

A FIGHTING FAITH¹

ABOUT a year ago, Thomas Mann was stricken from the honor roll of the University of Bonn. His open letter in reply to the curt notice of the Dean of that German University has been printed in every civilized country of the world where the press is free. Most of us are familiar with it, and many of us cherish it as one of the noblest protests against the barbarism which hour by hour and day by day is advancing upon his world and ours.

Not so well known, perhaps, is the fact that this disowned and exiled son of the Fatherland has organized a movement to enlist all his countrymen who are not yet under the heel of the Nazi regime, in the cause of preserving and of one day restoring to Germany that culture, that freedom of the spirit, which is now being done to death on his native soil.

A forlorn hope? Perhaps. The weapons of the spirit seem to have lost their edge in this iron age where violence and brutality have their way unchallenged and unchecked, and the war cry of Thomas Mann, if such it may be called, *Artists We Will Be, Antibarbarians*, may not be shrill enough to be heard above the crashing tumult of our time.

Yet I venture to use that call to arms as a sort of text on this occasion, for it seems to me that our colleges and universities are of little value now if they be not steady lamps

¹Address by George Norlin, Ph.D., Litt.D., L.H.D., LL.D., D.Eng., President of the University of Colorado, to the graduates of the twenty-third annual commencement of the Rice Institute, June 6, 1938.

126 A Commencement Address

lit against the stormy darkness which is spreading over all the habitations of men.

It is not necessary to point out that the barbarism from which Thomas Mann would deliver his own people is not confined to Germany. It is not a local nor even a sporadic phenomenon, but an imminent danger everywhere. There is, indeed, a fascist internazionale. Three of the strongest military powers in Europe and Asia are engaged, not singly, but standing together and working together, in foisting this madness upon a world which seems pitifully unable to present a united front against it. Democracy after democracy has already gone down under the impact of this absolutism. Its shadow is cast over fourteen nations, with two hundred and forty millions of people, in Europe alone. Czechoslovakia, the one heroic republic in Central Europe, is in daily peril. The outlook for democracy in Great Britain and France, since these countries have been constrained to make terms with fascism, is dark indeed. Perhaps for our democracy, too, the pallbearers stand ready at the door.

We do not like fascism—its philosophy or its works—but we envy its driving power and we distrust the weakness of democracy. And naturally so, for it is a very grave question whether democracy as a way of life or as a form of government, representing, as it does, at best a rough harmony of opposing factions, can be strong enough to endure in a world which seems hell-bent for war. Our American democracy has been seeking its safety in a complete isolation, but it requires no imagination to foresee that if our own country should find itself surrounded on every side by war and violence, we should soon drift or be driven into a government so strong, so absolute, as to leave no place whatsoever for free men or free institutions.

Manifestly, the cause of Thomas Mann is our cause too.

We are not, like him, in exile, but it is not inconceivable that we may find ourselves in exile from the way of life which some of us hold to be more precious than life itself; it is not inconceivable that if and when we have built up the biggest navy and the strongest armaments on earth we shall have betrayed our souls to the enemy, and that there will be nothing left for us to fight for. We can repel armies and navies by armies and navies, but there is no quarantine against the invasion of ideas which are the more contagious the more they are diseased. They mock at armaments, they leap across estranging oceans, and they take easy possession of any soil in which, if I may borrow a medical term, there are no antibodies to resist them.

The first line of defense against the wild manias which have taken form in mob psychologies on a national and even on an international scale is not physical but spiritual.

What, then, of our defenses? It seems to me that a very grave danger lies in the spiritual disunion which we present to the passionate solidarity of fascism—a solidarity effected not only by the terrorism which has smashed the opposition of the older generation but above all by the emotional regimentation of its youth.

All the processes of education from the kindergarten through the university, all the instruments of publicity, the press, the radio, the theatre—every device that can shape human passions and attitudes of mind—are used with enormous energy and expense to imbue its youth with a singleness of purpose and faith.

And this regimentation seems to be astoundingly effective. Youth marches gladly and confidently to a shining objective, namely, the deliverance of the state from all weaknesses and limitations into the dazzling glory of imperial power.

