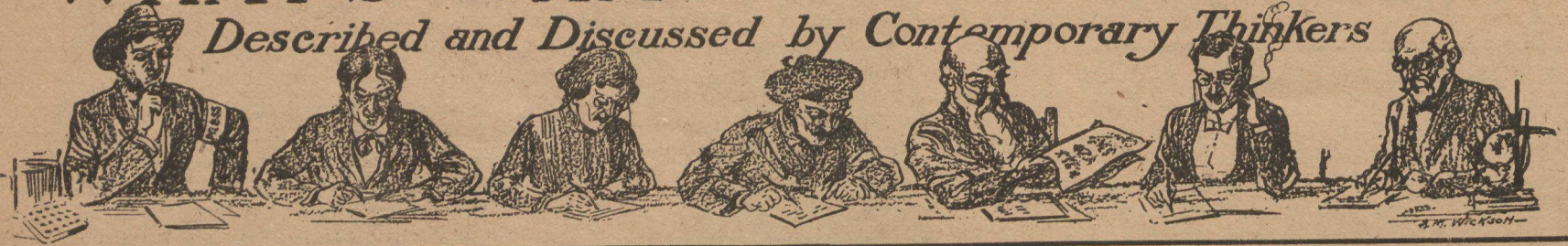


WHAT'S WHAT *the* WORLD OVER

Described and Discussed by Contemporary Thinkers



SCOTS PROFESSORS

Alone Have Held the Fort of Learning Against German Attacks, says British Prof.

GERMAN science, like the German Army, inspires respect or awe rather by reason of its massed formations than of the outstanding merits of its leaders, writes Prof. M. A. Gerthwohl, in the Fortnightly Review. There is, of course, not a little window-dressing, and a vast deal of national and personal advertisement, among German scientists. The bibliographical method enables them, as it enables the German scholars, to magnify the bulk and authority of their discoveries by ticketing as a novel experiment the most infinitesimal laboratory test. Trifles which in other countries would not be deemed worthy of notice, and still less of point, are here fully and solemnly recorded in the numberless Hefte or Blatter, local or central, at the disposal of every sub-section of every branch of German science. These unparalleled facilities for publication, as also the lavish official stage management of the German learned and scientific congresses, account in no small measure for the lure thus deliberately cast over foreign scholars and scientists. The German Government has subsidized these publications and congresses, which could never have been self-supporting, for the purpose of advertising German scientific wares and of facilitating the dumping of its surplus output in books and bookmen in foreign schools, there to propagate Kultur. By the same process, it has also aimed at completing the conversion of foreign scientists to the creed of Germany's supremacy, by drawing them within its orbit, and annexing at one and the same time their sympathies and their future discoveries.

It is notorious that university teachers in this country, in all but one or two popular subjects, can-

Now, shrewd in this matter, Germany has discarded for the occasion her pet Protectionist theories, and facilities for scientific publication are liberally provided and paid for in the case of any foreign author or scientist of moderate worth who is ready to worship at the shrine of Kultur and Wissenschaft. Nothing so much as this subtle method of Teutonic flattery and bribery accounts for Germany's seduction of many of the world's non-German Intellectuals—Britons, Italians, Russians, and even Frenchmen, and, of course, a host of academic representatives of the smaller Powers, Dutchmen and Scandinavians. Unwittingly, these men have allowed themselves to be denationalized as scientists and scholars and to swell the chorus of an alien culture and science. So far as this country is concerned, it should be borne in mind that teaching in the past has been the worst paid and the least honoured of the professions. The reputations of scholars and scientists are often assessed according to their salaries and the fee-earning capacity of their departments. The passage from such an atmosphere to that which surrounds a German, or, indeed, any Continental seat of learning, where the world seems to begin at the Herr Lektor and to end with the professorial Excellency, and where the Herr Ober-Bibliothekar forthwith deposits at your hotel the books and MSS. which the frigid British Museum official has declined to hand over to you across the counter, cannot fail to be productive of rare and refreshing fruit from the standpoint of the pan-Germanic propaganda among British scholars and teachers. I would fain utter a warning against the growing pretension of the business man of this country, following in the wake of the now discredited lawyer politician, to reform and dominate everything and everybody. When he contends that business should be conducted by business men and the State trading policy by men of trading experience, he is on safe and solid ground. Let him insist, then, that the national education in the future should be, like that of every other civilized country, conducted by the experts, that is, by the teachers, and not by amateurs.

