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LIBERAL RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS IN THE WEST.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

THE progress of religious ideas in the West has always revealed its own distinctive aim and quality, showing the same general aspects that belong to our western civilisation at large, the same breadth of thought, the same practicality of purpose. Freedom and brotherly kindness have been its ruling characteristics, and events of recent years have but emphasised these principles anew and accelerated their growth. The old-time liberal sects, such as the Unitarian and the Universalist, have in general been established upon a broader basis of fellowship and work than older organisations in the East, still suffering from the binding influences of custom and tradition. The Independent churches in and west of the boundary line of Chicago far outnumber any such class of religious organisations on the other side. The Free Religious Association and the Ethical Culture movement, as exemplified in the work of its brilliant and able founder, Felix Adler, belong, it is true, to the East, but the West is growing into larger identification with the ethical movement, and the Free Religious Society, world-wide in the scope of its ideas and influence, has always been in its immediate atmosphere and a *personnel* Boston affair. Of late years the association has dwindled in numbers and strength, but that ideal of faith and fellowship which it had the honor to inaugurate has grown steadily in more distant longitudes, which hold in peculiar honor and gratitude the memory of Frothingham, Potter, and Bartol. The West then has a distinct religious type of its own, as social, and as time progresses these ideals approach nearer each other. Stirring events have been taking place in our midst of late which compel reflexion for the purpose of summing up gains already won and prognosticating the nature of those which wait our winning. The World's Fair led naturally to the Parliament of Religions, and the Parliament still more naturally to the Congress of Liberal Religious Societies. Surely, if the representatives of all the great religions of the world and all the sects of Christendom could meet on one platform and exchange ideas, it was high time for liberals to consider whether they could not do the same. The success of the Congress exceeded the expectations of its most

active well-wishers, and was a surprise to all, but, indeed, the surprise should have been greater had it not succeeded. What was there to hinder its success? The question brings its own rebuke, the possibility of failure brings its own sense of shame. The merits of the Congress were such as to demonstrate themselves in different lights and degrees to different minds. To some minds the occasion was one of splendid and dramatic triumph of certain broad principles of religious trust and hospitality, for rhetorical applause and declamation, a waving of banners and blowing of trumpets. To others it was cause for quieter but as sincere congratulation over the growing popular trust and recognition of ideas long professed but not yet clearly understood in all their bearings and ramifications. To some the Congress was the beginning of a new order, the establishment of a new religion, perhaps a new church, to others it was more result than cause, more a culmination of long-existing ideas and aspirations than a new point and origin of growth, more full plant than seed. In short, to banish metaphor and other roundabout ways of speech, the Congress, in present view and perspective, seems to stand as the actual accomplishment on a large and imposing scale of what has often been attempted before on a smaller scale, with partial success and partial failure; owing to those innumerable hindrances attending good causes which lie in small numbers, popular misunderstanding and distrust, human apathy and inefficiency. I cannot but think the causes of the Congress's success lie further back than some of its friends suppose, and less in the immediate antecedents of numbers, enthusiasm and the practical spirit ruling all its debates, though these of course were potent aids to all that was achieved. It was the Congress itself that demanded attention, the personal worth and reputation of those most conspicuously connected with it. The Congress was a notable occasion because of the notable men taking part in it. All that these men had gained in mental grace or equipment, in spiritual breadth and sweetness, in their work as individuals, each in his own place and after his own methods, they brought to the Congress. The three-days meeting at Sinai Temple reached just that high-water mark of religious thought and spirit which had been reached by the different communions and

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different individuals composing it, no higher. It was not possible it should reach a higher. The opening evening struck the keynote of the assembly, a keynote supplied in the personal mental integrity of each of the speakers. The Jew brought the contributions of the Jew; "not though I am a Jew, but because I am a Jew," were the ringing words with which our learned rabbi, Dr. Hirsch, explained his relation to the new movement. And how natural that our gentle and upright friend, Mr. Salter, should see in the occasion the nearer hope and prophecy of wishes long cherished. Never was there so little need for the Ethical Culture disciple to disavow himself. And when the Unitarian spoke in the person of Mr. Savage, all were prepared to hear him say that he stood on no broader platform there than in his pulpit at home, and warmly applauded the saying. It was the self-respectful attitude of these men that won attention; their worth to the new and larger things waiting to be done was the better proved by this openly-expressed loyalty to their own.

