

ed responsibility.

A diploma of Personality Theory is awarded after a completion of two summer sessions in this work, and other cultural subjects.

These courses have proved successful as part of the curriculum in this preparatory school, and have shown that ethical and moral training can be taught effectually, by this direct method of instruction. Schools having a Personality Course in their curriculum have the new spirit in education, which is the desire to teach things as they actually are, and to express them thru self-criticism of purposes and results in education.

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EDNA SCOTT DRAPER

PATRIOTISM

A CARTOON not long ago represented Uncle Sam as shaking a college professor by the neck and advising him to teach patriotism. Scattered around, as though disgorged from the professor's pockets, lay tracts on altruism, idealism, pacifism and other taboo subjects, which the sinner had evidently been teaching. After seeing this cartoon a high school teacher in Michigan asked a hundred jurors to write down what they understood by patriotism. The answers, as he discovered to his surprise, were much alike. Patriotism was defined, first in general terms, such as "love of country," "my country right or wrong." Almost invariably, however, the youthful writers went on to say that "love of country" or "loyalty to the flag" is shown by "willingness to die in time of war," enlisting without being drafted, "fighting those who insult our flag," "going to citizens' training camp in summer," or "sewing for the soldiers." Scarcely one thought of service for country in other than military terms.

Recent events lend weight to the suspicion that patriotism is rather generally conceived in this fashion. The average American, whether high school student or editor of a city daily, seems to regard his country as a sort of prize fighter whose chief virtue lies in his ability to whip all comers. The flag, instead of a symbol of liberty of conscience and justice for all, comes to be thought of as a kind of pugilistic belt, worn by the heavyweight champion among the nationalistic

scrappers. And patriotism thus becomes mixed up with the preservation of fighting form and the recognition of the championship symbol. Should some inquiring reporter ask a hundred Americans this fourth of July what they consider patriotism to be, an overwhelming majority of them would reply in words not essentially different from those of the Michigan school children.

And yet, if there is any one thing clear in the present condition of our national life, it is that this conception of patriotism is pitifully inadequate. We are just lurching with infinite pain, out from the revelations of a scandalous period in our governmental administration. In fact, we are not yet out of that mess, for there are still plenty of people and plenty of powerful institutions intent upon putting over the idea that nothing of any great moment has been disclosed, that such slight irregularities as may have been discovered might better have been glossed over, and that really the whole business has been much ado about nothing. Through it all, it is of importance to note that the folks who have been caught with the boodle and the folks who have sought to belittle this betrayal of trust have been the sort of folks who march in the front ranks of the fife and drum corps band of patriots. The effort to choke off the examination of the attorney general's office, we should remember, began with the assertion that the chief examiner was not a patriot.

There are few virtues outwardly more appealing than loyalty to country. It may not be the fashion to quote Walter Scott any more, but most of us will agree with the Scotch bard's judgment on the "man with soul so dead" who does not love his native land supremely. But when such a sacred emotion is twisted into a false sort of fetish worship that would blind us to evil at home and make us provocatively belligerent in our attitude toward all the rest of the world, then it is time for the thinking American to cry a halt upon those who would bring this to pass. Patriotism is too fine to allow it to be stolen by the jingo or made the screen behind which the exploiter carries out his selfish designs. We need to keep insisting upon the true connotations of the idea, else we will awaken in some future day to find ourselves robbed at home and ruined abroad.

Theodore Roosevelt—whose standing as an authority even the most insistent of the flag-wavers will admit—saw clearly of what sort the dangers are that true patriotism must face within the nation. "Moreover, as men ever find, whether in the tiniest frontier community or in the vastest and most highly organized and complex society, their worst foes were in their bosoms—dissensions, distrust, the inability of some to work and the unwillingness of others, jealousy, arrogance and envy, folly and laziness." And a patriotism that does not place first the determination to keep the internal national life clean and just and noble is hardly a patriotism at all.

