

Spanish colonies in America, but this point I had to leave undetermined.

Personally, my most memorable experience in St. Augustine, though far from the most pleasant one in its earlier stages, was due to the fact that my money gave out—and nobody there knew me from Adam. The matter had been worrying me for a day or two. I had expected to get some money at Palatka, but was disappointed. I had to leave Palatka knowing that I did not have enough to carry me to Savannah, my next point of hope. What should I do? Should I blaze ahead, ride as far as I could, then stop and work a few hours as a carpenter or as an office boy? or should I check my bags with my few remainings shekels and then take my chances swallowing cinders under a freight car?

This is what I finally did. I bearded the lion in his den. I walked into the First National Bank of St. Augustine and got a check cashed for fifteen dollars. I did really, and nobody there had ever seen me before. You may be certain that I remember the name of the assistant cashier of that bank, who was in charge at the time I made my appeal. He treated me like a gentleman and I am ready to classify him as one. Do not imagine now that he is an easy mark for sharks—he is not; but he was kind enough to satisfy himself that my check was good and then he cashed it for me. He could easily have refused, but he didn't. He is a typical of the better class of business men that one may now expect to meet in the bigger and better institutions over the country. Courtesy and a willingness to accommodate people are now recognized as valuable business assets.

JOHN W. WAYLAND

One can only feel amazement that we have been so tardy in coming to a realization of the scant consideration given by the teachers in the American public schools and we have been remiss in understanding the limitless possibilities of our public school work.—WARREN G. HARDING, Republican candidate for President.

For purely secondary school work, 81,034 instructors are employed. Only 34 per cent of the teachers are men.

V

A STUDY IN MEREDITH'S PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONALITY

Based in the Main on "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" With Some Supporting Observations From "The Egoist."

"In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:
We are betrayed by what is false within."
—Modern Love.

Meredith's refusal to be classified as an artist has rather tantalized the critics and much of this interest has centered around *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. Some have felt that *Tristram Shandy* fathered the book; others have asserted that he owes most to Fielding, that *Feverel* is a sort of modernized *Tom Jones*. But with a giant like Meredith, "sensitive not to individual writers, but to that imponderable yet potent thing, the time-tendency in literature", the general trend of the period in which he lived is apt to prove most significant. The central theme of the book, that "a human being must have reasonable liberty of action for self-development" is pure Froebelianism, and leads us to think that probably he came into direct contact with this thought while at school in Germany. Not necessarily, however, because for almost a quarter-century Dickens had been trumpeting forth this doctrine from Gadshill, and only the year before the publication of *Feverel*, in 1858, Spencer had stirred Britain by his classic article on natural reactions in education. So hardy a thinker as Meredith could scarcely escape participation in some phase of the scientific movement. But interesting as this speculation is, it fails to get us anywhere. For could we not make out an equally good case proving him a follower of Freud, if that date of publication, 1859, were not there, suggesting that he is more of a predecessor? And does the baronet's discourse on "the blossoming season" not sound so striking Clarkian that we might easily be tempted to accuse him of plagiarizing from Stanley Hall? Perhaps it is the other way round. Who knows? Be all this as it may, we have here a book so essentially modern in its theory that it might well be the product of the current year.

The plot depends upon the working out of the SYSTEM of education Sir Austin Feverel has for his son, Richard. His aim is three-fold: purity through innocence is to be secured, Richard is not to know the world of his time, but to be brought up in a scientifically idealized one at Raynham; second, the natural instincts are not to be sublimated, not to be regulated through spiritual control, but to be ignored or eliminated by the baronet's superior will, and as a natural consequence of the two, the boy is to grow up with the print of his father's personality stamped upon him. "Now, I require not only that my son should obey; I would have him guiltless of the impulse to gainsay my wishes—feeling me in him stronger than his undeveloped nature."

At the very outset Sir Austin violates Meredith's principle of a delicate reserve of one's finer self in his relations with the poet; he gives a bit too unrestrainedly of himself and of his lovely wife. This prepares the way for the elopement, the curtain raiser for the tragedy. The man suffers intensely, but his pride, his tendency to a diseased egoism dominates and he masks his feelings so completely that he deceives his own sister! We cannot turn such a surge of emotion inward without serious harm to ourselves and instinctively—what an insult to a Scientific-Humanist—Sir Austin feels this. So he seeks an outlet in the future life of his infant son; too much of a coward to face life squarely in its grief as well as its joy, he will henceforth express his own personality vicariously through that of the child. Thus begins the SYSTEM.

