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BRIGHT EYES AND DARK EYES.

BY PROF. F. MAX MUELLER.

I OFTEN divide my friends into two classes: those with bright eyes and those with dark eyes. Those with bright eyes, whatever they look at, whether nature or man, whether the past or the present, see only what is bright and beautiful and good. Those with dark eyes, wherever they look, see only what is dark and gloomy and bad. I am sorry for my dark-eyed friends. They are often very excellent people—very honest, very conscientious; but, with all that, they can be very unjust. Their ideals are pitched too high for this world. Show them a brilliant jewel, and they will at once look for a flaw in it. Give them a fragrant rose, and they will complain of its thorns. Describe to them an ancient religion, full of noble aspirations, and they will at once discover something that seems to them strange, absurd, and wrong, while what is good and true in it entirely escapes their notice.

My bright eyed-friends are, I believe, the better judges. They know how to appreciate even what is not quite perfect, if only it is well meant. And, after all, true criticism does not consist in merely finding out faults: it has a higher, though it may be a more difficult, task to perform—namely, to find out what is good, or what was at least meant to be good.

But besides my bright-eyed and my dark eyed friends, there is a third class—a most mischievous, though, I am afraid, a very numerous class. They see nothing but what is bright in all that is their own, and nothing but what is dark in all that is not their own. This produces a most disagreeable squint, and makes a straightforward view of things and any honest judgment almost impossible.

Now, I cannot help thinking, and saying that most of the judgments we meet with of foreign religions come from these squinting critics, who with one eye see nothing but what is good and true in their own religion, and with the other nothing but what is bad and false in the religions of other nations. We see them from the very first dividing all religions into two classes—namely, true and false religions, the true being their own, the false comprising all the rest. And, mind, I do not accuse Christian critics only. This squinting treatment of religion is universal, or almost universal. The Mohammedan, the Jew, the Buddhist,

the Brahman, the Parsi, the followers of Confucius and Laotze in China, nay, the very believer in Unkulunkulu—all are convinced that their own faith only is bright and beautiful and true, while that of all other people is dark and gloomy and bad.

Now, I ask, is that a proper state of mind in which to approach the study of religions? Would it not be far better to look in all religions for something that is good and true? Should we be the losers if the Buddhist also held a truth which we ourselves hold? Is a truth less true if it is believed in by other religions also? There are, no doubt, many things in other religions which strike us as strange, which offend us as gross, and which we feel inclined to reject at once as utterly false. I have had much to do, not only with what we call false religions and heresies, but also with these very heretics, and with honest believers in these false religions. Some of them, whether Brahman or Buddhists, or Parsis, or followers of Confucius, were most excellent men—men of high character, of cultivated minds, and perfectly honest in their arguments. There was no point of religion or philosophy which I could not discuss with them as freely as I discuss them with my own friends and colleagues. But I must confess that I by no means always got the best in these arguments.

When discussing with a Buddhist priest from Japan, my excellent friend Bunyiu Nanjio, the question of prayer, I was startled when he declared to me that his sect considered prayer as sinful, as almost blasphemous. I tried to show him that prayer was a universal custom, that it seemed to arise from a most natural impulse of the human heart, that it was only an expression of our own helplessness and of our trust in a higher power, and that, even if not granted, a prayer would help us to submit more readily to the inscrutable decrees of a higher wisdom. But he would not yield. If we really believe, he said, in that higher wisdom, and in that higher power, it would be an insult to put our own small wisdom against that higher wisdom, or in any way to try to interfere with the workings of that higher power. You may adore and meditate, he said, you may trust and submit, but you must never ask, not even of Buddha, though he is full of pity and compassion.

Again, when I tried to convince him that we are

so made that we *must* believe in a Maker of the world, or in an Agent behind all the phenomena of nature, or, at least, in a first cause, he demurred. He did not say either Yes or No. He simply stated that Buddha had forbidden all inquiries into such matters, and that therefore he would not allow his mind to dwell on them. And how, he added, if you believe in an all-powerful, all-wise, all-loving Creator of the world, can you ascribe to him so imperfect a piece of workmanship as this earth, and hold him responsible for all the suffering, the misery, the disease and crime which we witness in every part of our globe?

I do not say that he convinced me, or that his arguments admitted of no reply. I only wish to show how many things that seem to us at first sight most irrational in foreign religions may admit of some rational explanation, if not defence—may not be so utterly absurd as they appear at first sight.

