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Mr. G. K. Chesterton, a somewhat self-confident but brilliant man of letters, has said that a man's philosophy is the most important thing about him; and this is probably true when a man has a philosophy. But most men have nothing worthy of the name. Professor M. C. Otto thinks that the average man's philosophy is nothing but a heap of odds and ends like the contents of Tom Sawyer's pocket; it consists, he says, of "a substratum of superstition about the supernatural, a smattering of social theory, a nest of group prejudices, a few wise saws, a rumor or two from science, a number of slip-shod observations of life"; in short, it is a hodge-podge.

This being the case, there would seem to be little justification for utterance, little intrinsic merit in what the average man has to say, but he keeps on speaking, on such occasions as this, nevertheless, and attempts to justify himself. He keeps on speaking possibly for the same reason that a United States senator (not from Ohio) is reported to have kept on, namely, in order to find out what it was he wanted to say—which I take, on behavioristic grounds, to be an excellent reason. And he justifies himself by the assumption that in joining hodge-podge to hodge-podge and listening to the criticism evoked, he may be confirmed in his prejudices. It is certain that we cannot join each other satisfactorily without utterance, and if there is no other need for free speech, is this that people must be permitted to utter their foolishness for how else can it be defined as such? With such an admittedly slender and precarious justification, I beg leave to link a little of my philosophy with yours today.

How life began on this earth is still a much devated question. All theorists agree that there was a period when it did not exist. But it came and is here; that is an undisputed fact.
Now life came to assume the endless variety of forms now found, is also a mystery, more or less. Many theories attempting explanations have been advanced; but no one of them is accepted in detail by everybody. But these forms are here; that is unquestioned.

That there is, within each member of every species and variety, a hardly controlled urge to propagate, and that this urge would lead to the filling of the earth, is no longer open to doubt. The biologists have given us innumerable examples of this continuous pressing upon space and subsistence. The female of the White Butterfly lays forty eggs at a batch and two batches each season. In three years, if all grew up, there would be one thousand million butterflies, and swarming over the city of London they would cast it in deep gloom. A Cholera bacillus can duplicate every twenty minutes and, if unhindered, would increase so rapidly as to produce a weight, according to Cohn, of 7.366 tons in one day. Huxley has given us a neat example of a plant which, producing fifty seeds a year and requiring one square foot for each sprout, would fill the available arable land in ten years, and two million square miles more, if unrestricted by natural enemies. Fertility and the geometrical ratio are terrible realities in the organic realm.

That our earth is not, however, at this moment, populated mainly by white butterflies, Cholera bacilli, elephants or snakes, is an unquestioned fact. But the modest place which each form of life occupies is not the fault of the energetic urge; these forms have done their best; they have put up a merciless fight; but other forms have resisted their advance. The interaction between the rapid increase of numbers and the limitation of supplies is what we call the struggle for existence.

Into this desperate millenium-old struggle came inchoate man; how long ago, we can only guess in dizzy figures. The method of his coming
has been the subject of bitter and sanguinary disputes, the creationists holding one view and the evolutionists several others. The creationist view was not an illogical view considering the paucity of evidence, the fertility of the human imagination, and the majesty of man's achievements. But evolutionist views have now come to contest the supremacy of this former notion, and these seem to show that man engaged in the struggle for existence and differentiated from the main stream of life just as other species did; and they attempt to show also that man has struggled heroically and continuously in order to survive, and that he has not been providentially preserved any more than any other species.

That man was frail, timid and inadequate, comparatively speaking, at the outset and for long ages, is widely believed. He was not as strong as the elephant; he was not as fleet of foot as the tiger; he was not as nimble a climber as the squirrel; he was not as well clothed as the bear; he could not fly like a bird; his young were probably born more helpless than the offspring of most other creatures, and generally there were fewer of them. Man was not, in the days of his beginning and regarded from without, a very promising specimen. No Martian observer of this exciting contest on our planet would have singled him out and placed much of a bet on him as a winner.