The first test of this SYSTEM is in a series of episodes centering around a poaching incident, involving young Ricky and his friend, Ripton Thomson. Angered by the cruelty of Farmer Blaize—he has used a horsewhip—the boys plot revenge. Coming opportunely upon a discharged, disgruntled farm hand they bribe him into burning the farmer's rick. Tom, the tool, is caught, and young Ricky is confronted with his first big moral problem. The baronet drives us to desperation; he makes no effort to gain the boy's confidence but plots to get him out of trouble, acting in lieu of PROVIDENCE. But fate takes a hand in the person of Cousin Austin, who has no SYSTEM, but is a man. Without many words he holds the mirror up to the "hope of Rayn-

ham" and the lad, lovable, tho domineering as "young princes" are apt to be, but straight, clean and with the latent power of social perspective, meets the situation magnificently. The baronet sees in this a complete vindication of the SYSTEM, altho the victory had been in spite of it, and attacks the problem with renewed zest.

As the years go by Lady Feverel comes to see that the laws of nature are all powerful—she wants her child. She dares not seek him openly, so she steals into the Abbey at night for a glimpse of its heir. Failing utterly she writes a letter of renunciation to the man who had once loved her so deeply, to the man who is even yet grieving over her. Does he take her back or give her an opportunity of seeing her child? No, and not because he cannot forgive her, but because Richard must be saved from all knowledge of life. For it is innocence our baronet would develop in his son, the purity and fragrance of the shielded flower, not the clean strength of the oak. This incident gives us the key to the intricate workings of the SYSTEM during the whole of the adolescent period. Richard is in the "Spiritual Seed-Time" and the world he knows must be romantically transfigured. "But one thing he will owe to me; that at one period of life he knew paradise and could read God's handwriting on the earth." His imagination is overdeveloped, we find him weeping over a bust of Chatham, and the natural outlet for this adolescent emotion, the writing of poetry, is prohibited. Has not the baronet had a mortal thrust at his pride by a poet! School is not for him, all kinds of corruption might result. So he grew up somewhat a prig, "deficient in those cosmopolite habits and feelings which enable men and boys to hold together without caring much for each other." He is strong physically, brave, manly, with high ideals and ambitions. So far the baronet feels satisfaction with his experiment on this noble boy. But he realizes fully that the mating season is the crucial test. Did he not have Clare leave the Abbey to prevent Richard's normal love for his play-fellow developing into a deeper feeling? He is still sure that playing PROVIDENCE is the solution of this vital problem, and having decided that Richard should marry at twenty-five he

goes out when the boy is eighteen to search for this perfect woman-child. True, he is somewhat despairing of results. He need not have worried: Richard will attend to that unaided.

In the handling of the love between Richard and Lucy, Meredith is at his best. He is poet in his setting and the sympathetic handling of nature, he is master of the pen in the clearness of style, and he is a philosopher of the highest type in his conception of love. Never once does the "hope of Raynham" consider Lucy's kinship to his old enemy, Farmer Blaize. It is a deeply spiritual experience to him, one that "wafted him into the knightly ages and the reverential heart of chivalry." But alas! Having prepared his heir to live in the Garden of Eden, Sir Austin is not content to let him do so. So by subterfuge and plot the two are separated. Richard struggles until the very depth of his feeling reacts upon him and he is numb. He thinks that he no longer cares, but the spring, and accidental discovery that the boorish Tom Blaize is about to marry Lucy, electrify him. Without thought of condescension, except upon her part, the heir of Raynham, the future baronet, marries the "Papist dairy maid"; Prince Ferdinand carries Miranda off to an island, out of reach of her Caliban.