It is this glory which is a lamp to their feet. Power is their

religion, and the state as an instrument of power and conquest is their god. The state is everything, they are nothing. The state has no regard for human life as such, even the lives of its subjects. They have no right, not even the right to live. They are so many cells in a vast organism. If they do not function, or are suspected not to function, healthily and loyally, they are cancerous growths to be removed by ruthless surgery. They are to all intents and purposes slaves, whipped into step by a leader, alias a driver. The only freedom is the freedom of the state to work its absolute will, and the will of the fascist state is *war*. All the domestic regimentation of the people is for one end, namely, the complete militarization of the state, the welding of every man, woman, and child of the nation into a unified, smooth-running, invincible machine of destruction—a machine which is “beyond good and evil,” which is a law unto itself, which is unmoral and elemental, having no more conscience than an earthquake or a flood. Indeed it is more cruel than Nature in her most cruel moods; for Nature is merely indifferent to our human kind, whereas this monstrous violence seeks out men, women, and children for destruction. Indeed, fascism represents ultimately the triumph of death over life.

That is what fascism, grinning beneath its mask of patriotism, really is. Yet this harlot state, with its paint, its blandishments, its pimps and panderers, its contempt for the intellect and appeal to passion, its allurements of glory, its waving of flags and pounding of drums, has distorted the souls of its youth and set them marching to a national rhythm. There is something terrible and terrifying about it, yet something splendid too. Youth has found a faith which, be it ever so blind, is a militant faith. They believe in something with all their might, and they are willing and eager to give themselves to that something with all their

might. They have something to live for, something to fight for, something to die for.

And we—what have we to set up against that? What do we believe in with all our might? What are we willing to give ourselves to with all our might? What are we willing to fight for and, if need be, to die for? What singleness of purpose or faith binds us together?

We are sundered, nation from nation, and man from man. Nay, in our own persons we are sundered ourselves from ourselves by the mental and moral disintegration of our generation. We drift hither and yon on this tide and that, without anchorage anywhere, without harborage anywhere. We have our closet loyalties and personal devotions, but as to life in general, we seem to be bereft of any positive philosophy or faith.

Ah love, let us be true
To one another! For the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

But is this the last word? Is this ineffectual melancholy, this crawling into some coign of refuge from the storms which shrill over the world, this chaos and messiness of mind and heart, this being lost in a wasteland of futility—is this the end of all our honest searching after truth? If so, let us face the facts with such fortitude as we can muster. Let no braggart Mussolini, no blatant Hitler, no many-headed monster of mob-psychology, comfort us with myths or chain us together with lies. A lie or a body of lies even if shrieked by ten thousand times ten thousand throats of propaganda

130 A Commencement Address

is still a lie. Like many another poison it may stimulate to feverish vigor for a season, but in the end there is no health or safety in it.

But is there in fact "no certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain?" Certitude is a wistful word. Men of all times have longed for it, prayed for it, agonized for it, but who has held it in his grasp? All our sciences have reached for it—reached to the most distant star and down to the tiniest nucleus of being, spying it out with telescopes and microscopes and mathematical clairvoyance, but as yet no science has ever touched or glimpsed it or even guessed where it is to be found.

Now, as ever, men must live by faith, and without faith there is no fullness or fruitfulness of life. Is there, then, within the bounds of the fragmentary truths which science has discovered to us or which have come out of the laboratories of all recorded human experience, including our own experience, no body of faith which we can build upon a rock? I think there is. I have no patience with the loose and flabby thinking which insists that all our building is on shifting sand, that there is nothing abiding but the fact of change, that all our morals and religions are swept along on the flood of time, here today and gone tomorrow.

The fascist countries have pinned their faith on the state as a *regimented mob wherein men are merely cells in a vast organism*. But over against that is the faith which lies at the heart of all great religious and moral systems, above all of our Christian teaching and of the democratic way of life which has grown out of that teaching. I mean the belief that man is not a means to an end, not a tool to be exploited either by his neighbor or by his nation, whether for wealth or for war, but an end in himself—the belief in the worth and preciousness of human life and in the sacredness of the

human personality—the faith that man's salvation is to be found, not in surrender to the despotism of the mob, but in his freedom to conquer first of all the brutishness in his own nature and to disarm the brutishness of the world without, and that only those morals and laws and institutions and nations are founded on a rock, which helps him to grow to the full stature of his being.

