Literary News and Criticism.

Mr. Frederic Harrison on Life and Religion.

THE CREED OF A LAYMAN. Apologia pro fide mea. By Frederic Harrison. 8vo, pp. 395. The Macmillan Company.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE. By Frederic Harrison. 8vo, pp. xxxvi, 418. The Macmillan Company.

NATIONAL AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By Frederic Harrison. 8vo, pp. 450. The Macmillan Company.

In collecting and freshly editing essays first published twenty-five or thirty years ago Mr. Frederic Harrison contrasts his happy lot with that of a party politician who in some important contest may have put his money on the wrong horse. An unwise partisan might well hesitate in after years to print the speech made on the spur of the moment; whereas, the lapse of a generation only justifies Mr. Harrison's view of political events, a view which has had behind it principles and convictions maintained through a long life. Whether his philosophical and theological deliverances are as little the worse for exposure to the seasons' difference may be a question, but not for the author. What Mr. Harrison has to say in these valedictory volumes about religion and the life of reason shows him standing where, as a public teacher, he has always stood, blithe and unashamed.

The first concern of English patriotism to-day is with the insoluble and ever present problem of empire. From being the dominant nation in the state system of Europe, England has been translated into a nondescript world power. As an Englishman Mr. Harrison views with shame the effacement of Old England, and as a patriot he foresees the calamities in which its inevitable dissolution may culminate, saying:

> It is not merely the sinking of heart I feel when I find our ancient England besmirched into a mongrel empire, when I listen to the blasphemous swagger of the imperialism of the canteen, when I think of all the waste in wealth, force, good men, engulfed in precarious adventures over the globe; it is not merely a matter of degraded feeling and demoralized policy that stirs me. It is the bitter conviction that this *parvenu* empire is doomed to early dissolution—is incapable of being made permanent or stable—and in the mean time is turning our political progress backwards, and may possibly lead us down into cruel ruin.

Such an inheritance of evil omen, "incapable of being permanently held or yet of being suddenly quitted," must be wisely faced and reduced in time. Of equal urgency with the question of empire is the problem centring in the industrial system, and Mr. Harrison is sure that until there has been a root and branch social revolution to reform the daily lot of the vast working majority this earth will not be a home worthy of civilized man. Not much exception can be taken to the Socialist indictment against our vicious economic system, but when it comes to reconstructive schemes the remedies usually proposed are futile. The neglect of other than material aspects of well being, the embargo on personal initiative, the vague Utopias of socialism—would they not if applied in practice bring civilization to an end? The root difficulty with the evils of economic and imperial aggrandizement is selfishness. The one cure for selfishness is religion. The religion alone worthy of regard in our social extremity is the religion of Positivism, the religion of Humanity. Among the notes of the new faith we find a grasp of the whole field of human history, intense sympathy with every son and daughter of the human family; above all, a trained knowledge of the vast results of science, the will and the wisdom to use this knowledge to the furtherance of a higher civilization.

How Mr. Harrison came to be the expositor of the new religion, which is simply "the incorporation of Christianity with science and philosophy," is told with some minuteness in "The Creed of a Layman." Young Harrison went to Oxford in 1850, entering at Wadham College, at that time an ultra-evangelical citadel. "High" and "Low" and incipient "Broads" were at loggerheads. German criticism and the theses of Comte, Darwin and Spencer were getting recognition. The youth found himself more and more estranged from the religious beliefs of his childhood. As a boy he used to pray earnestly night and morning; he honestly believed that the Almighty would enable him to get a good score in a cricket match if only he besieged the Throne of Mercy with the needful persistence. Says Mr. Harrison: "This sounds to me now so disgusting that I feel shame in setting it down." Although a complete break with the traditional belief was not made until 1860, there can be no doubt that the religious convulsion was attended with poignant regret. Unlike some of his contemporaries who relinquished cradle faiths, he appears to have had no season of wandering "between two worlds" or of wistful listening to the retreating tides of the sea of faith.

