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calmly: "He was emptied of blood on the spot in an instant, like a bucket kicked over. Little as he was, it was remarkable to see how much blood he had. It made a stream at least fifty metres long." You, with your sanitary drinking cups, and your hysterics if some one wipes his face on your towel, say, will this ever be you? The remarkable thing, of course, is that it will be.

It must first be realized that life itself is composed of this phenomenon of the double spirits, the primal and the developed. In what James calls the "hierarchy of the Me's" there are these two divisions. We have selfishness—we need it to live—we have our brutal passions, as we have our finer strivings. It is odd, too, that of the characteristics prompted by nature all are necessary, while so many of our so-called higher feelings are not at all. It is undeniable that we need these basic impulses, but it is also undeniable that we do need the holier, finer emotions, even some of those that are mere pleasant embroideries on existence.

The lamentable thing is that civilization has carried us so far into superficiality that, although we recognize the brute in us, in the laboratory, we try to conceal it in polite conversation, and temper it by a discreet silence, and refuse to admit that we gloat over our elemental huskiness in private. Strip the finest dandy, however, of his veneer, and you have as primitive a creature as the cave man. He has his red angers, when he'd like to break skulls, and he only bites his nails. It is when the real self breaks through that he becomes heroic. That explains why a man on Easter Sunday will let his silk hat be smashed beneath a horse's hoof, and himself be dragged in the mud for a block to stop a runaway horse. We do not admit that the elemental impulses are the grand ones. It is war's great mission to tear away all the violet-colored veils with which we screen ourselves, to strip away the silly trumpery we garnish our civilization with, even to hold it up to our own ridicule.

A fine rage is a noble thing, and a strong man with vital, unhampered impulses is far less repulsive than the emotionless, purposeless, sexless stripling we are told to admire. But the true ideal shall be attained when these brutish and selfish impulses have been brought under the rein, when we have learned

to differentiate between religion, for example, and sanctimony, courtesy and etiquette, aestheticism and effeminacy. We are always ourselves, hypocrisy, super-civilization (this is not the word I want) only refines and emasculates and varnishes our manner. We have worshipped false gods for a long time, we are coming to know, and the last smudge of the lip-stick, and the last polish on the nail, and the last twist of the necktie, and the last broad "a," and all the long list of meaningless ritual to our idols—meaningless when it was not thoughtful, can be cleaned away only by the great purifier. We shall emerge from battle like men from a mud-bath, who have sloughed away the mental and moral filth in the physical. And war is the great purifier.

R. M. Coates.