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Book Reviews

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Religion in the Making—Alfred North Whitehead, F.R.S., Fellow in the Trinity College in the University of Cambridge, and professor of philosophy in Harvard University. Macmillan. 1927.

It is many years since Whitehead blessed students of the world by his little book, *Introduction to Mathematics*—a thing delightful to read, clear and illuminating. Later, at the height of his fame, as one of the world's half dozen greatest mathematicians, he collaborated with Bertrand Russell in producing the great work *Principia Mathematica*.

In 1920, I had the honor of meeting Whitehead and hearing him lecture on Einstein's Relativity. I met a man very cultured and courteous. He lectured with a pleasant voice in careful perfect English. On Relativity, he has his own ideas, which differ—though not seriously—from those of Einstein and Eddington.

Today, Whitehead is one of the world's dozen most famous philosophers. He has the advantage over most philosophers of a thorough understanding of physical science.

Most of Whitehead's books are unintelligible to readers who are unversed in the language of modern philosophy—a language to which Whitehead himself has contributed largely, (as for instance, in his very difficult book, *The Principles of Natural Knowledge*.) *Religion in the Making* may be read with profit by the unversed, though in places, it will be found difficult. For example (p. 150) "To be an actual thing is to be limited. An actual thing is an elicited feeling-value, which is analyzable as the outcome of a graded grasping of the elements of the universe into the unity of one fact. This grasping together may be called a perception. The grading means the grading of relevance of various elements, so far as concerns their contribution to the one actual fact."

Though small enough to be perused in two hours, this book forms food for many nights of thought. It is the series of four Lowell lectures delivered in King's Chapel, Boston, in 1926.

Whitehead recognizes the language difficulty which handicaps written philosophy. In *Process and Reality* he says: "Philosophies can never hope finally to formulate these metaphysical first principles. Weakness of insight and deficiencies of language stand in the way inexorably. Words and phrases must be stretched towards a generality foreign to their ordinary usage; and however such elements of language be stabilized as technicalities, they remain metaphores mutely appealing for an imaginative leap."

Definitions are never evaded by Whitehead. Of religion he says: (p. 14) "There is no agreement as to the definition of religion in its most general sense, including true and false religion; nor is there any agreement as to the valid religious beliefs, nor even as to what we mean by the truth of religion." Then he gives his own definitions of religion: (p. 15). "Religion is force of belief cleansing the inward parts. For this reason, the primary religious virtue is sincerity, a penetrating sincerity.

"A religion on its doctrinal side can thus be defined as a system of general truths which have the effect of transforming character when they are sincerely held and vividly apprehended."

(p. 16) "Religion is the art and the theory of the internal life of man. . . ."

(p. 16) "Religion is what the individual does with his own solitariness."

(p. 17) "Thus religion is solitariness; and if you are never solitary you are never religious."

(p. 17) "Religion is by no means necessarily good. It may be very evil. . . In your religious experience, the God with whom you have made terms may be the God of destruction . . ."

(p. 18) "Religion . . . exhibits four factors or sides of itself. These factors are ritual, emotion, belief, rationalization."

"The order of the emergence of these factors was in the inverse order of the depth of their religious importance: first ritual, then emotion, then belief, then rationalization."

(p. 19) "It is not until belief and rationalization are well established that solitariness is discernable as constituting the heart of religious importance."

(p. 20) "Ritual may be defined as the habitual performance of definite actions which have no direct relevance to the preservation of the physical organisms of the actors."

(p. 22) "Ritual is not the only way of artificially stimulating emotion. Drugs are equally effective. . . ." ". . . among the Persians it was the religious duty of the King, once a year, at some state festival in honour of Mithras, to appear in the temple intoxicated. A relic of the religious awe at intoxication is the use of wine at Communion Service." These quotations are descriptive as well as defining. It seems hardly possible to draw a line between description and definition.

The reader expects from the book review something more than quotations, yet the features of this little book may be disclosed very clearly and quickly by quotations.

(p. 28) ". . . this is the stage of religious evolution in which the masses of semi-civilized humanity have halted—the stage of satisfactory ritual and of satisfied belief without impulse towards higher things."

(p. 37) "Indeed history, down to the present day, is a melancholy record of the horrors which can attend religion: human sacrifice, and in particular the slaughter of children, cannibalism, sensual orgies, abject superstition, hatred as between races, the maintenance of degrading custom, hysteria, bigotry, can all be laid to its charge. Religion is the last refuge of human savagery."