But the astonishing, the as yet inadequately explained, outcome has been this: Handicapped though he was, man hung on and multiplied; he banded and thrived; he invented and fabricated a wonderful cultural cushion and thrust it in between himself and his natural enemies; and through the centuries he has outstripped most of his competitors in the race for survival and the climbing for mastery; he seems now to have prospects of possessing the earth and dictating the terms upon which other creatures may live.
Now, it is not beyond our conceiving that some other species might have conquered. Imagine a globe dominated by monkeys! And there are those who make this fanciful conceiving into a point of view from which to puncture our pretensions and raise doubts as to the reality of man's success. Is man, after all, the lord of creation? How do we arrive at that conclusion? Montaigne once said: "Why may not the goose say thus: 'All the parts of the universe I have an interest in; the earth serves me to walk upon, the sun to light me; the stars have their influence upon me; I have such an advantage by the winds and such by the waters; there is nothing that you heavenly roof looks upon so favorably as me. I am the darling of Nature. Is it not man that keeps and serves me?'" And Pope reiterated the same idea in the lines:

"While man exclaims, 'See all things for my use,"

'See man for mine,' replies the pampered goose."

Are men, then, the lords of creation? Evidently not all men. Some are slaves to geese; some are slaves to dogs; some are slaves to horses; some are slaves to their factories; some are slaves to their gold. These satirical remarks remind us that something very different from what is usually accepted might have been, indeed, may be. We note, however, that it was Montaigne and Pope who uttered this notion and not "the pampered goose." Had the goose suddenly called our attention to this way of appraising the situation, then we might well have rubbed our eyes and taken a new grip on our foundations. But had the goose raised the question, instead of Montaigne and Pope, we would have countered by chopping of its head and made a feast. That would be an unanswerable answer would it not?

To be strictly truthful, then, we must say that some men have won out in this struggle for existence, and have gradually consolidated
their position on earth so that they are able to turn about and say to other creatures: "Come along now and serve me or perish from the land." And these creatures have come; far back the centuries the dog came and submitted; the horse came and submitted; the cow came; the cat came—at least during the day-time; the wild fruits came in troops and blushed with their regeneration; the wild roots came and were transformed into respectable vegetables; some insects have come a certain distance, the bees for example; the germ world has not been neglected and certain representatives are now on man's side; some natural forces have been forced to yield.

But many organisms have hung back; the lion, the tiger, the alligator, numerous weeds, have resisted. Man has been patient; but he has never been more determined nor more skillful; and he has never countenanced the epoch-making order. And the incorrigibles are going out. The Colorado potato bug was resistant and a way has been found to mitigate its ravages; the Hessian fly seemed to reveal no possibilities for service and so is going; the mosquito resisted man when he went to dig the Panama canal, but the canal was dug and this pest was banished; a recent report from Mexico states that the locusts are again a menace in certain regions, but the campaign against the plague has been intensified, and there will be only one outcome; the battle with the corn borer, with the boll weevil, with tuberculosis, with cancer, and all other known enemies is raging, and few doubt the ultimate results.

For seven years, says a recent editorial, a Rochester chemist has been trying to find out the latent possibilities of usefulness in the troublesome milkweed. Up to date he reports that he has discovered not less than twenty-two uses to which its parts may be put, and he has already perfected processes for the practical realization
of some of these possibilities. Out of the delicate, feathery fibre found in the seedpods, he has produced a surgical dressing, pure white and softer than silk, which he thinks may displace the cotton dressing now in use. The plant is also capable of furnishing fibre for paper, textile and silk industries, and its juices may be transformed into glucose and rubber. It furnishes the elements for a form of celluloid, a good cattle food, and a fertilizer. Such a story, wonderful as it is, might be multiplied indefinitely. And thus one by one the supposedly useless and the actually menacing creations of nature are found capable of service to man. But the whole story of one originally unpromising species on this earth triumphing over all others is epitomized in the swatting of a fly or the breaking of a colt.