But before pressing this point further for the moment, let us examine the import of the slogan of Thomas Mann, *Artists We Will Be, Antibarbarians!*

But just what, in the meaning of these words, is it to be a barbarian and what is it to be an artist? To be a barbarian, as has been said, is to worship brute power; it is to be like any savage, who so far from standing up and doing battle against the gods which threaten him with drought and flood, famine and pestilence, violence and death, prostrates himself before them, seeking by charms and incantations to win their favor and so to league himself with the chaotic and destructive forces of his world. The artist, on the other hand, when true to himself, strives manfully to push back the messiness of chaos, to reclaim from the vast wilderness of space a habitation fit for man, to dissipate the fogs and mists in which we lose our bearings, by letting in light, whether it be the light of common day or "the light that never was on sea or land"; in a word, to create a cosmos of order and beauty and sanity to serve both as a tolerable refuge for man and an outpost in his warfare against all violence, whether of inanimate nature or of the brutishness in man himself.

But here at once two questions thrust themselves upon us. Are artists, in fact, doing this? I speak now of artists in the usual meaning of that term—painters and sculptors and musicians and poets and playwrights and biographers

132 A Commencement Address

and novelists and other artificers of prose. Some are thus engaged, but not all. If the function of the artist is what I have stated it to be, one may reasonably ask whether much of what passes under the name of art in our generation is not an aberration, a distortion, a reversion to chaos. Mr. H. L. Mencken declared the other day that "all artists are insane." Mr. Mencken is a loud speaker and would, probably, be much disconcerted if we took him at his brass-throated word. Yet as we look and read and seek to find a meaning and a message in the exhibitionism of our day, we are tempted to protest with Mark Antony: "O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason."

This is ground which a layman treads with timidity, but even a layman may fight for his place in the sun, and it may not be too boorish to say that the art which has no tonic in it, which effects in us a depressing sense of defeatism, of the messiness of human life and of the futility of human endeavor, is but a bastard art, if art at all; whereas art in the highest and truest sense is formative—creative of civilization, of a lovelier and more gracious world than that of our primeval ancestors whose only refuge was in sunless caves, wherein they feared and snarled and lusted and crunched the bones of other beasts.

But the term artist when used in this sense is a broad and catholic term. The artist is the philosopher who studies to piece together the scattered fragments of our knowledge into an ordered and intelligible whole. He is the moralist who out of his humanism sets bounds to our animality, saying "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." He is the biographer who is himself great enough to salute the greatness in other men. He is the poet who lifts us out of our emotional chaos by gracing our lives with form and beauty. He is the

comedian who laughs us out of our aberrations and extravagances into a sense of due measure. He is the tragedian whose characters even in defeat brace us with a sense of the dignity and unconquerable spirit of man. He is the statesman who composes discords within nations and amongst them. He is the engineer who disarms the wild forces of nature or chains them to be our servants. He is the architect who literally creates a climate in our houses wherein we escape the extremes of summer and of winter. He is that scientist who in his laboratory today is searching for the secret which trees and plants know and put to their use—the secret of trapping directly the energy of the sun for the use of man. And, above all, he is every man and woman who has quelled the wild tumults in his own breast and is the captain of his soul.

The other query which obtrudes itself is this. Are we not begging the question when we speak of chaos and disorder and violence and discord as being of the nature of the Universe? May not the very messiness of which we have been talking be a part of the divine ordering of all things? May not famine and fire and flood, disease and death and all that we call inimical to human life be factors in an all-wise and all-good economy? May not the Supreme Artificer have found evil necessary to the existence of good? May not all discords disappear in the concordance of the whole—in what the Pythagoreans called the music of the spheres?

From harmony, from Heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of its notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

That was, in fact, the scientific and religious synthesis of

the eighteenth century, best summarized in the lines of Alexander Pope:

All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *whatever is, is right.*

That is a dogma which can neither be proved nor disproved. It has its plausibility and attractiveness, and there are many who cleave to it today.

