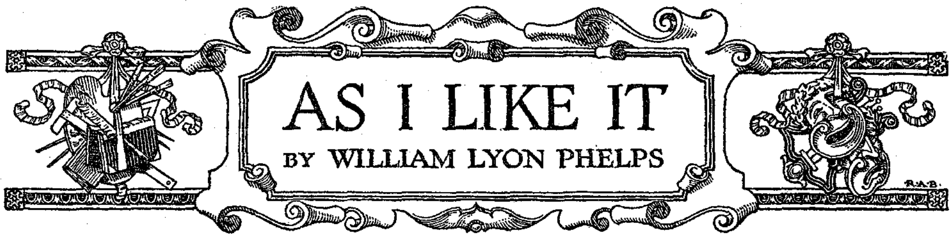

IF I had a billion dollars, I should found an American college in Athens. I do not mean a university, or an institution for special research. I mean an undergraduate liberal college, with a four years course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. I would make the study of Greek and Latin compulsory for all four years, and have other courses, English, Science, History, Political Economy, etc., elective. The term would last from October to June. A special ship would bring the students from America to the Piraeus in September, and those who wished to spend the summer in the United States could return on her in June.

This college would have certain peculiar advantages. Greek and Latin, which are the best foundation for culture and for any active career to-day, would be studied in the best possible environment; no man would receive a B.A. who could not read Greek and Latin at sight and with ease; thus for the rest of his life every alumnus would have at command Greek drama, philosophy, poetry, and history.

Mr. E. Nelson Fell, who was educated at Eton and received a sound training in the classics, maintains that in his long experience as the manager of a large business enterprise in Russia (see his charming book, "Russian and Nomad") nothing in his youth helped him so much as Greek and Latin and the general discipline and traditions of Eton. He points out that Greek and Latin literature forms a complete and closed subject and thus makes a true foundation for modern life and culture. Science is shifting, history depends largely on the bias of the men who write it, etc., but the story of Greek and Roman political, social, and artistic life is complete and permanent, which no new discoveries can hurt or change.

Another advantage of the Athenian college would be the elimination of the infinite number of extra-curriculum activities which vitiate the intellectual climate of the institutions of learning in the United States. There would be no Big Three or Conference or Coast Championships; many other extra-curriculum affairs, eagerly engaged in by students naturally ambitious for social rather than intellectual distinction, would be absent.

On the other hand, in a country where the Olympic games first flourished, there would be every opportunity for athletic sports on land and water: golf, tennis, baseball, football, rowing, sailing, swimming, and every form of track athletics.

There would, I think, be no difficulty about securing a high-grade faculty; some of the professors would be permanent, and as for the others, there are any number of leading professors in America who would be glad to spend one year teaching American students in Athens.

I am not opposed to intercollegiate athletics in America, for the same reason that I am not opposed to the New England winter climate; and much good comes out of both. But I think there is room for one American college (not vocational, professional, or graduate school) where the major interest of the majority of students would be the acquisition of sound culture, in an environment peculiarly favorable.

It would seem that there could hardly be anything that promised more tranquillity and less eccentricity than a journey from New Haven to Philadelphia. Yet on the day of the February blizzard, when I took the Colonial Express at New Haven, I enjoyed several unusual experiences. First of all, my travelling-bag unaccountably missed the train, so, like a runaway bride, I had nothing except the clothes I sat in. The train was nearly three hours late in reaching Philadelphia; accoutred as I was, I leaped into a taxi and urged the driver to make the extreme legal margin of speed. On a dark and narrow side street, the car broke down

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while I was still a mile from my destination. I dismounted and, like Apollyon, straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, so that the next car would either have to stop or be the cause of my death. It stopped with protests of brake and voice. I explained my predicament and said that I must reach the Metropolitan Opera House in five minutes, where I was to deliver a lecture. I was requested to get in, and I think in that last mad mile we hit the ground only twice, but we drew up before the doors of the temple of art, and within the specified time. I hesitated whether or not to offer this Good Samaritan an honorarium, but I did, and it seemed acceptable. Then he asked me to wait an instant, while he could write for me his telephone number. "Is it possible that he is an owner or driver of public vehicles?" thought I, but on receiving the mystic symbol, he said reverently: "Any time you want any real good liquor, call me up."