It is not in Sir Austin to blame himself—nor the SYSTEM which is the child of his brain—so he considers Richard's conduct treachery to him and an insult to his pride. Gentleman of high ideals that he is, he grants the boy an ample allowance, but Richard wants a word from his father. Adrian journeys to the Isle and leads Lucy to persuade Richard to go up to London to meet his father alone. A quixotic impulse to save Clare from the man her mother has decided she shall marry plays no small part in his decision to go. Once he is in London, the baronet retires to the mountains of Wales and busies himself writing aphorisms, determined that Richard shall be separated from his young bride, for a time at least. Had not the SYSTEM provided for a testing time, a trying out period in contact with the pitfalls of society? So a group of the baronet's satellites contrive to extend Richard's stay indefinitely. Lady Blandish sentimentalizes over the risks involved in not seeking the reconciliation, Adrian keeps Lucy urging him to stay at the expense of her better judg-

ment. Mrs. Doria warns him that unless the estrangement is ended his father will surely marry Lady Blandish. Adrian grows infinitely weary in his efforts to amuse the youth, and complains to Mrs. Doria that he sees in the unfortunate woman of the city only a cause for sorrow that a sister-woman to his Lucy should have been forced into such degradation. She tells him the story of his own mother and he sets about finding her. He does so, and takes her to Mrs. Berry, only to have her plead with him to wait in London. "Do not, oh, do not offend your father."

In this quixotic interest in the unfortunate woman seen first in his attempt to rescue Clare from her mother's proposed marriage and again in his attitude toward his own mother, we see the influence of his own holy, deeply spiritual love for Lucy. But alas, the effects of the SYSTEM are also apparent. Only one so ignorant of his world would have attacked this age-old social problem by attempting to reinstate an individual sufferer—Mrs. Mountfalcon, and only a grown-up "little prince", secure in his own vanity would have been so sure of success. So in his romantic interest in this woman comes his severest ordeal. Lord Mountfalcon, interested in Lucy, pays the beautiful enchantress to keep Richard in London. The ending is all too usual. Richard is untrue to his wife and to his better nature. But this Meredithian woman has a soul under all the muck and her love for Richard awakens it. She refuses to go away with him and he leaves London alone.

By now the baronet, ignorant of the disaster, is satisfied; he has had his "pound of flesh". A few hours after Richard leaves London he arrives, ready to take his son and his wife back to Raynham with him and write his book, magnaminously giving to the world the secrets of his wonderful success with his son and heir. Richard comes back just in time to go to Clare's funeral. There he learns from her diary of her constant love for him, and of the part his scorn of her marriage had played in bringing her to the place where life was no longer possible. He refuses to go to Lucy, his father will not receive her alone at Raynham, and after these years of reading the youth fails to get his confidence. So Richard goes abroad seeking peace and purification.

Lucy, sweet innocent, has not been the victim of a SYSTEM. She in her natural goodness—this is carried a bit too far for the reader's credulity—never suspects Mountfalcon of anything but the loftiest motives in befriending the lonely little bride and puts him to reading history to her so that the future heir to Raynham will be a great statesman. Mountfalcon is restless under the spell of an emotion strange to him—selfless love for a woman—and holds back. Just then Berry, God bless Berry, comes for her and the crisis is avoided. The baronet grieves over the absence of his son, and reaches the stage, being told by all his courtiers how charming she is, where he is actually sympathetic toward the little wife—but not to the point of bringing her to Raynham, not even when he is a grandfather.

And meanwhile Richard is abroad seeking reformation and building aircastles of his future career in social reform. The man he gave promise of being at the time of the burning of the rick would have thought less of his social reformation and more of the faithful little bride, waiting for him, in his "land of the west". But "We are betrayed by what is false within" and the fabric of egoism and pride built up through all the days of his youth must have its way. He stayed abroad until Austin Wentworth returning to England, brought Lucy to Raynham, and sought Richard out on the continent. All through a night of terrific storm Richard battles with his sense of sin, and the surging instinct of fatherhood. Just as day breaks he has an illusion of smelling meadow—sweet—he had first seen Lucy in a bed of it—and yielding to the joy of the memory for an instant, his soul finds peace.

