

seen hand of God. We follow the flag and independence is ours. We follow the flag and nationality is ours. We follow the flag and oceans are ruled. We follow the flag and, in Occident and Orient, tyranny falls and barbarism is subdued. We follow the flag at Trenton and Valley Forge; at Saratoga and upon the crimson seas; at Buena Vista and Chapultepec; at Gettysburg and Missionary Ridge; at Santiago and Manila; and everywhere and always it means larger liberty, nobler opportunity, and greater human happiness, for everywhere and always it means the blessings of the Greater Republic. And so God leads, we follow the flag, and the Republic never retreats.

E. HOWARD GRIGGS



EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS, educationist and lecturer, was born in Minnesota in 1868, his boyhood being spent in Madison, Ind., where he was educated in the public schools. At an early age he was employed in a wholesale business house in Indianapolis, where he remained for five years. During this period he continued his education and prepared himself to enter the University of Indiana, from which he graduated in 1889. His further work at this University as instructor in English, and later as professor in literature, proved admirable training for his career as a lecturer. In 1891, he extended his field of work by accepting the assistant-professorship in ethics at the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. While occupying this post he spent two years in travel and study in England, Germany, and Italy. When he resigned from the university, in 1899, he was head of the department of ethics and education. From his university days in Indiana, Professor Griggs has had a growing power as a lecturer. He possesses an unusual gift of eloquence and a magnetic power which insures for him, wherever he is heard, a large and appreciative audience. Covering a wide range of subjects, he has been instrumental in stimulating his students to higher and nobler activities, both in intellectual and spiritual life. Since 1899, Professor Griggs has devoted himself mainly to independent public teaching in the large cities of the East. He is staff lecturer to the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and also lecturer to the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

THE NEW SOCIAL IDEAL¹

THE modern world stands on the brink of the unknown. It is impossible to foresee adequately the developments of even a few decades, and changes of momentous importance are occurring in every direction. This must be true to some extent of all epochs, for each is modern to the men of it. They see the past completed in the present; but it is with difficulty that they can detect even a few of the organic filaments which are weaving the world of to-morrow. But in a singular way this is true of our own time. A new human ideal is taking possession of the world,

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the consequences of which will be limitless in significance. All past epochs of civilization found their justification in the few men who came to the surface and had some share in the ends of life. It was never dreamed that all men might have some part in these ends, and should have every opportunity to seek them. Ancient democracies were not democratic in the modern sense. They were oligarchies, where within the ruling class some measure of democratic relations prevailed. But this class stood on the backs of the mass of the people. Even Aristotle, humane and far-seeing as he was, assumed frankly that civilization must always rest upon slavery. Throughout the middle ages similar conditions prevailed. The vocations respected for themselves were, as in the ancient world, war and political life, with the addition of the priestly career. The fundamental activities of society, agricultural, commercial, industrial, were carried on by slaves, or men but little removed from the condition of serfs.

In the art of the ancient and mediæval world it is religion, the traditions of the ruling class, or war and chivalry that furnish the subject, never common humanity. In the literature of Europe in all centuries preceding the renaissance, there is but an occasional glimpse into the life of the people. Hesiod gives their despairing wail, and Langland an echo of their misery and their stubborn endurance, but these are isolated exceptions. Homer presents a rare Thersites only to make him an object of ridicule; and Dante sublimely and arrogantly ignores the existence of the untutored mass, whose destiny was not sufficiently interesting to him to find treatment in either hell or heaven.

But the era of humanity has arisen. Art is transformed in every department. The sailor at the pumps on a sinking vessel, the fisher's wife moaning alone in the gray dawn,

the physician beside the bed of the child whose agonized parents stand beseechingly in the background—these furnish worthy subjects for modern painting. I remember the impression of this thought which was made upon me by the modern gallery in the Academy at Florence. Weeks had been spent visiting the churches, monasteries, and galleries, studying the exquisite remains of renaissance painting; and on the last day of our stay in Florence, chiefly from curiosity, we found our way into the collection of pictures by modern Italian artists. The result was unexpectedly startling. There were very few worthy paintings among these; but those which did stand out possessed a meaning that is not found in the paintings of the renaissance. One represented the dying Raphael. At his feet knelt the woman he loved, tears streaming from her eyes; at his side sat the old cardinal, perplexed and grave, anxious if possible to sooth the painter's last moments. There was nothing unusual in the scene; it was but the common human tragedy; yet such a subject is not found in all the paintings of the renaissance.