As contributions to theological discussion the luxuriant negations of Mr. Harrison's Positivism had every attention in the 80's, the good old days of the nineteenth century debates. To reprint them now would seem to serve the interests of history rather than of prophecy, for now as then the simple layman can scarcely be impressed with an attempt to identify the fabric of Christian belief with a scholastic theology. With an obduracy almost picturesque our Positivist holds by the Either-or logic. Orthodoxy deals with an anthropomorphic God and a geocentric world or—surrenders. The Bible is either "God's truth or a dubious compilation of Oriental documents." The inquiring layman might think this a hard saying: yet this is precisely the pass to which the Positivist would drive a man so unillumined as to profess some sort of orthodoxy. Is there no way between the two destructions, and must we say that either an inspired writer is a sort of funnel or there is no inspired writing? Or, to quote Mr. Harrison regarding the brilliant promises of heavenly glory, are we to say that these are either "made material or they are baseless fancies"? What seriously detracts from the worth of these essays in theological criticism is the persistent ignoring of the claims of any interpretation of the Christian faith other than that interpretation from which the author revolted. Not Tertullian in all his vigor was more unwilling to acknowledge the rights of a "Platonic, dialectical Christianity." For men holding to a "Greek" theology Mr. Harrison has fine scorn. A church harboring such a system is uncandid; it is guilty of solemn or cynical hypocrisy. "What the Church has won in liberty it has lost in honesty." To all of which the Christian scholar might make answer that liberal theology has lived since Alexandria. He might also venture to insist that the great spiritualities survive a geocentric astronomy and are not completely in the power of the intellectual fashions through which they seek expression.

Aside from indulging a penchant for blowing up evacuated fortresses, Mr. Harrison has nothing to offer that is not constructive. The religion of Humanity is summed up in living for others. If one asks how the object of service is also the object of worship the answer is that the object of our regard is to be not the aggregate of conscious beings but the boundless goodness of human nature, "the idealized sum of those human feelings and duties which all decent men acknowledge in detail and in fact." Such an idealization is all the divinity available for man's knowledge. An inexpugnable basis for Positivism is found in the Philosophy of Experience and the Relativity of Knowledge. *Super hanc petram aedificavit Augustus fidem nostram.* Mr. Harrison, in "The Philosophy of Common Sense," makes clear that the dualistic, realistic view of the world is the only philosophy allowable apart from metaphysical inquiry. In this, as in nearly all he has to say on such themes, he is of course following his master, Auguste Comte. From being a student of Comte's system in early manhood he soon became a disciple and later a thrall. To be sure, we hear an occasional protest from Mr. Harrison that he differs with Comte in some particulars, but when we have made generous allowance for these claims it remains doubtful whether the mid-Victorian period has shown another instance of so complete an intellectual bondage. Our modern world is under high indebtedness to Comte for his stimulus to sociology, and the debt will be remembered by those who may not feel free to join Mr. Harrison in ecstatic praises. Useful as Comte was, he was not everybody collectively, and we fancy that if our author had studied Kant with some of the zeal he lavished on the founder of Positivism he might have been able to offer steadier foundations for religious belief, and he might have seen greater possibilities for a catholic faith even "within the limits of the naked reason."

Mr. Harrison's countrymen may be unwilling to accept him as more than a stammering oracle in matters of faith, yet they long ago learned his worth as a man of letters and a publicist. As a wise student of public affairs he has seen the portents without ceasing to be the meliorist that George Eliot said he was. To the service of his country he has brought a cleanly spirit and a patriotism without guile. We have his word for it that his life flows on unmarred by gusts of doubt; and surely no one could begrudge him the serenity of his conviction that society has no ailments that Comte cannot cure.

CHARLES THE BOLD.

A Popular Sketch of the Last Duke of Burgundy.