Turn then to the contacts of the nation with other nations and you are in the realm out of which most of our popular and unsatisfactory ideas of patriotism have sprung. In the early days of the American revolution the colonists, in their desire for a flag, raised one that depicted a rattlesnake poised to strike, with the motto, "Don't tread on me!" Too many are sedulously cultivating that as a patriotic notion of America's attitude toward the rest of mankind after a hundred and fifty years of unparalleled national development. And in September, we are told, every man, woman and child in the country, every factory, every hospital, every school, is to be rushed through a day of military mobilization, just as an object lesson to the rest of the world. One can hear the rattles: "Don't tread on me."

A strange mood, this, in which to meet our fellowmen in this generation. Our secretary of state gravely assures us that we are in less danger of attack than at any previous time in our history, yet, to prove the quality of our patriotism, we insist upon showing how quickly we can strip off coat and shirt and assume the proper pugilistic crouch. And what a travesty it all is of the very world order of our times! The "don't tread on me" flag came out of a period when the latest event in political ideas was the discovery of the possibility of independence. The world had just felt its way along with the weariness of centuries of thought and experiment, to that stage. Our fathers were quick to greet it, and launched the American revolution on the strength of the

new conception. The French revolution followed. The revolt of the Spanish colonies in South America came hard after. And so on, through most of the nineteenth century. There are still parts of the world where the word independence is coming as a new gospel. And there are still plenty of people who think it represents the last word in political idealism and wisdom.

Of course, the truth is that the nations have passed on from the era of independence to that of interdependence. We still thrill to the former word, and will for generations to come. It will still be cause of public outcry a century hence if one so much as hints that this country is not to be "free and independent." But, to any one who deals in realities, it is already clear that independence has become a very strictly circumscribed commodity. Whether we like it or not, we are not, in reality, independent. We are interdependent. The central part of Europe cannot be reduced to anarchy without having the effects felt on the wheat plains of Nebraska. The members of a great race in Asia cannot feel themselves insulted and outraged without affecting the wages of the loom-tenders of Massachusetts. The scientists and the inventors seem leagued to bring us together with almost terrifying speed. Thrust, thus, in upon one another, our salvation depends upon our ability to find some means of mutual accommodation and co-operation. An enlightened self-interest bids us make our contacts with other peoples as mutually agreeable as they can be made.

It is in the face of such a world situation as this that the jingo would insist upon a type of patriotism expressed in terms of a big fleet, new naval bases, an enlarged army, a populace enrolled for military service, all the resources of a country ostensibly seeking to live by trade so organized, that, at a moment's notice, they can be revealed as potentialities of war. Wave the flag above this; talk vaguely about a hypothetical danger of attack; damn the peace-seekers, and this, the jingoes assure us, is patriotism. This is the proper spirit for the republic that came into being in Independence Hall one hundred and forty eight years ago. If it be, it bears a much closer resemblance to the atmosphere of

the Prussia of Wilhelm II. than to the spirit of any America our fathers ever knew. And it offers a needless and gratuitous evidence of lack of confidence in our neighbors at the very time when it is becoming clear that we must live with them on increasingly intimate terms.

Two dozen families, more or less, occupy the house in one block. In the very center lives the Samson family, the wealthiest and one of the largest families in the neighborhood. The rest of the residents have their troubles, but they are learning, as the community grows older, to get along together. The Samsons, however, are not fitting in very well. Mrs. Samson is becoming more and more touchy about letting any of the neighbor's children play on her lawn or tramp through her halls. Mr. Samson loses no opportunity to let all who will listen know what a bunch of loafers and good-for-nothings he thinks his neighbors are. And the Samson children spend a lot of time yelling that theirs is the best family on the street, and offering to whip anybody who doubts it. Yet some of the Samsons seem to wonder why they are not more popular!