There was one discordant note: that which jarred our ears on the third day, in the brief address of Mr. Martin of Tacoma, whose recent withdrawal from the Unitarian Church has brought him into public notice. It was reserved for this advocate of the "free" church, the one who claimed to stand in the broadest position there, to utter, the only word of self-assumption, the only dictatorial phrase and comment. Doubtless Mr. Martin honestly believed himself morally bound to do what he did; but years of reflexion may lead him to see how widely he mistook the principle of true liberalism in the charge he made against the Congress of weakness and bad logic, because it was a congress of churches still wearing what he designated their sectarian names and badges, because it was a congress of Universalists and Unitarians and Jews, whereas it should be, so we were told, a congress of free churches. An episode like this, and it was only an episode, only showed, what many of us well knew before, that the spirit of ecclesiasticism may be as strong in the professed liberal as in the most pronounced type of orthodox opinion; that the dropping of a denominational name may not mean the departure from denominational narrowness and bigotry. The Congress revealed nothing more clearly than that it was little interested either in the assumption or the abolition of names; and its feeling of manifest indifference on this point is one the entire liberal world shares to-day. Religious names, like the personal and social appellations men and women wear, are matters of individual choice and concern only; especially is the world little interested in talk on this subject among that class of religionists who have always professed that true religion concerns none of these things.

I have said the Congress was a success; it is jus-

ter to say it promises success. Everything promised has yet to be achieved, and there are few who doubt the final achievement, whatever the immediate result may be. *The Open Court* has already pointed out one danger to the new movement: that of haste. Another danger springs from the doubt as to how much the Congress really is what its name imports, how much real community, not of purpose alone, but of action, is to be secured in the long list of officers gathered from far and near. A movement like this, so widespread in interest, so representative in character, cannot thrive unless it command a breadth and unity of actual work and effort commensurate with its geographical dimensions. If it is once suffered to localise or individualise itself in the work of a few it will fail. But failure in so just and grand a scheme can only be temporary. Final success, somewhere, is very sure.

WOMAN EMANCIPATION, WILL IT BE A SUCCESS?

BY DR. MARIE E. ZAKRZEWSKA.

WHEN reading the article "The Oppression of Women" in *The Open Court* of June 7 (No. 354), I said to myself, this is written by a young man, who hopes to live to see his views and statements verified, in order to be able to shout by word of mouth or in print, "I told you so!" An older man would not expect that his reasoning upon this new point of the subject would in itself be of importance enough to be remembered by any one, beside himself.

However, I admit that the writer of this article is right, positively right, logically right, sentimentally right, to the end of these reasonings which are lucid and clearly stated.

Then I ask, What is the value of this new point, this proving that the evolution of woman's activity cannot be otherwise than feminine? If twice two makes *four*, no exertion of either man or woman can make it five; let us leave it as a positive fact, and not worry when we see any individual trying to prove that twice two makes *five*.

Why are all these mental somersaults and caprioles in men's writings needed? Will their attempts of prophesying or illustrating the future effects, arising from the activity of a yet unknown quantity, alter or check the present phenomenal awakening of woman's ambition?

Allow me to elucidate my meaning by a true story of what happened in my native city, Berlin, Prussia, about fifty years ago.

In a courtyard lived a poor family. The father was a locksmith by trade. His eldest son, a boy of twelve years, bright, industrious, and smart, spent all his time either in the schoolroom, or in his father's shop; not even on Sundays could this poor family enjoy rest, but worked in the dreary shop. This boy was very fond

of eating string-beans, which the mother could seldom afford to buy. The boy therefore decided to raise them in a box before his window; he used some old pieces of boards for the construction of his window-garden; and all the inmates of the front as well as of the rear houses became interested in his experiment. Everybody felt it to be his or her duty to express opinions on the subject. Thus it came to pass that the boy was told, that the beans planted would rot because the boards were not porous enough to allow air to pass; that the soil in the box could not be regulated as regards the daily moisture needed; that the rain could not be discharged after flooding the window-garden; that the heat of the sun reflected from the window-glass would burn the tender growths; that not more than two stalks of beans could be raised if the seed turned out to be dwarf-beans, and if pole-beans, he could not fasten them high enough; that no good growth could be expected, if there were not a flow of air all around to favor the plant; that the already dark room (this being the only window), would be darkened too much by the growing plants, and thus the three children who slept in it would not awaken in time for school, which commenced at 7 o'clock; that the health of the children would be injured by the exhalation of the plants and the moisture of the earth in the box; that his mother should be warned not to allow such an experiment, as it would be a moral injury to the boy, when disappointed in the success of his plan, as the most valuable of our emotions, hope, would be destroyed; that the father ought to realise that he would lose, at least half an hour daily, of the boy's help in the shop; in fact, all the arguments and all the prophesying were that a complete failure would be the result, and that the boy would be crushed under the weight of it.