Advancing conquest is the omnipresent fact today. And we are widely profiting by the luxurious cultural results. They are so stupendous and so impossible, from any grounds of prior deduction, that they challenge explanation; and explanations have not been wanting.

Some have insisted that man, unaided from outside, could never have triumphed in this magnificent way. They say that the Almighty really intended affairs to work out in this manner, and used man as an instrument; they insist that all of this was accomplished through man—and mostly in spite of him. And these interpreters have seen, in the existence of other creatures on earth, not creatures in their own right, not possible lords of the globe struggling desperately for possession, but mere means of man's glorification. And man, they assert, in turn and properly, should not highly esteem himself but give the glory to the real author of his success.

Others have insisted that this unique achievement was made possible by, and came solely as a consequence of, an unpredictable kink in the evolution process by which intelligence was born. More specifically, they point to that marvellous development called science as the savior of mankind.

A third view is that man gained this unique ascendancy in the earth by learning the arts of cooperation, by means of his desires for fellowship and his
capacity for social organization. In other words, some see in this human mastery the result of man's conquest over his own animosities, disagreements and strife.

I am not proposing that any one should make a choice among these or other theories of man's success. But I submit that one of the most important items of human knowledge conceivable would be a thorough understanding of the method of this achievement. And why is it so important to know this? It is so important because history shows that man has slipped badly many times from his pinnacle position. Babylonia attained a measure of success towards conquest and then lost out; Egypt conquered and then lost; Greece conquered and then lost; Rome conquered and lost; and there are prophets aplenty who predict the downfall of modern civilization. The facts are these: Certain sections of mankind have suffered defeat in the past; certain distinguished voices are crying in the wilderness at the present time; therefore, is our present position of near-eminence infallible? Who knows? But how intense is our longing to know!

One recent student of the history of civilization believes that there is a clue as to how man gained his eminence in how he lost it, in the cases already mentioned. He says that the major cause of past failures was fratricidal strife. In other words, the most dangerous enemy of man on earth has been man himself. And it would certainly be a most extraordinary and depressing discovery if we should learn that all other enemies man can master, but cannot master himself.

It is not my purpose to defend this view, but I wish to make it the starting-point for a remark or two. There is a degree of reasonableness in this fratricidal strife theory aside from the facts revealed by decadent civilizations; and probably no one item appears more insistently in the lists of causes of decadence. But let us turn to another line of argument.

We have to remember, first of all, that each species and variety has the same urge, today as ever, to propagate and fill the earth. That submission which we sometimes call domestication, does not mean that these creatures would remain docile and useful were man to withdraw his pressure; domestication does not mean
that prudential restraint has been permanently inbred. Therefore, man's eminence once gained has always to be maintained by the locked arms of cooperative enterprise and by unceasing vigilance. It is an old saying that when the cat is away the mice will play; and they will play havoc with whatever appeals to them. If man ever dozes on his throne, or preoccupies himself in any other way so that his hold on living things is relaxed, his friends the enemy will not fail to undermine his exalted position and grow away at his vitals.

My point is that when human beings turn to fight each other they weaken the solid front which they must continuously present to their innumerable and struggling natural enemies if these enemies are to be kept in service or out of reach. What happened during the late war? Many a field was abandoned by man, many a tree, many a vine, many a dumb animal. With what result? The weeds and the mice and the grasshoppers came back as if a flood gate had been raised; trees wasted their energy with useless sprouts; vines and dumb animals ran wild again. And did not tuberculosis come back rapidly? Did not influenza deal us a terrific blow?

