

Our Betters

in order that we may have the vitality to rest from Saturday to Monday.

When I speak of a higher education, I do not mean the useless, outworn education which we wear as the superfluous buttons on our coat-tails, but an education which shall be largely philosophical, which shall teach the laws of health, of happiness, and of self-esteem of which modesty is the natural outcome—the kind of education that Marcus Aurelius suggested in his “Reflections.”

I venture to think that much of the education we inherit from our forefathers is unsuitable to the conditions of the present time. In this higher education we must begin at the beginning; we must begin with the children. If children were taught a doggerel with a tunc which should embody the simple laws of health, the rudimentary laws of happiness, they would never forget them all their lives; but these things are taken for granted. When they are young, boys are taught to look down upon other nations. They are taught to be jingoes. Were they taught in their infancy a world-patriotism, there would be fewer wars. I have no doubt that there has been of late years a great advance in this respect, but I remember a little incident that looms out of my first visit to America. It was at Chicago, and I was visiting at the house of