THE RELATION BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

THE great economic problem of the day is the relation between the two classes of wealth producers, popularly known as capitalists and workmen, which includes the practical question of their respective rights in the division of the property they join in creating. The essential condition for the solution of this, as of any problem, is the ascertaining of the factors on which it depends and their relative value. The statement of the present question implies that the only persons entitled to participate in the first instance in the distribution of wealth are those who, either personally or by those whom they represent, have aided in its production. To understand aright, however, the position of these persons among themselves, it is necessary to determine, in the first place, the nature of wealth, and secondly, how it is created. In dealing with these two subjects I shall follow chiefly Mr. H. D. Macleod, whose "Elements of Economics" ought to be carefully studied as a strict application of Baconian methods.

Wealth might be defined as anything having economic value, but such an explanation introduces other terms which themselves require definition. Aristotle declared that wealth consists of all things whose value is measured by money, and it is now recognised that an economic "quantity" is anything whatever whose value can be measured in money. This definition supplies the criterion of wealth, the essential principle of which is *exchangeability*. Therefore wealth, in its widest sense, is defined as anything that can be exchanged, or in the words of Mill, which has the power of purchasing. This definition has to be supplemented, however, by the observation that a thing to be exchangeable must have value. The determination of

what constitutes value and of the source of this quality will furnish the conditions of the economic problem under consideration.

There can be only one test of value as an economic quantity, namely, demand, which depends on the possession of something by one person and the desire for it by another. It is evident, therefore, that for a "phenomenon of value," that is an exchange, to take place, there must be "the reciprocal desire or demand of two persons, each for the product of the other." Thus we may say that what constitutes value is reciprocal demand. This conclusion does not inform us, however, of the actual origin and cause of value, which can be best ascertained by acting on the principle laid down by Bacon, who says that "the induction which is to be available for the discovery and demonstration of sciences and arts must analyse nature by proper rejections and exclusions, and then after a sufficient number of negatives, come to a conclusion on the affirmative instances." It was declared by Locke that labor is the cause of all value, and McCulloch, applying this principle, affirms that "in its natural state matter is rarely possessed of any immediate or direct utility, and is always destitute of value. It is only through the labor expended on its appropriation, and on fitting and preparing it for being used, that matter acquires exchangeable value, and becomes wealth." That this statement is erroneous, and therefore that labor is not the cause of value, is evidenced by the fact that labor may be bestowed without the object of it, be it land or a movable thing, thereby acquiring value. Moreover, if labor is the sole cause of value, it would follow (1), that all differences or variations in value must be due to differences or variations in labor; (2), that all things produced by the same quantity of labor must be of equal value; (3), that the value must be proportional to the labor; and (4), that a thing once produced by labor must always have value and the same value. There is no difficulty in showing that none of these inferences are true, and from a consideration of the examples he adduces, Mr. Macleod concludes that labor is not in anyway whatever "the form or the cause of value, or even necessary to value." This conclusion is confirmed by the consideration that if labor is the sole cause of value it must be the cause of its own value, an idea which will not be entertained by any one. The real relation between them, as pointed out by Whately, is that labor is an *accident* of value in a certain class of cases, which must be affirmed also of materiality and durability, neither of which is necessary to value, that is, things may have this property without those qualities. Nor is value based on utility, as is sometimes asserted; since things may be useful in one place and not in another, and however useful a thing may be the more abundant it

is the less its value. In fact, some objects, such as diamonds, may be of great value and of little use.

The fact is that value does not belong to any object for its own sake, nor does it depend on human labor. It is really an affection of the mind, and its source is *demand* as the expression of desire. Without demand there can be no value, and the amount of value depends, the supply being the same, on the quantum of demand. This was the view of Aristotle, and of the Roman jurists, and it is that of all modern economists. McCulloch says clearly, "the desire of individuals to possess themselves of articles, or rather the demand for them originating in that desire, is the sole *cause* of their being produced or appropriated." It is the demand of the consumer, and not the labor of the producer, which constitutes a thing wealth, and hence demand is the inducement to labor, which without it would have no value.