CHARLES THE BOLD, LAST DUKE OF BURGUNDY, 1433-1477. By Ruth Putnam. Illustrated. 8vo, xx, 484. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The situation of the House of Burgundy in the fifteenth century was in many ways similar to that of the House of Hohenzollern in the eighteenth. Their patrimony was a miscellaneous assortment of duchies, counties and cities scattered disjointedly over a strip of territory extending from the mouth of the Rhine to the borders of the Swiss mountains. There was no natural boundary, no national bond or tradition, nothing but the prince himself to keep this estate together, and the mere necessity of defending such exposed borders created a situation always tending toward military action. But whereas the Hohenzollerns, somewhat similarly situated, built up a great state by organizing a powerful military machine and an effective administration, the Burgundian princes failed to create the mechanism of a nation, and so lost their power. There were other causes, too, at work; one was that on either side of Burgundy lay a greater national focus, the Germanic empire to the north, the French monarchy to the south; another was that the Burgundian house produced few great princes. The last of them, Charles the Bold, subject of this history, was ambitious and brave, but his statesmanship was little better than a craving for pomp and vanity, his generalship was compounded of ferocity and rashness.

One may, therefore, well inquire how it is that this prince, who was neither great nor fortunate, has long occupied so conspicuous a place in the annals of Europe? The reason is to be found largely in certain minor circumstances. The two great Burgundian dukes, Charles and his father, Philip, reigned at a moment when France and England were emerging from the Hundred Years' War. For this, and other reasons, neither the French nor the English court at that particular moment made much show in the world. But the Burgundians cut a great figure, drawing on their cities of the Netherlands very largely for the means of doing so. They dazzled the contemporary chroniclers, who in turn dazzled their successors, who in turn dazzle the modern historians. So that to this day we are under false impressions of a greatness that to a very large extent was the greatness of tinsel and trappings and Gargantuan gluttony. While Charles's great defeats at Grandson and Morat are so curtly treated that one gets no very clear impression of those decisive and very interesting battles, the chroniclers linger with lighted eyes and moistened lips over the appalling gastronomic details of the famous Feast of the Pheasant. Pies were served capacious enough to contain twenty-eight musicians. Courses consisted of forty-eight dishes. Lions and elephants were part of the entertainment. A history of the banquet was compiled. Long and secret meetings of the Duke's Council were held to regulate the order of the banqueting. Imagine Frederick William I or Frederick the Great engaged in such business during the critical years in which Prussia was being made into a great state!

Miss Putnam tries hard to become pathetic over the body of Charles lying in the marshes of Nancy, where he had been defeated and slain, but the case is a poor one. His headlong rushes into the ranks of his enemies had far too often placed him within the reach of death for his end to be thought surprising or premature. And the struggle he was engaged in was unjustifiable and ill conducted. On the whole, Europe was well rid of him. Though Louis XI is far from a sympathetic figure, it was quite as well for Burgundy that the King of France seized the occasion to annex the duchy to his domains.

On the whole, the book is a careful compilation from the annalists or chroniclers of the time, dealing with the outward manifestations of the reign of Charles. Miss Putnam finds it difficult to keep within the limits of style marked by pretentiousness on one side and colloquialism on the other; a special word of praise is due to the illustrations, which are well chosen and well executed.

"JOHN BULL."

Andrew Lang on the Origin of the Sobriquet of England.

From The London Illustrated News.

When did John Bull become the sobriquet of England, and how long has the cock been, so to speak, the totem—or at least the symbolic bird—of France? I thought that Bull and the cock were quite late representatives of the two nations, but till I looked more closely I saw some reason to doubt.

The reason is this: In 1429 there circulated among the French, then at war with England and Burgundy, a "chronogram" which was attributed to the Venerable Bede. The mediæval public somehow confused the Christian historian Bede with Merlin, the heathen seer of King Arthur, and Bede was supposed to have been a prophet and to have left predictions in manuscript.

A "chronogram" is a short piece of verse or prose, usually of Latin verse, which is a memoria technica of a date. The letters in the verse, which are also Roman numerals, such as M, a thousand; C, a hundred; L, fifty; V, five—are selected, their numerical values are added together, and the result is the date.

The chronogram attributed to Bede is—

> Bis sex cuculli, bis septem
> se socibunt.

