude of irreconcilable opposition to the Boston evangel. A change of heart cannot be imposed by the sword.

Then there was the nightmare of the reconstruction period, when the victorious North applied in the most insane and mechanical fashion the pseudo-democratic dogma: every featherless biped is entitled to a vote. Southern States and cities are still paying for the corruption and extravagance of the carpet-baggers. It was studied insult combined with systematic injury. This is what the political equality of the races stands for in Southern minds. And we cannot help sympathizing with their horror. Even at present, after the tremendous progress of the colored people, their sudden and wholesale accession to suffrage would be an evil worse than their complete exclusion.

Finally, there is the enormous power of the Party Machine. A party in full

control clings desperately to its privilege, and is not overscrupulous in its methods of self-defense. I know there is a new "Lily-White Republicanism" in the South and I know also that if the negroes had the vote, most of them would cast it for the Democratic ticket, "like gentlemen." But the comfortable, unchallenged supremacy of the machine would be at an end. With the South no longer solid, Democracy would have to mean something positive, and that might compel Republicanism to mean something also. No party has ever been willing to extend suffrage to its enemies, or even to a new and uncertain element. It took Great Britain nearly a century to grant all adult Britishers a vote. Guizot faced a revolution, rather than give the franchise to such dangerous characters as professors, attorneys, and notaries. We know how tenaciously the Suffrage amendment was fought, and the French Radicals still deny women political equality, for the same reason as Southern Democrats exclude the negroes: the future of the Party is at stake. A party needs a bogey as a rallying cry: it may be a foreign foe, the Jews, Catholicism, Socialism. In modern France, whenever Radical governments were at their wits' end, that is to say most of the time, they raised the cry: Down with the Jesuits! Southern politicians would lose the best of their stock-in-trade if they no longer had to "keep the nigger out."

These historical and political reasons are not to be minimized. With every generation that passes, they will lose some of their justification: but at the same time they will gather strength as traditions, and an inherited belief is infinitely harder to overthrow than a reasoned conviction. Feudal titles ceased to have a meaning several hundred years ago: yet an earldom, a marquisate, still have enormous value, in sentiment and in cash. It may take centuries to get over the effects of the Civil War: had we allowed the erring sisters to depart in peace, it is probable that the problem would be much nearer a satisfactory solution. Some day we shall realize that there is no righteous war: we cannot do God's work with the tools of Hell.

A few years ago, an economic considera-

tion could have been added. It is singularly tempting to keep the bulk of common labor out of politics. A negro who "knows his place" will be more willing to accept low wages and long hours. This factor, however, has almost ceased to operate. The change is not due to politics, or to the power of negro unions: but to the northward migration of colored workers. The negro is getting his economic dues: if he were not, he would move. Obviously he would be happier in the South; but now there is a limit to his resignation. The restriction of the flow of labor from Europe will keep up a steady demand for the negroes in the North. The movement may never again be catastrophic in its suddenness, as it was during the war; but it is sufficient, on the one hand, to strengthen enormously the economic position of the colored people in the South, on the other hand, to create an ugly problem in the industrial centres of the North.

Yet, potent as all these causes may be, they do not go to the root of the matter. They apply exclusively to the old South: and the race difficulty is world-wide. It is world-wide because it is founded on a universal trait of human nature: the hatred of genuine equality. We cherish equality, in the sense that we do not want to have anybody above ourselves; but the more there are below, the better pleased we are. It seems that we cannot quite respect ourselves unless we despise somebody else. This is the origin of castes and classes, and the race problem is merely a form of the class problem. This does not make it any easier.

Let us interpret a few facts of Southern experience in the light of this principle. Any Southerner—and, for that matter, most Northerners as well—would resent it if a negro doctor or banker took up his residence next to theirs. The handsomer the residence, the greater the insult. Does this show a physical repugnance to the proximity of a different race? Not at all: for every Southern home is flanked, within ten yards and frequently within ten feet, with a negro home, in the form of a servants' house. A colored professor or Bishop could not be tolerated in the front part of a street-car, with the white folks, but a coal-black nurse can go any-



where, provided she escort a white child. A young chemist from the South was my colleague at Williams College. He had a few negroes in his classes, and we asked him how he enjoyed teaching them. "Oh! I don't mind," he answered; "what goes against the grain, though, is having to call them 'Mister.'" The classical expression of this sentiment was given by the Southern gentleman who, in some function up North, had to meet Booker T. Washington. "You see," he reported to his friends, "it was embarrassing to call him Booker, and *of course* I couldn't call him 'Mister'!"—"So what did you do?"—"Well, I compromised and called him Professor."