I marched upon the stage, clad in the grey habiliments of daylight, looking as if the hounds of Spring were on Winter's traces. I informed the audience that my evening clothes were in the New Haven railway station, and I also informed them of my perilous journey, and of the stranger who took me in, and of his professional occupation. At the end of the lecture, as is our custom in Philadelphia, ushers distributed cards through the audience, on which those who were so disposed might ask questions about books, which I in turn answered from the platform. Seven of them asked, "*What was that telephone number?*" Now, whatever faults that lecture may have had, it was certainly not dry.

The next day (Friday) was a busy day for me, and yet filled with harmony. In the morning I settled the coal strike. At least, when I came down to breakfast in the Bellevue-Stratford it was not settled, and before lunch it was. I leave that fact to speak for itself. In the afternoon I heard a glorious concert by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, Leonora Overture No. 3 (the trumpet solo always reminding me of the Hamburg-American Line), and two pieces by Bach. I reached New York in time to hear "Lohengrin" in the evening. Exactly forty years ago I heard in the same New York Opera House "Lohengrin" for the first time. I was then accompanied by my friend Frank W. Hubbard, who later became in one and the same year my brother-in-law and a Presidential elector, probably the youngest Presidential elector in history. "Lohengrin" is my favorite opera, and I have only one fault to find with its construction: Why, in the second act, is the King so inefficient? Why does he allow the bridal procession to be so rudely interrupted? If he were a King who knew his job, he would simply summon his guards, point to Ortrud and Telramund, and say: "Take these swine out and have them killed."

I am the perfect Wagnerite, and this season I am enjoying the Wagner cycle at the Metropolitan more than at any time since the retirement of the De Reszkés. I do not believe there is to-day available a better cast anywhere than appeared in "Die Walküre," for Herr Laubenthal is the best of the tenors, Herr Bohnen and Herr Schorr are satisfactory as bass and baritone, and Larsen-Todsen, Easton, and Branzell are admirable singers. In fact, I do not think I have ever heard the thankless rôle of Fricka sung so magnificently as Madame Branzell sang it.

But I wish at the Metropolitan that Wagner's explicit directions might be followed. Fricka should drive her team; Fafner should kill Fasolt on the stage; the scenery should *move* in the first act of "Parsifal"; Lohengrin should really appear in the distance and gradually draw nearer. Years ago every one of these things took place on this same stage.

Here is a historical fact illustrating the depreciation of the dollar. In the spring of 1887, when I was a senior at Yale, my classmate (now Judge) John Henry Kirkham, of New Britain, and I financed an expedition to New York. We left New Haven at midnight on the boat; we had a good breakfast in New York for thirty-five cents; a good dinner for forty cents. In the afternoon we went to the Metropolitan Opera House, and got seats in the gallery for fifty cents, hearing Goldmark's opera "Merlin" sung by Lilli Lehmann, Max Alvary, and others. We obtained a

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good supper for thirty cents, and in the evening got seats for fifty cents at the Casino, where we heard a performance of that delectable "Erminie" with Francis Wilson, God bless him! Then we took the midnight boat back to New Haven. To-day there are no boats, no seats for fifty cents, and no good meals for thirty. The entire expedition, transportation both ways, three meals, grand opera and operetta, and incidental expenses, cost us in round numbers about $2.61 apiece. I ought to add that Kirkham was an editor of *The Yale Daily News*, so we dead-headed the steamboat.

At last—at last, I have heard Strauss's glorious tone-poem, "Tod und Verklärung," played by the New York Symphony Orchestra in Brooklyn, and conducted by Otto Klemperer, who measures eight feet from tip to tip. This time also they changed the programme at the last moment; but they substituted Strauss's masterpiece for something else. *O Richard, O mon roi, l'univers t'abandonne, mais moi, jamais!*

In addition to other good plays I have mentioned, let no one miss seeing "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "The Wisdom Tooth." The first is a sparkling comedy by Lonsdale, recommended to me by the editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. The acting of Ina Claire and Roland Young is impeccably artistic, as fine as the stone tracery around the tomb of Edward II in Gloucester Cathedral.

Marc Connolly has written a magnificent play—"The Wisdom Tooth." In contrast to the imbecility and garbage, which are the chief ingredients of many theatrical offerings in the big town, this drama is a combination of true realism and soaring idealism. Imagine a countrified grandfather and grandmother appearing on the New York stage and, instead of being coarsely burlesqued, here represented as in many cases they really are—the salt of the earth. They stand out, the incarnation of nobility, wisdom, and common sense—what a contrast to our sophisticated and impotent lizards! As Turgenev said of Bazarov's mother, "Such women are not common nowadays. God knows whether we ought to rejoice!" But they are more common than some imagine them to be—some whose entire knowledge of life is confined to a small part of a small and citified island.