Literally translated, this means, "Twenty-six cowls" (or monks) "will band themselves together." But the line contains an M (a thousand), three C's (three hundred), two L's, another hundred, which gives 1400. The smaller Roman numerals, the U's being V's (fives), and the I's being each equivalent to 1, make twenty-nine, so we get 1429, the date required.

The next verses deal in prophecy, or rather state facts; though if Bede wrote them (which he did not), they are prophetic. They run thus—

> Gallorum pulli Tauro nova bella parabunt.
> Ecce beant bella, tunc fert vexilla Puella.

(The young Cocks of France will prepare war for Bull.

Lo, war breaks out, a Maid raises her standard.)

Here the cocks certainly stand for France, the Maid is the Maid of Orleans, and Bull is, shall we say, John Bull?

But I am not so sure that Taurus (bull) is John Bull! Is not Taurus something astronomical, the sign of a month? If so, of what month? I am led to fear that Taurus is not John Bull, but a month, because, in other chronograms of that period I find the Crab, the Fishes, the Twins.

Now, Mars moves into the Bull (Taurus) in March-April, as I gather from Mr. Blaikie's star maps, and the Maid raised her standard on April 27, 1429.

Thus, I fear that the early mention of John Bull is not authentic: the Leopards were the sign of England. However, at all events, we find the French cocks.

This prophecy is supposed to have encouraged the French so much, and demoralized the English so terribly, that Bull was defeated. But it only tells the public what they knew already, and does not predict French successes; it only states what has happened, and wisely declines to prognosticate results.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

"The Gentleman" is the title of a forthcoming romance of the sea by Mr. Alfred Ollivant, author of "Bob, Son of Battle." The story, it is said, deals with an attempt by Napoleon to kidnap Nelson during the admiral's visit to England. The "Gentleman" of the story, Napoleon's agent in the attempt, is an Irishman, a soldier, a poet, and a peer. The book is described as "an epic of imperialism."

Mr. Swinburne's new book, "The Age of Shakespeare," is to be published by the Harpers early in the autumn. The volume is to be opened by a dedicatory poem to Charles Lamb, which begins thus:

> When stark oblivion froze above their names
> Whose glory shone round Shakespeare's, bright as now,
> One eye beheld their light shine full as fame's,
> One hand unveiled it; this did none but thou.

A nature book which will arouse keen interest is "The Flowers and Gardens of Japan," announced by the Macmillan Company. It is to have fifty full-page illustrations in color by Ella Du Cane, the text being provided by Florence Du Cane. The gardens of Japan are famous for beauty and quaintness, and they give a rare opportunity to painter and writer.

Another book announced by the same publishers bears the title of "Ancient Tales and Folk Lore of Japan." It is to be illustrated in color, and it is the work of Mr. J. Gordon Smith.

A memorial to Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, has just been unveiled in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburg. It is a bronze medallion on a pale green marble background; beneath it is the inscription: "Margaret O. W. Oliphant, born 4th April, 1828; died 25th June, 1897. That we may remember her genius and power as novelist, biographer, essayist and historian." Mr. J. M. Barrie made an address on the occasion—an address which, as reported, seems flat and inadequate. For the moment Margaret Oliphant's vogue is dead, but it may be safely predicted that there will come a time when it will revive like that of Trollope, and she will be estimated at her full value as a delightful historian in her novels of the social life of Victorian England and Scotland.

There are some amusing details in Mr. John Hare's just published record of his association with Tennyson in connection with the poet's play, "The Falcon." Mr. Hare was invited to Tennyson's house at Haslemere to listen to the reading of the play. He says:

After lunch, which was almost unbroken by conversation, we went into his study, and I still seem to see and hear him, puffing away at his pipe, which he replenished every now and then from the jar of tobacco placed conveniently at his side. His manner was rugged—"frosty, but kindly." I wished to say what I thought about the piece, which he read with great deliberation, but dared not. The play was much too long for so slight and delicate a subject, but at the close I felt it my duty to tell him that, in its present form, its success was doubtful. I was impelled to do this, for, though delighted with the prospective honor of producing his play, in doing so I did not wish to produce anything which might be considered unworthy of his genius. When I had summoned up courage to tell him as respectfully as possible what I ventured to think, he became exceedingly indignant, and the matter was evidently at an end. We were not pressed to stay, and shortly afterward left to catch our train. In walking down the garden we heard footsteps behind us, and, turning round, found it was Tennyson, who said somewhat abruptly as he put the roll of manuscript into my hand, "Cut what you like, but, for God's sake, never let me see it!"