Another point is this. Man's conquest, as I have already said, has really been the work of a few. All human beings have demanded survival; but most have been content with that. A few have demanded mastery, and they have sacrificed much to gain it; the rest have been happy to enjoy the advantages gained by the few; and these advantages have been widely distributed. But if the few, working individually and often against great odds, have achieved so much, what could not a joint engagement of the many accomplish? That is something to ponder over as we think of our place in society. Are we lifting or being lifted? Are we building the cultural matress or lolling about upon it?

Moreover, as the areas covered by this cooperative vigilance widen, more workers are required in a progressive ratio. In other words, as the territory of human conquest expands, the government thereof becomes more attenuated and precarious unless trained workers flock into the service in increasing numbers. Inferentially,
all slacking on the job, all loafing, all wasting of substance and energy, all fiddling while Rome burns, becomes increasingly intolerable and traitorous; it becomes more intolerable and traitorous because it imperils the whole undertaking; and it imperils the whole undertaking because it amounts to succor and encouragement to the real enemies of man.

There are those who brazenly insist that they have a "right" to a living, or to a good time, or to an equal share of property, or to an education, or to do as they please, as the case may be, although how they came by this right has never yet been explained. And, following up their convictions, they rest comfortably upon this wonderful cultural support which the few have erected between themselves and the assaults of nature. In their ignorance, they suppose that the victory has been won. They ought to know, instead, that the battle of humanity has just nicely gotten under way, that there is now really some promise of success. But there were ignorant people in Babylon who talked that way and insisted on their rights; there were such people in Egypt, and in Rome. But these states fell and these simpletons fell with them.

An age-old superstition, still active in our midst, is that this battle will win itself. Besides being imbedded in certain religious creeds, we have this view expressed in the doctrine that progress is inevitable. It is hastily assumed by many that success does not depend, except incidentally, upon man but upon some external powers of some sort. In its worst form, this doctrine leads to quietism, to passive non-resistance. But what we have to learn is that the battle of humanity is humanity's battle and that of nobody else. We must, therefore, surrender that superstition and substitute a doctrine of active endeavor, a doctrine of the strenuous life, if you will. Humanity has fallen short of victory many times; victory may fail again; what do we wish to happen?

For the future, the most urgent question is this: How can we always keep the real enemies of man in view and escape being side-tracked into wasteful intra-human struggles with their disastrous results? Possibly you may say that the real enemies are always in view, clearly seen by everybody, and that I am merely stressing the
obvious. I would be overcome with joy to believe that. But I do not think that
one percent of human beings are aware of the nature of man's undertaking. In a
thoughtful paper on "Ethnocentrism," the other day, an intelligent student wrote
this: "It is doubtful if the in-group feeling can become at all effective without
the pressure of an out-group. We can't yell, 'Hold 'em State' with any feeling unless
there is another team to 'hold.' According to this hypothesis, a world
united in peace is destined to become an empty dream since no out-group would be
remaining to stimulate a unification of the world-group."

Now this student, I believe, seems nothing beyond other human beings, members of his own species, to "Hold." It has not yet
dawned on him that the big fight is with an extra-human team. His imagination has
not yet been expanded so that he can take in the significance of the human enter-
prise. He doesn't want to fight his fellows, but he still wants social solidarity. That these are consistent and not antagonistic notions has not become clear
to him yet.

I have been taught to love my family, my community, and my country; that is good
and necessary. I have been taught to show my affection by working in behalf of
these various groups; and affection without expression is worthless. I have been
taught that this affection would probably involve some fighting, and this appealed
to me for I was a fond of fighting as any vigorous boy. But the enemy always
pointed out to me was some other family, community or nation. And in order to
strengthen my loyalty to said family, community or nation, I was mischievously told
that manifested affection for these entities implied despising and hating these
other human groups. I was never shown, I never understood until I was mature—if
not partially deceased—that my most dangerous enemies were not my fellows but
the forces and organisms which have been contesting man's ownership of the earth.

