

MORAL EDUCATION

THE parent, teacher or private individual who feels that there is work to be done in moral education has some important questions to ask himself. Moral education can get out of hand—it can lead in unexpected directions—and if the would-be moral educator is serious, if he is not just someone momentarily upset by the statistics of juvenile delinquency, he will have to decide how much war and how much peace he plans to make with the status quo.

Morals have to do with the behavior of the individual in relation to others—up to and including the whole of society—and with the behavior of society in relation to the individual. This is the moral equation, and moral education, therefore, involves study of the twofold problem of how to affect for good the behavior of both the individual and society. Perhaps the best way to get at the situation will be to look at some of the existing moral relationships. In Birmingham, England, recently, a young man applied to his draft board for registration as a conscientious objector on religious grounds. To determine his qualifications as a "religious person," a member of the board asked him: "How many Commandments are there?" When the boy replied, "Twelve," his application was refused. This decision could easily mean subsequent prison sentences for him, in the event that he refused to be drafted into the army. The theory of the draft board—the board being one of the numerous social institutions through which "Society" acts on the individual—probably was that a proper Christian ought to know that the Commandments are ten in number. Society has the right to expect at least this much knowledge of Scripture, in return for the privilege of being exempted from peacetime military training. The board, in other words, required *some* kind of conformity—if not to State, then at least to the established religion.

A few days after this incident had been reported in the press, someone wrote to a Birmingham newspaper to point out that the young man had been right, and quoted Matthew (22: 36-40) to prove it. The two additional Commandments are given in these words:

Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind ... and the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

So, there *are* twelve Commandments, and the young Birmingham pacifist may not have to go to prison, after all, provided his draft board is capable of a decent Christian embarrassment, and capable, also, of reversing its decision. But to those whose Scriptural resources fail them, or to others whose behavior is regarded by draft boards and courts as expressive of a "defiant" attitude of mind, prison terms will be Society's institutional response.

The penalty of another sort of nonconformity is reported by Randall Henderson in *Desert Magazine* for September. Many years ago, a man named Smith was sent by one of the Protestant denominations to carry on missionary activities among the Navaho Indians. The Indians know him as "Shine" Smith because when he first arrived on the reservation he tried to teach them a Gospel hymn which is customarily sung with great emphasis on the last syllable of the word "sunshine." According to the story related by Mr. Henderson, "Shine" Smith "learned to speak Navaho and discovered there were virtues in the Navaho no less than in the Christian religion—and then began teaching a religion which combined the best from both faiths." The home missionary office, however, did not approve, and "crossed him off the payroll." (It happens that "Shine" Smith is still on the reservation as a volunteer," a

sort of free lance missionary giving practical assistance to Indians and whites whenever they are in trouble.")

These are simple enough situations—such things happen every day—but what do they mean for the individual concerned with moral education? First of all, they indicate what may happen to people whose moral ideas lead them in directions which differ from the grooves in which the great majority of people move. Of course, a good moral education will not necessarily get a person into trouble with the authorities, but there is always this possibility, and the moral educator needs to consider it. If he takes his work seriously, he will have to recognize that the forms of behavior approved by society include unreconciled contradictions, and that what to do about these contradictions should form a large part of the content of his reflections.

Most if not all of the difficulties of moralists come from trying to strike some sort of balance between the "moral" and the "practical" way of doing things. It is moral to love one's neighbor as oneself, but impractical to do it all the time. So, the familiar task of the moralist has been to explain why we need not always love, but only when we find it convenient, painless or profitable. The moralist is also employed to work out the suitable forms of expression of our love for our neighbor. We may, for example, need a policeman to knock him down to teach him a lesson, if he happens to be a picket in an undesirable strike; or, to give a contribution to the Community Chest, regularly every year, without fuss or delay, may be the appropriate thing. The conventional moralist, in other words, has the job of reducing the conflict between wholehearted righteousness and sound "common sense" to some sort of workable order, and in doing so, he devises elaborate justifications for what is called "normal" human behavior.