Many a man has been saved from sin or folly or both by remembering at a critical moment his dead parents; but in "The Wisdom Tooth" the white-collared clerk is saved by remembering his dead boyhood. The play advances with a light yet sure step along the narrow isthmus that divides the marsh of sentimentality from the mire of melodrama. We are on the verge of both but we never fall in. There is only one other playwright who might have written "The Wisdom Tooth"—his name is J. M. Barrie.

Before seeing this play, I recommend you to read Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" and Basil King's novel, "The High Forfeit."

"The Wisdom Tooth" is a far better play than "The Dybbuk"—more original, more profound, more interesting. I am quite aware that "The Dybbuk" was written by a Russian and "The Wisdom Tooth" by a mere American.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" has come back to town, "tasting of . . . Provençal song and sunburnt mirth." How men will look three hundred years from now I do not know; but they will go to the theatre and they will see "Cyrano."

No matter how many old plays appear in modern dress, I suppose the opera must forever belong to costume drama. Imagine Wotan in Norfolk jacket and knickers!

Percy F. Bicknell, of Malden, Mass., writes on good English:

The worldwide vogue of your department makes it an effective medium for starting, if not carrying through, many needed reforms; and as you are a teacher of English perhaps this department of yours can most appropriately and intelligently occupy itself with the correction of abuses in the speaking and writing of that language—a worthy undertaking already entered upon by you.

Why not protest against the increasing misuse of *consistently* in the sense of *constantly, always, invariably?* It needs no argument to prove that such indiscriminate substitutions tend to weaken and impoverish a language. Some of our older writers, who in their earlier works were impeccable,

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have of late allowed not a few of these objectionable neologisms to invade their pages. Evil communications corrupt good manners, in literature as in conduct.

Another unpleasing modernism is the use of the present indicative in such a sentence as "You look as if you are glad of it." Twenty years ago, or perhaps even ten years ago, would not the customary form have been "You look as if you were glad of it"? A somewhat similar illogical usage, but much older and long since sanctioned by the best writers, is the employment of *as though* in the sense of *as if*. For example: "It is now balmy April, but he shivers as though it were chill November."

Finally (for the present at least), it may be a waste of space and of printer's ink to try to resuscitate the moribund *shall* and *should*, but reiterated outcry will perhaps retard somewhat their final extinction. To one graduated from a New England college about forty years ago and on bowing terms with good writers of a still earlier period it is passing strange that so many otherwise intelligent persons can see no difference between the unscrupulously determined "I will be elected" and the confidently expectant "I shall be elected."

An excellent thing to remember is this—the expression "I would like" is always wrong. Say, "I should like" every time, and there is one error you will avoid.

By the way, I am not a teacher of English, but a teacher of English literature.

Frank W. Clancy, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "intrigued" and "intriguing." I agree with him. Miss Beatrice Ash, of Havana, Cuba, nominates persons who sprinkle their conversations with French. But unfortunately there are times when one is almost forced to borrow, *n'est-ce pas?* Reverend Allen Jacobs, rector of St. John's Church, Logan, Utah, writes:

Your page is the only place in America's magazines where stored-up mental powder may explode without injury and at the same time the cause of good English be strengthened. "Cinema" and "Cinematograph"—the English people offend in this more than we. But where on earth did that soft "c" get its justification?—I mean any kind of a "c"; because, as you know, the Greek origin is "kinema." And what a clumsy word it is, with its compounds.

"Recalcitrant"—Do five persons out of ten know it when they see it? I have had to look it up more than once. And our newspaper men are guilty—those whose training is said to include above all the saving of space. Why not "refractory," "obstinate," or even "stubborn"?

Speaking of newspaper terms, why is a "physician" always "summoned"? Give him the title of "physician" if better than the popular one of "doctor"; but why not save a little space and add a little variety by using the good old word "call"?

Included among phrases in general use, I have always thought of "behind" as preferable to "back of"; and I have never been friendly to "this much" and "that much." Many good writers and speakers use "as though" instead of "as if"; yet the latter is much simpler, and I think better.