(p. 44) "But even today, the two Catholic religions of civilization are Christianity and Buddhism, and—if we are

to judge by the comparison of their position now with what it has been—both of them are in decay. They have lost their ancient hold upon the world.”

(p. 47) “The great rational religions are the outcome of the emergence of a religious consciousness which is universal, as distinguished from tribal or even social. Because it is universal, it introduces the note of solitariness” “The reason of this connection between universality and solitariness is that universality is a disconnection from immediate surroundings.”

(p. 48) “In the book of Job we find a man suffering from an almost fantastic array of the evils characteristic of his times. He is tearing to pieces the sophism that all is for the best in the best of possible worlds, and that the justice of God is beautifully evident in everything that happens” “No religion which faces facts can minimize the evils in the world, not merely the moral evil, but the pain and the suffering.”

Whitehead takes here a bold attitude on the subject of evil. In his Gifford Lectures a year or two later, at Edinburgh, he is even more bold, for he says (see *Process and Reality*, p. 74), “The Leibnizian theory of the ‘best of possible worlds’ is an audacious fudge produced in order to save the face of a Creator constructed by contemporary and antecedent theologians.”

On pages 98 and 99 of *Religion in the Making* we find an endeavor to save the face of the God constructed by Whitehead:—“Thus if God be an actual entity which enters into every creative phase and yet is above change, He must be exempt from internal inconsistency which is the note of evil” “If we trace the evil in the world to the determinism derived from God, then the inconsistency in the world is derived from the consistency of God; also the incompleteness of the world is derivative from the completion of God.” The incompleteness of the temporal world “and its evil, show that the temporal world is to be construed in terms of additional formative elements which are not definable in the terms which are applicable to God.”

Thus not God, but some "additional formative elements" must take the blame for the evil there is in the world. The reader is left with a sense of disappointment, for whether the "additional formative elements" be called by the name "Satan" or "Sinful man," or by any other name, Whitehead has brought us no nearer to the solution of the problem of evil.

Perhaps if we could read with clearer insight, his definition of God we might better grasp Whitehead's view of the origin of evil. On page 90 he says that one of the "formative elements" of the "temporal world" is "The actual non-temporal entity whereby the indetermination of mere creativity is transmuted into a determinate freedom. This non-temporal actual entity is what men call God—the supreme God of rationalized religion."

The last chapter (pp. 123 to 160) is a clear and very readable discussion of "Truth and Criticism." The importance of emotion is not forgotten. "It is not true, however, that we observe best when we are entirely devoid of emotion." "There are certain emotional states which are most favorable for a peculiar concentration on topics of religious interest." Nevertheless, "Religious truth must be developed from knowledge acquired when our ordinary senses and intellectual operations are at their highest pitch of discipline. To move one step from this position towards the dark recesses of abnormal psychology is to surrender finally any hope of a solid foundation for religious doctrine."

The book is inspiring and thought-provoking. It flouts convention, yet it leaves no convention shocked. Years and an inborn courtesy have brought skill. For example (p. 158) "God is that function in the world by reason of which our purposes are directed to ends which in our own consciousness are impartial as to our own interests. He is that element in life in virtue of which judgment stretches beyond facts of existence to values of existence. He is that element in virtue of which our purposes extend beyond values for ourselves to values for others. He is that element in virtue

of which the attainment of such a value for others transforms itself into value for ourselves."

Here is shown very skillfully the reconciliation of the selfishness demanded by sanity and reason with the unselfishness demanded by religion.

F. M. DENTON.

PORTRAIT OF CHINA

The Good Earth,* by Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company.

Pearl S. Buck has always lived in China, except for the time she spent in the United States when she was being educated. She studied at the Randolph-Macon College and at Cornell University. She taught at the University of Nanking, and the Government University of Nanking, under two national regimes. She now lives in Nanking.

The Good Earth is Mrs. Buck's second published novel. She has contributed articles and stories to various magazines, among them *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Nation*, and *Asia*.

The Good Earth is a genuine realistic display of life in the great "Sleeping Giant," China! How little one knows of China; its people, life, customs, hardships, and oddities.

The story deals with one man and his family. This family, however, is only a figure, which Mrs. Buck cleverly employs to describe the daily routine, thoughts, customs, character and habits of the mass of China.