I have come to interpret loyalty in a much larger way. I think we must all
enlarge the idea—and for two chief reasons; first, the extra-human nature and loca-
tion of the real enemies of man, as already indicated, and second, a new appreciation
of the sources of our knowledge and power for completing the conquest. This last
point deserves some emphasis.

If any family, community or nation on earth could make a valid claim—please note that I say valid claim—to possess an infallible technique for the human conquest, and if no other group could learn it or discover one of its own, then the said perfect group might have some justification for a policy of extermination. But where is the group so fully developed? Do we American make such a claim? Do the English? Do the Japanese? And if the claim is made, how is it validated?

If there are no perfectly equipped groups, is it possible, on the other hand, that there are any utterly imperfect groups unequipped groups? Is it not conceivable, indeed, is not not probable, that any group which has survived through a period in the struggle for existence has acquired some wisdom and skill about how to live? Then how can the destruction of such a source of knowledge be anything other than low-grade imbecility? A person was once reproved for killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Has that lesson yet been learned by individuals and nations?

If a group is inefficient and ignorant in respect to the difficult arts of living, the natural enemies of mankind will eventually get it. But some of us, in our conceit and heat, say if "eventually, why not now?" But I am wondering if it will not require all of the wisdom and skill now available on earth to win the victory for mankind. I wonder if the destruction of so many times in the past has not been the chief cause of the slow growth of civilization. Does not our patriotic bias blind us all the time to the values in the other cultures?

Within this general framework of ideas I find places for a number of special views. Time forbids more than a passing reference to several. I find here a place for an enlightened individualism. This war of humanity has not been brought to its present stage of success without the unstinted contributions of individuals, without the aid of a vast integration of the seemingly inconsequential gifts which people like ourselves bear. And the struggle, now having more promise than ever, calls for greater gifts and for gifts more widely derived. More than this, the objective of the struggle is human conquest to be sure, but that is merely instrumental to the
increase of the effectual personalities on earth; well-rounded persons are the beginning and the end of the movement.

There is a place here for a theory of democracy, by which I mean a social arrangement demanding and giving opportunity for the best that each individual and group can give. Some have construed democracy in terms of the right of all to have the privileges of any. But this is superstition; it is utterly inconsistent with man's present position on earth; our ultimate victory can be consolidated only by stressing duties, services, ingenuity, hard work and sacrifices, and not by prating about privileges, rights, sinecures, bonuses, and extras of various kinds. More than this, true democrats are not in the least pernickety about the sources of light on the difficult problems of living; they never dogmatically dismiss any person or group as an empty well; they are not averse to information even if it is found operative within a different skin-color or has its origin within a skull having a different cephalic index.

Within this framework, I have reached the conclusion that fratricidal strife, with its apparently necessary loss of eminence, is drifted into and not made. There are those who talk about "waging war," just as manufacturers talk about making steam-engines, houses or lip-sticks. But strife comes of itself; it is the line of least resistance. The thing which has to be made, created, is peace; that is the hard thing; that is the unique thing; that will call for heroism. And I mean by peace that ready and effective cooperation between human beings which will make possible the prosecution of the bigger war against all extra-human enemies. I do not mean softness; I do not emphatically mean ease; I do not mean cowardice. I mean the very opposite of all these, but applied differently.

Within this framework I find a large place for philosophy, science and universal education. The knowledge which all men everywhere acquire about the arts of living, must be more rapidly and effectually gleaned, tested and distributed; distributed as rapidly as it can be absorbed and wherever it can be absorbed, as a check upon assinnity, and as a basis for further and more universal achievement. The human struggle
has lagged so lamentably largely because we have been lazy and stingy, and prejudiced; it will continue to lag unless we can devote more energy and wealth to the spreading of what knowledge we now have available and the discovery of much more. All who can learn must have an increasingly unhampered opportunity; likewise all who can discover. Education will fulfill one of its major functions when it continuously and unerringly points the rising generations to where the battle of life is thickest.

