

It is not so clear to us as it is to Mr. Du Bois that Mr. Washington has made the base concessions here ascribed to him. We recall passages in his books and speeches and letters that point a different moral. We recall his protests sent to the disfranchising conventions in Alabama and Louisiana. It may be that of late he has become more subdued than formerly to those he has worked with, some of whom have the habit of giving his programme the color of their own exaggerated caution and timidity. Then, too, Mr. Du Bois, while acknowledging that Mr. Washington's programme is provisional, does not make this acknowledgment with sufficient emphasis. But this third chapter as a whole, and the expansion of its prominent details in the succeeding chapters, deserve the carefullest consideration. Their large intelligence and their lofty temper demand for them an appreciation as generous as the spirit in which they are conceived.

Where all is good, it is invidious to select, but the chapters "On the Training of Black Men" and "Of the Sons of Master and Man" merit, perhaps, particular attention. The pathos of the chapter called "The Passing of the First Born" is immeasurably deep. It will appeal to all who have a human heart. It tells the story of a baby's life and death, the joy his coming meant; the "awful gladness" when he died; "Not dead, but escaped; not bound, but free." Clearly the burden of Mr. Du Bois's complaint, not explicitly, but implicitly at every turn, is made more grievous by the denial of social equality to himself and his people. In the urgency of this note is there not possibly a lack of the profoundest self-respect? If Mr. Du Bois can sit with Shakspeare and Plato, and they do not wince at his complexion, why should he care so much for the contempt of Col. Carter of Cartersville? Why not trample on it with a deeper pride? A society based on money values may reject such a man as scornfully as one based on the tradition of slavery, but a society based upon character and culture will always welcome him though he were blacker than the ace of spades, not as showing him a favor, but as anxious to avail itself of his ability.

*Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology.*

By James Mark Baldwin. Vol. II. The Macmillan Co. 1902. Royal 8vo, pp. 892.

Many evidences of different kinds reach us of the good service that this work is already rendering, notwithstanding the imperfections inevitable in any such composite book, and notwithstanding its lack of those formal perfections and uniformities upon which our American dictionaries and cyclopædias are apt to insist to the neglect of the weightier matters of the law, to the point of leaving them dry, innutritious, and unvitalizing. Professor Baldwin, in the preface of this concluding volume (of the Dictionary proper), puts forth more an excuse than a defence for one of the few features of it that have been disapproved in almost every quarter; urging that the diminutive biographical notices which he has scattered through the vocabulary are that half-loaf that is said to be better than no bread. This hardly meets the stricture commonly made, which was to the effect that the entire omission of these supererogatory crumbs would have left room that might

either have been filled to better purpose, or to better purpose have lightened the avoirdupois of the volumes.

But a more interesting question suggests itself. Upwards of seventy of the most reputable philosophers whose services a distinguished editor could secure, have here set down their opinions upon the special points of philosophy of which they are reputed best qualified to treat. They have not argued their doctrines, since this is a dictionary, not a cyclopædia; but they have defined them. All the principal groups of schools are more or less represented in the assemblage of contributors; even the idealists, whose showing is probably the least adequate. One naturally peruses their utterances to see what impression one can derive from them as to the prevalent tendencies of philosophy at the opening of the twentieth century; for surely this is an aspect under which it may be hoped that this dictionary will never lose its interest.

The most prominent of the philosophical signs of the times, as here displayed—so it strikes us, at least—is the manifest strenuous endeavor of the students of every department of philosophy to impart a "scientific" character each to his own particular branch, *i. e.*, to make it conform to the conditions which have caused the success of the modern acknowledged sciences. The progress is satisfactory. At least one branch of psychology has already taken its place among the special sciences, whose array others are well upon the way toward joining. The movement is not confined to psychology. There is much of a scientific character in ethics; and the critical part of logic has, in some hands at least, come to submit itself to the same criteria as those that have long been acknowledged in science. There seems every reason for hope concerning metaphysics and other branches.

Another mark of our philosophy is the disposition to make psychology the key to philosophy—categories, aesthetics, ethics, logic, and metaphysics. Something of this has existed since Descartes; but since about 1863 every student of philosophy, even though he be one of those who consider the present psychological tendency excessive, has placed a new and higher estimate than before upon the scientific value of psychology. Here was seen one science, than which no branch of philosophy, in the days when men disputed about the *primum cognitum*, was more enveloped in metaphysical fog, which yet almost suddenly, that mist lifting, had come out bright and clear as a June forenoon. How could it but happen, as it certainly did, that men should think that the best way to resolve any problem of philosophy would be to reduce it to a question of psychology? The future must determine precisely what the value of this method may be. It has its opponents. For some years after the movement once became general, no strong voice was raised against it; and ten or fifteen years ago psychologists of the first rank could dream of establishing the truths of their science without any metaphysical assumptions whatsoever. Some writers use such language even yet; but careful examination has convinced the better part that even physics has its metaphysical postulates, and that psychology is peculiarly dependent upon them. If that

be the case, the philosophical sciences and psychology would have each to be built upon the other, if the psychological method is to be maintained. They must collectively form an arch—or, rather, a Saturnian ring, for an arch has the ground to rest upon. Whether that can be sound logic or not is a question to be carefully examined.

Another symptom of the philosophy of the day which is interesting to the general public is a very appreciable reaction against the whole family of opinions that are nearly related to agnosticism—some of them as little fond of others as any cousins in the world. A logical scruple seems to be the motive of this reaction. It is felt that the only possible justification for so much as entertaining a hypothesis must be that it renders the facts comprehensible, and that a theory which substantially amounts merely to supposing facts to be incomprehensible, fails to render any facts comprehensible. But if one once admits this, he can hardly stop at this point. It would seem that his further reflections must result in something like a resuscitation of the Scotch philosophy of common sense. Accordingly, some writers who used (justly or otherwise) to be regarded as skeptics, are now instancing the stress put upon the light of nature by Galileo and other authors of modern physical conceptions, and virtually even by Faraday, Kelvin, etc., as helping to show that a belief akin to Reid's is an essential condition of progressive science.

One other lineament of contemporary philosophy is called to our attention in turning over the leaves of this volume. It is surprising to see how readable it is—a result due, no doubt, in part to editorial skill, and partly to the writers not having to enter into all the details of argumentation. It is infinitely more agreeable to read than any of the recent philosophical works which betray literary ambition. Metaphysicians are a slow-thinking breed; but they seem duller than ordinary not to perceive that a literary style in philosophy is an incongruity whose days are numbered. Soon the majority of contributions to philosophy will begin to take the form of memoirs, like those to other sciences, such as mathematics, which is no more special than is philosophy. Now a scientific memoir written in any but the most severely unadorned language could not be more ridiculous if it were set in hexameters like the contributions of those eminent savants Parmenides, and Empedocles. It is a truism to say so; and this truism enwraps another, which is that there is such a thing as a good style and a bad style for philosophy grown science. A good style is one which approximates as closely as possible to a self-explaining diagram or a tabular array of familiar symbols. In short, it will be necessary for philosophers to awake to the fact that there is such a thing as the ethics of words, which for them should be about the most sacred part of the moral law; and the sooner they begin to turn their attention to this, the sooner they will experience the satisfaction of the scientific man's conscience, who is faithful to his duty of gathering premises as the basis of inferences which only distant generations can draw, and in drawing will first discover what scrupulous pains have been taken to make those premises accurate.

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