These justifications form the fabric of social and moral orthodoxy, the thing which the moral educator has to re-examine and evaluate in all its

details. He may be surprised to discover that the same religious tradition which caused the young English conscientious objector to risk prison for his devotion to the peace ideal, in America led to the discharge of "Shine" Smith by a Protestant missions board because of his deviation from Christian orthodoxy. He may uncover any number of curious facts like this, and in sum they will point to the conclusion that the customary way of doing things is not the Rock of Ages, but only the sand of our own times, and that it is both disconcerting and dangerous to look at it very closely.

He will find, also, that orthodoxy in morals—the orthodoxy which sends young men to prison for refusing military service, which refuses subsistence to men who will use good ideas wherever they are found—is made from an alliance between custom and moral ideas, an alliance in which custom always has the upper hand. This results in the teaching of conventional morality by half-truths. In our society, for example, half-truths about "freedom" are most frequently referred to. If a custom needs defending, it is only necessary to associate it with Freedom in some dramatic fashion. This is the vindication-by-association technique, as opposed to the almost as common guilt-by-association method of condemning people who seem to threaten our customs.

Society seems to be held together by a multitude of working compromises among various half-truths, and, judging from history, this arrangement is both natural and inevitable. The trouble is that the orthodox moralist always finds morality in the compromise part of the relationship, instead of in the truth part. He is more interested in the *limits* of brotherhood than in brotherhood itself. The draft law insists that a man's love for his neighbors has got to stop at a certain point, and the sectarian church has no interest in spreading the Navaho theory of salvation, even though it might bring more serenity to the Indians than the Christian theory.

Then there are specialized systems of half-truths, such as our economic doctrines. We talk about how much a man "earns," about a "fair return" on invested capital, and what things are "worth." Or, if we happen to belong to another school, we are contemptuous of "property rights" and speak of "human rights" as the only thing worth considering—but although we know how to praise them, we know very little about how to establish them.

Maybe it is best for some things to be bought and sold. Most economists say so, but moral education is made extremely difficult by the idea that customs in buying and selling determine what is right and what is wrong. Henry Hazlitt, a leading philosopher of Private Enterprise, recently presented in *Newsweek* a long quotation from Governor Bradford's history of the Plymouth Bay Colony, to show that the socialist experiment of the Pilgrim Fathers would not work, but that when they divided the land up and set each man to cultivating his *own* plot, industry prevailed and prosperity resulted. In Bradford's unctuous words, "instead of famine, now God gave them plentie, and the face of things was changed. . . ." Previously, when the plan had been for all to labor for the common good, the brethren had loafed on the job and stolen from each other, but "free enterprise" changed all that. Owning and working their own land for themselves made the loafers into saints—at least, they called themselves saints.

It seems a little depressing that these representatives of the flower of England's dissenting manhood were unable to form an economic as well as a spiritual brotherhood, when the primitive red man had been so successful at it for so many generations that he could not even comprehend private ownership of the land—this being one reason why the Indians were so easily beguiled into "selling" land to the white settlers. It is even more depressing that Mr. Hazlitt chooses to make this weakness of the Pilgrims into a tract on behalf of the current economic system. Certainly, a system based on self interest,

even if we have to have it, is nothing to brag about, but something to be ashamed of, just as big police forces, big armies, thousands of courtrooms, and the concrete walls and steel enclosures in banks and jails alike are things to be ashamed of. Such things are simply evidence that our moral education, thus far, has been pretty much of a failure.

This being the case, the educator in the field of morals needs to be ready to point out the artificialities and self-deceptions in any and all attempts to identify righteous action with some theory or system of buying and selling. Suppose a clever chemist or physicist invents some new weapon for war, and is given a better job which pays him more money: has he "earned" this money? Or suppose a clerk in a store thinks of a slogan which becomes the keynote for the store's advertising program of an adulterated food product, and receives in consequence a large Christmas bonus. According to what "moral" principles is the clerk entitled to the bonus? In our society, the man who makes the most money is the man who is able to make the most people think the way he wants them to—an ability which is called salesmanship. The fact that he can command high pay has nothing to do with what he is "worth" to society. Measured by some other standard than the one we are using, he may be a serious liability.

Obviously, if a person is to live and work in the world at all, he will have to relate his activities with the activities of other people, which are generally organized as some type of system. Suppose it is the educational system, which, like other systems, began with a moral ideal—the idea of free public education for all—but which, again, like other systems, involves certain compromises. A child may be asked to recite a prayer in class, and the prayer may not represent the child's ideal religious conceptions at all; or, he may be made to feel obligated to give money to some cause in which, through contact with his parents, he has come to disbelieve. What is the child to do?