The principle here laid down applies no less to capital than to labor. By capital is meant a head or source, that from which increase or profit flows, and therefore whatever when used gives a profit is capital. It is evident that this rule does not limit capital to money. Personal qualities are as useful for the production of profit as money, and they form the basis of the whole system of credit to which the wonderful development of modern commerce is chiefly due. It has been well said that "labor is the poor man's capital," and in fact capital and labor are merely different forms of wealth, as having exchangeable value. They both participate in the production of that which is required to supply the demand on which value depends, and they are equally valueless unless put to use. Capital and labor are thus different kinds of property, using this term in its original sense of "right," and not simply in relation to things. Any right having exchangeable value is a form of property, and hence personal rights which can be used for profit, or have a money value, are as much property as money, land or houses. Land stands on exactly the same economic footing as capital, and a due regard for this fact would prevent many bitter contentions as to the natural ownership of land. The total value of land "consists in the right to the past products of the soil, together with the right to a series of future profits or products forever"; to which should be added that these products depend in great measure on the use of capital in its forms of money and labor. A merchant having capital invested in trade, or possessing credit owing to his personal qualities, answers to the land owner. He has the right to his accumulated profits, and to the future profits to be earned by the use of his money, and by his personal capital in the form of skill and mercantile character.

We have thus arrived at the conclusion that labor

is a form of capital, and that the value of both "capital" and labor is due to their ability to supply the demand on which value depends. There is, however, another factor besides demand which enters into the question of value. The demand for any particular form of property may be small or great, and the supply may vary in the same way, so that the value of the property is also liable to vary. This principle is the general law of value, or the general equation of economics, and Mr. Macleod shows that it is universally applicable, and not merely, as some economists suppose, when prices are very high or very low. He says: "No other quantities but demand and supply appear on the face of the equation: we therefore learn that no other causes influence value or changes of value, except intensity of demand and limitation of supply. We learn that neither labor nor cost of production can have any *direct* influence on value: and that if they do so *indirectly*, it can only be by and through the means of affecting the demand or the supply: and that no change of labor or cost of production can have any influence on value unless they produce a change in the relation of supply and demand."

In conclusion, I am not concerned to lay down any particular rules for the division of profits or products between the two classes of workers or wealth producers, the capitalist or rather trader—for as we have seen all men who work for a reward are wealth creators and therefore capitalists—and those who assist the trader in his work. The former is the possessor of the source of profit money, or the credit which represents it, and the latter is the possessor of the source of profit personal labor, both of which have a market value. The personal equation must be added in either case, however, and this fact renders it more difficult than it would otherwise be to estimate the exact proportions of profit which any particular person is entitled to. But as between traders as a class on the one side, and their employees on the other the difficulty would not be so great; it being remembered nevertheless that only those employees are entitled to participate in profits, as such and not as wages, whose labor is distinctly profit producing. It may be added that this share of profits may be paid either as increased wages or by way of bonus. There are two points which should be always kept in mind in dealing with the great economic question we have been considering. The one is that the two forms of capital, money and labor, are equally necessary to each other, and that it is, therefore, the interest of the working class (so called) that capital should increase as much as possible to compete for labor. "When working men," says Mr. Macleod, "complain of the tyranny of capital and the low price of their labor, it is not the tyranny of capital which is their enemy, but the tyranny

of their own excessive numbers." The other point to be kept in mind is that economics cannot be divorced from ethics. That which is right, as demanded by fairness between man and man, is also expedient, as being in the long run the most economical from a business standpoint.

ARISTOCRATOMANIA.

ENVY of the rich is a very common feeling among the poor. And why is it so common? Because the rich are more fortunate in possessing worldly goods to satisfy not only their needs, but also any unnecessary wants. They have the means of procuring for themselves whenever they please all sorts of pleasures which because they are expensive lie outside the reach of the poor.

It is true that the rich have the means to procure themselves pleasures in an extraordinarily higher degree than the poor; but if the poor imagine that for that reason they actually enjoy life and life's pleasures better than the poor, they are greatly mistaken.

This is true in several respects. First the zest of pleasures is lost, if they are procured without trouble. Pleasure cannot be bought, pleasure must be felt, and the capability of having pleasure depends upon subjective and not upon objective conditions. The man who does not work lessens his capability of enjoyment in the same degree as he ceases to be in need of recreations; and pleasure which is no recreation after serious toil, which is not the satisfaction of a want, soon ceases to be a real pleasure, it becomes flat, stale and unprofitable.

The rich, in order to remain healthy in his spirit, in his sentiments, in his recreations and wants, must live like the poor man—not like those who are wretched and destitute, but like those who work for a living. The rich, be they ever so rich, must, for the mere sake of their mental and moral health, continue to be active, and their activity must have an aim and purpose, it must be productive of some good, it must be work of some kind.