However, the boy prepared his box, took note of many of the suggestions, obviated some of the objections, such as perforating his box with small holes, by opening the windows when the sun shone, from ten in the morning to three in the afternoon, etc.; the twelve beans which he had planted, grew, and proved to be pole-beans; so he tied the strings for them to climb upon as high as the tenant above his room allowed him to do, watered and nursed his plantation with care and love, and lo, and behold, the beans flourished, and blossomed, and bore fruit, relatively plentifully. During this time of growth an old and wise tenant of the front house, also a professor, joined the group who for eight weeks had watched and discussed in the yard this wilful boy's experiment; this critic remarked that he observed a new phase, of which nobody had thus far taken notice, and which might have both good and bad effects; namely, that a hail-storm might yet come, and destroy this garden, although there might also be

a good result as the plants would protect the window-panes, if the storm should occur when the windows were closed. All admitted that this was true, and all admired the wisdom of the Herr Professor, and went to their respective abodes a little mortified that they had not thought before of this neglected point of the subject.

The boy had the satisfaction of gathering a mess of well-grown beans, sufficient for a hearty meal for the whole family. But while eating his favorite dish, he said, "Well, mother, I did succeed; but to tell the truth the beans don't taste as good as those which grow in the fields; so next year I will not try again, but I shall sow nasturtium-seeds for you to enjoy." He did so, and his window was a perfect delight and source of cheer to him, to his mother, and to the tenants of the little court. He continued to do this until he had to enter the army, at eighteen years of age; his younger brothers (he had no sisters) followed in his footsteps, and when I left Berlin, my last look was at the nasturtium window.

Let me ask, did it matter much which the boy raised, beans or nasturtiums? What use was it to him, or his family, or the tenants, when the latter all joined in the chorus, "I thought so," or "I told him he could not raise beans"? Let each one try nature's forces; take his chance; and twice two will always remain four.

THE CIRCLE SQUARER.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN was deeply immersed in the correction of mathematical examination papers when Bridget, the Irish servant-girl, handed him a card, saying: "A gentleman wishes to see you; he says he is a mathematician and has read your works." The Professor was never in an amiable disposition when confronted with the blunders of his students, for he felt sick at heart and a gloomy pessimism spread over his mind. He used to give vent to his bitter feelings by complaining about the thick skulls of the human race and the hard life of a teacher. But hearing that there was a man who had read his works and appreciated them, a beam of sunshine passed over his face and he said graciously, "Show the gentleman in!"

The stranger entered and Professor Newman, reading the name on the card, addressed him with a ring of expectancy in his voice: "Mr. Charles Gorner? What can I do for you?"

Mr. Gorner bowed politely. He was tall and strong, wore a full beard, and was blessed by nature with thick hair. There was a certain unsteadiness in his eyes, but no evidence of a lack of will-power. His whole appearance indicated that he was capable of enthusiasm and of devotion to a great cause.

"Have I the honor," began Mr. Gorner, hesitat-

ingly, "of addressing the famous Professor Newman, who has written those deep researches on curves of the third and fourth order?"

"I am the same Newman who has written on curves of the third and fourth order," replied the Professor, "but modesty forbids me to concede that I am famous."

"Never mind, Professor," rejoined Mr. Gorner, "you are famous among those who have read your works and can appreciate your labors. It may be that you are not widely known among the masses, the vulgar and uneducated people. But all who are mathematical scholars will ungrudgingly testify to your merits; and I myself being a mathematician count myself among your admirers."

The two gentlemen shook hands and the stranger took a seat. A long conversation followed on general topics, in which Mr. Gorner showed himself not unacquainted with the modern scientists and philosophers. The various subjects were only lightly touched upon and the Professor had already formed a good opinion of his admirer, when the latter broached a new topic. "Have you ever taken any interest in the quadrature of the circle?"

"No, not much," replied the Professor coldly, "I once had the misfortune of being interviewed by a *Herald* reporter and dictated to him a few remarks explaining the problem in brief outlines as popularly as possible."

"What, then, is your solution?" asked Mr. Gorner excitedly.

"My solution?" repeated Professor Newman, and for the first time he began to look at his guest with suspicion. "Do you expect me to say that a geometrical construction of the square is impossible or do you want my solution of π ? Of course it is 3.14159 26535 89793, etc., etc."