The plot—but then, is there a plot in this novel? If it is a plot, then it is a simple one. Wang Lung, the principal character, is a simple farmer, who is the only son of his father. Time and place? Pearl S. Buck gives neither of these. She is not seeking to entertain us with a light, winsome, delightful story that will arouse our enjoyment and cause our forgetfulness within a few hours! No! Pearl S. Buck is trying to make us understand that China exists—a powerful China, which is tied down with lack of educa-

**The Good Earth* was previously reviewed in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY. However, this review, by a student, is so novel in its treatment, it is considered worthy of publication here.—Editor.

tion, lack of ambition, lack of money, abundance of ignorance, abundance of population, and abundance of hardships.

Wang Lung is about to become one of the figures in the performance known as wedlock. Such is the opening of the story. What a different marriage from that of our own culture, and even that of the educated, wealthy Chinese families. Wang Lung had never seen his bride. All that he knew about the whole affair was this: He had passed the stage of childhood, and was now of a marriageable age, so his benevolent father had advised him that he must marry if the family of Lung was to continue. A wife was always an asset. She was the slave of burden, the means of animal pleasure and the machine for the instigation of mankind. Such was his father's advice. Wang Lung went to the great house of Hwang, where his bride-to-be was one of the servants. Olan was a big husky virgin, who had been too plain of face to attract the young Lords of the House of Hwang. Olan bore him four children, and after years of struggle and toil with the earth and soil, Wang Lung prospered. He bought land, and more land, and more land. His aim in life seemed to be to acquire land and more land. He was totally lacking in culture. When he reached the prime of life, he married another woman—a peach blossom of a woman, who was to be a luxury for him. Meanwhile Olan, his former wife, was to wait upon the entire family. His sons had a satisfactory education and married well.

In due time Olan died. A slave she had been all her life, and a slave she died. By the time that Wang Lung was a grandfather, he had acquired another woman. Peach Blossom was now fat and old. A young damsel became his heart's desire. Through poverty and wealth, this family waded, and in the end, Wang Lung is satisfied that he has performed in life that which he should. He was pagan at heart, and yet he was a good, honest, and steadfast man.

Was that a serious or unusual plot?

Again I repeat that Pearl S. Buck was not attempting to weave a plot. She was not interested in Wang Lung, Olan, Peach Blossom, or anyone else. She really wished to impress upon her public, that China is what it is and we should know what it is.

Interwoven among these weak characters, one reads the haggard mind of China; the tired face of China and the hopeless expression of despair.

Immorality, vice, habit, greed, ambition, selfishness, paganism, fear, and cowardice may well be attributed to China.

I must retract a statement that I have made.

There was one strong character in this simple little plot.

I am speaking of Olan.

Olan was a saint, a martyr, a woman of high ideals, and of unheard of patience. She loved and was not loved. She served and knew no kindness. She bore troubles, worries and illness without emitting a whimper or one cross word.

Was she too ignorant or stupid and culture-lacking to be worthy of attention or mention?

I do not think so. She was the product of a culture that was bred by patience, love and understanding. Her silent, impassive face was a mockery to the beautiful soul hidden in that big coarse body.

Olan, and those like her, are what make China worthy of improvement.

Thank you China, for breeding women like Olan!

Wang Lung deserves no mention. He was a very common and ordinary man, who was possessed of all of the faults that are so present with all of us.

Peach Blossom really merits no mention at all. She is a parasite—the kind that one finds on the streets of every city—all beauty of body and a complete blemish for a soul.

The rest of the family are ordinary; I leave them to your criticism.

Now, I have seen China in its pitiful reality, in its chaos of pretense and ignorance.

I do not know China at all. I have merely had a glimpse of it through Pearl S. Buck and *The Good Earth*.

I should like to know more about it.

The title, I suppose, was inspired by the fact that China lives on, lives from, and dies on the good earth. The farmers worship the soil, for it is the soil that gives them life.

I like the work of Pearl S. Buck. So far as I know, she is not a very noted writer, but what little I know of her, I admire, and I admit that I do appreciate her work. It is simple and entirely lacking in elegance or elaborate vocabulary. She is practical, realistic and believes in stating things as they are. She is quite frank and does not hesitate to wrench away the robe of subtleness from life. If immorality exists, she says so. If vice is prevalent, she admits it. Some of her paragraphs are crudely out-spoken, and are lacking in delicacy, but they are true.

China, we know nothing of you, think nothing of you, and still we declare that we are educated.