What is the parent, the moral educator, to say to the child who comes to him with such problems?

Whatever he says or does, at least something has been accomplished in that the problem is seen to exist. For moral education involves the recognizing of problems, and then, attempting to solve them. But after the problem has arisen, the first great obstacle to moral education presents itself—timidity. A party line is no substitute for moral courage, and this is perhaps the first real lesson in moral education. The teacher can "back" the child in an important moral decision only up to a certain point, that point being the place beyond which the personal authority of the teacher counts for more than the child's own understanding and feeling in the matter. To make him exceed his own moral potential is the same in principle as the school's expecting him to do what it asks—worse, in fact, for the school is an institution and more naturally ruled by custom than the parent or any single individual.

But it still needs to be pointed out, in some way or other, that to say a prayer you don't believe in, or to give money for something you don't think will do any good, just so no one will think you're "queer," may have a lot to do with the fact that some children make fun of other children because they are "Jews," or because they are yellow, black, or brown. Conformity without conviction is really a vice of our civilization, for it creates power for men who should not have it, power which sends young men to prison for loving their neighbors, and cuts off the livelihood of others who dare to admit the truth wherever they find it.

The only way that men can be liberated from the oppressions of society is by taking back from the institutions of society any powers that they misuse. And for the power really to come back, it has to be taken by individuals, not by parties or revolutionary cliques. A party always has a new system to impose, and the new system brings new compromises, maybe worse ones: *surely* worse

ones, if the party rode to authority on the mounting fears and angers of the people.

A moral educator can't *make* people choose to be free, but he can keep on calling attention to decisions that ought to be thought about, and give his reasons why.

Letter from JAPAN

TOKYO.—Even a cursory glance at postwar Japan should convince those interested that the intelligent Japanese should have a place in the MANAS family. Bereft of all they had been taught, from the days of their infancy, to trust in and to have ultimate confidence in, the Japanese are today, even four years after the surrender, in search of a living principle around which to shape their daily lives. True, that search may now seem to take the form of only an aimless groping for basic human needs—for food, shelter, and clothing. But even such mundane pursuits, the Japanese are finding, whether consciously or not, might better be achieved through the aid of an intelligent idealism to give them aid, comfort and guidance.

To be sure, the Occupation brought with it a measure of Democracy—a principle around which at least half the world is seemingly revolving. But it also brought a revival of communism—an ideology which the militarists had banned. Of a conservative nature, the Japanese, as shown by the three postwar elections, have repeatedly displayed their abhorrence of communism and have rallied around those political parties adhering to the democratic principles. But whether or not the Japanese people have fully accepted Democracy is another matter. This is not to say that they are still the militaristic people of the past. To the contrary. But it does mean that they are well attuned to world affairs. They are aware that Democracy and Communism, only lately bed-fellows in the battle to rid the world of Fascism and militarism, are now engaged in a death struggle between themselves. Now being wooed by both their former enemies, the Japanese naturally wonder what the fighting was about.

It is easy enough to take sides on an emotional basis, but sober thinking makes not only the choice itself, but the whole incongruous situation, take on such a complex character that

the Japanese are naturally confused. How can a man whose mind is in flux, whose outlook is without focus, make an intelligent choice? Or, is there a need to make such a choice?

Anything is better than blind groping, which can hardly result in the attainment of the desired goal of stability of mind and serenity of soul. More likely, it will lead to fear of the unknown—a panicky state in which anything will be preferred to the present surroundings. It may be likened to the hysteria among a group of people trapped in a darkened room. What the future will bring, no one knows, of course. But there must be some norm, meeting the tests of intelligence and reason, by which an individual may live.

This search for an "intelligent idealism," however, is an individual one. The nation as a whole, despite its renunciation of war in the two-year-old Constitution and the high moral principles sounded by the government in public statements from time to time, can offer little of real help to the individual. The quest remains essentially a personal adventure.

JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW INSIDE AMERICA

IT is the particular talent of Sinclair Lewis to expose the anatomy of middle-class life in the United States. His skill in drawing unflattering portraits of small-town businessmen, their wives and children, is undeniable, and it would be difficult to understand how he avoids antagonizing a large proportion of his readers, were it not for the fact that his stories are always written with enough farcical exaggeration to prevent them from being taken quite seriously. In farce, situations and attitudes, instead of real people, hold the attention of the reader, so that most of the characters in the books of Sinclair Lewis are "types" rather than actual human beings. This seems to be true of *Kingsblood Royal*, which he wrote two years ago, dealing with the relationships between America's two major ethnic groups, the black and the white. What is imperfectly characterized as the "Negro problem" was precipitated to the foreground of American life during the war, and it was almost inevitable that Mr. Lewis would make a novel out of it.

Of *Kingsblood Royal*, by way of criticism, it is enough to say that the author seldom lets you forget that it is only a "story," so far as the movement of the plot is concerned. The leading characters go the way *he* wants them to go, so that it will come out the way he intends it to, instead of convincing you that they move according to their own inner construction. But *Kingsblood Royal*, whether or not you "believe in" Mr. Kingsblood's heroic stand and the final conversion of his beautiful wife, does drive home the fact that race prejudice is virtually an organic part of the psychic life of the American people—that it comes out in a thousand small ways as well as in the obvious and intolerably barbarous customs of the deep South. Besides doing this, the book makes it possible for a white reader to understand, in some measure, how it "feels" to be a Negro. If it did nothing else, *Kingsblood Royal*

would still be an important book to read for this reason.

Neil Kingsblood is a 31-year-old, redheaded, blue-eyed American, happily married, well-housed, with a daughter, Elizabeth, known as "Biddey," who has skin of "strawberries and cream" and hair like "champagne." Early in the story, Neil discovers he has one thirty-second part Negro blood—a fact which haunts him until, on various emotional occasions, he blurts it out and takes the consequences of social ostracism, loss of his good job at the bank (he was aiming at the presidency), and finally, expulsion from his home by a mob of white racists. Vestal, his wife, sticks by him, although it is disgust with their former white "friends" more than anything else which wins her over to her husband's crusade.

The objectionable characters in *Kingsblood Royal* include most of the prominent people of Grand Republic, Minnesota, a town of nearly a hundred thousand people, where the story is laid. Even those who try to be "nice" to Negroes generally make a mess of it because they are unable to understand what it means to belong to a social group that has been criminally mistreated for centuries and from which, because of the distinguishing mark of color, there is no escape. The obvious lesson is the need for incalculable patience on the part of the white population, and a constant reminder that however patient the whites may become, they never can approach the patience with which the great majority of Negroes have borne their sufferings, ever since the days when the slave traffic began.

About every conceivable phase of the conflict between the races comes out in this book. It is at its best in the analysis of half-truths that are everywhere repeated about the Negroes, such as, for example, that Negro soldiers were bad-tempered and resentful during the war. While some of these reports are doubtless founded on fact, nothing is ever said about the *causes* of the ill-nature of Negro soldiers: the Jim-Crow army, the inevitable choice of Negroes for menial and

laboring jobs, the staring, contemptuous eyes of white soldiers, the comments, some innocent, some malicious, muttered in undertones—in all, the everlasting curse of being "different" and being looked down upon for it.

The Negro "agitator," Clem Brazenstar, explains to Neil, who is trying to get acquainted with his "race," the reactions of Negro GI's:

"... what that fellow said is part true, and the truer it is, the more you whites have to do something drastic, for your own sake.

"The old Uncle Toms lifted up their voices in hallelujahs if they got treated as well as the livestock, but not the young tribesmen. They've read a book. Get it clear—the New Negro demands every right of the New White Man, every one, and he doesn't whine for them now; he'll fight for them. You white Iagos have built up a revolutionary army of thirteen million Othellos, male and female.

"Of course the colored boys are impolite to the white gemmums, in a war they never wanted to fight. Their own war was closer.

"The boys that were brought up as I was, in shacks beside cricks where dead dogs and human waste floated, ... where the plantation store-keepers or the cotton-buyers all stole from us and wouldn't even let us look at our accounts—some of these boys steal back. What a haunt you whites have built up! . . .