"I see!" said Mr. Gorner, "you accept the usual solution and having little interest in the problem, you have not taken the trouble to examine whether the present theory of π is correct or not. I have made it the study of my life and devoted more than twenty years of most concentrated thought upon it. You may believe me or not, but I assure you I have solved the problem. I have come solely for the purpose of acquainting you with my solution. I have confidence in your ability and honesty. Being a famous mathematician yourself, you will understand at once the greatness of my feat; nor will you begrudge me the honor of having been the first mathematician to make this discovery. I shall be glad to give you my solution and propose to let you have a share in the honor of its discovery. For I am unknown in the mathematical world and you have all the facilities for presenting it to the public."

The Professor gazed at his visitor in utter dismay.

"I am glad to see," continued Mr. Gorner, "that you are not so bigoted as your colleagues who would even refuse to listen to a man who has spent thousands upon thousands in the interest of science."

"I suppose you have had many sad experiences with mathematicians," continued the Professor sarcastically. "Undoubtedly you have found them altogether too dogmatic for your advanced views."

"Experiences?" cried Mr. Gorner, "Indeed I have had enough; but I will shame them all and when you publish my solution, they will regret having rejected so honorable an offer!"

"My dear sir," said the Professor, "I cannot publish your solution whatever it may be, for many reasons. First, to confess it openly, I am as bigoted and dogmatic as the rest of my colleagues, and then, if you have truly found the solution, I should be ashamed of taking any of the honor away from you. Furthermore, I am overburdened with work and can undertake no new duties."

"I can explain to you my solution in a few minutes," said Mr. Gorner, "and you will understand that I have hit it. Have but a little patience, we may yet come to terms. Understand me aright, Professor, I do not want you to trouble with the subject for nothing. If you accept my offer of publishing my solution, I shall pay you, and I shall pay you a goodly fee, say a couple of hundred dollars. There is money in it, Professor, and what is more, there is honor in it. My solution is the only correct solution. Or do you think I would invest so much money in it if I were not quite sure of the truth?"

The eyes of Mr. Gorner were glowing with enthusiasm and confidence, and the Professor felt perfectly convinced that his guest was a remarkable man and that he must have discovered something extraordinary. To overcome the spell which an enthusiastic conviction always carries with it, he said in an undertone, as if speaking to himself: "The quadrature of the circle with compasses and ruler is an impossibility."

Mr. Gorner jumped from his chair in excitement: "Never say a thing is impossible. Remember the story of Napoleon the Great when waging war against England. I have read in a very learned book on his life that an inventor once came to him and offered him the invention of propelling ships by steam, and the Emperor dismissed him as one would send away a man fit for a lunatic asylum. Had Napoleon listened to that genius, had he built steamships according to this proposition, he would undoubtedly have beaten the English, and the world would have been his. Napoleon lost his chance, because he said, 'That is impossible.' You are to-day in a position similar to that of Napoleon. Never say that anything is impossible."

"I know," replied Professor Newman, "that many things are possible which we regard as impossible; but there are things which are impossible, not because they are very difficult to achieve, but because they involve self-contradictions. Look here," and drawing a circle on a sheet of paper, he added: "this is a circle. Now, it is impossible to draw another circle lying in the same plane which shall cut this circle in more than two points. Two circles in the same plane either do not intersect at all, or they touch, or they cut each other in two points. If I request you to draw a circle that is to touch another circle in three points, you will tell me: 'That won't do; that is impossible'; and you are right. It is impossible, and the squaring of the circle by compasses and ruler is impossible, exactly in the same way; the ratio of the radius and the circumference cannot be expressed in whole numbers, and that settles the question."

"But, my dear sir," replied Mr. Gorner, "I know what I propose; and, having devoted my whole life to the problem, I ought to know better than you. I do not dispute that you know more about curves of the third and fourth order than I; so do not envy me my claim of understanding better the quadrature of the circle."

The Professor tried to get rid of his visitor, but he found him too adroit and too eloquent to permit the conversation to be cut off, and if they had had an impartial listener unacquainted with mathematics, he would have judged that the Professor was a narrow-minded fool, not to listen to the propositions of so generous and enthusiastic a genius. After a discussion of about two hours Mr. Gorner left the Professor; now, at last, he had come to the conclusion that there was no hope of finding a professional mathematician who would endorse his solution. So he decided to publish his theory on his own account.

When Mr. Gorner arrived at his hotel he found a letter from home. His wife complained bitterly about his long absence and urged him to return. "No, I cannot," he said to himself; "I have set myself a high aim, and I must accomplish my purpose, cost what it may. He felt very gloomy, but he took courage again in recollecting the miseries which had never been spared to genius. "Cheer up!" he said to himself. "Cheer up! I must not be despondent. A great future is before me. And I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in me."