LENA WERNER.

AN INDIAN BOOK

Givers of Life. Emma Franklin Estabrook. University of New Mexico Press. 1931. \$1.25.

Of interest because it is the first venture of the University of New Mexico Press into the book publishing field, Mrs Estabrook's little book has won some praise among eastern book critics and dealers. Brief notices carried by Boston and New York papers have been commendatory.

The book was intended by the author to serve as a kind of guide book to those visiting the Southwest, and especially New Mexico. It is an introduction to an understanding of the Indian—not the Indian of story and song, the savage warrior, brave, and hunter—but the true Indian, a builder, artist, philosopher, and poet.

Most of what it has to say is not new to those who have sought the truth. The material has not been gathered together before, however, in so compact and handy a form, designed especially for those who are not consciously seeking truth about the Indian, but who are very casual visitors to an Indian land, and who are very likely to come to New Mexico with many misconceptions gathered from a miscellaneous group of sources.

A striking part of the work is the lavish assortment of illustrations, mostly reproductions of photographs. These fall into two general classes as to their sources, as does all of the material in the book. Part of them are New Mexico scenes, only too familiar to those of us who dwell in the state. The others are very well selected pictures of museums over the country, which have notable Indian collections.

The author lives at Chestnut Hill, a suburb of Boston. She has spent several summer seasons in New Mexico, working with field schools and excavation camps. She has been a student under Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, who contributes a foreword to her book. She is well acquainted with other leading American archaeologists and anthropologists. Several of them have commented with favor upon the book.

Judged for what it is intended to be, the book fills a genuine need, and is well adapted to render a service where such a service is much needed.

THREE VOLUMES WORTH READING

- I. *Mourning Becomes Electra*, A Trilogy—Eugene O'Neill. Horace Liveright. 1931. \$2.50.

A theatrical success, yet thirteen acts and five hours are needed to develop the gloomy and at times sinister story of *Mourning Becomes Electra*! Only O'Neill could do it!

The almost unanimous chorus of praise raised by the critics overawes a reviewer. The drama is "heroically thought out and magnificently wrought in style and struc-

ture . . . A grand scheme grandly fulfilled. . . It bears the mark of a true and enduring greatness . . . a great play . . . It is stark, unadorned and strong. . . It has dignity and majesty. *Electra* is an achievement which restores the theatre to its high estate."

Mourning Becomes Electra is the case history of the New England Mannons, a proud, unloved, and loveless family. Its setting is their ancestral mansion, situated in a small New England seaport. The first act of each of the three parts of the trilogy is played before the mask-like front of the house; the others, with one exception, within the house itself.

The time is just at the close of the Civil War. General Ezra Mannon (his prototype is Agamemnon in the Greek legend) returns from the war, is poisoned by his wife (the Clytemnestra), who, in his absence, had become the mistress of an undesirable poor relation of the Mannons (the Aegisthus of the Greeks). The daughter Lavinia (*Electra*), possessed of a father complex, urges revenge upon her brother (Orestes), who has a mother complex. Finally, he murders the lover. In her despair, the mother commits suicide. Sister and brother travel for a year, then return, the brother still haunted by remorse and tortured by an insane desire for his sister. He ends his troubles by shooting himself. The sister is left alone in the mansion of Hate and Death to expiate her actions by self-torment.

Mask-like faces, illegal love, lust, murder, revenge, incest, despair, suicide—a luridly woven tapestry, scarcely relieved by unhumorous comedy, or by the normal love of the only entirely normal persons of the play, Peter and his sister Hazel, for Lavinia and her brother.

An interesting and exciting story. Tense action. Careful construction. Tight technic. The dialog usually sounds natural. The characters seem at times a bit mechanically controlled, achieved in the "flat" rather than in the "round," and fail, for me at least, to become completely realized. O'Neill has leaned heavily upon the *Oresteian* tril-

ogy written by Aeschylus, the Athenian tragic poet of the fifth century B. C., but—the rue is worn with a difference!

Since I have not seen this play, everything I say about it must be discounted. Still, I have not seen the Aeschylus trilogy either, but it impresses me more powerfully and stirs me more deeply. Where, in the modern trilogy, is the feeling of singing exultation, the rapt moments, the burning beauty which supremely great tragedy gives to the reader? What of the tragic pity and terror? I felt little of either. In fine, though the drama interested and excited me, it did not hold me spellbound. I miss in it the satisfying effect of *Beyond the Horizon*, the poetic intensity of the *Great God Brown*, the poetic beauty of *The Fountain*. I miss the O'Neill of the earlier plays!

