

avoid commitments. Children on parole are required to report to the probation officer once a week, and to the court at stated intervals. Each time the delinquent reports, his or her record in full is placed before the judge. In the Brooklyn court, where Judge Wilkin sits permanently, there are three probation officers, one for Catholic children, one for Protestants, and one for those of the Hebrew faith. The Manhattan magistrates believe in changing the judges, because they find the work too great a strain on the sympathies of one man, who would, they believe, soon become too tender-hearted or too callous. This has not been the case in Chicago, where Judge Tuthill still presides most satisfactorily over what is believed to have been the first separate children's court in this country. Judge Tuthill has, however, fewer offenders to deal with than the Manhattan court, and has more probation officers.

It is the principle of prevention as well as punishment which distinguishes these courts, and which marks them as part of the great movement everywhere going on to modernize the treatment of offenders. What the judges must ever consider is that it rests with them largely whether the child is to become an enemy of society or a valuable citizen. Hence the need for great wisdom, patience, and sympathy, particularly as the court must often protect a child from wicked parents or debased guardians. The Manhattan judges are not alone in their opinion that the older the courts the more light they will throw upon the whole question of juveniles and the law. They have already, for instance, discovered many shortcomings in our compulsory-education legislation.

#### BRITISH AND AMERICAN SCIENCE.

A fortnight ago, in speaking of Lockyer's appeal to his countrymen for the support of British science, we showed how to apply the old saw that the way to get the best performance from a human being is to encourage him. To-day we will try applying the same maxim in speaking of the future of American science. We wanted to allow the Anglo-phobists (who never allow the sacred fire to die on their hearth) ample time to dispute our proposition if they could—the proposition, we mean, that for three hundred years not a single conception has taken sovereign preëminence in science that has not been largely—in most cases, even without contest—of British parentage. But our proposition remains undisputed. Its substantial truth seems to be tacitly acknowledged.

Whatever could be said to blunt its point has, no doubt, been indicated in a letter in another column from a rarely accomplished and ingenious scholar, signing himself "H. T." Whether this subtle writer is serious, or whether he

is only making believe that he opposes us, our readers can guess as well as we, if they note that he does not explicitly deny our proposition, and that he throws in our way two or three very pertinent suggestions in support of it. Certainly, two more striking examples of what are *not* conceptions of sovereign preëminence in science, than those he furnishes would be sought in vain—the theory of numbers and the theory of functions. A famous mathematician, being asked why he should be so in love with the theory of numbers, replied that he loved it because it was a pure virgin that never had been, and that never could be, prostituted to any practical application whatsoever. Not only no *practical* application, but (so far as one can look into the future) no *scientific* application, either, is likely ever to be made of one or other of those two theories, outside of pure mathematics itself. In short, they are as narrowly technical as anything can be. They are Leibnitzian monads whose activity, intensely interesting in itself, is imperviously secluded from the business of life and from the main business of science.

Only compare this isolation with the loud resonance awaked in every harp and organ of science by those discoveries which truly have been sovereignly preëminent through science—the inductive philosophy; the corpuscular philosophy with the atomic theory and its progeny; universal attraction; the differential calculus (certainly discovered by Newton, not certainly also by Leibnitz after enjoying Newton's conversation); the theories of elasticity (Boyle and Young), of heat as *vis viva* of molecules (Bacon and others), of electricity (Gilbert, Faraday, etc.), of light as transverse vibrations (Young) and transverse vibrations of an electromagnetic kind (Maxwell); natural selection (Darwin and Wallace); universal evolution (Spencer). We forgot to mention one of the greatest discoveries of all, made by an humble clergyman of the Church of England, Gay—the discovery that the association of ideas is the autocrat (or, at least, the first of two consuls) that governs all the activities of the human mind, so far as they are subject to any mental law. For the theory of numbers and the theory of functions it can be said that they far surpass chess both in beauty and in their broadly intellectual character; but to call them ideas of sovereign preëminence in science would be to fall into one of those extravagant statements to which mathematicians are only too prone, as when Henry John-Stephen Smith—one of the protagonists of the theory of numbers, for all his being an Englishman—spoke of a decline in a people's mathematical activity as if it differed from all other historical developments in having but a single possible cause.