The next morning Mr. Gorner went to the library and ordered all the books he could find in the catalogue on the number π and the quadrature of the circle. He soon felt his inability to comprehend the formulas and deductions, but remained, nevertheless, unshaken in his conviction that he was in possession of the truth.

He wrote his solution down and added a few other articles which had been suggested to him while discussing his favorite topic with engineers and other practical workers. Having heard that hitherto no one had succeeded in constructing a perpetual-motion machine, he considered the difficulty and was amazed that he at once saw his way of accomplishing it. In another happy moment he solved the problem of gravitation. There was not the slightest doubt to him that two masses were pushed toward each other by ether, which thus voluntarily generated electric currents. In glancing through Professor Maxwell's book, "Matter and Motion," he discovered several grave mistakes as to the conditions of the change of potential into kinetic energy. He put down his objections on paper and embodied them in his book. Another chapter he devoted to the problem of the origin of life. Here also he resorted to electricity; as soon as we understand that the brain is a kind of battery which on proper occasions causes electric discharges, we shall at once comprehend the true nature of vitalism.

After several weeks' labor the book was completed and elegantly typewritten, and the author had only to add a preface. What an unspeakable joy overcame him when he contemplated the scope of his achievements. All the great problems of science were here discussed and correctly solved. The mysteries of being were explained, and the glory of God, heretofore dimmed by unbelief and superstition, shone brightly again. And the instrument of attaining this all had not been a learned professor, but a relatively unschooled man! A sentiment of modest pride—a truly religious gladness entered his soul, and he felt himself in the presence of God. A pious gratitude seized him, and he wrote his preface in a moment of holy inspiration. He confessed that he himself was but like a child, ignorant and unskilled; but by the grace of God he had been chosen as an unworthy vehicle of divine revelation. "To-day," he wrote, "the prophecy has been fulfilled. The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise that they are vain; he taketh the wise in their own craftiness; and I can truly rejoice with Jesus Christ when he said: 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. The sages of the world are blinded by their own haughtiness so as not to see the truth. They proclaim the irrationality of π , thus rendering the whole universe irrational, the motions of the celestial spheres not less than the circular whirls of the imperceptibly small atoms. Since God, the Lord, revealed to me the true nature of π , we can now proudly say that the circle has been squared, and the square has been circled."

The book was finished, and its title read: "The Quadrature of the Circle, a Revelation"; and no more appropriate motto could be found than St. Paul's sentence from his Epistle to the Romans, i, 22: "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."

Thus far Mr. Gerner's work had proceeded satisfactorily, but now his troubles again began. He went from publisher to publisher, and met with the same fate everywhere. They gave various excuses, but all of them refused to publish the book, even though he would stand the whole cost. At last, however, he was successful in his quest. A clerk in one of the great publishing-houses knew of a young enterprising printer, Mr. Erich Whyte, who would not only be glad to undertake the job, but would also be interested in his work. "Mr. Whyte," he added, "is a talented man and quite a scholar. He is President of the Progressive Thinkers' Club and may be he will invite you to give them a lecture on your discoveries."

Mr. Gerner called on Mr. Whyte and found him willing to undertake the publication of the booklet, terms cash in advance. Concerning the Progressive Thinkers' Club, Mr. Whyte said that he would be delighted to introduce Mr. Gerner, especially as he recognised his great scientific abilities. "Our club, you ought to know," said Mr. Whyte, "consists of very prominent scholars who have distinguished themselves in their various branches and I must be careful not to invite men that are of no consequence. At our last meeting we listened to the lecture of Mr. Hamlin of London, England. He came to me with an introduction from some philosophical academy of high standing, I believe it was the Royal Society. Let me see! I have the letter in my desk. Here it is."

Mr. Whyte took out an elegantly emblazoned document, duly sealed and signed by the President of the Kings of Wisdom, a society for propagating the truth and promoting the welfare of England, and handed it to Mr. Gerner. "Mr. Hamlin," he said, "is a man of great renown in his country, and I am told that the Royal Society, of which he is a member, enjoys a high reputation. But imagine, he denies the Copernican system! Here is a pamphlet of his in which he challenges the whole world to prove that the earth is revolving round the sun. We had a great discussion. You ought to have heard it. Mrs. Hilman, our astrologer, plied him hard, but whether his theory is correct or not, he defended his views very ably. Especially the scriptural evidence seemed to me very strong."