The play was soon afterward put into rehearsal, and I took very great pains to make the production worthy of the famous author.

Mr. Hare asked the poet to be present on the first night; his son replied that his father never went to first night, but would like to see a rehearsal of the play. "This," says Mr. Hare, "was an ordeal which neither those concerned in the acting of the play nor I can ever forget." The tale continues thus:

It was a bitterly cold day in December when Tennyson, accompanied by his son, drove up to the front of the theatre and joined me in the stalls. He still seemed a little frosty, and did not thaw during the performance. We three formed the audience. I had arranged screens, rugs and every available appliance to protect Tennyson from any drafts. The curtain rose, and, though the actors were almost petrified with nervousness, the play was acted—and admirably acted—in cold blood. The orchestra was there, and the lighting of the scene and other details were attended to precisely as on a first night. Tennyson sat like a sphinx throughout the performance, without making any remark, and at the conclusion of the performance rose silently from his seat, followed anxiously by myself, and entered his carriage without a word. As his son was about to join him he (Mr. Hallam Tennyson) turned round to me and said, with that kindly regard for other people's feelings which has always characterized him, "Mr. Hare, my father is *delighted*." I must say I was greatly amused by this assurance, for by what means of thought transmission he had gauged his father's delight, and what Tennyson really thought of the performance, remains a mystery, so far as I am concerned, to the present day.

A new book by Mr. F. W. Bain, author of "A Digit of the Moon" and "A Draught of the Blue," is announced by the Putnams. This new story is called "An Incarnation of the Snow."

A biography in two big volumes of Caroline, Duchess de Berri, is coming from the pen of Mr. H. Noel Williams. This young woman was daring and rather clever, and might have managed politics effectively for her son, the Comte de Chambord, if she had not let her romantic susceptibilities play havoc with her shrewdness. When it was discovered that the royal Bourbon widow had secretly married a little Neapolitan marquis her possibilities as a disturber of Europe suddenly came to an end.

The German Archæological Society has just awarded its travelling scholarship of 3,000 marks to a woman, Fraulein Carola Barth, for her work on Christian archæology. She is the first woman to receive this honor from the society.

A group of Poe's tales fills one of the volumes of the new English series, "The World's Story Tellers." An English critic, declaring that these stories teach us nothing about life, quotes the editor of the series, Mr. Arthur Ransome, as saying that "they tell us a good deal about ourselves," and adds: "We suddenly become aware of new corners of consciousness, strange fancies and delusions, odd niches of sensation. Utterly fantastic, they yet preserve for us a strange sense of reality. They are never absurd. We were almost waiting for them, expecting them. Long before the Subliminal Consciousness was ever invented—or, rather, received its characteristic name—Edgar Allan Poe had dived into its depths and fetched therefrom rare crystals, oddly wrought corals, precious jewels, and metal work of wonderful and horrible design. And we shall not forget him so long as these have power to touch our sense of mystery and awe."

It requires some patience to wait for the last chapters of "The War in the Air," that novel of the future by Mr. H. G. Wells which has been running serially through "The Pall Mall Magazine." He has never been more audacious than in this picture of what the development of the flying machine might come to mean to the world, and he has never been more skilful in lending verisimilitude to a fantastic work of the imagination. He outlines appalling possibilities, but he does not assume, as he has seemed to assume in some other similar stories, that mankind will change and become less sensitive to pain and cruelty with the march of the years. After the scenes of murderous warfare which he presents in this latest tale of his he causes a young German officer, a representative soldier of the future, to say:

> Oh! It's all foolishness and haste and violence and cruel folly, stupidity and blundering hate and selfish ambition—all the things that men have done—all the things that they will ever do. Gott! Smallways, what a muddle and confusion life has always been—the battles and massacres and disasters, the hates and harsh acts, the murders and sweatings, the lynchings and cheatings. This morning I am tired of it all, as though I'd just found it out for the first time. I *have* found it out. When a man is tired of life I suppose it is time for him to die. I've lost heart, and death is over me. Death is close to me, and I know I have got to end. But think of all the hopes I had only a little time ago, the sense of fine beginnings! . . . It was all a sham. There were no beginnings. . . . We're just ants in ant-hill cities, in a world that doesn't matter; that goes on and rambles into nothingness. New York—New York doesn't even strike me as horrible. New York was nothing but an ant-hill kicked to pieces by a fool!
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> Think of it Smallways: there's war everywhere! They're smashing up their civilization before they have made it. The sort of thing the English did at Alexandria, the Japanese at Port Arthur, the French at Casablanca, is going on everywhere. Everywhere! Down in South America even, they are fighting among themselves! No place is safe—no place is at peace. There is no place where a woman and her daughter can hide and be at peace. The war comes through the air, bombs drop in the night. Quiet people go out in the morning, and see air fleets passing overhead—dripping death—dripping death!

THE OLYMPIAD.

A Survey of the Famous Games in Ancient Greece.

Professor Gilbert Murray, in The London Nation.

The immense fame of the Olympiad festivals comes largely from their having been chosen as giving an era, or a means of dating other events. The Romans had apparently a fixed tradition of the founding of their city; they could date historical occurrences by the year *ab urbe condita*. There was no such fixed era for the Greeks. Some historians dated from the fall of Troy; but opinions varied within some six hundred years as to the time of that occurrence itself. There were divers other systems. Some dated by the Archons at Athens, or by the priestesses in the temple of Hera at Argos. But, apart from other objections, neither system was international, and both implied that the reader must know his list of archons or priestesses by heart. The archons were more satisfactory than the priestesses, because they had, at least, a fixed term of office. A priestess might hold office for one year or for thirty. But, obviously the great four-yearly festivals formed a better basis for dates than either, and among such festivals the Olympian were probably the best. True, the Pythian games at Delphi were fully as famous and inspired far more religious feeling. But the temple at Delphi was too much exposed to disturbance and pillage. Olympia lay quiet, out of the main track of war and political trouble. And Olympia professed, truly or falsely, to have a record of all conquerors since the great reconstitution of the games in 776 B. C. The games themselves are just declining from their prime glory at the time when we hear most about them, in the fifth century B. C. Bodily prowess was still such an important quality in a man that, if any great athlete happens to play a part in history, the historians generally mention his victories in the games. But it was no longer an age in which Shaw, the life guardsman, could seriously be regarded as a more admirable warrior than the Duke of Wellington. And in Pindar, the writer from whom we hear most praise of the games, there is a constant undercurrent of regret, irritation, almost bewilderment, that the world is no longer attaching proper importance to the great boxing and horseracing nobles and to him, their prophet. Pindar, an aristocrat himself, was the poet of Dorian aristocracy. He was the bard of those great houses which, in spite of their not infrequent occupation in trade, their occasional leading forth of an adventurous colony, remained for the most part grumbling and half forgotten, while the main stream of Hellenic life swept past them. They were men of courage and muscle; great hunters, runners, boxers; if need came, great warriors, though only in the manner of their ancestral tradition, with none of your modern book learning or siege tactics. Their object was to be "good men," and they meant by "goodness" what their grandfathers had meant. If they were outstripped in the race of life, it was as their great ancestor Ajax had been beaten by the unworthy Odysseus. Pindar added another quality to the "goodness," or *Areté*, which he required of his patrons; they must "spend"—spend their money and strength and effort freely, for the attaining and maintaining of their *Areté*.