We have to thank "H. T." for another suggestion contained in his remark that, of the pure mathematicians of England's last half-century, the two most prominent were the Hebrew Sylvester and the half (or quarter?) Russian, Cayley. To be sure, there is a simpler and more conclusive proof that the singular relation which Great Britain has sustained to science has not been due solely to Teutonic blood, namely, the density of the entirely uncultivated German (if this species be not quite extinct). The days are very, very distant when it will be possible to disentangle the causes of national character; but as to the matter in hand, there is one cause that strikes any good American observer of intellectual English society. Montesquieu, who possessed an intimate knowledge of so many countries (he was, by the way, a Foreign Member of the Royal Society), put on the title-page of his immortal book this motto:

"Prolem sine matre creatam"

(offspring produced without a mother). A close friend asked him in what sense this had any particular application to the 'Esprit des Lois.' He replied, after some reluctance: "A truly great work must owe its birth not only to a man of genius as its father, but also to a society of intellectual freedom as its mother." Probably in no country is thought of almost all kinds so completely untrammelled as in England. The chief external hindrance, everywhere, to supremely original scientific speculation lies in a certain spirit, to which, for want of a better word, we may give the name of *pedantry* (one could hardly call it *obscurantism*). We mean that spirit which caused Poggendorff to refuse for his journal the now far-famed paper of Mayer about the thermodynamics of gases; that spirit which for a whole generation silenced, through the German universities, every contribution to philosophy that was not Hegelian, and which to-day as completely silences there everything that is Hegelian.

And this brings us round to the brief word we proposed to say to the young scientists and philosophers of America. Good and sufficient reasons have in the past acted to conceal the scientific genius of the American people in money-getting and in settling the order of things in this country. But now that those reasons are losing their force, and that you are turning to pure science, above all trust to your own wings. Beware of excessive subservience to the opinions that happen to be in vogue in the German universities. Imitate the Germans in those things that deserve imitation. Emulate them, for example, in that which has contributed not a little to German scientific leadership, their national self-confidence; in their persistency as well. Those two qualities have made that people the world's leader in all *Fach-Forschung* (if we may be at-

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lowed to coin the word)—a preëminence all the prouder that it is founded on two moral virtues. You have infinitely more reason to believe in your own scientific powers than they had, one brief century ago. In the nature of things, you will soon outgrow your school-boy deference to your master's dicta, and, trusting to your own genius, will surely develop a new and more philosophical type of scientific man.

#### GAY PARIS IN LIQUIDATION.

With the suspension of the opera balls the legend of Paris as a centre of gilded dissipation should vanish. These public masked balls were in a sense the very symbol of Paris the Casino of Europe. They were first organized as a kind of public echo to the private gallantries of the court of Louis XV.—the most frivolous of an age in which refined dissipation was reduced to a code. Under the First Empire, Bonaparte's adventurers supported this peculiar institution with an imperial lavishness which was exceeded only by the parvenus of the flush times of Napoleon the Little. Since Sedan they have been the dreary form of an outworn gayety. Instead of the courtiers, the dragoons, and the gilded youth of earlier times, one saw a curious mixture of Parisian counter-jumpers depressed by the "louis" taken at entrance, of British and American fathers of families marvelling that it was all so little shocking, of South Americans noisily throwing their money about, with a sprinkling of French college lads and American students saddened that the reality of an opera ball fell so far short of the legend. As for the women, the change was even more marked. From the heroines of the Third-Empire *chronique scandaleuse*, and all of theatrical Paris, the dance had descended to paid nobodies, among whom the outraged British matron and her brood moved, masks tightly clutched, while the German *Hausfrau* and the American wife "doing Paris" bore her uneasy company. A performance solemn and inept even in its improprieties has been discontinued because it no longer pays.

For many years the legend of a Parisian world où l'on s'amuse has been kept alive only by the surplus money and deficient brains of foreigners. Long ago the Parisians withdrew their support from the dancing gardens and the more notorious cafés. The result was that any glamour which dissipation might have gained from Parisian taste and wit was absent, and travellers paid their good money, with much sacrifice of self-respect also, for tasting a life that the true Parisians heartily scorned. Naturally those who came to see the Anglo-American or the Russian Paris, and detected the cheat, declined longer to be humbugged.