All is joy at Raynham. Berry almost smiles upon her faithless spouse, Mrs. Doria who has come to love Lucy as her own feels a share in the general gladness, and the baronet! What man in all England has a better right to rejoice, nay to exult? He is so magnanimous in his joy that he even admits that instinct has beaten science. No carefully planned selection of a wife for Richard could have given a woman Lucy's equal. But once a SYSTEM is set to work, not even its author can undo its far-reaching consequences. At least not in this Meredithian

tragedy! Richard comes to London only to find a letter, months old, from the enchantress telling him of the plot to keep him away from his wife, and urging him to return to her. But the fiery youth, altho sobered by suffering has not overcome his egoism and false pride. Before he can go to Lucy he must needs seek out Mountfalcon. So when he does get to Raynham late at night it is only for an hour, to tell his father the truth, and to crave Lucy's forgiveness. He tears himself away from her and goes to fight the duel with Mountfalcon. He is slightly wounded and the family go to him. For some unaccountable reason Lucy is not allowed to nurse him, nor to see him; the strain is too great, and she breaks under it. Richard recovers in body but not in soul. The baronet is left with a wounded son, a grandson, and a SYSTEM. God forbid his trying it on the sweet Lucy's child.

The sub-plot, the story of Clare and Richard, or rather of Clare and her mother, reinforces the central theme. Mrs. Forey planned Clare's life and brought her up, an obedient child, passive in character. She set the stage for a match with Richard, and alas, Clare loved him truly. Her mother did not sense this, she thought her frailty was due to lack of iron and carried her from one chalybeate spring to another. "It is difficult for those who think very earnestly for their children to know when their children are thinking on their own account." So the mother marries her to a man old enough to be her father; in fact he had aspired to that honor for years. Clare does not resist, but Richard's vehement disapproval adds to her general grief, and life is too much for her. She dies. "Here, I think yonder thrush upon the lawn who has just kicked the last of her lank offspring out of the nest to go shift for itself, much the kinder of the two."

Coming late when Meredith was at the height of his mature powers, *The Egoist* is a more powerful book than *Feverel*. Yet we see much likeness. Sir Willoughby is the classic example of a diseased egoism, and is in many ways a composite of Richard and his father. More than once is there a suggestion that the unnatural bringing up is responsible. He was a "little prince" surrounded by a group of adoring adults, and was

not sent to school. He too is a prig, quixotic, visionary, egocentric, with the baronet's lack of self-criticism. And just as Lady Blandish passes from the stage of blind worship to one where she can write "Oh, how sick I am of theories and SYSTEMS, and the pretensions of men," just so do the successive women in Willoughby's life, Constantia, Clara Middleton, even Letty Dale, come to find him out. In fact the central theme of the two books is strikingly similar, for as Sir Austin wished to and did violate the privacy of Richard's soul, in like manner would Sir Willoughby impress his own personality upon the lovely Clara.

Clara is unlike Lucy; she is a typical Meredithian heroine. In fact there is little likeness in the women in the two books unless Letitia be a grown-up, developed Lucy. Clara is wonderfully drawn, even if she does talk more like a philosopher than an eighteen year old girl. Vernon Whitford is a worthy successor to Austin Wentworth in his objective outlook on life, and his quiet efficiency. And in some ways, Horace is akin to our wise youth, Adrian.

Here the portrayal is less tragic, the world is not quite sure who did the jilting, but the lesson is none the less prominent; each soul needs two things in order to develop, freedom for its own growth, and regard for the same freedom in others.

But what effect does this burden of a thesis have on *Feverel* as a work of art? First, is there a sufficient story to tell? Our answer is yes, for altho the plot is somewhat overstrained we do not lose our interest. Second, how is it told? In some ways the technique is superb; the episodic treatment gives dramatic force—scene after scene etches itself upon our memory—but this is not gained at the sacrifice of organic treatment of close-knit material. In truth it is this fact of the SYSTEM's advancing like a steam-roller, crushing everything under it, that sometimes exasperates us. Even the wayside talk of Tom Blakewell and the tinker is an artistically inherent part of the story; every incident, every comment, points forward to the ultimate tragedy. Never for a minute are we allowed to settle down, comfortable in the belief that a "married and lived happy ever afterwards" end awaits us.