Another canvas represented the painter Fra Lippo Lippi making love to the nun who served as his model. In the woman's face was depicted the awakened struggle between the life to which she had consecrated herself, the old ideal she had cherished, and the world of new desires surging up into consciousness; not even Leonardo, of the painters before the nineteenth century, could have grasped and fixed that conflict.

The third and most powerful picture represented a group of wandering musicians lost in the snow, with the pitiless winter night coming on. The instruments of their craft were huddled on the ground. The man was half-kneeling, with hands raised to his head in an attitude of abject despair. In

terror his little lad clung to him, while rigid and still on the ground lay a girlish woman figure just frozen to death. All about were the pathless snow fields with the ominous depth of the forest behind. It is only a common tragedy; yet only a modern artist could have wrung our heart-strings with that human appeal.

And art is learning to transfigure the humblest life with the divine significance that dwells at the heart of humanity, and is greater than the awe of a traditional religion or the splendor of an old mythology. Literature is flooded with the surging sea of common life; its old limits are swamped, and it is at once distorted and ennobled by the impulsion of new forces. The novel of real life, often sordid and bare, at times majestic and transfigured, replaces the romance of heroes and the epic of kings.

The struggle is but the birth-throes of a new ideal, an ideal of common humanity. It is not enough for us that here and there a rare saint or hero attains, it is not enough that the work of civilization is accomplished in a few individuals. To stand upon the backs of a dumb multitude, or furnish our own shoulders for the feet of arrogant heroes, are conceptions equally repulsive and unendurable to us. We demand life for ourselves, and we demand it for every human being. Our entire society is being transformed by the desire to give every man and woman, together with ourselves, all opportunity and help in striving for life, happiness, culture, intelligence, helpfulness—all ends of life that are worth seeking.

There is something thrilling in the unquestioning faith and enthusiasm with which the world is turning toward this ideal. A breath fresh and strong, like that which blows through the sagas of the Norseland, and gives their endless

attractiveness to its Thors and Odins, is felt in the new impetus of modern life. It is perhaps because we are unconscious of the implications of our ideal that we can champion it so unquestioningly. No moral effort of history, not even the Christianization of Europe, or the conversion of Asia to Buddhism, involved the difficulties and perils which are in the path of this supreme attempt of modern life. As children, if young enough, will try any task, so we with the enthusiasm of youth challenge the universe with our supreme ideal. And it is well that it is so, for a full consciousness of the significance and the difficulty of the task we have set before us might paralyze our effort and unnerve our hands. To carry every man and woman, not as dependents, but through the free and co-operative activity of each with all, on toward all the ends of life that are worth seeking, is inconceivably and appallingly difficult.

Yet some measure of intelligent appreciation of the magnitude and meaning of our undertaking is necessary to successful action. An understanding of the immense difference between modern civilization and those epochs which have preceded it, is indispensable to even a partial achievement of our aim.

In America the new ideal is more frankly taken as the object of civilization than anywhere else in the world, yet it is as well throughout Europe the creative force modifying all expressions of life. England stands to-day on the threshold of a new epoch. Her imperialism has pushed Anglo-Saxon speech and institutions all over the globe, and developed a pride of race and nation unequalled since Rome. But within herself is the ferment of a new life—if not the dissolution of the empire, at least the reorganization of all her institutions and activities. The English character is con-

servative and tenacious of old forms; yet even it is incapable of resisting the forces of the new life. Since 1870 England has seen the most astounding developments in the education of her people. Before that time there was practically no distinctively state education in England; since then board schools have been established all over the land, and successive Parliaments have given increased grants for popular education. The result is the creation of a great democracy, growing increasingly discontented under the admirable oligarchic rule which satisfied its predecessors. Parallel with the educational movement has been the growth of ethical and industrial socialism, and the permeation over wider areas of the popular life of the new human ideal.