What is the key to these apparent absurdities? Class feeling, pure and simple. We like the negro, we appreciate the negro, we want to have him among us—so long as "he knows his place." That is the great Shibboleth of the South. You may be as kind as you please to your niggers; you may even devote your whole life to the improvement of the race: the South will praise you, if, throughout your charitable activities, you never fail to "keep the darkies in their place."

Now that phrase, which sums up the whole creed of the South, is not peculiar to the South. I had come across it, times out of number, in European history and literature. Nay, I had heard it with my own ears, in France and especially in England, although it can no longer be freely spoken with the same wide approval as twenty-five years ago. Tenants, servants, working people, had to "know their station" and acknowledge their "betters." Between the attitude of the nobleman to the commoner under the ancient regime, that of the bourgeois to his "inferiors," that of the gentlemanly officer in England, Germany, or America to the enlisted man, and that of the Southern whites to the negro, there is no fundamental difference. It is the same unlovely but irresistible instinct to lord it over one's fellowmen: in a word, snobbishness. Cringing before those higher in station is only one aspect of snobbishness: despising those below is the very essence of the disease. That is why Thackeray had a passage on "the Royal Snob."

The temptation is most irresistible, of

course, when the lower class is indelibly branded. The old aristocracy in Europe distinguished itself by elaborate trappings, and was fenced off by a formidable etiquette—high sounding titles, special forms of address, carefully established tables of precedence. In those happy days, every one "knew his place." All these artificial distinctions have become obsolete. The aristocrats, to keep themselves from being defiled, have to rely upon more elusive criteria—style, tone, manners, a set of religious and political convictions, a slang and a list of nicknames which only the members of the inner circle can master. By such means, a true gentleman can detect a man who, as the French put it, is "not born," as sharply as a true Southerner will find out the damning sixteenth of negro blood. The line is drawn as definitely as possible, and a working man, suddenly enriched, stands as good a chance of being admitted to the Faubourg Saint-Germain or to some club in Pall Mall as a quadroom to enter any Country Club in Dixie. W. L. George's searching story of misalliance, "The Stranger's Wedding," shows how subtle habits of thought and niceties of taste can create a cleavage, invisible, undefinable, which defeats love itself. Still, there are commoners who, even in the first generation, can impersonate gentlemen in the most convincing manner. Their sons, at any rate, may go through some expensive Public School and acquire the smoothest kind of polish at Oxford: no criterion is absolutely safe, now that formal barriers have been let down. On the contrary, until anti-kink hair treatment, bleaching lotions, and facial surgery have reached a degree of perfection still undreamed of, the man born in the racial abyss must remain in the abyss.

And we all want to keep him there, for there would be no heights for us if there were no depths for him. How pitifully we are striving to fasten ourselves to some kind of aristocracy—Pilgrim Fathers, Cavaliers, Dutch Patroons, Huguenots, Revolutionary heroes! Those of us whose hapless ancestors missed all these opportunities can at least claim we are Nordics; or at any rate Aryans; or Caucasians, whatever that may mean.

What a special temptation there is in

the South! Just by joining in the cry, Keep the nigger in his place! you feel at once assimilated with the proudest and most genuine aristocracy in the land. As the beggar said to the banker: "Us Nordics must stick together." You begin to believe that your forefathers owned plantations, which were ruined by the wicked Yankees; and you look upon every negro as potentially a runaway slave of your own. I have heard one Aaron Slavinsky utter the words "We Southerners" with the same conviction as a notorious American Countess, in Paris, regretted the days when the nobles "had their rights," and as a colored sergeant, in 1917, said: "Wait till *us Anglo-Saxons* get into this fight!" Who would refuse joining the aristocracy on such bargain terms? I thought I was impervious to such influences, being protected by a different kind of snobbishness. Yet the South was slowly making a gentleman out of me. When I went North and a negro sat by my side in a street-car, I did not resent it, *but I felt virtuous because I did not resent it*. It was what my Southern friends would call the first dawn of saving grace.