What is the true patriotism? In the light of conditions, both civil and international, is it not clear that the truly patriotic course just now is that which adds inner strength to the nation by the cleansing of its spiritual vision and the stiffening of its moral fibre, at the same time, it adds strength to the perception of a community of interest on the part of all the nations. And that, cutting away the husks of words and getting at the kernel of action, means that, in this year of opportunity, that man is the true patriot who, by any means, helps to secure in any measure an informed American public, ready to meet the world with open eyes and high hearts and resolved to co-operate with all other peoples who so desire. For in such a resolve as this lies most surely security and prosperity.

America has been rich in the devotions of her sons. She needs now a new type of devotion, to be expressed in a demand for cleanness within and the spirit of co-operation without. She cannot afford to be satisfied with a self-proclaimed devotion that concerns itself mainly with matters that are

largely matters of ritual or have a dubious reality. The snares that beset her, both at home and abroad, are too menacing for her to commit her name to the keeping of those who can shout most loudly or who spend their time in shaking fists at shadows. So America needs to beware lest she be fooled into thinking that patriotism is any course of action that plays into the hands of the jingo. For the jingo, however he may frame his blatancy in bunting, is just about the most useless citizen any nation now contains. He spends his days hunting for cheap applause, and, like some others, he generally has his reward. But this is not a time when the country is served by such self-advertising gentry. True patriotism just now is likely to be very quiet but go very deep.

The Christian Century

“ON” AN OLD ATTIC IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

I WONDER whether we are not so occupied today with the modern trend of things that we are forgetting the grand old traditions of our Valley? The old-fashioned things tucked away with a thousand memories of the past, of our parents, our grand-parents and even older generations. Let us escape for a moment from the busy rush of this worldly life, and unearth a few of these long-buried relics so fragrant with the sacred memories of the dim and distant past.

One of the most wonderful hiding places of these time-worn treasure-troves is “on the attic” of some ancient house of a former century. I love to climb the long steep attic stairways and explore all the nooks and corners to my heart’s content.

There is one old, old garret that I am never weary of visiting. Its steep, dark stairs gives it an added interest and likewise a bit of a thrill. When I reach the topmost step, I suddenly find myself in the land of yesterday. With awe I wander here alone delving among the “goods and gods” of generations who have passed beyond into new life.

One autumn day, in searching through this dear old hoard of many ancestors,

in a secluded nook I discovered two tall spinning wheels and one darling little flax wheel. I could almost see a rosy-cheeked girl, clad in a quaint home-woven gown, happily spinning for her “hopechest” on one of these queer old wheels.

Another corner revealed an unusual chest; firm and strong despite its age, filled with wonderful relics of by-gone days. In it was stored a marvelous collection of old-time ball dresses of lawn and silk. Resting on the prettiest one of these gowns was a fan—once lovely, but now crumbling with age—which some charming belle must have carried when she wore her frilly dress. There was another gown which fascinated me, with its full velvet skirt, and its tight beaded waist, high in the neck and with close fitting sleeves.

Softly touching these charming garments, I wondered about the girl who once wore them. Whether she was like the girls of now-a-day? Whether she acted and felt as now we do when she wore this beautiful apparel? I was impressed that she must have been a dark, southern beauty, with glowing eyes, black curls and a proud mien—a true aristocrat of the old school.

This chest contained many other articles of clothing, bits of wedding finery, a package of old deeds and many other business papers, all packed away with lavender and—memories.

In this great upper chamber were many obscure corners and recesses, and hidden away in one of them I found a huge square box containing an assortment of beautiful hand-woven coverlets which some thrifty housewife of long ago had made with her own skillful hands. These ancestral counterpanes had been folded away by some more recent descendant of that diligent great-grandmother. But these attractive coverlets were not doomed to perpetual oblivion, for they are more valued now. The girls of to-day are resurrecting them from their attic burial caskets and giving them places of honor in their own pretty bed rooms and even in their twentieth century living rooms.

This box also contained linen table clothes and sheets, some well woven and all yellowed with age, but there was a certain air of dignity about them.