But if the Universe is a work of perfect and consummate art, as the lines I have just quoted from Pope's *Essay on Man* declare; if it is a finished order from the beginning of time; if its manifest hostilities to man are but notes in some divine harmony; if it is not in its relation to human beings still a wilderness to be tamed and shaped by man for his own good; then there would seem to be no place in it for anything but a complacent fatalism, no place in it for the Promethean spirit of revolt against things as they are, no place in it for man as a creative artist with a passion to improve his habitation. "Whatever is, is right." Man as artist, in this view, is a disturber of the peace, who should rather take things docilely as he finds them and live dutifully and complacently according to Nature.

But against this idea, any fighting faith must put an emphatic question mark. The aviator son of Mussolini (like father, like son) on his return home from the Ethiopian shambles, told of the glorious time he had there—the "great fun" he had in seeing his bombs explode and spatter the landscape with the bleeding wreckage of human flesh. Is this kind of fun—the "great fun" of the Ethiopian show, the "great fun" in the spectacle of wholesale murder in China

now, the little joke which Nature played the other day when a mine explosion blasted to death a score of men—are these things and other things like them only seeming discords in a universal symphony? If so, the snuffing out of the whole human race might be a part of the symphony too.

The question is, of course, whether human life is but an accident, and perhaps an unwelcome accident, in the Universe, "an itch upon a single planet," as some one has said, "a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing"; or, rather, the question is, and this is the great question, whether we are willing to have it so.

Certainly there is no proof or hint of proof that our willingness to have it so, even if such a spirit of defeatism should result in the extinction of our human kind, would disturb the serenity of the Universe. The sun and the stars and the planets would sweep proudly through space as they now do, indifferent to the fact that there would be none to behold and measure their comings and goings, or to marvel at the glory of the heavens. The earth itself would continue placidly in its orbit with no sense of bereavement.

The Universe, as we know it from science, does not care in the least about us. Its framework is aflame with millions of blazing fires which are intolerant of life. So far as we can tell, only one little speck in all this vast immensity permits the existence of living organisms. The Earth harbors all manner of life, but the Earth shows no partiality to human life. The providence which modern science discovers in Nature seems not more provident of man than of the centipede or the boll-weevil or the tubercle bacillus. The late Dean of St. Paul's has reminded us that "a microbe had the honor of killing Alexander the Great at the age of thirty-three, and so changing the whole course of history," and that

136 A Commencement Address

the microbes are busy still. Indeed, there is a not unlikely prospect that the insects and parasites, having no scruples of meekness or pacifism, will inherit the earth unless we, the human kind, can make a brave fight of it together instead of turning our weapons upon ourselves, as we now do.

What is meant by our living according to Nature? Does it mean that we should live according to our human nature, which some have called divine, or does it mean that we should align ourselves with the parasitic and brutish forces of which fascism itself is a manifestation?

“In harmony with Nature?” Restless fool,
Who with such heat dost preach what were to thee,
When true, the last impossibility—
To be like Nature strong, like Nature cool!

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.
Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood:

.

Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends;
Nature and Man can never be fast friends.
Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave.

Man is of Nature, and also above Nature. The efforts of man in his thinking to explain himself in terms of the brute creation have never been convincing; and the efforts of man in his doing to find his satisfactions in sheer animality have always ended with dust and ashes in the mouth. Some things he has in common with all living things. On the lower plane of his being he is predacious and brutal. In such respects he is like any snake in the grass. Indeed, it might be said that in the wilderness of the impulses which pull him this way and that, he is not unlike those freakish snakes which Nature now and then allows to be born—snakes with more heads than one, each head fighting the other for the food which goes into a common belly.

But man is infinitely more than that, and "in that more lie all his hopes of good." "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"—man as artist, mind you, not a man who is recreant to his human self, not a biped who has reverted to or never emerged from brutishness and barbarism, but man as the creator of a freer and better life for man.