The result has been that British State secondary education comprises, as a rule, but four years of study, as against seven in France and Belgium. Add to this an orgy of holiday-making and week-ending, in which the business man himself has set the pace, and it is not difficult to understand why, despite the concrete intelligence of the English race, the native wit of the Irish, the imaginative expenditure of the otherwise thrifty Welshman, it is only the hard-headed, infinitely patient, and painstaking Scot who, among the various peoples that inhabit these isles, can be said to have kept the German at bay and to have beaten him in the struggle for life.

We shall all have to be Scotsmen in the future!

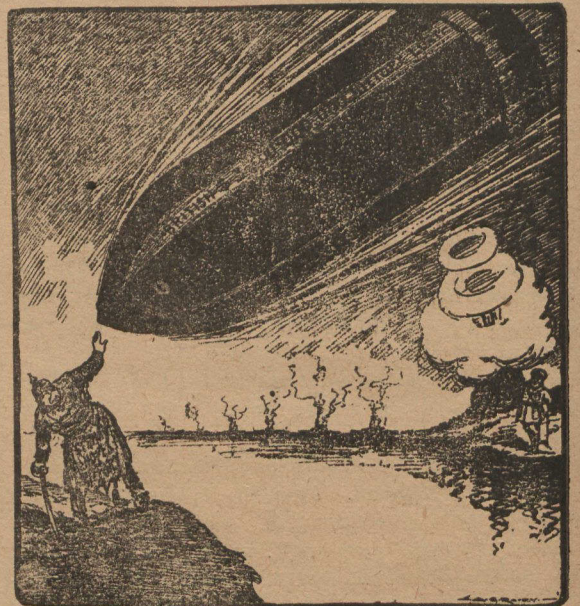
JOSEPH CONRAD'S BOOK

He is the Apostle of Man's Loneliness and Secret-ness of Soul

IF Mr. Joseph Conrad appears at first glimpse as a romancer—and it is certain that to many readers he does—the explanation is simply that he is a deeper realist than is commonly perceived. This is the view expressed by Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett, in an article on Joseph Conrad in the Atlantic. There is a truth outside of truth which is romance; there is a truth within truth which is the living heart of truth. Romance is a vision; but this heart of truth, the objective of the

greatest realists, of whom Mr. Conrad is one, is a patient discovery.

As a result of the inward bent of Mr. Conrad's mind and interest, it follows that no one else has written with so profound a sense of the awful privacy of the soul, the intense, palpitating secrecy which underlies even the most placid and composed



Just wait until the shell explodes.

—The Montreal Daily Star.

phenomena of the every-day world. Every one of his stories, properly understood, is a story of mystery, though with hardly anything of the conventional machinery of mystery. Readers will have noticed the extraordinary number of passages in his work which involve the physical presence of somebody or something hidden: evidently the bare fact of concealment fascinates this author. But the whispering intensity of such passages is only the reflex of Mr. Conrad's general feeling that everything in the world is in thrall to secrecy, that secrecy is almost the law of life. Every being is at bottom inexpressible and trying to express itself, every truth is in essence a paradox and struggling for consistency. The "secret sharer" haunts the captain's cabin and the captain's thoughts until he seems to have become the captain's other self; but the unearthly and dreamlike reality of the whispered consultations of those two is as nothing to the reality of secrets buried in the consciousness too deep for even whispered consultations. That young rebel stow-away is the negation of tranquility in a stolid and respectable ship's company; it is an outrage upon all fitness that he should be there and they innocently not know. But he is only an obscure symbol of rebel man precariously living on his pinprick of lighted dust in space, a negation of the serene immensity of the cosmos which mocks him.

It is important to understand this about Mr. Conrad, for it is the heart and marrow of his kind of irony. Even his verbal irony is only a way of reminding us of the paradox of outer and inner, the incredible gap between the appearance and the reality. In Nostromo, his account of the horrible scene of Senor Hirsch's tortured and violent end is sprinkled with reminders of the utterly commonplace character of Hirsch's previous life and occupation. The tragedy of an old man whose world has dropped to pieces round him is described in these terms: "The enthusiastic and severe soul of Giorgio Viola, sailor, champion of oppressed humanity, enemy of kings and, by the grace of Mrs. Gould-



"I WANT TO GO TO THE PRETTY LADY."

—Brinkerhoff in New York Evening Mail.

not, as a rule, find a publisher for other than school manuals, while contributions to the very few organs of the British Scientific Press are wretchedly remunerated, if at all. Really learned books, in fact, can only be brought out, as a rule, at the author's own expense.