FASCINATING AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PSYCHOLOGIST

(Boston Herald.)

America's outstanding expert in psychology, until recently president of Clark University, makes revelations concerning his past which in some respects put the Rousseau confessions into the shade and in others cause the "truth and poetry" which Goethe embodied in his reminiscences to seem tame by comparison. Dr. Hall's shortcomings were mainly boyish peccadilloes such as any youth brought up on a farm and attending a country school might fall into, yet he describes them seriously, often with extended emphasis, and always with expressions of regret that the beginning of his life work should have been thus clouded, if ever so faintly. The real atonement came, of course, with the long and useful career which has placed science so largely in the author's debt, and if he recalls mistakes of the past it is mainly in order that psychologists may realize the kind of mental make-up in which all his later strivings and achievements had their buttressing.

As an autobiography the book is nothing less than fascinating. It deals with Dr. Hall's family and with his early years on the farm at Ashfield, Massachusetts, then with the educational period, widening out from secondary and higher training in this country to more elaborate courses under German teachers abroad; finally with his professorship at Amherst College, his membership in similar capacity of the faculty at Johns Hopkins and his long experience as president and professor of psychology at Clark, the story of whose embarrassments and successful issue with them he fully outlines.

The chapters thus utilized are alive with the names of the books he read, of the thinkers and teachers whose personal acquaintances he made, and of the general course of his intellectual development. Not the least interesting section of the work is that given to the educational retrospect, furnishing ample evidence of progress, for Dr. Hall remembers the time when history was not taught in the district school, when there was no instruction in drawing, when music had no place in the curriculum, and when the punishments meleed out to school pupils included "standing on the floor, facing a corner, or pulling hair or ears"; occasionally "the face was slapped and the ears roughly boxed," while "in more extreme cases there was a furling, which consisted in striking a number of blows with a ruler on the palm of the hand held open by the teacher, and perhaps trouncing with a stick conspicuously kept on the teacher's desk. We were generally flogged," adds the author, "until we cried aloud."

Eager as he is to recognize educational advance, Dr. Hall fails not to stress what he regards as weaknesses in America's system, notably its backwardness in inculcating a knowledge of good literature and a taste for it, also its failure to drive home the facts and lessons of the world war. His review of progress in psychology, embodying criticism of defects also there, leads him to urge the need of a psychological Plato to put that science again on the right track. As to the schools, colleges, and universities, he asks for "a great awakening" such as will yield "a widened scope of curricula, a better trained, inspired and more inspiring teacher personnel, a greater increment of educational resources," it being his conviction that education is now the world's chief problem.

LITTLE THINGS

It takes a little muscle
And it takes a little grit,
A little true ambition
With a little bit of wit.
It's not the "biggest" things that count
And make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that people do,
That makes the old world go.

A little bit of smiling
And a little sunny chat,
A little bit of courage
To a comrade slipping back.
It's not the "biggest" things that count
And make the "biggest" show; It's the little things that people do
That make this old world go.

It takes a kindly action
And it takes a word of cheer
To fill a life with sunshine
And to drive away a tear.
Great things are not the "biggest" things
That make the "biggest" show;
It's the little things that we may do
That make this old world go.

—Exchange.