It was a great ideal in its day, and Pindar conceives of it greatly. The misfortune is that in the fifth century it has ceased to correspond to outward facts. The time which created it was the period after the great race migrations, especially after the Dorian conquest of the Peloponnese. Mr. Louis Dyer has shown how the Olympian festival is derived from an ancient pre-Dorian gathering of a number of neighboring villages at a centre which they called "Pylos"; a gathering of the ordinary four-yearly type, with common worship and sacrifice, open competitive games, and opportunities for settling by discussion and arbitration any intercommunal difficulties. A general truce was, of course, necessary for any such common meeting, and was enforced, as usual, by taboos and curses. Eventually the whole territory of Elis, in which the festival was held, was declared "sacred," or, in modern language, neutral, and any invasion of it forbidden.

After the Dorian conquest this festival became widened and glorified. The Peloponnese became full of conquering warriors out of work, athletes of war, with no one left to make war on. The games had a much closer relation to war than modern athletics have; and the idea of *Areté*, or "goodness," in a man or a warrior had become prominent and forceful in the Greek world. The conquerors of the Peloponnese liked the opportunity of practising *Areté* and displaying it one against another. Only the nobles, as a rule, had leisure for such exercises. Hesiod, the peasant poet, never speaks of the games; neither is Piers Ploughman interested in tourneys. Nobles of other races joined in. The wealthy new nobility of Sicily and Italy not only won horseraces—they had more money to buy expensive horses—but actually distinguished themselves in personal prowess. The games served a great purpose. They gave a harmless and humane outlet to the fighting spirit of many conquering tribes. They kept up the invaluable tradition of periodic friendly meetings between neighbor states, of the security of the public roads, of the notion of a fixed international state of peace and decent conduct even in the midst of warring units. And they served intensely, almost too intensely, to keep up that desire for "goodness," judged by competitive standards, which is at the root of many of the best and worst qualities of ancient Greece. Like most conquering nations, the classical Greeks were "good sportsmen." On the whole, one can see that Pindar's men neither cheat nor accuse others of cheating, and mostly take a defeat like men. It is only boys who are said to jeer at a defeated competitor, and those, I suppose, were the boys who looked on, not the boys who competed.

The decline in the importance of the games came when the idea of "goodness" changed. *Areté* began to be identified, in part or whole, with *Sophia*. Goodness began to include "Wisdom," or the qualities of the intellect, and the old purely athletic virtues inevitably paled. True, a strong element of "wisdom" in various forms found its way into the Olympian festival. Herodotus read his wonderful book aloud there. The great fifth century sophists lectured there. Poets recited their poems. Hippias illustrated how the "wise" man was self-sufficing, and should be the maker of his own cloak, tunic, boots and signet ring, as well as the author of his own peace of mind. When Hippolytus wished to "stand high in the great games of Hellas," he was probably thinking more of "wisdom" than of pure athletics. But in reality "wisdom" had not much chance of cutting a good figure at these contests. Make the most sympathetic arrangements you will, a lecture by Huxley and a recitation by Tennyson would scarcely have "a fair show" at, say, the Henley regatta or the Oxford and Cambridge sports, not to speak of Epsom. The spiritually active part of Greece devoted itself more and more to "Wisdom"; the mere pressure of the world worked, as usual, in the direction of success and money making; and Pindar's Dorian nobles were left to cultivate their splendid bodies and their expensive horses somewhat in a backwater of the national stream. True, they had more influence on ordinary adult life than athletes now have. Euripides, though a good athlete himself, once or twice denounces their influence with an intensity which would not be too great in a modern public school. Plato gently satirizes the fashionable young Athenians who showed their admiration of things Spartan by acquiring, at much inconvenience, broken noses and "prize-fighter's ears." And it remains true, and a rather important truth, that in the comparatively simple conditions of ancient society a man's body was much more with him and more important to him than it is now. The toothless and short-sighted man had then no oculist and dentist to put him, as a matter of course, on an equality with his fellows. The flabby man was not hidden behind good tailoring; the obese man did not fly lightly on a motor car; he waddled and perspired. And correspondingly there certainly was—the statues alone would prove it—a great deal of sincere admiration for an object which has now been so long and sedulously hidden from human eyes that it has whitened like a starved plant out of the sun, the healthy and well-developed human body.