Mr. Gerner did not seem to relish Mr. Whyte's admiration for one who proposed to overthrow the Copernican system. He observed that the Club of the Kings of Wisdom was not the Royal Society of England, but Mr. Whyte stuck to his belief that the latter was merely a popular name for the former. He in-

sisted on the fact that royal means kingly and if there was a difference, it must be very slight.

Was Mr. Gerner aware that Mr. Hamlin's case was closely analogous to his own? No, he was not; but may be he felt it in the unconscious depths of his soul. A sentiment of jealousy took hold of him, and he could not help hating and despising Mr. Hamlin, not because he had propounded a nonsensical theory, but because he imagined that he was known and admired in England, and sure to become famous within a few months in America. He took the pamphlet, sat down and read it. It began as follows:

"Is there such another instance on record, where one individual has for exactly twenty years (from January, 1870, to January, 1890) stood his ground against all the most scientific and highly educated men of the day, and who has, over and over again, challenged all the Astronomers, all the Geographers, all the Geologists, all the Educational Professors, all the Practical Men in the United Kingdom to submit one single fact in support of the Globular Theory, which could not be openly shown to be a baseless fiction and a grossly false invention, without one redeeming feature to justify its adoption or excuse its retention in our schools and colleges, however supported it may be by all the pulpits and pressmen in the world? It has been unremittently and publicly denounced as not only unscriptural, but irrational, unscientific, and opposed by every test to which ingenuity and skill could appeal. And the most unanswerable proof of its spurious character is the fact that during the whole of those twenty years, no man of honor or possessed of any scientific reputation or occupying any social position, has ventured to oppose Mr. Hamlin or make the feeblest effort to justify or plead for the truth of one single condition connected with the globular theory!"

We spare the reader and content ourselves with adding the *résumé* of the pamphlet, which sums up Mr. Hamlin's view as follows:

"The Earth *can* be naught else than a motionless plane, with the Sun, Moon, and Stars revolving at very moderate distances above us. This is the truth of God, who described the heaven as His throne and the earth as His footstool; while the notion of a revolving Globe is an impious blasphemy, contradicting every Scriptural text from Genesis to Revelations, and contrary to every sense and faculty with which the Almighty has endowed us!"

On the back of the pamphlet the announcement was displayed in big letters:

"A premium of £50 will be paid to any Parochial Charity in England, provided the incumbent can furnish or obtain any justification for teaching these Pagan superstitions to the children or students of all the schools and colleges of this professedly protestant kingdom;—showing when and by whom they were introduced and authorised, and the ages of the pupils on whom they were originally imposed."

Having brooded for a time over the pamphlet of this powerful rival for fame, Mr. Gerner said: "I shall refute Mr. Hamlin's proposition; he is no scientist; he knows nothing of mathematics and does not understand the proper explanation of the passages from the Bible. He says 'the Mosaic records are unassailable,'—of course they are unassailable, but we must be able to read between the lines. A literal interpretation is

inadmissible. Mr. Hamlin's theory may find recognition in old, conservative England, but it won't do for the United States. Americans are too progressive, too much advanced for that!"

Mr. Whyte suspended his judgment. He said he was an agnostic and if he was convinced of anything, it was that we were groping in the dark. "After all," he said, "what do we know for certain? All the propositions of science and philosophy are mere make-shifts. Is not matter an unfathomable mystery? If we analyse the idea of motion, we find that it is a self-contradiction. Nor do we know what spirit is. Physicists call one mode of the Unknowable 'kinetic energy' and another mode of the Unknowable 'potential energy,' and say that one changes into the other. We express 'mind' in terms of 'matter' and 'matter' in terms of 'mind' and not knowing either, we explain the unknown quantity x by another unknown quantity y . Is not that the sum total of all philosophy?"

Mr. Gorner did not know what to answer, and Mr. Whyte continued: "Our school philosophers, to be sure, imagine they have found the truth. You ought to know best how conceited they are. They think they have found the value of π , they make long incomprehensible calculations and won't allow anybody else to have an opinion on the subject. I am glad to meet a scholar like you brave enough to defy them all and who has the courage of his convictions. Well, let us learn from you, and explain us your solution at the next meeting of the Progressive Thinkers' Club. Will you?"

The two gentlemen parted, and Mr. Gorner felt that he had now at last found the opportunity of coming to the front in a dignified manner, and success would soon dawn upon his great undertaking.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

NAMELESS EVILS.