Meanwhile the restaurants, the *Maisons Dorées* and the *Cafés Riches*, which were frequented by the old-school *boulevardiers*, and turned away all but the notorious, the wealthy, and the extravagant, have one by one closed their doors. Every year Paris loses something of its old preëminence as a city of pleasure, and the time has come when the primrose path for the spendthrift has as many ramifications as there are great cities and human follies. Balzac used to insist on a certain freemasonry, in the sensual life, which had its capital on the Seine. To-day he would feel differently. The recklessness and the genius for debauch of the hero of 'Peau de Chagrin' are no longer Parisian characteristics. Parisian dissipation has taken on the dull and uniform tone of the random life elsewhere. The irrational squandering of one's gold and one's self may as well be practised in New York, St. Petersburg, or any one of a score of great cities.

If a certain school of metropolitan economists be right, the discontinuation of the opera balls should be marked by a shrinkage of the national credit. Many times the theory that money can circulate normally only when much of it is spent profligately has been seriously maintained. As if to give the lie to the theory that she is rich only on condition of remaining the bawd of Europe, Paris adds a new beauty as fast as she drops an old infamy. Year by year that unparalleled prospect along the Seine becomes richer and nobler, without the loss of any of the precious monuments of old time. Every year, too, Paris becomes a more delightful residence for those who value the things of art or of the mind. As she loses her title of the Casino of Europe, she strengthens that of the new Athens.

Nor do we believe that, with the passing of the legend embodied in the opera balls and in a dozen other institutions of organized profligacy, Paris loses any real gayety. The *verve Parisienne* was never prominent among these syndicated pleasures, nor was it offered at a price to the moneyed rabble of immigrant amateurs of "la vie en rouge." The gayety of Paris is at every family dinner table, in the studios and small shops—everywhere that two or three Parisians meet. And that unique sprightliness of the mind which is the just pride of all Frenchmen, is still to be found in Paris, from the quays where clothes are washed to the salons where academicians are still agreeable to pretty women. That is the real "gay Paris." It will live on as long as Frenchmen are Frenchmen, although it be unknown to the cosmopolitan herd whose growing parsimony or prudence is forcing the other "gay Paris" into liquidation.

#### ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Every one of the half-dozen popular magazines contains at least one story of which the hero is beast, bird, or fish. Mr. John Burroughs's protest in the *Atlantic* in behalf of his dumb friends, has passed unheeded. A whole school of writers keeps step with the 'Jungle Book' man or struggles along the trail of the 'Sand Hill Stag.' A literary tendency is clearly manifest, and we see no reason why it should stop at the terrestrial fauna. The flora is as yet unexploited, and since we have had the tragedy of the brook trout and the pathos of the pachydermata, why not also the miseries of the edible mushrooms, the loves of the lotuses, and the tragedy of a dead beet? Erasmus Darwin and his botanical epic are pretty well forgotten, and the way lies open for a literary adventurer to publish as many short stories as there are leaves in Val-lombrosa. Nor need the process stop at the organic creation. Two scientists of our acquaintance only ceased from writing a comedy of the chemical elements because they found, (as had the British matron before them in Darwin's 'Loves of the Plants') that the matrimonial complications necessitated by the allegory passed all bounds of morality and availability.

The chemical comedietta was intended for children, and it seems that pretty much all animal stories are planned for the very childish. For the animal heroes and heroines are strangely unlike any animals that the average reader knows, and amazingly like those characters of the dime novel and Sunday School book which the adult reader usually scorns. We have tested it high and tested it low. Occasionally a Mr. Jack London strikes the note of veracity, as Mr. Kipling knew how to invest jungle life with poetry, or Mr. Joel Chandler Harris to fill the B'r'er Rabbit stories with shrewd wisdom and exuberant humor. But this is the exception. What may be called the beast tale of periodical literature possesses neither veracity, poetry, wisdom, nor humor. The question, Why do people read these stories? only raises the more impenetrable mystery. Why do people read most of the magazines at all? The answer is possibly that people do not read the magazines, but look at the illustrations; and that the popularity of the new school is simply a tribute to the pencils of Mr. Thompson-Seton, Mr. Heming, Mr. Bull, and others.

But if there is doubt about the demand for sentimentalized quadrupeds, there is no doubt as to the supply. We feel, indeed, that the production is too copious and uniform to be the result of individual enterprise, and we suspect in the whole matter the machinations of a syndicate which was first called Seton-Thompson and then, for purposes

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