There is a point in our pronunciation which I have never yet seen explained, and which may have an interesting history connected with it. That is, in relation to the emphasized "r" or, as it has been termed, the inverted "r." It seems to flourish especially in the Middle West; possibly everywhere west of Albany—or shall we say Buffalo? As a native New Englander, and therefore perhaps imbued with the sound of the smooth or disappearing "r" where it ends a word or precedes a consonant—I have never yet become accustomed, at least never yet reconciled, to the bur-r-r sound. Is there some connection here historically with Scotch and German settlers in the Western States? I have heard high-school and college young people in the West pronounce words such as "form" and "corn" in such a way that to my ears the effect was exactly that of "forum" and "koran"! . . .

The chief value of the word "recalcitrant" is to determine whether or not a man is drunk. If he can frame to pronounce it right, he is still sober.

As for the disagreeable dog-letter, Mr. Jacobs's comment gives me an excuse for a poem I wrote on Booth Tarkington's play, and which I contributed to "The Conning Tower," where I had the pleasure of seeing it hoisted to the top of the column:

Tark! Tark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And country cousins rise:
The Middle West girls can roll their R's,
And the Eastern girls their I's.

Speaking of F. P. A., he has just published a volume called "F. P. A.'s Conning Tower Verse," being selections from the verse contributed by outsiders to

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The Evening Mail, *The Tribune*, and *The World*. The book gains in value by containing nothing of mine, and loses by having nothing of his; but it is a book well worth buying. I particularly enjoyed the poem by my friend the Reverend John Holmes.

When the Easterner laughs at the Westerner for saying Carrds and Dinnerr, let him repent when he himself says "I had no idear of it."

Contributions to the earth-shaking question of the cow's ears come from Miss Grace Swan, of Myers Falls, Wash., who says: "It would be unreasonable to suppose that a cow's ears would be placed where they would be pinched every time she used her horns. Nature is accused of many mistakes, but I never heard of such a bawly one as this would be."

G. W. Gardiner, of New York, also gives a scientific reason for the location of the ears:

Logic is all I have to go upon in deciding whether a cow wears her horns before or behind her ears, observation having failed me.

In the great system of evolution it is quite possible that the first cows were unadorned with horns, although they probably had ears. Thus the first horns were, like as not, soft and useless little things, and could easily have been worn behind the ears or in them.

But with horn development, and the use of the head as a battering ram, it is conceivable that horns quickly came into their own, and the more soft and tender ears moved back until they took up a safe and permanent position back of and slightly below the horns. I believe you will find them there to-day.

How wonderful is logic!

J. C. Meem, of Brooklyn, N. Y., contributes the following:

Will you not kindly explain to your Albany editor, Bachelor of Cowology, that it is not a Mooley but a Muley cow that has no horns? The name is derived from the resemblance of a hornless cow's ears to those of a mule, and not to the soft-voiced Moo with which she laments the loss of her horns; or, in other words, it is not the cow's moo-sic that gives the name but her ear for music.

It is interesting to observe that Vermont is the only State in the Union where the population of cows exceeds the population of human beings, just as Florida is the only State where there are more automobiles than persons.

James Melvin Lee, director of the department of journalism, New York University, furnishes me with two good newspaper headlines to add to those I printed in the March SCRIBNER'S. One was over a story about a workman who had been buried in a cave-in:

TON OF SOIL FALLS ON SON OF TOIL

The other describes a man by the name of Ivory who was on trial in an English court; the evidence told against him and the headline in the newspaper was:

IVORY'S HOPES SINK

Mrs. Frederic R. Kellogg, of Morristown, N. J., read the "Faerie Queene" at the age of seventeen, when she was a freshman at Bryn Mawr. She wishes to know if any female of my acquaintance has ever finished Carlyle's "French Revolution," or Boswell's "Life of Johnson." In reply to this solemn inquiry I have not heard of many females finishing either one of these two books, though I have heard of a good many who have been finished by them. Charles Hopkins Clark, the editor of the Hartford *Courant*, recently wrote in *The North American Review* an article on Samuel Johnson that will make the idolaters of Ursa Major furiously to think, as the French do not say.

Miss Lillian Partos, of New York City, also comes into the Faerie Queene Club. In fact, she takes two chairs because, although only in the sixteenth year of her age, she has read the poem twice.

Mrs. Addison E. Herrick, of Bethel, Me., read the "Faerie Queene" through at the age of sixteen. She has often wondered why she did it, but now knows that her unconscious self then foresaw the Faerie Queene Club.