THE neglect of the once flourishing science of enforcing silence is as creditable to our latter-day type of civilisation as the decadence of the arts devoted to the manufacture of inquisitorial instruments of torture. Sir William Jones, in the second volume of his "Asiatic Researches," discusses the tradition of the Vampire King, who once reigned over the kingdom of Ayoda (the modern Oude), and comes to the conclusion that the insatiable and complaint-suppressing monster was a despot who had brought the control of free speech to a high degree of perfection. Justinian and Philip the Second, too, were past-masters of the art of silencing adverse comments; but Louis XIV. already realised the difficulty of controlling the activity of the press, and that threat-defying power has since become so irresistible that even the temporary suppression of truth can be effected only by the trick of excluding certain topics from the arena of free inquiry. The supporters of moribund dogmas have secured a respite by persuading the public that the exposure of pious frauds is "in bad taste," and our American boodle-politicians appear to have attained the same end by inducing party-organs of all classes to avoid discussion of

the Pension Outrage, the insatiable vampire that is draining the life-blood of silent, or rather temporarily silenced, victims.

MENTAL CLASS PRIVILEGES.

Emile Zola maintains that all people of superior talents are aristocrats by instinct, and predicts that the coming age of communism and Bellamy workhouse republics will be highly unappreciative to the development of genius. "One tendency of radical democracies," he says, "is always to suppress intellectual pre-eminence, and a triumphant *plebs* would be sure to gratify its secret grudge against aristocrats,—the aristocrats of nature not excepted." But is there really any such danger? Mental energy and knowledge are powers in a mob-meeting, not less than in a congress of kings, and the French nation cannot have forgotten its boast that the revolution gave talents of all sorts an unprecedented chance of recognition. Marat, with all his crotchets, had a clearer insight into the principles of popularity. "We have got rid of the *cagots* [clerical obscurantists] so do not be afraid to show your talents," he told a cautious colleague, "the world needs them too much to neglect them; only take care not to assume any pompous titles or emblazon your coach with a coat-of-arms."

A PROGRESSIVE MANIA.

The Anti-Sport Association of British prudens and hypocrites has far eclipsed the programme of the primitive Quakers, and may soon reach a state of sanctity that will question a man's right to attend a game of lawn-tennis. Before the accession of Queen Elizabeth, bull-fights were considered rather tame, unless the managers could secure the co-operation of an able-bodied bear; but in 1812, when Lord Wellington held the military dictatorship of Portugal, a committee of British moralists urged him to use his influence for the suppression of bull-rings and the introduction of race-courses, Catalonian wrestling-matches, and similar unobjectionable pastimes. The descendants of those reformers now groan in spirit at the recollection of that compromise project. "The newspaper-battle over Lord Rosebery's connexion with the turf continues with more bitterness than ever," says a London cablegram. "The provincial journals have joined in the hue and cry, and it is noteworthy that several Scotch newspapers, which were among the strongest supporters of Mr. Gladstone, have fiercely attacked Lord Rosebery's horse-racing proclivities, comparing Mr. Gladstone's scholarly pursuits with his successor's partaking in what they call a carnival of brutality and wickedness." Evidently, this is an age of progress. Before the end of the twentieth century, Premier Daisyblossom will have to kneel in penance on the back porch of the Archbishop of Canterbury to expiate a foible for canary-bird shows. "No self-respecting Christian," his Scotch censors will remark, "can afford to waste a vote on this abettor of worldliness and impotence. Let him prove his contrition by enforcing the suppression of zoölogical gardens and similar vanities, unworthy of a tithing-paying nation, and emulate the scholarly pursuits of Mr. Gravestone, who has just published a second treatise on the 'Aramaic Evidences of the Post-Pauline Miracles.'"

SCHOOL SUBVENTIONS.

The school-boards of Camden and Jersey City have decided to furnish the children of the poor free books, and, in case of need, one meal a day (a plate of vegetable soup with a piece of bread and meat), and New York papers question the expedience of bribing the young citizens of an intelligent commonwealth to accept the boon of a free education. But is the special form of that "bribe" any worse than the gratuitous provision of fuel and weather-proof buildings?—or worse than the billions expended to purchase connivance at the curse of dogmatic and political stultification? If the distribution of food to starving school-children is "Socialism" the doctrines of Charles Fourier have their redeeming features.

THE AMERICAN INQUISITION.

The *Index Expurgatorius*, published by Grand Inquisitor Comstock, now includes the following interactional classics: "Ovid's Art of Love, Decameron, Tom Jones, Rousseau's Confessions, Heptameron, Rabelais, Aladdin, Thousand and One Nights." With a single exception, not one of the works named can plead guilty to the sins of prurience which half a dozen American sensation journals repeat week after week, and in three of the others the objectionable passages occur as incidentally as in the historical books of the Old Testament. Mr. Comstock might as well impeach the biographies of Plutarch or Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages."

