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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

HIS EXCELLENCY MR. FRANKLIN

The Last Loves of the First American

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Drawings by E. H. Suydam

GREAT pleasure is taken nowadays in displaying the shortcomings of famous men, in showing that they were human, mediocre, average, sometimes even below the average. Thus the historian, if not always successful in proving his hero (or his victim) to be on a level with contemporary readers, at least demonstrates successfully that he himself has no pretensions. We are constantly informed that Washington loved wine and Franklin women, that each in his own way was an old rake. And if these writers are clever enough to work in a discreet reference to prohibition, to the Anti-Saloon League, or any other of a number of live issues, they are certain to attract the public, who find the newspapers easier reading than books.

These methods are really more suited to the movies than to history. There is no doubt that Franklin liked women, but that does not absolve us from defining our terms, and determining in

what manner he liked them. Throughout his life he took pleasure in saluting the beauties he met on his way: Katy Ray in New England at the beginning of his life, Polly Stevenson in London in the fullness of his powers, and later, in the decline, his great and consoling friends, Madame Helvétius and Madame Brillon. With both of these charming persons he played the game of love according to the rules of the eighteenth century. He gave them both part of his time, of his fantasy, doubtless of his heart. He did not scruple at embracing them, at teaching them the most useful elements of human wisdom (without too many wanderings into the realm of the divine). He was faithful to them, and always kept the *beau rôle* of the man who gives infinitely more than he receives, even when he receives a great deal.

I should like to sketch exactly the kind of relationship that bound him to Madame Helvétius and Madame Brillon. Although these affairs have been much talked about, they have usually caused too much excitement to be thoroughly understood, and certain papers — love letters of Franklin, anecdotes collected by witnesses, friends, and secretaries of Mme. Helvétius, which I recently had the good fortune to discover — allow me to contribute a little new information.

When, on the twenty-second of December, 1775, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Dr. Franklin arrived in Paris in his post chaise, it would have been hard for him not to feel weighed down with a burden of profound weariness such as his spirit had never known. He was an old man of seventy, worn out by political struggles, fatigue, griefs, and the roughness of a winter crossing of the Atlantic in the midst of tempest and war. Behind him he left two lives, successful, but now apparently destroyed. Of his family life, comfortable and bourgeois, in America, there remained nothing. His wife, good old Deborah Franklin, not always easy of temper nor exactly distinguished, but devoted and not at all stupid, had died two years before, leaving behind an empty house.

Of his family, then, he carried with him everything that seemed capable of continuing it. Like Æneas with his family gods, Franklin carried away his two favorite grandchildren to save them from shipwreck and malediction; but one of them was the illegitimate son of William Franklin, and the other — Benjamin Franklin Bache, a child. Both were burdens for an old man, who for ten years had felt the need of rest, of calm and

leisure. Would he live to see them grow up? — and what could he do for them? Would America win? And if she did, would she win soon enough for him to enjoy the triumph? In his sad wisdom he foresaw a prolonged civil war.

Perhaps he found it even more bitter to consider dead that second existence which he had created, that useful, distinguished, and real life in England, where he had mingled with ministers, savants, philosophers, journalists. But this too was past.

He was obliged, then, to begin a new life in a country which he knew very little, whose language he spoke badly, a country which he had opposed during the whole course of his life, and for which Americans, only ten years before, were hated and despised enemies. Dr. Franklin knew the world too well to doubt that he was embarked on the most dangerous enterprise of his life.

But there were clouds and tempests only on the Atlantic. In France there were none. From the very beginning, the crowd and the good society of Paris treated him as a hero; the court received him as a Magian, with discretion, respect, and friendliness. All France capitulated to this old man who had risked everything to undertake the most dangerous of missions in the most unfavorable circumstances. The daring of his crossing of the Atlantic, the persecutions of England, the halo of the scientist, the practical and ironical wisdom of his almanacs, had won him an enormous public. All Paris was in a turmoil. The cafés hummed with his name, and in three weeks a whole group of enthusiasts had organized a phalanx of Ancient and Intimate Friends to serve and help him.

Franklin's diplomatic work, so far away from his own country, surrounded by doubtful agents and collaborators, hemmed in by dozens of English spies, was difficult and absorbing. His work of propaganda in France and throughout Europe was even more so. It was a constant and relentless struggle. None of the Americans in France could help him: they were of a different intellectual and moral level. His French friends were enthusiastic and devoted, but as yet he hardly knew them. And he had to play so close. He found himself in profound moral isolation. It was then, and in these circumstances that he formed the two great late attachments of his life, with Mme. Helvétius and Mme. Brillon de Jouy. With them no politics, no spies and intrigues, no suspicion and reticence, but trust, mutual confidence, and love.

