

there were other cities that met a similar fate in the same place. Here in the adjoined illustration we have in a diagrammatic form the results of excavations as known to us now in addition to the first achievements of Schliemann. We see before us the outlines of the second, sixth and ninth cities, the others having been omitted solely in order to render the outlined picture clearer (page 246).

The "tower of the winds" in Athens is well known and the reliefs on its frieze are frequently reproduced (page 468) but it is not so well known that this tower was the town clock of Athens. It consisted of a water clock run by water-works that supplied it with a constant flow of water and showed the people of Athens the exact hour of the day.

The material collected in this book is in fact exhaustive and thoroughly covers the period of the world's history which it describes. We can see here for instance not only the development of writing in Egypt and Babylon but also the beginning of fortifications. Probably the first and oldest fortified city is the Aramean Samal, but it is surpassed by the Greeks in the fortress of Tiryns which was built in Argos near Mycenae approximately in the Homeric period (page 237). It is a stately castle prepared for defense with consummate skill and strategic considerations, and it is the earliest one in Europe with outer walls of stone. A restoration of it is shown on page 237, and the two are here reproduced in reduced size side by side for comparison.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR-FEELING.

BY ALICE EDGERTON.

NOTHING is easier than to make people want war. Some people believe in fighting; but even the more peaceable respond warmly to the stimulus of activity, of something doing in a grey and steady world. Men were never made for this fat, office-going life; at heart they want to be sinewy. They like to feel themselves brave, and in dull peace times this primordial desire has small chance of expression. Men like to be male, and women glory in seeing them male. In no way can the sharp distinction of sex be made more pleasingly than in war. Nowhere else is man so aggressive and so protective; nowhere else can women experience on so vast a scale the sense of being protected and at the same time of ministering to the protector. Though civilization and personal fear may have

taught us to shudder at war, society has only to exercise a bit of discrimination and people will find nothing so inevitable, and nothing so gay.

Group action is always brought about by suggestion tactfully applied to instinct and ideal. Whether you are a missionary society raising money, or a nation about to make war, you must bring your people to feel and desire together. By one set of suggestions, impulse and ideal will be fired with the nobility of war; with another the same impulses and the same ideals may be aflame with the nobility of peace. If people are to want war they must be physically and emotionally excited. Primitive Australians dance, yell, and brandish spears in preparation for an avenging expedition; a spear is thrown at an imaginary foe, with a look of intense fury; blood is sprinkled; there is a constant rhythmic rush and a rattling of spears; the mourners of the vanquished foe are pictured; and the warriors "start off in the very best of spirits, just as if they were going on a pleasure trip."

We are doing the same thing in America to-day. We are talking ourselves strong. From moment to moment there is the clatter of war news. We have war drill, war relief, the constant and universal presence of the war idea, until we speak of war as easily as of the moving pictures. We propose an expeditionary force to France to-day, the gift of a billion dollars to-morrow. Everything is big. The preparedness movement, like the old ready, set, go of childhood games, has us tingling for the race; it has done much to stiffen the spring that will send us buoyantly into war. Even the horrors of war, if they are kept sufficiently large and abstract, have exciting value. There is an elemental fascination in horror, in the primitive eventfulness of it.

In our advanced civilization, suggestion is not confined to the cruder instincts that grow strong with shouting. We can play also on high moral qualities. Many of these have an emotional radiance of the greatest social effect, and at the same time draw vitality from deep roots in instinct. In rousing enthusiasm for any social action, it matters little whether people actually possess a given virtue, or only wish to feel that they possess it. There is nothing more thrilling than to feel that one is noble. It is virility on a moral plane and induces the sense of swelling strength characteristic of maleness. We do wisely, therefore, when we represent our ideals as splendid women imploring protection. Our country lies desecrated; her rights are outraged; Democracy, Liberty, Justice are on the altar. The spirits of national ancestors move us to a religious fervor;

Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln are kept much before us and we feel that in our blood runs their strength and their devotion to great causes: their country, and ours, we are called upon to defend. One national ancestor we have in common with France: through the spirit of Lafayette the French cause is ours. The invocation of symbols also is effective in rousing us to nobility. The clean flag floating in the sun is fire to the blood; battle-torn, it stirs the chivalrous to pity. The vast gregarious signing of a pledge to "support the President," though it calls for no specific conduct from the signer, elevates him with that patriotism which is meat and drink to the primitive fighting instinct.