"Segregated! 'Separate but equal accommodations'—new coaches for the whites and pest-houses on wheels for the happy jigs! New brick schools for your kids—see pictures in the Atlanta Sunday paper—and unpainted barns for us, and benches without backs and no desks, no desks at all, for our pickaninnies, as you would call 'em. Let the little bastards write on their knees, if they have to write—which sensible folks gravely question.

"Segregated! School buses for your darling chicks, but ours can hoof it five miles. Marble-floored hospitals for you and slaughterhouses for us. No jobs except the hard work, the dirty work, the dangerous work, and the white cops making their own laws to use against us and acting as provocateurs and our judges and our executioners all put together. And then your classmate complains that we won't whisper our secrets in his dainty ears!"

It is not all like this. Neil has some Negro intellectuals among his friends—people who, by

being masters of two cultures instead of one, have a noticeable edge on their white counterparts; and there are Negro craftsmen who are patiently waiting out the struggle, contending with the last-to-be-hired, first-to-be-fired policy of white employers the only way they know—by trying to be better craftsmen than anyone else.

It is pleasant to think—and not too improbable—that a book like this by Sinclair Lewis really means something. A century ago, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was the best popular expression of white understanding of the Negro cause, and *Kingsblood Royal*, while not, it is true, the extraordinary stimulus that Mrs. Stowe's book was, nevertheless represents a vastly different temper. It comes directly to grips with problems that had not even taken shape in the days before the Civil War. It is as though we have assimilated—in principle, at least—what Mrs. Stowe was writing about, and are now ready to attempt the liberation of the Negroes, all over again, at another level. Perhaps a better way to put it would be to say that such books give indication that a substantial number of the white majority are gradually reaching that point in progressive comprehension of the "Negro Problem" where they may begin, at least, to liberate themselves.

COMMENTARY AFTERMATH

THESE are the days when new "revelations" compel long, sickening, backward looks at the war. At the end of July, Winston Churchill and Ernest Bevin shocked the world with their claim that neither Mr. Churchill nor the British Cabinet had anything to do with the "Unconditional Surrender" demand proclaimed at Casablanca. Mr. Bevin was under fire of criticism in the House of Commons for the Government's present German policy, when, according to one report, he "suddenly gave way to an emotional outburst and dropped his bomb on a startled House."

Speaking of the problem of postwar Germany, he said: "It began with the declaration of unconditional surrender at Casablanca, on which the British Cabinet never had a chance to say a word. . . . The first we heard of it was in the Press." Whereupon Mr. Churchill declared: "The first time I heard that phrase used was from the lips of President Roosevelt." He added:

That statement was made without consultation with me. I had rapidly to consider whether our position in the world was such as to justify me in not supporting it. It is likely that the Cabinet would have advised against it, but working with a great alliance and powerful friends from across the ocean, we had to accommodate ourselves.

Meanwhile, in this country, Admiral Ellis M. Zacharias, deputy director of the Office of Naval Intelligence during the war, began in the August *United Nations World* a series of articles contending that the atom bomb was unnecessary for the defeat of Japan. Japan, he says, was ready to surrender long before actual capitulation took place, and in evidence he describes five separate bids for peace made by the Japanese. One reason for Washington's indifference to these peace gestures, according to Admiral Zacharias, "was the probably subconscious desire of the highest echelons to test a new weapon in actual combat. . . . the atomic bomb."

Not unconnected with such matters is publication by the University of Chicago of *The Case of General Yamashita*, by Frank Reel, a book unfolding the story of the trial and subsequent execution of a Japanese officer as responsible for atrocities in Manila which were committed (1) by troops not under his command, and (2) under conditions specifically contrary to his orders respecting the evacuation of the city. . . .

Anyone who supposes that we have at last finished with "war criminal" trials should read Eugene A. Hessel's article, "Let the Judges do the Hanging!" in the *Christian Century* for Aug. 24. The author, who holds religious services at Muntinlupa, the Philippine national penitentiary, where a number of Japanese await execution, and hundreds still await trial, has astonishing things to say about the evidence on which some of these men were convicted. His readers will share his horror, and his shame.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

A NOTE from a subscriber introduces a subject of major importance—the question of the best way in which to educate a child about Money:

Just as the adult is faced on all sides with the problem of acquiring money and "things," the child also early wishes to acquire small sums of money of his own in order to trade or purchase things of value to him. In later years, children wish either to be allowed to earn their own money or to have a substantial, regular allowance, so that they may enjoy the sense of independence and security involved in 'growing up.' What policy in regard to money might a family inaugurate in order to acquaint the children with the proper evaluation of money and the effort with which it must be obtained?