Germany is suffering from the natural reaction against the splendid patriotism of the seventies. National unity being accomplished, the evils of imperialism become evident, and the deadly sameness of institutions reacting toward mediævalism chills the enthusiasm which local patriotism and the competition between small, rival states produced. But the spirit of social democracy, hard and materialistic as it is in some aspects, steadily gains ground in Germany, and tends to supplant the cold arrogance of ritualistic religion and the pessimism that accompanies selfish industrialism with some measure of enthusiasm for humanity.

The trail of the serpent of cynical unbelief is over a part of French literature, Paris contains much that is degenerate, the alternate artificial effervescence and pale sombreness of decadence is present in much French art; and the result of thirty years' devotion to militarism by an impulsive people shows sadly in the insanity that supposes an "honor of the army," or of the people, can exist which is not based upon justice and truth. Yet the higher meaning of the French

revolution is not forgotten; and under the hard military bureaucracy, and in spite of the extravagant reactions of anarchy, the new humanity slumbers in France and will waken one day,—here and there are echoes of its dreams. In the splendid protest of the "intellectuals" against the pitiless dominance of the mob, France has proved that her culture is not all decadence, and that she will have her place in the world of to-morrow.

Spain is sunk under the corruption of her institutions; Italy starves beneath her unwarranted military equipment; Austria is torn by race dissensions; and Russia pushes her hard imperialism remorselessly onward. But in Tolstoi and Ada Negri, in Dostoievsky and Sienkiewicz, in Carducci and in the songs of the Bohemian peasants are there not prophecies for to-morrow?

The end of a century does mean a change in human affairs, only because men so regard it; and everywhere are prophecies that the twentieth century will differ profoundly from the nineteenth. The proposal for a peace congress, with universal disarmament as its aim, made by the one absolute despot in Europe, is no accident of selfish diplomacy. Politically nationalistic, Europe is industrially cosmopolitan. Each nation is bound intimately with others through the exchange of industrial and artistic products. Russia attempted at one time to isolate herself from the rest of Europe, and develop without foreign capital and stimulus, and she has learned from sad experience how disastrous is such an attempt. It is not the Triple Alliance or the Franco-Russian understanding which holds Europe together, but mutual industrial dependence. The pressure of common interests is a tremendous support to the new dream of the spirit in the work of civilization.

The difficulty in carrying out the new ideal is vastly increased by the complication of modern life. This is true even of the most superficial aspects of our civilization. The mechanical invention and discovery which furnishes the theme for every cheap eulogy of our epoch, changes in all aspects the conditions of our problem. The possibility which earlier periods possessed of working out a solution for a small fragment of humanity, isolated from the rest of mankind, has utterly passed away. In the merest mechanical fashion the world has been closely unified, and the surface unity finds a deeper corollary in the spiritual life. The entire change in international principles and relations since the eighteenth century, and the dawn of an era of greater peace, accentuate the acuteness of the industrial problem.

The movement from the country to the city, which is steadily going on all over the world, is a cause and a result of the increasing tension in the struggle for existence. Vast masses of human beings are heaped together in great cities. In one aspect such a collection of humanity as is London, seems to be an immense vortex, in which innumerable lives are ceaselessly drawn down. Up and down the great thoroughfares surges the endless stream of men and women, each seeming to be merely a member of some vast organism, yet being an individual, with his own circle of life, and his own hopes and fears—like the vortex rings in the ether which some physicists have supposed to be the ultimate constituents of matter. The smoke from a thousand factories and a million chimneys hangs like a sombre pall over the immense monster. Day and night the ceaseless hum of the city goes on. It is not the roll of the myriad omnibuses on the thoroughfares; it is not the harsh rattle of the underground trains; it is not the murmur of the million voices, harshly or

tenderly speaking, madly or mockingly laughing; it is not the roar of the machinery, or the echo of the innumerable feet. Deeper than any of these, inspiring at once terror, pity, and love, it is the sound formed of many tones, containing the strident notes of evil laughter and the faint echo of tender sighs, with an undertone of endless and measureless yearning, and a wild note of joy and love:—it is the sound of humanity which the Earth Spirit at the humming loom of Time, forever is weaving, as the revealing yet concealing garment of God.