When, for some reason, race difference is not accompanied by social difference, the problem loses its virulent character. In my Southern city, the whites seemed to have exhausted their exclusiveness on the negroes. There were thousands of Mexicans in the district, much less assimilated, and probably much less assimilable, than the Africans. Many of them showed practically no trace of European blood. Yet the darkest and dirtiest of Mexican laborers could sit in the white section of the street-car. I do not believe that this was due to the desire of not giving offence to an independent neighbor: local opinion reckes very little of Washington policy, and California is treating with insolence the subjects of an Empire more cultured and more powerful than Mexico and the whole of South America. It means that, fortunately, the Mexicans have not yet created a social problem. And it is true that we have hostages of inestimable value south of the Rio Grande.

Wherever members of an alien race are few, they are treated with fairness, and even with sympathy. It was so in the

North half a century ago. I have known a venerable survivor of that period, who, although of purest British stock, had no prejudice whatever against the colored people. I have seen negroes treated with unaffected courtesy in London. In 1913, I saw elaborate preparations in the City Hall of Glasgow for the reception of the dusky King of Buganda and his suite. The British, who are so caste-conscious in India (almost as caste-conscious as the Hindus are among themselves), welcome Hindu gentlemen in Europe. There they may become popular and important characters: a Hindu sat for the Borough of Westminster, and Prince Ranjitsinhji was the idol of the cricket field. London is always inclined to take up the defence of the natives against the Afrikanders and even against the purely British colonists. The trouble is not "in the blood": the people who elect a negro judge in Chicago or appoint a negro official to a post in New Orleans, are as Anglo-Saxon as the rest of us. The trouble lies in the social conditions. As soon as a sharply differentiated race becomes numerous enough to form a lower class, the line is drawn, and the crisis opens. That is why the area of race friction is steadily moving northward and race riots occur in Republican territory. When Massachusetts has the same proportion of negroes as Mississippi, the descendants of Garrison will be as exclusive as the kinsmen of Jefferson Davis.

We find a confirmation of these views in the experience of the French. There is nothing "in the French blood" that makes it easier for them to deal with alien races: under the same circumstances, they have to fight against the same temptations. And if they fight more successfully, so could we. Conditions in Algeria somewhat resemble those in the South. There also we have two races side by side, one vastly inferior to the other in wealth and culture. And the Algerian colonists think and act about the Berbers and the Arabs just in the same way as the Southern whites with the negroes. It makes no difference to them that the natives are of white stock, of the same Mediterranean race to which most of the colonists themselves belong: if the colonists had their way, the Arabs and Berbers would be

strictly "taught their place," which is at the bottom. The political progress of Algeria, painful and fitful, like all progress, yet promising, is due to the fact that the country is not fully self-governing. The Government takes into account both the ideal of Paris and the facts of Algerian experience: it moves cautiously, through a series of compromises, offering a model of what our reconstruction period could have been. Because a hundred thousand Berbers drifted into Paris during the war, and will not away, Paris is becoming uneasy, in the same manner as Chicago and Saint Louis are worrying about their Black Belts. "Latins" are no better and no worse in this respect than "Anglo-Saxons": they are men.

My Southern experience has not converted me to pessimistic fatalism. For one thing, it has inspired me with greater confidence in the possibilities of the negro race. The Barbarians who swooped upon the Græco-Roman world were centuries behind in civilization. Although eager to learn, they wrecked the whole fabric of ancient culture as completely as the negroes ruined the amenities and decencies of French life in Hayti. It took them five hundred years to grope their way out of the darkness they had made. We, the proud sons of these Barbarians, have no cause to be supercilious. What the negroes have achieved in little more than half a century is literally astounding.

And these achievements are beginning to tell, even in the South. The negroes are still a proletariat, treated with the Christian charity and the sense of fair play which have always been meted out to the proletariat. But there are already many negroes who are richer than the average white man. In a civilization which ultimately has no other standard of valuation but money, enrichment means power. In the most exclusive store in my Southern city, I have seen colored belles buying expensive shoes, with white attendants literally at their feet. The negroes should take to heart Guizot's advice to the bourgeoisie: "Enrichissez-vous!"

Get rich! Money will slowly purchase for you the respect that plain justice could not secure.