Miss Margaret Belle Merrill, director of the Co-operative Bureau for Women Teachers, New York, read the "Faerie Queene" in her eleventh year.

The State of Alabama suddenly leads all the States in the Union in membership. I have received from Augustus H. Mason,

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dean of Howard College, Birmingham, Ala., the following list of students, all of whom have read the entire "Faerie Queene": Lizzie Lee Allsup, Birmingham; Elna Almgren, Birmingham; Ruby Deane Doyle, Birmingham; Bess Finney, Albertville; Mary John Finney, La Fayette; Nioma Lee, Cropwell; Sue Sargent, Mobile; Louise Short, Huntsville; Millard Hearn, Wadley; Luther E. Little, Alanton; John Denham Tucker, Jr., Birmingham.

Further contributors to the George Herbert Organ Fund and members of the Bemerton Club are G. W. Humphreys, of Cohoes, N. Y.; Charles E. Moore, of White Plains, and the Reverend Jesse Halsey, of Cincinnati.

Wilmarth S. Lewis, of Farmington, Conn., American novelist, writes linguistically as follows:

When you have established "vidience," do turn your attention to "ocularium." "The vidience rocked the ocularium with applause."

Another word-builder, Horace Walpole, wrote to Wm. Mason in 1783: "I have in mind, should you approve it, to call designers of gardens, *gardenists*, to distinguish them from *gardeners* or *landscapists*. I wish you would coin a term for the art itself." Mason failed to do so and all we have is "landscape gardening"—surely a poor thing.

With reference to the vexed question of professional voice control, I have an interesting letter from Edward Dickinson, professor of the history and criticism of music at Oberlin:

Nevertheless I have often wondered how actors and singers keep themselves in hand as they do. I have never wondered at this more than I did a few nights ago when I heard Roland Hayes deliver that heart-breaking unaccompanied song, "The Crucifixion," which he often puts at the end of his programs. Roland Hayes, as I happen to know, is a devout Christian as well as a profoundly poetic nature. I doubt if there was a dry eye in the hall, but in his voice there was not the slightest suggestion of wavering. How he could sing it in the way he did without breaking down is more than I can understand, except as I suppose that his indescribably pathetic effects in dynamics and timbre were calculated at every instant, and his will power was concentrated upon them. This is no disparagement, but just the reverse.

Mr. van Loon's "Tolerance" is a noble, useful, badly written book. He chose a great subject, took exactly the right attitude toward it, and then wrote as though he were talking to a night school of immigrants. I can see no reason for not treating so dignified a theme with dignity. He cannot write like John Morley any more than I can; but why— Anyhow, I am glad he wrote the book, for it is needed now more than almost any other treatise, and it is probably more needed in America than in any other country. He has the chief qualification for his task—for if he wrote with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not charity, his book would be worthless. I am not an agnostic, or a socialist, or a revolutionist, or an anarchist; but I have sufficient faith in God and in the United States to believe that neither can be seriously injured by free thought and free expression. There is no reason why the strongest religious and political convictions should not be accompanied by clear-eyed tolerance. Tolerance is the mark of the truly civilized and cultivated, mature mind. Those who are habitually intolerant can never learn, never develop; but a hospitable mind is ever growing. I am opposed to the suppression of free speech, and for two good reasons. It is unchristian and inexpedient. Suppression by force, whether it takes the form of deportation, imprisonment, or direct mob action, is unchristian. But it is also inexpedient. If history has proved anything, it has proved that every attempt to suppress free speech and free writing has strengthened the victims, and has increased the number of their adherents. The behavior of many American organizations and at times of our own governmental officials has been *boyish*. Intolerance is the mark of a childish mind; when one has become a man one should put away childish things. It is not accidental that England is more tolerant than America, and that the American city is more tolerant than the village. An increase in learning and wisdom is usually accompanied by an increase in tolerance. Two of our best judges are shining ex-

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amples of tolerance—Learned Hand and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Of the "prize" novels that I have read, I award first place to "Wild Geese," by Martha Ostenso. This is a fine work of art, and finest in its power of characterization. The *paterfamilias*, who not infrequently becomes the domestic tyrant, has seldom been more accurately portrayed.

Two well-written "thrillers" are "Beau Geste," by Percival Christopher Wren, and "The House of Crimson Shadows," by H. DeVere Stacpoole. These would make you immune to the railway journey from Jacksonville to New Orleans, and I know of no higher tribute.