But, the play must be read, and each reader must judge it for himself. Perhaps my taste has been vitiated by too much reading of the Greeks, of Racine and Corneille, of the greater Elizabethians!

II. *Matthias at the Door*—By Edwin Arlington Robinson. *Minnie Maylow's Story, etc.*—By John Masefield. Macmillan. \$1.75 and \$2.50, respectively.

These two books are here treated together because they appeared almost simultaneously, were printed by the same publisher, and represent the latest work of two of the finest poets of today, the first being an American, and the second an Englishman. As regards the poems themselves, however, there is little similarity or even kinship between them.

Matthias at the Door is the story of a man, Matthias, who, though apparently successful, at least in the eyes of the world, is in reality a failure, but who, through the failures and deaths of three persons—a rival, his wife, and his friend—stands upon the threshold of a true success, a spiritual one. The "Door" symbolizes Death, which Matthias is unable to enter because he had not been "born." Like Browning, Robinson is more interested in the soul states of his characters than in the external events of their

lives, so that, as with Browning, one must read the poem more than once before he realizes its true significance. Again, as in Browning, his people have a power of, and a delight in, self-analysis, and sometimes their rather cryptic utterances make the poem obscure and difficult.

This story is told in some twenty-five hundred lines of blank verse. Of all the masters of blank verse, Robinson seems to me the most original, but also, if judged by this poem, the least musical. He likes "run-on" lines, he is fond of "feminine" endings, he frequently substitutes one type of rhythm for another, and often comes to a full pause within the line. Thus, although his verse is free, vigorous, and flexible, it lacks the smooth, even flow of such a poet as Shelley, for example. It does give, however, a clipped, rapid effect which is in keeping with the flow of modern life. One misses in this latest poem the occasional passages of pure beauty and passion which distinguish his *Lancelot* or his *Tristram*.

The intentional brevity of this review does not allow of many quotations, and besides, the number of interesting ("Interesting!" that word almost damns the poem!) passages is so great that it becomes very difficult to choose. One must, though, cite some lines to give the reader a taste of the man's quality. I select, therefore, a part of the last conversation between Matthias and his dying friend, Timberlake. Timberlake speaks:

" We are like stairs
For one another's climbing, and are never
Quite told which way it is that we are going
While we are climbing higher, or think we are."

The somewhat cryptic speech, the imagery, the depth of thought, the loose rhythm, and the suggested beauty are all characteristic of this poem.

III. Masfield's *Minnie Maylow's Story* is the first of nine narrative poems and four dramatic poems included in this latest volume of the English poet laureate. Some of the tales are romantic, some realistic, some humorous.

One is unable to give an idea of even the subject matter of these poems, so varied are they. For me, the best and most readable are *The Love Gift*, *Tristan's Singing*, *The Rose of the World*, and *The Wild Swan*. In *The Rose of the World* and in *The Wild Swan*, the poet, it seems to me, frequently recaptures the singing beauty which made *Dauber*, *The Hound of Hell*, and other poems, so memorable. One finds this beauty, this true Masefield idiom, in such lines as these: (Queen Eleanor has poisoned her rival, the fair Rosamond. The White Sisters "wrought a white-rose tomb for her from loving thought," and)

"There every May the grass above her bosom
Is strown with hawthorn bloom and apple-blossom.
And on the wild-rose spray the blackbirds sing
"O Rose of all the World, O lovely thing."

There is the true note!

A comparison between the two poets seems inevitable and yet it is difficult to make such a comparison. Masefield's poems are so much more varied in form, including rhyming couplets, Chaucerian stanzas, octosyllabics, and even experiments in quantitative verse. Robinson's poem is entirely in blank verse. The Masefield volume is perhaps half as long again as that of Robinson. The dramatic and philosophic predominate in Robinson, the narrative and lyrical in Masefield. Robinson has more depth and intellectual subtlety, Masefield more of sensuous beauty. Robinson has more of a modern note, is more disquieting; Masefield's interest is more definitely in the past. Finally, though I consider that both volumes are distinguished contributions to contemporary poetry, I do not feel that either poet has equalled in them the best work of his best days. Lovers of Poetry, however, must read these two volumes, if for no other reason than their authorship, and, in reading them, they will find enough of interest and beauty to repay them abundantly.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

WE AMERICANS

The Epic of America, by James Truslow Adams.