The pleasures of the poor are, as a rule, richer and deeper in color than those of a certain class of typically rich people—viz., such rich people who noticeably appear and wish to appear as rich among their less fortunate fellow creatures; and the reason of this difference lies deeper still than in a mere lack of exertion and wholesome activity on the part of the rich. One of the most irresistible temptations of the rich, it appears, is their eagerness to be distinguished from their fellowmen as a special class of men, a peculiar and a higher species of the human kind. This is a disease which may be called aristocratomania, and it is one of the most deplorable diseases, not uncommonly proving fatal to the existence of noble and great families.

Aristocratomania is a disease which erects a barrier between special classes of men, not because the one is actually better, wiser, more moral, or nobler in character than the other, but because the one can indulge in luxuries in which the other cannot.

The aristocratomaniac is no aristocrat in the etymological and good sense of the word. He is not a better man than the rest of mankind; he is worse, he is a degeneration. His soul instead of being enlarged and widened has shrunk, and in the measure as it has shrunk it has lost in human interest, sympathy, and love.

The aristocratomaniac is perhaps charitable, he is kind, but his charity and his kindness appear offensive as soon as they are properly analysed, for their main element is a superstitious condescension.

The state of aristocratomania is ridiculous and pitiable. It is ridiculous because of the vanity of their pride; it is pitiable because of the shriveled condition of their souls. The punctilious observance of social formalities has taken the place of cordiality and truthfulness. The fashionable ceremonial of society life has become the highest rule of conduct, but the real sentiments which ought to underlie the forms of social intercourse are neglected and forgotten.

The highest object of the aristocratomaniac is to burn incense before the altar of his God—the *Puny Self* which is fed with flattery and vanity. No emotion is permitted which would conflict with this deity, for great is the *Puny Self* and he is almighty in the soul of the aristocratomaniac.

Whenever the aristocratomaniac has injured or has given offense to his fellowman, the little word: "I beg your pardon," which by natural impulse wells up in a human soul, remains unspoken because the great *Puny Self* sees in it a humiliation of his majesty.

Why is there so little warmth in the family life of aristocratomania? Brothers and sisters among the poor help one another, they rejoice at their joys and bear their woes in common. Does wealth produce a chill in the atmosphere so as to freeze out all cordiality and goodwill? Does wealth beget dissatisfaction, envy, jealousy, ill-will among men? Is the old *Nibelungen-saga* true that a curse rests on gold which will lead its owner to perdition? Certainly it takes a strong character to be wealthy and to remain human, kind-natured and broad-minded. The dearest and most sacred affections are too easily suffocated among the thorns and thistles of worldly goods. Proud of their possession of worldly goods the higher goods of truly human feelings are lost. As the mother of Christ said to Elizabeth:

"God hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich he hath sent empty away."

There are several causes of aristocratomania, for it is a very complicated disease and its symptoms show themselves in different ways, but one cause appears to be its main source and this one cause is the lack of solidarity with the interests of aspiring, toiling and progressing mankind. That which kindles sympathies in the hearts of men are common labor, common sorrows, common wants and common hopes. There is nothing of that between the aristocratomaniac and his fellowmen. He has with other aristocratomaniacs common joys, common fancies and fashions, common comforts and a common pride. But these feelings do not kindle sympathies.

There is a peculiar and a manlike sympathy in the dog who drags the cart of his poor master and earns a living as his help mate, sharing his master's labor and bread. But there is no such amiability in the snarling pug who idles away his time in the lap of his idle mistress. He is egotistic, impertinent and dissatisfied. He has also become infected with aristocratomania, for dissatisfaction is one of the most telling symptoms of the disease. Says Goethe in describing the symptoms of aristocratomania :

" They're of a noble house, that's very clear
Haughty and discontented they appear."

There are among the poor a class of people who either from lack of strength, because the burdens of life are heavier than they can bear, or from lack of courage and good will, because they do not intend to work for a living, become spiteful and bitter. This disease is in many respects similar to aristocratomania. The aristocratomaniac feels himself exempt from the common lot of mortals, the spiteful poor thinks that he also ought to be exempt. He has the predisposition of becoming an aristocratomaniac, and being hopelessly shut out from the class to which his instinct leads him, he dreams of rising above the crowd of common mortals with the help of the masses by preaching hatred and destruction. This is the Marrat type of the demagogue, vanity, egotism and ambition are but too often the motives of him who pretends to be a reformer, imitating Christ in his denunciations only but not in his charity, love and self-renunciation. One of the most prominent social agitators actually exposed his main spring of action in quoting Virgil's verse :

" Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo.
[Can I not bend the Gods, I'll stir the under world.]