Both were his neighbors. Franklin, in order to escape the noise,

dirt, the importunities of the great city, to have a home, had accepted a house offered him by a friend at Passy, a little village near Paris. Mme. Helvétius lived in Auteuil, twin village to Passy on a hill near by, and Mme. Brillon in Passy a few yards from him. Mme. Helvétius was one of the most celebrated women of the century, because of her beauty, the fame of the man she had married, and that of the one whom she had refused. Mlle. de Ligniville belonged to one of the noblest families of Lorraine, cousins of the Hapsburgs and the equals of kings. Heaven had also given her radiant beauty and an irresistible charm. She possessed everything but money. But in the eighteenth century, as in our time, money was a consideration.

Mlle. de Ligniville had had no lack of admirers but did not find a husband. She was sent to Paris to visit a literary and resourceful aunt. There she met a young man who also belonged to one of the oldest families of France, and already gave evidence of surprising intelligence, M. Jacques Turgot, one of France's greatest economists of the eighteenth century, and perhaps the greatest administrator and the best minister of finance of the *Ancien Régime*. M. Turgot fell in love with Mlle. de Ligniville. He courted her. He proposed. And perhaps she would have accepted had not the Lignivilles and good aunt de Graffigny convinced her that the only luxury she must deny herself was that of marrying a poor man. She understood that beauty can do everything except take the place of money, and submitted. Of common accord they remained the best and the most intimate friends of the century, making friendship do as a precaution against love. She was evidently more successful in protecting herself than he, for he never married, and she, shortly after, married Monsieur Helvétius, son of a rich financier, physician to the king, financier and administrator himself, an excellent man, intelligent, and passionately a philosopher. In addition he was very rich.

The two loved each other a great deal and were happy. They had two children, daughters, who took their beauty from their mother, and whom their father gave a careful education. Helvétius radiated light, good deeds, and the boldest of philosophic propaganda, going to the limits of atheism, materialism, and the mechanistic conception of life. His wealth protected him for a long time, but he went too far, and had to spend a little time in exile, whence he returned only to die, leaving his wife a large

fortune, their two daughters, and a whole group of philosophic friends and admirers who constituted for her a political staff, a social court, and a docile flock.

In her retreat in Auteuil which she had bought after the death of her husband, she surrounded herself with dogs, cats, and animals of all kinds. Turgot paid her regular visits. He had offered himself in Helvétius's place, whom he had always considered greatly overestimated. Now that he was rich, Baron de l'Aune, Minister of Finance, leader of the most prominent philosophic school, it seemed to him that all the obstacles were removed which had separated him from Mlle. de Ligniville. She was not of his opinion.

Mme. Brillon offers a sharp contrast to her neighbor. She also was a charming woman, but frail, delicate, sentimental, already romantic, and avid of giving herself. She belonged to a distinguished noble family, who had married her without consulting her to Brillon, an intelligent financier, fairly gentle, but self-made, and preserving some of the traits of the parvenu. They had had two daughters whom Mme. Brillon had brought up with a sort of passion which was both virtuous and imprudent. But this had far from spent her. She carried within her great treasures: generosity, devotion, enthusiasm, which she had never had an opportunity to squander, and which weighed upon her soul.

She would perhaps have been calmer if Brillon had beaten her, but he respected her, and was even at times faithful.

Mme. Helvétius, surrounded by her court, charitable but dominating divinity whom everyone loved, respected, and named "Notre Dame d'Auteuil," offered a counterpoise to Mme. Brillon, universally loved and pitied. Mme. Helvétius, in search of slaves, and Mme. Brillon, anxious for a master, adopted Franklin without a moment's hesitation. Did not the poor, old man, glorious and worn-out, need protection?

In the midst of the tumult that surrounded him, and of the perpetual struggle of his life, Franklin found rest in the houses of his two friends. The Abbé de la Roche, confident and secretary of Mme. Helvétius, in some unpublished pages, depicts thus these hours of relaxation:

> Franklin lived in retreat at Passy, receiving everybody, but conversing freely with only a small number of friends. The desire to please a nation which he wanted to make the friend of his own allowed him to refuse none of the invitations he received. . . .
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> His best friend, she with whom he abandoned himself most willingly to free and amusing conversation, and with whom he liked to spend whatever free time his business allowed him, the widow Helvétius, had him have his portrait painted at her house. "Amuse me," he said to her friends, "or you will get a very sad picture." They obeyed by reading him collections of *bons mots*, especially the kind he preferred, those which, beneath the salt of wit, conceal a philosophic foundation. He never let one pass without capping it with another of the same kind, which indicated at his age a prodigious memory of facts and anecdotes from which he had only to choose to place them always at the service of a useful maxim of conduct.