To know ourselves as individuals is always an interesting problem; to know ourselves as Americans requires a less subtle, but a broader vision, a sweeping historical view to discover the basis of American outlook, character, and opinion today. To show the origin of "bigger and better," our attitude toward big business, "typically American" characteristics, the "American Dream" of a better, richer and happier life is what Mr. Adams has attempted.

All sections of Colonial America contributed to the American Dream, but the influence of the frontier was dominant. The economic motive was influential in bringing colonists from overseas, but the hope of a better and freer life was present. The Teutonic intrusions into the interior came with a hatred of European oppression, enhanced by America's treatment and the frontier environment; despite an improved economic status, a hatred of the rich developed.

The traits of thrift and shrewdness in New England, due to insufficient capital and the scarcity of labor. The latter factor made hard work a virtue in all the colonies. Aesthetic and intellectual interests were discarded in the eighteenth century; there was no time for the "frills" of life. The most damaging legacy of this period was a disrespect for law—the result of obeying only Parliamentary acts as were considered good.

The Revolution cleared the way for a more complete realization of the American Dream, under the leadership of Thomas Jefferson, opposed by the supporters of Hamiltonian ideas.

In the years of 1815-1830, the Mississippi Valley was the real home of Americanism. The American Dream became a part of the very structure of the American mind, and a nightmare to some Easterners. The frontier was marked by an enthusiastic youthfulness, and success was

thought of in materialistic terms tinged with politics. The fear of the money power took definite shape in the West.

Andrew Jackson ushered in a period of democratic individualism in conflict with the frontier necessity of co-operation and uniformity, and intolerance developed. The colossal size and wealth of America was producing a new civilization which recognized no social barriers. Optimism became rampant; "try" was the watchword. The speeding up process developed a nervous haste in the scramble for wealth; greed was no motive, however, because Americans were lavish with money—"take a chance" on getting more. "Quantity" (along with wealth) was the measure of success; "bigger and better." Boosting became corollary to bigger and better, and criticism was objected to as "kicking." The American had emerged as a jack of all trades; self confident, superficial and versatile.

The frontier developed a willingness, more than ever, to overlook what we did not want to see; as culture became non-essential, so did flowers, refinement, etc. And the East, also, began to throw overboard culture.

A moral confusion resulted from the expansion of the older concept of work as a virtue into money making as a virtue. If necessary to shade the deal, why not? This was the most potent influence for evil in American life—an inevitable result of the Industrial Revolution and the American Dream.

Lawlessness was more apparent, and not limited to any one section. Our political philosophy had dealt with the *rights* of *citizens*, not the duties of subjects. Americans objected to enforcing the law against their "fellow sovereigns"—a feeling that ranged from the Federal Congress to the western sheriff. Manifest destiny was becoming glimpsed: "Make way! We are the people."

Some progress was made in education, literature and idealism. The American Dream lingered in the upper Mississippi Valley.

A quarter century after the great sectional conflict witnessed the passing of the frontier. The campaign of 1896 marked the first failure of frontier revolt against the domination of the East; of agrarianism versus industrialism. Could Jeffersonian democracy and the American Dream survive in a Hamiltonian economy?

The twentieth century produced concentration and monopoly of wealth. Our political philosophy experienced a third break; we have had "slaves," "rebels," and now "subjects." Why should not the big citizen and the corporation tell the little citizen what to do? The post-Civil War leader's concept of "The public be damned" was modified into a benevolent despotism; the big business leaders would rule the country as the self-appointed agents of the Divine Power. "The Hamiltonian system had run completely amuck"

Education was no help. Woodrow Wilson said "You know that with all our teaching, we train nobody; you know that with all our instructions, we educate nobody."

Roosevelt, with his "square deal," and Wilson kept alive the American Dream, but in a different field of endeavor. There was still a plain people, but no frontier; it was an attempt to reconstruct the American Dream in a big business era. And then the War: an economic debacle for Europe, a moral calamity for us.

A recklessness and a restlessness has taken the place of the pre-War progressing idealism. We must define the values of the "good life." America is still *raw*; and we have too many "yes-men!"

The American Dream has been present from the beginning. Successive uprisings have occurred under Jackson, Lincoln, and Bryan to preserve it. The greatest struggle may be just ahead: the effort of the ordinary man to retain "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."