Moral health cannot be found in the aristocratomaniac nor in the would-be aristocratomaniac, but in the patient and plodding worker, be he rich or poor. He who has risen in his imagination above mankind and the sorrows of mankind has cut himself loose from the tree of humanity. The fate of aristocratomaniac families as a rule is sealed. They are doomed. Life

is activity and wherever life ceases to be activity, it dries up and withers away.

Is this perhaps the meaning of Christ when he said that

"A rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven.
"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

These passages are strong and what they teach should not remain unheeded. There are two lessons which they teach, one of warning and the other of comfort. The warning is for the rich not to erect a barrier between themselves and humanity, not to allow their souls to be shriveled by wealth and pride of class, for the poor, not to be blinded by the advantages of wealth ; wealth is not happiness and does not convey happiness. The real contents of life, its meaning, its import and its worth cannot be expressed in dollars and cents. We have to create the actual values of life ourselves.

But there is in Christ's-words about the rich also a solace. The solace is for those who live their lives in the sweat of their brows. Life's strength is labor and sorrow. Let us not expect a different fate and we shall the more easily be able to meet the duties of life and to conform to the unalterable laws of mental and moral growth.

Let us not lose time with complaints, but let us be like Horatio :

" As one, in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks."

Let us preserve the elasticity of our minds and if we have to drudge, if we are surrounded with difficulties and disappointments, we shall bear them gladly and grow the stronger through their resistance. It is said that the palm tree, if weighed down by some heavy stone grows the more stately and the more straight raising its crown above all the other trees which either do not experience any resistance, or if they did, would not have the strength to overcome its pressure. P. C.

SOME NONSENSE.

WITH A PURE MATHEMATICAL MORAL.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THEOLOGY began to ooze out of politics when, tired of hypocrisy, the people of England set up May poles in honor of the return of the second Charles, and, incidentally, of cakes and ale. After this it kept on oozing pretty fast ; and when Dutch William was well in saddle there really seemed to be nothing much left worth quarreling about and not a few staunch old Rounders went about saying it was "all day" with politics. What nonsense ! With near two hundred years between them and a Tammany and a tariff to make the angels weep.

Wouldn't it be a grand thing if theology could be hustled out of common sense. I mean just what I say, so that common sense

could be had neat. Now, you go to any misfit religion store, and ask for a few yards of unbleached common sense, and the salesperson, in spite of every effort on your part, will persist in doing up with the bundle several skeins of sewing theology. Some will admit that its only for basting; others insist that the goods must be made up with it. Then there are other notion stores especially in the country where you cannot purchase the unbleached article at any price. Some establishments claim to keep the real thing in stock; but when you get a sample and take it home, you find invariably that either it won't wash, or has been dyed some sort of color. Of course you go back the next day, and tell the man how it is and remonstrate. It is possible he may be liberal enough to say he will try and see what he can do, that he will send and get it; but these instances are rare. I have had shop-keepers, [the "yon press the button, we do the rest" sort] tell me to my face over and over again that I was mistaken in supposing it was the unbleached I wanted; that the lavender was much the most serviceable, or the raspberry roan, or some such color; more becoming to my style of beauty.

"But," I say, "just look at this dress I have on. It is made of the unbleached material, is quite folly proof and wears like iron."

Invariably the man declines to look. He is usually civil, because he wants me to trade; but he declines to look. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Now I am not prepared to say that dyed stuffs do not have their uses, nor that basting thread is utterly valueless. If I habitually wore a dress that would come off in the street if not sewed up with some particular kind of thread, I incline to the opinion that rather than go naked I would get some. And if wearing an unbleached garment made me a laughing stock, I presume I should wear a dyed one. The point I make is very simple; only that shop-keepers should keep the goods I require in stock, rather than put me to the trouble and expense of sending to the factory.

Some tell me (and I believe them) that there is really little or no demand for unbleached common sense. What I am trying to do is to create a demand—see!

This matter of "sides" to the great question of life is to me a wonder. Taken all around mankind is a comical race. No one "takes sides" in mathematics. Why should they in some other things? What would you think of one (say a prohibitionist on principle) who decided in his own mind that the arithmetic abounded in false doctrine because two jugs of rum and three jugs of rum made five jugs of rum? Comical, isn't it?