No one is satisfied with an anthology—not even the editor. But if you want to own the best anthology of American poetry that I have seen, buy Richard Le Gallienne's "Book of American Verse." His remarks, in the preface, on Longfellow show that his head is clear.

In addition to being a sceptic on the merits of "An American Tragedy," I also dissent from what seems to be the general critical opinion concerning Ford's novel, "No More Parades." It seems to me written in an intolerably self-conscious and artificial style. Mr. Ford's style is not only vicious; it is viscous. Over all great art, says Lorado Taft, there is an air of serenity.

To all parents and teachers, I especially recommend two small books—"Men, Women and Colleges," by Professor Le Baron R. Briggs of Harvard, and "The Religion of Undergraduates," by the Reverend Cyril Harris. Both books are written with candor and earnestness. Religious people like me will wince when they read Harris's book, but we cannot deny the facts on which it is founded.

An hour of undiluted diversion may well be spent in reading Robert Benchley's "Pluck and Luck," which is intended to be funny and succeeds in the attempt.

Two of our youngest novelists, R. B. Barrett and Katharine Brush, have produced respectively "The Enemy's Gates" and "Glitter," both books dealing with flashy youth. Now Mr. Fitzgerald can do this properly, because he is a literary artist; whereas these two novels betray not only immaturity in years but immaturity in style. I should not mention them at all if I did not think they were worth reading, and if I did not think both authors showed potentiality. I have lived with undergraduates for forty-three years, and I have a higher opinion of their ability and character than I find in smart stories about them.

Only the other day, a student, who could not possibly be called either a prig or a grind, rebuked me quite justly. I was teaching Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral," and I remarked that a man could throw away his youth and ruin his health just as truly in the pursuit of learning and science as in dissipation. The only difference is, said I, ironically, that when he wastes his health in study we call him a fool; and when he wastes it in riotous living we say he is a good fellow. One of the undergraduates immediately took issue with me, saying that no matter what surface-opinion might be, the average student did admire the man who gave himself to serious study and did despise the man who indulged in vice. I think he is right, and I shall omit my comment when I teach that poem again.

The best four books that I have read on the Christian religion recently are "The Everlasting Man," by Chesterton; "According to Saint John," by Lord Charnwood; "The Christ of the New Testament," by Paul Elmer More, and "The Reasonableness of Christianity," by Douglas Clyde Macintosh, which book won a six-thousand-dollar prize.

I am glad that I was soundly trained in my youth in philosophy and metaphysics, for it has helped me many times, and never more than in reading this fine work by Professor Macintosh. If one wishes to know the true "Modernist" position, one cannot do better than read this book, which is able, fair-minded, reverent, scholarly, and devout. And yet I think in one respect the author is in error. I am anxious not to misrepresent him, a thing easy to do in the discussion of any philosophical treatise; but if I understand him correctly, he says that the Christian religion does not depend for its truth on any historical basis. That is, if Jesus had never lived at all, if the whole Gospel story were a myth, Christianity would still be just as true. I do not think so.

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So far as the ethical teaching of Jesus is concerned, he is of course right. The ethical teaching of Jesus is simply that unselfishness is better than selfishness; if we should discover that the whole New Testament were a fairy tale, this ethical teaching would still stand. If Euclid had never lived, it would still be true that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Truth is truth, no matter who first said it, or even if it were never said at all.

But is the ethical teaching all that there is to the Christian religion? For wise men have taught the same thing over and over again.

Suppose you received affectionate letters from some one, assuring you not only of steadfast love but of some great gift to come, and the letters were subsequently proved to be forgeries? Suppose an uncle left you a fortune in a will, and the will turned out to be fraudulent?

Not for a moment do I think that the Christian religion is important for what we may materially derive from it. It is important, however, because it professes to be a revelation from God in the person of His Son. Now if there is no Son, not only does the foundation of the Christian religion vanish, but we may well despair of God—this revelation being to Christians the most authentic means of communication.

Professor Macintosh is quite properly and honestly eager to believe nothing unscientific. But, like all philosophers, he has to make an unverifiable assumption. In his book, what he calls "moral optimism" is the true (and scientific) basis of religion. But not only is this an unverified and unverifiable assumption, it is denied by many of our most able and candid writers. It would never have been accepted by Schopenhauer, or by Thomas Hardy, George Santayana, Joseph Conrad, and many other first-rate minds. To these men an ethical view of the universe is impossible.