As the question implies, there can be little doubt of the value in encouraging children to have money of their own. A sense of "independence," when accompanied by the responsibility that sensible use of money exacts, is an encouragement to evaluative thinking of many kinds. It is probable that no one "method" of money-education is the best, the ideal arrangement naturally depending upon the environmental situation and the individual child, but two things are certain: First, if a child's household tasks are mostly things which the parent shirks doing, and which the child feels *forced* to do, the child is entitled to at least a little of the independence which money of one's own can bring to the young. The parents have made most of the choices which bring about the necessity for performing these tasks; the child, at any rate, did not make them, and he needs to be helped to achieve some freedom, for he is not able to make himself free. Second, if too much money is given to a child, the situation is again unbalanced, although for a different reason. The child will feel that someone is cosmically ordained to provide the means for fulfilling all of his desires. And if he has no sense of *earning* the things which he desires to possess, he will seldom be inclined to take care of his acquisitions. As one educator has put it, "The

spoiled child never values anything: It is he who gets a new chromium-plated three-speed cycle and three weeks later leaves it out in the rain all night."

The problem, here, seems to be that of carefully establishing, in the home, a rational basis for regarding all property held jointly by the family. The child enjoys the conveniences and necessities of the home, and it is entirely natural for him to feel responsible for improving, cleaning or repairing family property. That he seldom actually feels this responsibility is not due to any "natural irresponsibility" of children, but, as observers of exceptional families know without a shadow of doubt, it results from the common attitudes of parents. The parent who desires to enhance his standing in the neighborhood by presenting his child with expensive playthings can never expect that child to feel a sense of responsibility towards house and garden, furniture, or preparation of meals. This is because the child correctly determines that whatever is given him is given for an ulterior motive; he does not think this consciously, of course, but some such feeling must come to him—the tremendous differences among children in their attitudes towards property are easily noticed. The parent who lavishes gifts on his child, in complete disregard of the child's actual needs, is himself misusing money, spending it carelessly without the sort of responsibility he will on other occasions expect the child to show. Then, too, the "spoiled" child is very often unloved in any real sense, the lack of love being unsatisfactorily compensated for by material gifts.

Two logical plans for allotting money to a child may be suggested. First, the child can be paid at whatever rate seems reasonable to both—no such arrangement should be made unless the child actually feels it is fair—for all work undertaken by the child in excess of the minimum which he may be considered to "owe" for his proportionate contribution to the home. Money-earning time should be time which is otherwise

completely free to the child, and it seems logical that before "free time" is gained, a certain portion of a child's energies be expended on the home itself. Work done in *excess* of this is work which may be paid for.

Another approach would be for a parent—if he can do so sincerely—to convey to the child his interest in facilitating that child's growth into maturity as soon as possible, on the basis that the child already shows capacities and qualities that will be of benefit to the family and to the world at large. If, in such cases, there is no work that can honestly be performed in excess of minimum duties associated with the care of the home, a regular allowance arrangement can be proposed as a tentative venture of the parents—a financial backing of faith that the child will develop genuinely constructive ways of using whatever money comes into his possession.

The ideal method would probably be a combination of these two, and the providing of any expensive article for the child might also be undertaken with these or similar ideals in mind.

Many parents have good opportunity to start work projects for their children, and even, perhaps, for some of the neighbors' children whose own mothers and fathers are unable to do so. The parent who is willing to spend time in helping a small crew of children to earn money by doing some job which would otherwise require professional attention is one of the best and most needed educators, especially if *he works with* the children himself. In such situations there is the additional educational advantage of having to decide how to apportion the money fairly among the children, involving the question of whether different individuals should be paid differently according to their abilities and output of work. These children would have opportunity to decide between a "capitalistic" psychology of distribution and a "socialistic" faith.