Did you ever hear of Mr. Francis Bacon? Those of you who have been in Wisconsin and made the acquaintance of Ignatius Donnelly, have I feel sure; and yet I very much doubt if you thoroughly understand the good that man did for the world. Morally he seems to have been a corrupt man, and it is barely possible that he did not write Shakespeare; but he took a new departure in physical science by demanding proof of all statements found in books concerning the operations of nature. If he found a statement in a book, he didn't believe it *because it was there*; nor, on the other hand, did he disbelieve it. He said, let us experiment, and find out for ourselves if it is true or not. In this way he arrived at several important results, and set others on the road to arriving. Among others he helped set me, which was perhaps unfortunate.

Then there was Niebuhr. Did you ever hear of him? He was an historian, and he made a new departure in historical writing by invariably consulting original documents. He thought, as I confess I do myself, that facts have a tendency to improve a work on history.

Harriet Martineau was another person who seemed to have gotten hold of the same general idea. Did you ever hear that story about what she said to the old Gossip? Well, it seems the gossip

came in, and began to relate some scandal about what a neighbor said derogatory to Miss Martineau's character.

Miss Martineau never retorted by saying that the neighbor was a "huzzy," nor "a mean thing," nor that she was "another," nor anything of that sort. She only rang the bell, and when the domestic came sent for her "things," and when the "things" came put them on, and then said, sweetly as you please, to the gossip: "Now, my dear, I am ready; suppose we go."

"Go where?" says the Gossip in a flutter.

"Why, to the neighbor's, of course."

"And what for?"

"To inquire, of course," says Miss Martineau.

Now the very last thing in the world old Gossip wanted was inquiry. She "didn't want to get mixed up"; what was said was "told in confidence," and all that. She begged to be let off, but Harriet was firm. What the result was I have forgotten. Oh! I'd like to have gone along incog. I expect there was a "racket." One thing I feel sure of: Harriet kept cool and came out "on top." Another thing you can safely reckon on: gossiping went out of vogue in the neighborhood where Miss Martineau lived.

But to get back to "taking sides." You observe I said that no one takes sides in mathematics. I wrote that last April, and only this week I found that I had been too hasty. It never does to be too hasty. One ought to wait till one is sure before being certain.

A gentleman has an office in the same building with me who now and then drops in to hunt up a precedent, or to get advice as to a rule of practice. Only the other day he happened in again, and somehow, both of us having leisure, we fell to talking about "views." A good deal of nonsense was talked—deference to my friend prevents me saying by which of us,—till he told me that "he was so constituted" as to be quite sure that mathematics had no existence except in *minds*—subjective business, you know,—the same old row broken out afresh. Whew! how he talked—learned was no name for it. Plato, William Hamilton, Aristotle, and all the pestilent brood of guessers. Now, I am not learned; but I can tell yarns. I pitched in, and told one to my friend,—a sort of scientific yarn, about how the world, from this on, progressed, and progressed, and progressed; and how the human race got older and wiser, till even babes used logarithms. Also how at the same time the solar heat gradually diminished. The Erie Canal was closed all the year round; then an ice bridge formed (and stayed) across Long Island Sound; and the wheat crops failed except in Central Africa, and the people began to grow scarce, for want of food; then only a few sheltered nooks along the Congo were inhabited, and finally only one poor old Hottentot was left. Think of that situation! One Hottentot, and he laid up with scurvy.

You recall the boat that carried Cæsar and his fortunes. What a fuss people of a rhetorical turn do make over that incident. But what about the Hottentot? It looks to me as if he too had a pretty heavy responsibility. *Imagine* Mathematics waiting about and preparing to die with the last man. Don't say you can't imagine it. Remember that my friend said *he couldn't imagine anything else*.

Well, you give it up, do you? After mature consideration of the *reductio ad absurdum* you are prepared to state your positive conviction that Pure Mathematics is of more value than many Hottentots.

And yet (for after all the subtle and simple were born twins) Mathematics may only exist in a mind. But is that mind of necessity a man's? Is there not possibly a universal mind of which Mathematics is a function? This universal mind cannot be like ours, a limited individuality; but would it be the worse for that? I do not dogmatize. I only ask for information; but I must say it looks plausible.

THE HUMANITARIAN ALLIANCE.

We have received from Minneapolis the following "Brief Statement of the Principles of the Humanitarian Alliance"¹ "Humanitarianism, like any other doctrine, must have a basis to build upon. To give it authority it must embody a world-conception which will be in perfect harmony with its teachings. As its teachings are drawn from science, all its conclusions must be in accordance with scientific premises, which will necessarily force its defenders and advocates to premise with the facts of the universe instead of with the unsupported vagaries of the enlightened human mind. From the standpoint of induction and scientific evolution, it contemplates the whole of the human race, differentiated as it is, as children of one parent, and emphatically declares that good and evil are simply relative terms. Instead of condemning mankind for their different expressions of beliefs, it charitably condones; because it positively affirms that all forms and conditions are the sole evolutions of nature; and that mankind, suffering as they do, are more to be pitied than blamed.