In the day it is dominated by the noise of the nearer vehicles, in the night, in the hours just past the madder rush of the midnight, it sinks into the deep sombre hum, and then is almost still. Thrilling or menacing, it is a fit symbol of the exigency of the crisis that civilization must meet to-day. Were the tension less constant, did it rise and fall fitfully like the winds or the sea, it would seem less ominous. But this pressure always intense, this sound that sinks only to become more sombre—there is no mistaking the significance of this.

Such changes as the creation of great cities and the transformation of industrial relations illustrate the vast increase in the intellectual problem of civilization. Man changes very slowly in biological structure, so slowly that it is difficult to discover any increase in actual brain power if we compare a man of to-day with a Greek in the age of Pericles. That is, in two thousand years there is not sufficient biological advance to be appreciable. Yet the accumulation of the material of civilization has been doubled more than once within a century. The progress of civilization consists chiefly in the accumulation of the material of life, and in the earlier and better initiation of the individual, through

education, into the experience of the race, that he may take and use his inheritance from the past. The inherited equipment consists of material wealth, mechanical inventions and plants, vast organized institutions, cities and means of communications, libraries, museums,—in fact all the apparatus of civilization. The objective progress we are able to see in history lies almost entirely in the increase in this apparatus, and in the skill to use it effectively.

Unused tools are always a burden; and unless the inherited equipment of culture is a help to us, it will distinctly hamper our lives. Thoreau, in his half whimsical fashion, gives expression to the thought in Walden:

"I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. . . . How many a poor immortal soul have I met well nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn seventy-five feet by forty, its Augean stables never cleansed, and one hundred acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and wood-lot! The portionless who struggle with no such unnecessary inherited encumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh."

The idea is not all a jest:

"Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern hast,
Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen,"

we are told in Faust; and the history of the sons of wealthy men is a sufficient illustration of the truth. To command and use the opportunities of civilization which we have inherited from the past we must win them anew.

Thus the problem of education becomes increasingly more

difficult. To be educated as well as the men of some past epoch is to be insufficiently trained for the needs of to-day. Better a return to barbarism than to be burdened with a vast institutional, material, and intellectual equipment of civilization which we are unable to master and use. The question is, whether the biological basis of human existence is a sufficient foundation for the vast superstructure of life, whether the brain is capable of grappling with the increasingly difficult problem of existence. The failure of a small farmer in England is connected with the opening up of vast wheat raising tracts in Argentine Republic. The wages of a factory girl in a small town in Massachusetts are connected with the advance of Russia in northern China. The relations are becoming too intricate, the factors too highly complicated. The effort of legislation to deal with the problem is a kind of pitiful empirical tinkering not unlike the attempt to build a dam across a quickening torrent. Industrial distress is lightly attributed to the predominance of a political party, or the accidents of particular legislation; but the causes are as far-reaching as the intricate relations of modern life. It is obviously impossible to legislate ourselves into permanent prosperity, when the causes of distress are much deeper than any legislation. The condition of modern civilization is only too much like that of Florence as Dante describes her:

"How oft, within the time of thy remembrance,
Laws, moneys, offices and usages
Hast thou remodeled, and renewed thy members?
And if thou mind thee well, and see the light,
Thou shalt behold thyself like a sick woman,
Who cannot find repose upon her down,
But by her tossing wardeth off her pain."

As our ideal and problem are unprecedented, so must be the answer. Old battle-cries fail to meet new issues. The