Man in that sense—that is to say, man not only as creature but as creator—may be truly son of God, as religion teaches. But whatever view we take of him, he is the finest thing we know in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. Let not the immensity of his soul shrink before the immensity of the Universe which his own brain, ranging beyond the flaming battlements of space, has measured and mapped out. He is greater than the sun, which once he worshipped, greater than all the wild forces which he once sought to appease by human sacrifice, greater than fire and flood, than famine and pestilence, and greater even than the powers of death which are devised and unloosed by the diabolisms of men.

O you of little faith, who grin with cynicism at the human spectacle, who look upon human life as a burden to the earth, who view with cold apathy the blasting to death of human beings by the thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, yesterday in Africa, today in China and in Spain, tomorrow God knows where, can you, can you forget what John Masefield has called "the proud old pageant of man"?—the unconquerable laughter of the Ages in the teeth of cruelty and wrong, heard above the quiet weeping of women, the crying of children, the heartbreaks of men: men now stumbling, now falling, but rising again and again with dull patience and courage; with infinite slowness breaking

their chains, shaking off the despotisms of Nature and of Man; at last rising on the wings of a new hope, a new faith, a new way of life; glimpsing dimly and afar off a promised land, a temple built of the stuff of their dreams to guard the preciousness of human life, a social soil and climate created by the artist in man, wherein he can be free to take root and flower and bear fruit, each in accordance with the capacity of each.

And now that promise, which is still not realized but is yet a promise, that way of life which is still in the process of being cleared, that dynamic faith which we call democracy, is threatened by the mad barbarism which has been unloosed upon our world; and it is by no means certain whether we shall "nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth."

A man without a country sends forth a lonely call to battle, *Artists We Will Be, Antibarbarians!* And we—we sit idly and indifferently back, twiddling our thumbs, mumbling fatuously "peace, peace" when there is no peace.

I recall a statement by an ancient historian: "Between the Greeks and the Barbarians there has ever been and is and will be war." The world was then and is now, as never before, a battlefield between two irreconcilable philosophies—two ideas, or sets of ideas—the one idea being that man is free and sovereign in his own domain, that the state is simply the guardian of his right to think his own thoughts, to speak his mind, to live his own life in peace and to fulfill in his own way the end of his being: the other, that his life is not his own, that he is a tool to be used, and under fascism an instrument of death in a state consecrate to war and the works of war.

What we are faced with now is an old diabolism on a modern stage. There is nothing new in the so-called new

barbarism, except the vast scale of its organization, the lustiness of its driving power, and the lack of effective opposition to it in the world at large. In those countries which have given themselves over to it, there is a fighting faith: but in the democratic countries there is timid and bewildered irresolution, or indolent apathy that is more ignoble than fear—an indifference, a defeatism, I had almost said, a pernicious anaemia, from which we seem to lack the spirit to arouse ourselves in the face of the onward march of brutishness in the world without and in the world within ourselves. For that colossal barbarism is not something far away. It is here amongst ourselves, debauching us all.

We are all, I hope, pacifists in the sense that we abhor war and will do anything in honor to prevent it. But there is a kind of pacifism, which seems to me to be the greatest danger to what remains of the civilized world today. I refer to the pacifism which identifies peace with lying down or crawling away or even making terms with the gangsters of the world.

Three weeks ago there was a meeting in Geneva, which has received scant attention from the press. One could wish that even the memory of it might be buried in the oblivion to which we would like to consign all shameful things. It was a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations to consider the fact that Great Britain, followed reluctantly by France, had set out to make terms with the fascist states and, as part of her bargain with Mussolini, to persuade the other members of the League to retract their ban on the conquest of Ethiopia and give Mussolini a clean bill of health, in the interest of world peace!

I repeat that that meeting was of such a character that we should like to blot it from our minds, but it will be very difficult to forget that in that meeting the one voice which

was raised in behalf of morals and honor among nations was the thin, tired voice of a little, old, broken, black man, whose plea for justice and good faith fell upon deaf ears because he was the discredited head of a League-forsaken and God-forsaken people—forsaken, I mean, in the sense of Napoleon's dictum that "God is on the side of the strongest battalions."