"Humanitarianism regards punishment as a necessary cause of deterrence while vicious characteristics in mankind last; it means to an end; not to meet out revenge or retaliation.

"Man's relation to the universe, of which he is a part, is such that he must be held responsible for his actions, because he is unavoidably a factor in every combination which affects the weal or woe of society.

"As progress is the order of evolution and mankind are necessary factors in the operation, humanitarianism teaches that it is the duty of all who are in harmony with its doctrine to organise for the promulgation of truth, for the destruction of superstition and for the formation of an environment which will assist the weak in their moral and intellectual growth.

"Humanitarianism positively affirms that the doctrine of inspired revelation given once for all is absolutely false, because in the order of progress there must be continual adaptation to meet the demands of the successive moral and intellectual development of the human race.

"It rejects the doctrine of miracles, because miracle is impossible in a universe of cause and effect. It also rejects the doctrines of vicarious atonement and divine forgiveness of sins, because the relativity of things in nature prevents the positiveness of sin, and the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, because it is evident that the body dissolves and becomes assimilated with the earth. As regards the future, humanitarianism is optimistic. It contemplates nature as too wise, powerful and ingenious to make a mistake, and it joins all mankind to confidently trust in the mighty power of evolution, which alone can effectually accomplish the resurrection and ascension—the complete elevation and development of all mankind.

"But its motto is, 'One world at a time,' and to encourage individual effort in the great work of amelioration here and now.

"Humanitarianism will respectfully criticise for the sake of progress, but it will not denounce. As no man or woman is infallible in all things, all lectures and speeches must be subject to respectful criticism, and all doctrinal decisions must be based upon the credentials of science, not settled by majority vote (as in the case with ecclesiastical councils), so that *truth alone* will stand for authority, not postulated authority for truth."

The Humanitarian Alliance proposes the following articles of federation: "Humanitarianism enjoins all of its members to subscribe as much as in them lies to one all pervading unity, without beginning or end, incapable of increase or diminution; [Nature is a unity] to accept the world as their country and all men as their brethren; to accept observation, experience and natural enlightenment as teachers, and reason with a right premise as their only guide; to demand no more than they are willing to render and to allow the same liberties to others that they desire for them-

selves; to encourage one another to meet the inevitable with fortitude, and to courageously acknowledge the majesty of truth; to submit to the decrees of wisdom, and to respect the opinions of others—when not dogmatically laid down as truth; to cherish virtue, propriety, benevolence, sincerity, reciprocity, and kindness, aiming to make all events profitable, all days holy, and all actions worthy of emulation; to stand by the glorious principles of our republic that teach the sovereignty of the individual and which demand the entire separation of church and state."

The document is signed by JOHN MADDOCK, Secretary, Pro Tem. (2123 Lincoln St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.) and by DR. J. S. SEELEY, President, Pro Tem.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLFINGS. By *William Morris*. London: 1890. Reeves & Turner. 196 Strand.

The House of the Wolfings is a legendary romance, partly prose and partly poetry, but mostly poetry; a spirited story of the wars and ways of the Wolfings, a tribe of the ancient Goths, the crest on whose banner was a wolf, and who dwelt on the Welsh border, just before the Romans withdrew from Britain. The body of it is a stimulating description of battles, fought by the Wolfings against the Romans, who had invaded their territories for "booty and beauty," but who were defeated after much hard fighting by Thiodolf the War-Duke of the Wolfings, who was himself slain in the last fight, as he knew he would be, because he had been forewarned by the Hall-Sun, a beautiful maiden who had the gift of prophecy through psychological powers, a sort of medium, who spoke through inspiration, as one in a trance, after the manner of the modern spiritualists. In fact she was hardly mortal, but a re-incarnation brought mysteriously, if not miraculously into being. It must be said in her favor that she prophesies in picturesque poetry highly spiritual, and warm with the natural beauty of the summer time. She could not say, like the soothsayer to Lochiel, "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore," for her pictures of the future were painted by the sunrise.