Like the Australian avenging party, we hurl spears at the enemy, with looks of fury. We are stirred to good old-fashioned hate by the suggestion that he despises us, that he thinks us weaklings and cowards, and laughingly disregards our rights. But civilization has so strong a hold on us that the unadorned hate-motive is comparatively ineffective; it must be raised to the level of moral indignation. The enemy represents militarism, oppression, all that our ancestors died to save us from. He is in all ways alien to us. Whether one be American, or Irish, or German, it is civilization demands war on the foe. Comparison with him makes us the more conscious of our own righteousness and strong in the strength of a righteous cause. Of similar effect is our treatment of the non-conformist to the war-fervor. As the proponent of war is brave, so the peace-seeker is a coward. There is no sharper way of bringing the non-conformist into line, and at the same time there is no more heady stimulant to the virtuous than calling names. The blacker the opponent, the more glowing shine one's own qualities, and the more anxious one is not to be like him. Mentally the pacifist is a "tortoise," an "ostrich," a "bankrupt in ideas," an "opponent of progress." Morally he is "disloyal," "traitorous," "below the standard of manhood"; he tramples the flag in the dust, he is the friend of the enemy. We take his sex-glory from him. A girls' school in the West has gone so far as to pledge itself not to marry pacifists; but the pledge is unnecessary, for if suggestion be deftly manipulated, mere sexual selection will eliminate the man who has no sense of honor, who puts care for his poor skin above loyalty to country, who does not preen the bright feathers of bravery. A woman wants a man who is a *man*.

When an avenging party is formed among Australian natives, a kinsman of the man whose death is to be avenged rubs the thighs of the warriors with a girdle made from the hair of the dead man;

magic power passes into the warriors and they become strong to fight. A like magic strength and animus we derive from focussing our attention upon the sufferings of war. Pity is a profound war-motive. The American Ambulance Service in France and the Red Cross agitation have done much to insinuate war into our minds. They have roused pity for the sufferings of the Allies and indignation at the cause of these sufferings. The idea of pain produces an immediate need to do something for its relief. We like to see ourselves bringing comfort to the oppressed and suffering, sacrificing ourselves for humanity's sake; and giving a dollar and hurrying from telephone to telephone to raise other dollars, goes far to induce that picture. The Red Cross has given women an occupation at once picturesque and satisfying to them as women; it is at once an opportunity to minister and to feel protected. But it has been a stimulant to men also: Here is suffering; we women are the tender, we can minister to it; we men are the brave, we can fight its cause.

But the appeals of high abstractions would be far less effective without dressing for the part. One's chest is never so high, one's soul never so brave, as in a uniform; and women never so warmly admire one. Correspondingly with a nurse's costume. It carries the suggesting of relief to suffering; the wearer feels the joy of martyrdom; and manly bosoms are manlier for this vision of womanly tenderness. There are dances to raise money for ambulance units; men come in military, naval or hospital uniforms, women as Red Cross nurses; and the ball room, with tents over the boxes, is made to "resemble as near as possible a Field Service Station." We are busy and gay with the idea of war. War has got into the spring fashions, and this helps too. "Preparedness" is the key-note of the clothing advertisements just now: "preparedness for summer." A great New York firm is advertising "Somme Trench Coat": "a model that is doing its little bit in the trenches right now: on a hundred battlefields it has fought and bled and died, and it is still fighting in the new battalions." So war is not dreadful; it is thrilling; it is as common as the daily papers, and as little to be feared.