Another aspect of the money problem is illustrated by the child who never has made his own playthings or possessions. No child should

be robbed of an opportunity to exert his own ingenuity in this direction, and often store-bought toys, given in advance of any sustained desire on the child's part, obviously become substitutes for imaginative play. We can hardly expect the child to tell his parents not to buy him a model boat, but the parents ought to know better than to exceed the child's own capacity for desiring and imagining, by buying a contrivance so elaborate that no room for imagination or improvement is left. The simplest and most "creative" toys, therefore, are always the best, and particularly those toys which can be used in the construction of other things. Some parents have made it a practice never to furnish their children with anything which is entirely complete, and this seems good common sense. A bicycle bought second-hand and in need of repair may be made into as efficient a vehicle as the new and expensive one, and in the repairing of a cycle the child has a chance to learn how much various items cost, and what sort of labor goes into the finished product, as well as the chance to participate in saving a considerable amount of money. He has done something himself about the procuring of his vehicle.

One parent recently remarked that she had for years been unable to arouse her child's interest in the music lessons she was providing, and was astonished to discover that the same child, a few years later, began to turn part of his own small earnings back into lessons—lessons in the use of a different instrument. Such incidents illustrate cardinal points in child psychology, and should furnish additional reminders to parents of the importance of full collaboration with their children in the use of money on their behalf.

FRONTIERS The Humane Spirit

THE LIFE OF SCIENCE, a collection of essays by George Sarton, professor of the history of science at Harvard University (Schuman, \$3.00), communicates the temper of the scientific spirit at its best. There are numerous writers about science, but Prof. Sarton is much more than this—he is a man who has devoted his life to placing the drama of scientific discovery in proper perspective.

This book makes the reader realize that one of the most serious consequences of mass education in the United States has been the dimming of the ideal of the cultivated individual. *The Life of Science* is a simple book, but only a handful of men could write one like it. For many years, Prof. Sarton has had for his companions the great men of the past—scientists and others whose lives and works he has studied—so that he moves with natural familiarity among them. Their ideals are his, their dreams his daily reflection, and this intercourse with greatness gives everything Prof. Sarton writes a quality that has become extremely rare, even among educators and scholars. It is a cultivation of mind which can hardly be transmitted by lecturers who shout at classes of college students aggregated in masses of five hundred to a thousand persons. It passes without direct intent from its possessors in one generation to the next, as integrity and magnanimity are communicated, sometimes from parent to child, or from teacher to pupil. Unless one experiences it, person to person—or, more remotely, through a book such as this one—there is no way of knowing, actually, how little there is to "education" when this quality is missing.

The Life of Science is pervaded by a love of truth, which is more or less the definition Prof. Sarton gives to Science. It would be easy to accuse him of ignoring the many betrayals of that definition. He is so engrossed in the record of human originality and discovery that he seems unaffected by the harsh ugliness of the civilization which science, through technology, has wrought. But he is, after all, a teacher of history, and not a sociologist with a revolutionary message. And it must be admitted that

the *meaning* of science, as he teaches it, would produce very different results, were it widely understood and applied. How Prof. Sarton regards his work as a teacher is suggested by a passage in the concluding essay of this book:

I used to worry a good deal because so many students do not really understand my lectures. Out of an average number of students I hardly expect more than two or three to take a genuine interest in them. Is it worth while? I sometimes thought it was a waste of time, but I think differently now. Even if I could not reach more than two or three minds each year the effort would be justified, but it is probable that my lectures reach more who are not yet aware of it then and there, but will realize it later elsewhere. . . .

What is perhaps more irritating and disheartening than plain ignorance is that so many of them get to know the facts of the course but miss its spirit. Of course we should know a number of facts, though nobody can be expected to retain them as faithfully as does a good book. I myself do not try to remember the facts of my own lectures except in a general way. The essential is their main purpose, and this is often misunderstood even by the students who know the details best. In every examination I include among the more technical questions at least one very broad question, such as this: "Why on earth did you take my course?" and it pains me to discover how few students are able to answer the broader questions in a satisfactory manner. Their papers show that they have studied the course, but somehow they have failed to grasp its meaning. They have carefully gathered all the husks and lost the seeds.