He had soon taken the habit of frequenting the home of Mme. Helvétius, where he found good food, sharp minds, and an agreeable social discipline. She did him the unique favor, which she had refused everyone since the death of her husband, of leaving her own house and dining with him once a week. He in return visited her regularly every Saturday. Thanks to her connections she advanced him in the world of the philosophers and that of Freemasonry. Because of her force of character she was a source of aid and repose. Franklin was conscious of all this, and wrote smilingly to Mme. Brillon:

> Human reason, my dear daughter, must be a very uncertain thing, since two people like you and me can arrive at diametrically opposed conclusions from the same premises. It appears to me a very blind guide, that reason; a good sure instinct would be worth a great deal more. All the lower animals together do not fall into as many errors in a whole year as does a single man in a month, although this man

> pretends to be guided by reason. That is why, when I was fortunate enough to have a wife, I was accustomed to allow myself in difficult circumstances to be guided by her opinion, because, according to me, women have a kind of tact which is much surer than our reasoning.

He must have felt the same thing in the presence of Mme. Helvétius who, through her social career, and despite her philosophic connections, had maintained a surprising ignorance — attested by her letters — and an admirable common sense, which made her everywhere a queen.

She gradually gained such influence over him, he became so used to consulting her, to passing his evenings with her, that he finally thought of marriage. This was not a senile fancy as it has often been represented, but the supreme effort of an old man in a strange country to find a home, at last to be established. After hesitating a long time, speaking of love in veiled words, he resolved to make a precise and formal offer. She was overcome. But she was not indignant. She also was under the influence of that gifted and simple man. She decided that she could do no better than to consult her oldest friend, M. Turgot.

He, strangely enough, received her rather badly. He considered the idea insane. He advised her to leave Paris, to go off with one of her daughters for a while, and to break off relations. He was insistent and energetic. As Franklin persisted, sending fables and epistles, he became almost angry. Mme. Helvétius, who loved Franklin sincerely, would have made many sacrifices for him, but not that of her friends, her most precious treasure and her principal occupation. Turgot's attitude convinced her, and she had no doubt but that, even without marriage, her beauty, kindness, and force of will would suffice to satisfy Franklin as they had satisfied Turgot, and oblige him to stay in France. Their intimacy continued, and like all women who have hurt a man, she redoubled her attention, tenderness, and veritable affection for her great friend, holding him even higher now that she had caused him sorrow and willfully rendered precarious a friendship which he would have liked to cement forever. He loved her too well, and had too much sense of reality to be angry.

Still it is perhaps from this time (the last months of 1779 and the summer of 1780) that his friendship with Mme. Brillon took on a warmer and more touching tone. At first Mme. Brillon, much younger than Mme. Helvétius, had felt intimidated in the presence of the great man. Despite her charm, the wealth and

great financial power of her husband, she did not possess, like Mme. Helvétius, one of those sovereign social positions: she could help him neither at the court, nor among the philosophers, nor with the Freemasons. She had nothing to offer but her charm, her devotion, and her heart. To tell the truth her culture was much more extensive and more living than Mme. Helvétius's. She played the piano, composed, and wrote pretty sentimental verses. But all this was little in her own eyes. Her real treasure was a sensible and ardent heart. She began to call him "*mon Papa*" and got him to adopt her as daughter. She sent him letters bathed in her tears.

> At the beginning I had for you the same kind of idolatry that every one owes a great man; I was curious to see you, my vanity was flattered at receiving you in my house; but then I saw in you no more than your heart tender for friendship, your goodness, your simplicity, and I said: 'This man is so good that he will love me', and I began to love you dearly so that you would do the same. There is one way for you to prove to me that my friendship is dear to you, that you were satisfied with the way in which I took care of you at my house, that is, by returning, *mon cher Papa*, with your dear son, with my neighbor; I hope that you can, and that if you can you will.

From this day forward, far or near, from Paris where she spent the winter, from La Thuillerie, her mother's château, which she visited in the summer, from Passy where she rested every year several months, she never tired of sending her great friend,

Madame Helvétius

her *Papa*, burning and tender notes in which she expressed all the sensibility of her heart and the flame of her imagination. At Passy during the spring and summer he went to see her twice a week, and they played checkers or chess, or she would play on one of Brillon's two pianos while she told him the stories and anecdotes she had collected for him. It was a whole game of charming coquetry, intelligent and tender. Franklin liked it, for he was philanthropic, liked to do good, and he was also philogynous, and Mme. Brillon, who was still young, was pleasant to console and embrace. But there was nothing improper in their relationship.