Last—and, I confess, least—of my reasons for hoping, is my confidence in the "Americanism" of the South. If Americanism does mean common sense and fair play, then the people who boast the purest American blood cannot help reverting to the ideal of their country. Admitting—and it takes no great effort to admit it—that the whites are on the whole vastly superior to the negroes, this would bind us all the more to a policy of strictest justice. What would we think of a champion who should say: "I am the best man in the ring: and because I am the best man, I refuse to fight any challenger unless his right arm be tied"? Any form of injustice is a confession of diffidence. The just desire no favor; the strong need none.

The Southerners are gentlemen: it remains for them to apply the gentlemanly code and the spirit of chivalry between the races as well as within their own caste. They know that bragging and brutal assertiveness, in the individual, are the surest tokens of vulgarity. A man who acted as a man in the same way as we systematically act as a race, and as we too often act as a nation (Myself first, right or wrong!), would be hunted at once out of polite society.

As Tolstoy's hero devoted his life to the "Resurrection" of a soul he had ruined, so are we in honor bound to atone for the great collective crime of our race. Thinking of the wrongs inflicted by man upon the weaker sex, Vigny said: "I cannot meet a woman without being tempted to say: Forgive us." The negro among us is also an eternal reproach. Forgive us he will, if only we give him full justice. We owe it, not to him alone, but to our own conscience, to efface the last consequences of the ancient slave trade. We owe it above all to the spirit of our ancestors. They were responsible for the curse, and until we have turned the curse into a blessing, the stain on their memory will not be washed away.

# The Organization Complex in Our Colleges

BY RUTH STEELE BROOKS



MOST of us who have thought at all about the subject will probably agree that the colleges and universities are reflections in miniature of the tendencies and influences manifest in society at large. This is but natural, I take it, for the young are always imitative. But many of these tendencies seem less compatible with life inside college than with life outside. At the moment, I am thinking particularly of the tendency to "organize," to "do team work," to "pull together" for community-this and community-that, for a thousand different purposes, and frequently for no accomplishable purpose at all. We have all had illustrations among our acquaintances, if happily not within our own family, of the victims (is that too strong a word?) of this passion for organizing, for joining, for working in groups. We know the result—hurried, nervous creatures from whom all leisure, and in most cases all desire for it, has departed; whose time is filled with endless meetings where the chief accomplishment is endless talk. The value of the individual *per se* is lost sight of in the hue and cry of the modern watchwords "organization" and "co-operation."

When this ideal is absorbed, as has been happening now for the past ten years, by those who are still in the "formative" period in the colleges and universities, what is the result? A futile scattering of effort and a loss of the realization of one of the great purposes of a college education. It is one of the chief reasons, to my mind, for the complaint of professors everywhere that the students do not read; that they do nothing beyond the definite assignment of the day's lesson (lucky, if *that* is done). All leisure is lost to them, just as it is to the man or woman outside

college who goes in for organization to excess—a dangerous form of intemperance for which, as yet, no Volstead act has been contrived! Intellectual curiosity, that small but precious plant, which requires such care and plenty of light, has been starved in the shade of its hardier, coarser rivals, which belong to the genus "campus activities."

It is generally conceded that one cannot lead a comparatively cultivated existence, a liberal existence, with any emphasis on the intellectual side, without some degree of leisure and the capacity for an inner repose. Now, if what we are constantly having dinned into our ears be *true*, that "college is training for life," then, above all things, it should foster the desire for leisure and the quiet enjoyment of it. There may be a smile at my recommending that the desire for leisure be encouraged among the college students of to-day! I do not mean a lessening of lectures and class work so that there may be more time for the movies! That is not the leisure I speak of. Perhaps it would be more accurate to recommend a better use of the free time which is left, over and above lessons and their getting.

Preparation for life, to be effective, must supply armor against the present-day demons of confusion, haste, and noise. If, instead, the college merely gives us exercises in the speeding-up process, or, to use a baseball phrase, if we are only being "warmed up" while in college so that we may be fast enough to keep up with the pace set by the players who are already in the game, then it is a failure. That facility can soon be acquired after graduation; the desire for leisure, and its good use, in all probability will never be had at all if a liking for it is not instilled in the college years. It is the one unfailing method of providing insurance against boredom and against an old age whose only solace is work or a restless going about.