But in the main, though the concourses of people at Olympia were probably greater in the fifth and fourth centuries than in the seventh and sixth, the inward meaning of the games was passing rapidly away at the very beginning of our classical period. They represent the ideal of a young Greece which possessed already many of her characteristic qualities, the intensity, the desire to excel and be praised, the frankness and the aversion to cruelty; but a Greece which had not yet awakened to the possession of an intellect or a moral character. And it was with these qualities that the future of Greece lay. After the deaths of Pindar and Bacchylides no more great poets thought it worth while to celebrate boxing matches and races of four-horse chariots or mule wagons. And by the first century Cicero anxiously contradicts the rumor that he has gone to attend the Olympian games—such a thing would be beneath his dignity, scarcely even reputable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

THE LITTLE BROWN BROTHER. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 12mo, pp. 312. (Paul B. Reynolds.)
A story of adventure in the Philippines.

AUNT MAUD. By Ernest Oldmeadow. 12mo, pp. 373. (The McClure Company.)
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GIFT OF $30,000 TO MIDDLEBURY.

Middlebury, Vt., July 31.—President Thomas, of Middlebury College, announces a gift to the institution of $30,000, made through a member of the board of trustees residing in New York City. This sum will be applied toward the $100,000 which the college is trying to secure as the result of a conditional offer of Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, to give $25,000 when $75,000 additional was contributed by others. Other subscriptions bring the amount so far received up to about $52,000.

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PLAINTS OF THE NOISE LORN.

Public Service Commission Asked to Stop Racket of Traction Lines.

An assortment of inharmonious sounds is slated for denunciation in half a dozen letters of complaint which were received yesterday from Police Commissioner Bingham by the Public Service Commission.

W. A. W. Tequier, who signs himself "Late n. c. officer U. S. A.," is positive that the noise made by the cars of the Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad Company, as they cross Atlantic and Franklin avenues, may rightfully be called "infernal." M. M. McAuliffe, of No. 7 Prospect Place, says that he and his neighbors have given up the idea of sleeping owing to a broken car track in First avenue, between 40th and 41st streets. Emily C. Hallock, of No. 71 West 11th street, avers that she is fast becoming a candidate for the insane asylum on account of the nocturnal activity of a gang of men who are relaying the Sixth avenue surface car tracks "right in the shadow of the night court at Jefferson Market." H. G. Armstrong tells of a deafening roar caused by a defective track in Broadway, between 87th and 88th streets. The Monarch Light Company threatens to move away from No. 40 West 125th street unless the racket made by the cars of the Third Avenue Railroad Company gets a quick quietus, and adds that it is driving away persons who would otherwise attend a nearby church, and Fanny Casey thinks the shriek of the brakes on the Madison avenue cars is enough to pulverize the stoutest of ear drums.

The commission has already sent out inspectors to investigate most of the complaints, and will give the Police and Health departments every possible assistance in quelling unnecessary noises during night or day.

WHEN IS A NOISE NOT A NOISE?

When It's a Soothing Bell, Say Police, but Captain Carson Wants to Know.

When Police Commissioner Bingham issued his anti-noise order ten days ago, he wrote: "The exercise of a little common sense will enable the police to distinguish what is purely unnecessary noise." Now Captain Carson, of the West 125th street station, wants to know.

Following the wide publicity given Commissioner Bingham's order, Captain Carson got probably more letters containing complaints than any other police captain in the greater city, and each got a few. To Captain Carson went complaints about the poor people of the city visiting in Morningside Park and being noisy therein. Some one (the captain won't name any one) wrote that the bells of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Convent avenue at 131st street, were noisy, and also that the bells (like church bells) at the St. Regis House, Riverside Drive and 148th street, were "an unnecessary noise."

The captain sent out plainclothes policemen to get after the bells. Back came the report that the bells were not noisy. "The bells are soothing," the cops reported. "It might be the bells keep 'em awake," thought the captain, so he sent out other cops to report on the same bells. "Soothing—very soothing," came back the report.

The captain says "a little common sense" isn't enough, and wants a ruling.