No, I here stand with the practical, common-sensible Lord Charnwood, whose researches bring him to the belief in the divinity of Christ; and with the scholar, Paul Elmer More, who says that without the Incarnation, there is no voice to man out of the eternal silence.

If I did not believe in the historicity of Jesus, I should not change my habit of life; but no one would ever see me worshipping in a Christian church again.

It is only fair to say that Professor Macintosh is seeking, more for the benefit of others than of himself, a scientific foundation for the Christian religion; he is a loyal and active and valuable member of an evangelical Christian church.

The average man is more interested in the prize ring than in the ring of the Nibelungen.

More women are eager to reduce physically than to expand spiritually.

I have sometimes been accused of disliking some of our sex-novelists because they are not gentlemen. How strange—when it is clear that they are all writers of breeding.

I saw one of them the other day sending a tiny parcel by the American Railway Express, and I wondered why he did not send it through the post; then I reflected that he was probably expressing his personality.

My advice to young authors. Don't imitate H. L. Mencken. Remember, even his broadest humor, his most violent denunciations, and his most diverting meditations on life invariably are founded on some actual *knowledge*. Better imitate his learning before you imitate his manner. Otherwise, David in Saul's armor will more closely resemble "what the man will wear" than you will resemble H. L. M. I am sure that Mencken's antagonists do not cause him so much embarrassment as his disciples. Now that a chorus of adulation salutes Theodore Dreiser, Mencken seems to be hedging.

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SPIRITUALLY speaking, there is a bit of Spanish territory in New York, the land that is bounded by the walls of the Hispanic Museum, in the northwestern part of the city. I do not know of an institution quite like it anywhere else in the world. Dedicated to the genius of a nation, it illustrates the subject in so many of its manifestations that amid its paintings and other treasures one seems to be literally on the soil that gave them birth, to breathe the very airs that energized their creation. The appeal of the museum is, in a word, an appeal of the Spanish soul. It is made, as I have just indicated, through many objects, but in none more eloquently than in works of pictorial art. These are not only numerous, but have an extraordinary range. The collection begins with a great array of Primitives and then passes rapidly to the traditions of El Greco, Zurburan, Velasquez, and Goya. Nor are the moderns forgotten. Fortuny, Domingo, Rico, and Madrazo are present, and there are abundant specimens of such later men as Zuloaga and Sorolla. The themes of these artists are, generally, characters from Spanish history or scenes and types from Spanish life. The Primitives, of course, dealt with religious subjects, but their devotional fervor gives place in the modern school to a more realistic preoccupation. It is curious to note this, by the way, in the case of a man like Velasquez. His powers, one would say, ought naturally to have carried him to the heights of the spirit. As a matter of fact, they did nothing of the sort. His Christ on the Cross is an impressive picture so far as it goes, but it is in no wise an inspired production, and in none of his religious designs does he transcend the level on which he struck his gait in the early *bodegones*. The point is apposite on the present occasion. There have been moments of spiritual ecstasy in Spanish painting. El Greco knew some of them, so did Zurburan, and they were vouchsafed in a measure to Murillo. Nevertheless it might be said of a typical Spanish artist, as Gautier said of himself, that he is a man for whom the visible world exists. The saying especially applies to the modern Spaniard whose last works have been installed in the Hispanic Museum. I mean Joaquin Sorolla.

HE was fortunate in the fate that attended him through the years immediately preceding his death in 1923. In his prime, and painting at his best, he was permitted to complete his *magnum opus*, a set of fourteen large pictures reflecting as in a mirror some of the most characteristic phases of Spanish life. The commission was given to him when he was in the United States in 1910, and he gave himself up to his task for about five years. His studio was in Madrid, and he did much of the work there, but its essentials were established on the spot. He sketched and painted in the various Spanish provinces, seeking to make living transcripts of actualities. The result is what I can only describe as a tangible enlargement of that territory indicated above as embodied in the Hispanic Museum. A spacious room was erected to receive his canvases, and they have been affixed to the walls with nothing but a simple framework to divide attention. They are not in the strict meaning of the term mural paintings, conceived as an architectural unit and bound together by decorative convention. If, in broad intention, Sorolla harked back to any precedent it was not to that of Veronese but to that of Ghirlandajo, the maker of mural picture-books. Nay, he discarded even the Florentine's tendency to pay some slight tribute to architectural environment. He practised instead a perfectly free nationalism, giving a composition the requisite balance and order but keeping it in essence a vision of the thing seen.

What realism this implies will be readi-

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