The "seeds" Prof. Sarton is talking about are practical antidotes to abuses of scientific discovery, and they grow into a vigorous counter-intelligence to the view that *we* live at the very pinnacle of scientific knowledge and achievement. Fallacy after fallacy is gently but firmly displaced. For example, there is the popular assumption that all of ancient or past science that is worth anything has been incorporated in the science of our own time. Contemporary science, the writer points out, is largely compiled by professors, textbook writers, "vulgarizers of all kinds, whose judgment is not necessarily irreproachable and whose intuitions are not always successful." Abandoned directions of research and

discarded theories may develop into fertile sources of discovery at any time. As Prof. Sarton says, "All the vicissitudes and recantations of science prove conclusively that no man can ever flatter himself that he has definitely and completely exhausted a scientific fact or theory."

It is fairly easy to illustrate from other sources the recent revival of forgotten or once laughed-at scientific ideas. There is the theory of spontaneous generation, carefully "disproved" by Pasteur in the nineteenth century, but renewed by Dr. Wendell M. Stanley of the Rockefeller Institute in the twentieth. There is the doctrine of ancient Greek medicine that climate has a direct and specific influence on the human body, ignored for centuries and revived by Dr. William F. Peterson of the University of Illinois within recent years. There is the extraordinary admission by Prof. Bart J. Bok of the Harvard Observatory that research now being carried on in statistical astrology "is scientific and should be encouraged." In a lecture on the subject of astrology, delivered in 1941 at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, Dr. Bok proposed "that a committee be formed, half astrologers, half scientists, to formulate a program of research." There is the dramatic vindication by modern chemistry of the alchemists' dream of transmutation. In 1926, Prof. Fritz Paneth declared in *Science* "that the trend of modern chemistry is toward rather than away from the theories which were condemned by the official science of the last century." (*Science*, Oct. 29, 1926.) In the field of psychology, there is the anticipation of Freud by Artemidorus of the second century A.D.—possibly with greater scientific insight by Artemidorus, for he took into account dreams of coming events, which the Freudians ignore; and, finally, there is the discovery by Charles Jung that the symbolism of medieval alchemists was profoundly rooted in psychological experience, causing him to remark, in *The Integration of Personality* that "true alchemy was never a business or a career, but a real *opus* that a man carried on in silent, self-sacrificing labor."

Prof. Sarton's essay, "East and West in the History of Science," is also corrective of misconceptions as well as intensely interesting on its

own account. It is commonly thought that Western civilization began by a miraculous outburst of Greek genius, without teachers or forebears. This essay makes it plain that the Greeks owed much of their knowledge to the Egyptians and the Babylonians. The Egyptians were great physicians, and the Babylonians taught the Greeks astronomy. Prof. Sarton makes no mention of the derivation of Greek metaphysics from India, which Colebrook noted more than a century ago, and as Gomperz and Macdonell have maintained in modern times, but the tracing of philosophical influences is perhaps beyond the scope of a historian of science.

What happened to the Greek genius? Prof. Sarton leaves the customary praise of the Hellenic-Christian "synthesis" of modern civilization to those who, like the authors of the Harvard Report, are able to believe that synthesis actually took place, and says:

The fact is, the Greek and Hebrew spirits were incompatible; they could not have grown together and corrected one another; rather they would have destroyed each other. . . . We may say that the Greek spirit, that disinterested love of truth which is the very spring of knowledge, was finally smothered by the combination of Roman utilitarianism and Christian sentimentality. Again let us dream for a moment, and wonder what might have happened if the Greeks and the Christians had seen their respective good points instead of seeing only the evil ones. How beautiful if their two types of otherworldliness could have been harmonized! How many miseries mankind would have been spared! But it was not to be.

The Life of Science is intended by its author to sound the keynote of a new humanism. It is a gentle, persuasive book rather than an aggressive and critical one. With the friendly, musing spirit of a modern Erasmus, Prof. Sarton examines the ideals of scientific scholarship and scientific education, probing insistently at contemporary illusions much as Joseph Glanvil probed into and punctured the scientific conceits of the seventeenth century. This book, therefore, is a worthy continuation of the great tradition of sagacity in scholarship, of open-mindedness in research. It has a greater value than most books concerned with the history of science, for

the reason it distinguishes between scientific and *human* progress.