

“SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER”

This is the age of short cuts. It is especially true of Education. Men no longer go to college to learn; they go merely to get a few letters to hang after their name, and to get them as quickly as possible. As Barney Google says: “Take for instance Sinclair Lewis’ ‘Babbitt’, who urges his son to go to the State College, in these words: ‘I’ve found out it’s a mighty nice thing to be able to say you’re a B. A. Some client that doesn’t know what you are, and thinks you’re just a plug business man, gets shooting off his mouth about economics or literature or foreign trade conditions, and you just ease in something like, ‘When I was in college—’course I got my . A. in sociology and all that junk——’ Oh, it puts an awful crimp in their style.” Pilgrims who have reached Mecca tie a green band on their burnoose so as to distinguish themselves from ordinary mortals. It would be considerate of the S. C. college graduates to wear some like mark, as otherwise it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the common people. In general short cuts are like a bald-headed barber who urges a hair tonic on his victims.

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The so-called practical man asks: “Of what value is education anyhow?” John Dewey, in the *New Republic* answers the question. “The profit of education is the ability it gives to discriminate, to make distinctions that penetrate below the surface.” To the ordinary man Sargent’s mural decorations in the Boston Public Library are paintings, to the educated man they have a significance which is deeper than the paint coated canvass. Education is more than a name. Abraham Lincoln said that if we call a sheep’s tail a leg the animal will still have only four legs, for calling a tail a leg doesn’t make it so.

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Having occasion to have some repairs made on a tausk, the Walrus visited a young Jewish dentist, who is considered one of the best in his own particular city. After the completion of the operation the Walrus was invited into the Doctor’s laboratory. After watching some very

interesting experiments, a discussion ensued,—home town politics, education, the new plays, and finally the recent agitation against the Jews at Harvard were all considered. The last topic was by far the most interesting to both the Doctor and the Walrus. It seems that there are several Irishmen of prominence, more or less, supporting a movement to exclude Jews from the university. These gentlemen seem to be blessed with short memories, otherwise they would remember that their own race was the subject of like discrimination no less than ten years ago. But times and men have changed. Today the family tree is a potato plant. The best part of it is underground.

It was recalled that very recently a sectarian college called upon its alumnae for financial aid. The aid came, but not from the solicited source. Several Jewish financiers gave so generously that the crisis was successfully passed. The Walrus ventured the opinion that if the Jews continue to amass wealth they might in time come to be the support of our schools, and as an afterthought added that the increasing wealth of the Jews was more than likely the root of all anti-Jewish movements. On this point the Doctor disagreed. He said that this wealth was the single reason of any toleration of his race. They must amass wealth as a protective measure. A poor Jew is a poor Jew. A rich Jew will be accepted on equal social terms, and he must be received on an equal basis and in many cases a superior one. The Walrus went home wondering if Shylock were vindicated.

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You have perhaps heard the remark, "Shall we kill him or kiss him." After reading the Rede Lecture for 1922, "The Victorian Age," by Dean Inge of St. Paul's, one is tempted to do both simultaneously. His digression in the appreciation of Tennyson is obviously directed at Strachey. "Let those who are disposed to follow the present evil fashion of disparaging the great Victorians make a collection of their heads in photographs or engravings, and compare them with those of their own favorites. Let them set up in a row good portraits of Tennyson, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Martineau, Lord Lawrence, Burne Jones, and, if they like, a dozen lesser luminaries, and ask themselves candidly whether men of this stature are any longer among us." For this the kiss. But before the lecture ends we learn that