The story has a martial sound all through, like the striking of spears on a shield, the challenge of the Wolfings, and their clamor of defiance. An important part of its charm is the language in which it is told, a very triumph of our old Anglo-Saxon speech. With amazing skill Mr. Morris has wrought out a story abounding in graphic descriptions of the beauties of nature, of primitive home life, of marches and battles, without calling to his aid the latinised words which seem to be indispensable to our language now. The speeches of his hearers too, are full of strength and meaning, yet nearly every word, perhaps every word, is English of the Saxon line. In this respect alone, the work is valuable as a study of what can be done by the unaided Anglo-Saxon tongue. Occasionally a latinised word appears like "mumtion," but probably more through oversight than from necessity.

Mr. Morris modestly calls his book, "A tale of the House of the Wolfings and all the Kindreds of the Mark, written in prose and in verse." He makes no claim for it as poetry, only "verse;" and yet it is very good poetry too; even the prose of it might easily be arranged as verse if artfully broken into lines—beginning with capitals, and properly punctuated. For instance, the description of Thiodolf, though told in running prose in the ordinary way, might easily be arranged into blank verse, like this:

"Short, and curling close to his head was his black hair,
Grizzled a little, so that it looked like rings of hard dark iron:
His forehead was high and smooth, his lips full and red,
His eyes wide open and steady, and all his face
Joyous with the thought of the fame of his deeds,
And the battle with a foeman whom the Markmeo knew not yet.
He was a man well beloved of women,
And children ran to him gladly to play with him.

A most fell warrior was he, whose deeds,
 No man of the Mark could equal;
 Blythe of speech even when sorrowful of mood,
 A man that knew not bitterness of heart;
 And for all his exceeding might and valour,
 He was proud and high to no man, so that the thralls,
 Even the thralls loved him."

Nearly all the prose in the book might be done into blank verse like that, much of it better than that, which is only another example that the prose of some writers is poetry, while the poetry of others is prose.

In some of the dialogue there is much of mystical grandeur, as in that between Thiodolf and the Hall-Sun, wherein he says:

"I have deemed, and long have I deemed that this is my second life,
 That my first one waned with my wounding when thou cam'st to the ring
 of strife.
 For when in thine arms I wakened on the hazelled field of yore,
 Me seemed I had newly arisen to a world I knew no more."

And his guardian angel, the Hall-Sun, who in spirit had been with him in all his battles, will not be with him in the next one, and she tells her vision thus:

"In forty fights hast thou foughten, and beside thee who but I
 Beheld the wind-tossed banners, and saw the aspen fly.
 But to-day to thy war I wend not, for Weird withholdeth me
 And sore my heart forebodeth for the battle that shall be

For these among strange people and the foeman's throng have trod,
 And I tell thee their banner of battle is a wise and a mighty God.
 For these are the folk of the cities, and in wondrous wise they dwell
 Mid confusion of heaped houses, dim and black as the face of hell."

In the dialogue between Thiodolf and the Wood-Sun, just before his last battle we get a glimpse of this old Goth's idea of the continuation, or more theologically speaking, the immortality, of the soul.

"Thiodolf," she said, "How long shall our love last?"
 "As long as our life," he said.
 "And if thou diest to-day, where then shall our love be?" said the Wood-Sun.

"He said, "I must not say, I wot not; though time was I had said. It shall abide with the soul of the Wolfing Kindred."
 She said, "And when that soul dieth, and the kindred is no more?"
 "Time agone," quoth he, "I had said, it shall abide with the Kindred of the Earth; but now again I say, I wot not."

And afterwards, when the battle was done and Thiodolf slain, she announced his death as merely another life in these words, "O men in this Hall the War-Duke is dead! O people hearken! for Thiodolf the Mighty hath changed his life!"

In the social theories, and religious thoughts which Mr. Morris finds among those ancient Goths, we may read some of the new politics which is agitating their posterity in England, America, and Germany; and it is all worth reading.

NOTES.

We have received a circular of the "Illinois Woman's Alliance," containing a statement of the principles of the association and a list of reforms urged upon the administration of the city of Chicago. They refer to Education and to the Health and Police Departments; persons interested may apply to the corresponding secretary, 10 State St., Room 209, Chicago.

A very interesting article appeared in the last number of the *American Journal of Psychology* on "Arithmetical Prodigies," by Dr. E. W. Scripture. The wonderful powers of the great mental arithmeticians and calculators are subjected to a psychological analysis, which sheds considerable light on the possible greater cultivation of normal capacities. The article is also published in brochure form. (Worcester: Blanchard & Co.)

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