It was not the moral desertion of Ethiopia which was the most disturbing, but the fact—if I may quote from an editorial in the *New York Times*—the fact that "Ethiopia, dying, delivered the funeral oration at a death that was not hers alone."

But let us not take comfort in reproaching our brethren across the sea, who, because they had been disappointed in their hopes of arriving at terms of coöperation with us, felt constrained to make terms with fascism. We, too, were in at that death. For had the United States, with all its wealth, its power, its prestige, not been all this while what the editorial from which I have just quoted calls "the great bystander" among the nations, that meeting at Geneva would never have taken place, and I dare say that many of the things which have plunged our world into utter confusion would not have come to pass.

I have borrowed the term "bystander" from the *New York Times*. Yet that term is not really descriptive of the part which we have played in world affairs, unless it be used in the sense that we have stood by the aggressor nations in their conquests of the weak. For in effect we have not been neutral at all. We furnished Mussolini with trucks and oil and other supplies in plenty for his joy-ride into Ethiopia. We have aided and abetted Mussolini and Hitler in their invasion of Spain by withholding sinews of war from the Loyalist government. We have for some time past been

shipping most of the raw materials which Japan needs for the rape of China. And, what would seem the most pusillanimous policy of all, did it not represent the collective wisdom of the Congress of the United States, we are actually furthering the ambition of Japan to be that dominant and dangerous power in the Pacific against which we are preparing to defend ourselves by building the most powerful navy in the world.

The rôle played by our country, call it that of "the great bystander" or what you will, ever since some twenty years ago we left the League of Nations, our own child, a foundling on the doorstep of Europe and so made the world safe, not for democracy, but for fascism, seems to be no longer tolerable now that civilization has its back to the wall and our own aloofness and apathy stand revealed for what they are—as neither proud, nor heroic, nor honest, nor wise, nor prudent, nor fruitful of any good to ourselves or to the world at large.

You will not, I am sure, mistake my meaning. I am not for unleashing the dogs of war. But, in the interest of a tolerable state of peace, I am pleading that the human quality of militancy—the soldier in man, as Plato would say—which now under barbaric régimes is blindly enlisted on the side of the brutish forces of our world, be quickened out of its deathly stupor in civilized countries and marshalled vigilantly in defense of the humanity which lifts us above the brute creation.

Artists We Will Be, Antibarbarians! I have borrowed here only the slogan of Thomas Mann. I have made bold to read into it my own thought and feeling. But he would not, I think, disagree with what I have tried to say.

He is now no longer, as he was when he sounded that call to arms, a man without a country. He has taken steps to

adopt our country as his own: and to reinforce the burden of my pleading I wish to quote a recent utterance of his to us his fellow-countrymen-about-to-be: "What freedom needs today is no humanity of weakness and self-doubting tolerance that simply makes it look pitiable beside a creed of power which is by no means sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. *What we need today is a humanity strong in will and the soldierly determination to preserve itself. Freedom must discover its virility, must learn to walk in armor and defend itself against its mortal enemies, must at least realize, after the most bitter of experiences, that with a pacifism which will not have war at any price it is provoking, not banishing, war.*"

To you who today become in the fullest sense sons and daughters of this institution, it may seem that I have been speaking of world-shaking violences which cast their lengthening shadows over your lives but about which you can do nothing. But permit me to say that it is a fallacy which youth easily falls into that if you cannot at once reshape the whole world to your specifications, your own immediate world becomes one of futility and defeatism.

There *is* something you can do—something not easy, not spectacular, but great and worthy of all your will and courage. You can set your own house in order, putting in command "the better angels of your nature." You can govern your own lives by principle and valiance. That is your part to play. Be not disheartened by what others do upon some distant stage. No other life is worth the candle; no life is worth living that is not worth fighting for.

Do you remember the advice of our great philosopher and teacher, William James? "These," he said, "are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living and your belief will help create the fact. The

'scientific proof' that you are right may not be clear before the Day of Judgment . . . is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour . . . may then turn to the faint-hearted, who here decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry VI greeted the tardy Crillon after a great victory had been gained: 'Hang yourself, brave Crillon. We fought at Arques and you were not there.' "

GEORGE NORLIN.