And character delineation? A book

would be needed to give the subject justice. These men and women live, they are our friends and our enemies, for evermore. Look first at the women. Lucy is probably more like a Dickens heroine than a Meredith one, but she is an improvement over the work of the "mighty Charles." She is winsomely attractive, a splendid picture in its consistency. Mrs. Forey is dynamic, powerful in her soul's awakening under fire. Mrs. Blandish is a sentimental lady done to the queen's taste. And Mrs. Berry! Dear "old-black-satin-bunch!" One sympathizes with Richard Le Gallienne in his confession that he has done shabby justice to "the great Berry". But how could he? Are not words necessary for such a feat, and she is confessedly not in the "dixionary". Richard and his father are the outstanding men. Both are egoists, both fall through their pride, both are visionary, but Richard is far the more lovable of the two. The scenes with Lucy, the rick affair, and the night walk in the forest, convince us that given half a chance he would have been a humanist. Adrian is the classic cynic, and an inimitable one. Austin Wentworth's quiet strength is necessary as a foil for the Feverels. His lower class men are a veritable bit of old England preserved for us in the fluid of genius. And his boys. They are Penrod, Tom Sawyer and our beloved Huck, all in one, and therefore immortal.

There is a tonal atmosphere to the entire book. Certain chapters are masterpieces for all time to come, and have won the warmest praise from such critics as Stevenson. The book varies in its style; in the main it is limpid clear, but there are passages typical in obscurity. One thing is constant, the delicate humor. This alone makes it worth reading more than once. It abounds in wayside chatting, but the "Pilgrim's Scrip" is so clever that one generally forgives the insertion of its wisdom.

Altho we have here a tragedy, dealing with realistic material, we cannot safely say that its author is a realist in writing in. Le Gallienne wisely says that he is a "realist after the manner of the poets," and that he is as optimistic as Browning. Yet like his friend Thomson we find it hard to forgive him the "cruel, cruel ending" and wonder if it was artistically necessary. Aside from

the shadow of the cypress tree nothing had forecast it. But on the whole the book is a true picture of life as it too often is. For what field more abounds in tragedy than the futile attempts we make in aiding the developing personality of our children.

KATHERINE M. ANTHONY

VI

PROPOSED CONSTITUTION OF THE VIRGINIA KINDERGARTEN—PRI- MARY ASSOCIATION

ARTICLE I.

- A. This organization shall be known as the Virginia Kindergarten-Primary Association.
- B. This organization accepts the constitution of the State Teachers' Association for its guidance.

ARTICLE II.

The purpose of the organization shall be to promote a closer study of the needs of young children.

ARTICLE III.

Membership shall be open to teachers, supervisors, principals, superintendents, and all persons concerned with the educational problems of young children.

ARTICLE IV.

The officers of the Association shall be president, two vice-presidents (one a kindergarten and the other a primary teacher or supervisor), a corresponding secretary, and a recording secretary and treasurer, and shall be elected for a term of two years.

ARTICLE V.

Annual meetings shall be held in connection with the Virginia Educational Conference in November of each year. Other meetings shall be by order of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE VI.

This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the membership, provid-

ed a notice of the proposed amendment be served three months before the meeting at which the vote is to be taken.

BY-LAWS

ARTICLE I.

Nominations and Elections.

SECTION 1. The Executive Committee shall appoint a nominating committee in June of each year whose duty it shall be to present a nominating list of officers at the annual meeting. Nominations may also be made from the floor.

SECTION 2. The elections shall be by ballot.

ARTICLE II.

Committees.

SECTION 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of the officers of the Association, the president of the Virginia State Teachers' Association, and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

This committee shall be concerned with the policies of work for the Association and shall have the power to act for the Association in emergencies.

SECTION 2. Other committees may be authorized by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III.

Dues.

The annual dues for active members shall be twenty-five cents, in addition to the dues of twenty-five cents paid to the State Teachers' Association.

Contributing members shall be those who contribute additional funds annually to the support of the work of this association.

ARTICLE IV.

Duties of Officers.

SECTION 1. *President.* The president shall preside at all meetings, shall appoint standing committees, shall be an ex-officio member of all committees, and shall in all possible ways promote the growth and well-being of the Association. The president shall not be eligible for election for the following term.

SECTION 2 *Vice-President.* One vice-president shall be elected each year. In 1920, one vice-president shall serve a term of one