Within this framework I find a place for religion; not the crude and degrading and proselytizing superstition of preliterate times, not the fantastic and wearisome ritual-worship of the magic-ridden, not the accumulated emotional delirium of the twelve-cylinder evangelists, not the lethargic fatalism of the creed-imprisoned, not the whipped-our fear of an eccentric grandfather striking whimsical blows at man's courageous efforts to save himself; none of these. Rather, the religion of an unquenchable devotion in the search for truth, rather that of a dauntless heroism in this unique human undertaking of which I have spoken, rather that of an inextinguishable hope which steals the heart of man against the discouragements of indifference, stupidity, nonsense and cruelty, rather that of a passion for human warmth, understanding and solidarity, rather the religion of love which recognizes and responds to the human in every man and calls it forth to a predominant place in his life.

This magnificent human enterprise, directed to the subjugation of the resources of the globe for our advancement, is the great human adventure. It is an adventure because it has never been completed before, and its completion will be a new thing on earth. It is an adventure because it is a facing of many unknowns. The doctrine expressed in the language of the street to the effect that "we do not know where we are going but we are on the way," is largely correct. The actual going makes adventure; that provides plenty of thrills. There is more "kick,"—to use a prevalent technical term—in viewing the human pilgrimage through time in this way than in some other ways I have known. A very large part of the worth of living at all is in going towards the new, the untried, the incalculable.

But someone objects: "If we do not know where we are going what is the use of
trying to go there?" The answer is plain; it seems to me—and is an added source of higher satisfactions—we are going in order to find out where we are going. That is the main reason for keeping on. At any rate, what else is there to do? But there is another answer. Where do we want to go? What would we like to have the human race be and achieve? What do we wish the goals of life to be? For we are free as never before to make up our minds upon such matters.

It is a fact that we are but microscopic specks upon a microscopic speck whirling through cosmic space. We may never be able to steer this good ship earth to any particular port; it will probably go on whirling through space forever regardless of our wishes, the mechanics of the various universes being what they are. And the directing the human pilgrimage has usually been thought of us equally impossible. But for the first time since man came on the globe, the last few centuries have generated the conviction that the shaping of human destiny—destiny not in the sense of a preordained fate but in the sense of a pre-conceived goal—is in man's hands. Formerly man thought of himself as ensnared in so many foreign, by which I mean extraneous, entanglements that he had to move in a curve which he could never plot. Now, more than ever, he is free to predestine himself in the light of what he learns about what is worth while by way of arts and ends.

And truly this is not an utterly new doctrine. Francis Bacon was not far out of the Middle Ages in time, but he was far in advance of the most of us in attitude. He held, even in those benighted times, that everything was possible to man. Time is young, he said; give us some little centuries and we shall control and remake everything. We shall at last learn the noblest lesson of all, that man shall not fight man, but must make war only on the obstacles that nature offers to his triumph. "It will not be amiss," he said in one of his finest passages, "to distinguish the three kinds and as it were grades, of ambition in mankind. The first is of those who desire to extend their power in their native country; which kind is vulgar and degenerate. The second is of those who labor to extend the power of their country and its dominion
among men; this certainly has more dignity, but not less covetousness. But if a man endeavor to establish and extend the power and dominion of the human race itself over the universe, his ambition is without doubt both a more wholesome thing and a nobler than the other two."

Perhaps Bacon was overly optimistic; certainly the results of his Novum Organum have not been all that he would have desired. Possibly we are overly optimistic today; it may be that this projected human conquest is quite impossible. But how is any one to learn that it is impossible without attempting it? Past failures do not prove that it is impossible. Past successes do not prove that it is inevitable. For the present we can put heads on our wants and continue to experiment, continue to adventure. And we can do a new thing under the sun; we can work towards the organization of mankind, towards the pooling of the wisdom of mankind, towards the universalization of the arts of mankind. And success in these directions, I take it, will set a few more rungs in the ladder reaching up towards human mastery.