WEEKLY TRIALS.

The Mohammedans of British India have founded a theological college at Agra, where fifteen professors, with six assistants, will expound the doctrine of the Moslem Scriptures. Thus far, the patronage of the institution is, however, so slight that lectures will be delivered only on three days of the week. The rest of the time will probably be taken up by heresy trials, since the lecturers are required to teach the absolute infallibility of the Koran.

REFINEMENTS OF NOMENCLATURE.

The Druses of Mount Lebanon stick to the belief that Satan can be invoked with impunity if the conjurer will only observe the precaution to avoid vulgar forms of nomenclature. Instead of calling the enemy of mankind "Cloutie" or "Old Scratch," he should address him as "the Lord of the Grand Furnace," or "the Gentleman with the Coat-tail Arabesque." Our American contemporaries seem to incline to a similar theory. The Mexican bushwhackers, who steal pigs and pack-saddles under political pretences, call themselves "Patriots." Our rum-hole spiders invite flies to their "saloons," and the Coxey hobogogues, who have all along refused to accept any kind of work, on any terms of remuneration, now describe their followers as "The Industrial Army of the United States of America." FELIX L. OSWALD.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF NATURAL LAW. By *Henry Wood*. Boston: Lee and Shephard. 1894. Pp. 305. Price \$1.25.

From its title one would expect a more rigorous and learned treatise than this. The general purpose of the volume "is the outlining of a political economy which is natural and practical, rather than artificial and theoretical. While independent of professional methods, it aims to be usefully suggestive to the popular mind. As a treatise, it is not scholastic, statistical, or historic but rather an earnest search for inherent laws and principles." The work is conveniently cut up into a number of short and simple discussions of the principal questions of political economy, such as: Supply and Demand, The Law of Competition, The Law of Co-operation, Labor and Production, Combinations of Capital, Combinations of Labor, Employers and Profit Sharing, Employees: Their Obligations and Privileges, Governmental Arbitration, Economic Legislation and Its Proper Limits, Dependence and Poverty, Socialism as a Political System, Can Capital and Labor be Harmonised, Wealth and Its Unequal Distribution, The Law of Centralisation, Action and Reaction or "Booms" and Panics, Money and Coinage, Tariffs and Protection, The Modern Corporation, The Abuses of Corporate Management, The Evolution of the Railroad, Industrial Education. The general reader will obtain much suggestive information from the work. On some main questions, Mr. Wood's views are in our judgment not logically worked out, but in the discussion of subordinate topics he always throws out valuable practical hints. His views on "Dependence and Poverty," on "Wealth and Its Unequal Distribution," and on "Industrial Education" are excellent. "The great educational lack of the present day," he says in the latter place,

"is in morality and industry." One dangerous methodological contention of Mr. Wood is, that intellectual logic is inadequate to the delicate interpretation of Natural Law, and of its articulated adjustment to human affairs. "Intuition alone," he says, "is able to put its ear to the ground and distinguish between discordant, even though faint jars, and concordant vibrations. Only that delicate insight which lies deeper than a mere intellectual account of phenomena, can cognise the lights and shades of those fine but immutable golden threads which are shot through the entire social fabric."

We may end by quoting his excellent conclusion which distinctly signalises the point of view of the work. "Man is One; and just in the measure that that grand fact is installed in human consciousness, are all the natural principles found to be altruistic. Any philosophy of Humanity is incomplete which does not regard it as an *Organism*. Its members, though unlike, have one interest and one order. Any suffering or rejoicing cannot be localised, for its vibrations thrill to the utmost limits." McC.

NOTES.

Dr. Paul von Ritter of Basel, an ardent admirer of the monistic philosophy and a personal friend of Prof. Ernst Haeckel, has founded at the University of Jena a new chair which shall be called "The Haeckel Professorship for Geology and Palaeontology." At the same time information reaches us that the Linnæan Society of London has given to Professor Haeckel, for his merits in biological research, the great gold medal which is only awarded every tenth year.

We are requested by the Board of Education of the City of Chicago to announce that the examination of candidates (gentlemen and ladies) for the position of Assistants at the City High Schools in Mechanical and Art Drawing, Water Colors, etc., will take place July 5, 1894, at 9 A. M., in the West Division High School, corner Congress Street and Ogden Avenue. Paper, Charcoal, and Drawing-Boards will be supplied. By addressing the Supervisor at the offices of the Board of Education, City Hall, Third Floor, any further information will be given.

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