One should not be shocked by the story of the bath, in which Mme. Brillon had to stay several hours because Franklin was in the room. Baths in the eighteenth century were taken as cures. People bathed in tubs shaped like a shoe, which covered the entire person, allowing only the head to be seen. And in these tubs they received visits just as they did dressed in their beds. If Franklin took Mme. Brillon on his knees and embraced her, one should also consult the manners of the eighteenth century, where the influence of Rousseau had passed, and where the greatest joy was to weep on a cherished bosom while blessing virtue.

There are a few letters of Franklin's cited, of a rather free tone, in which he asks favors of Mme. Brillon which she could not grant, and which she found slightly shocking. But here we should

Madame Brillon

recognize an ironical Franklin who, while admiring his charming and sentimental friend, found her a bit *bas bleue* and ethereal. His precise requests were in the nature of a lesson, a revenge, and useful teasing. They brought them back to earth in pleasant quarrels, and took them out of the realm of the tearful or tragic which was then too fashionable, and which occasionally led Mme. Brillon a little astray. In their correspondence we have several of these lovers' quarrels. One of them illustrates very well Franklin's strategy in escaping from the tragic to the comic*. He had received this letter from Mme. Brillon:

> I am ignorant of the custom of another world, *mon cher Papa*, but in our civilized Europe we do not return letters and portraits until we have decided to break with our friends; a man of your acquaintance, a man whom you cannot help loving, yesterday evening threw to the ground and stepped on a lady's letter. A young man picked it up and attempted to read it. The lady seized it and blushed with shame at the little regard payed her epistles. The lady, whose name I withhold (for reasons which you will soon understand) gave me the letter, which I am sending to you so that you can give it to your friend (you should be informed that he is an American and has the reputation of a gallant man). You can imagine that this lady, outraged by such a contemptuous proceeding, is furious with the Insurgent. You are the only person in the world who can reconcile the lady and the gentleman. If you will come to tea this afternoon I will take pains to let her know. Don't forget to bring your compatriot. *Adieu mon ami.*

This letter, half badinage, half angry, since it is not closed with the usual effusions to *Bon Papa*, shows the disadvantages of possessing a too tender soul, too literary a head, and too quick a hand. Mme. Brillon wrote so many letters, and M. Franklin was so disorderly that the day before in her presence he had dropped one of her letters from his pocket. She was really irritated, but her tender soul recoiled at expressing her sentiment directly, and she had made use of a polite literary detour which

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* An anecdote told in *The American Museum* of August, 1791, and certainly relating to Mme. Brillon proves that the friends and contemporaries of Franklin understood and interpreted his attitude as I do here. After speaking of the fashionable French ladies who loved Franklin, the writer says:

"A lady of this description who being a favorite was particularly pleased with the old gentleman's company was, one day, sitting on his knee and combing his grey locks. 'Why,' asked he, 'have you that have so often invited me to dine and sup with you never requested me to stay and sleep?' She smiled, perhaps she blushed, and answered that she would be happy to be favored with his company that very night. Fortunately it was summer time. 'Hum, hum,' said the old gentleman a little embarrassed, not expecting so warm a reply, but taking out a memorandum book, 'I'll make a minute of the invitation, and, when the nights are longer, will have the pleasure of waiting on you.'

We have no proof that the anecdote is true, but it shows what well-informed writers of the eighteenth century thought of Franklin.

Franklin was able to turn to his profit to protect himself from the consequences of his absence of mind. He replied in the same tone: that he had reproached the American for his negligence, but that his friend had stoutly maintained his innocence. The lady would lose nothing by having her letter read by everybody, she has a perfect style, and alas! as for the content, there was no reason why it should not be seen by all her friends, or even her husband. But it was not the same for the American, who wrote badly, and whose letters nevertheless she indiscreetly showed to everybody.

Franklin sent this letter to Mme. Brillon with the request that she correct it and pass it on to her friend, and Mme. Brillon, too fragile to defend herself against the good nature and affection of her *Papa*, replied by a long letter in which she still shows some discontent, but is also evidently on the defensive. There is perhaps no page more typical of their relations:

> The lady has a thousand answers to the gentleman, but fears that despite the justice of her cause he will still keep his prejudice, their opinions being so absolutely opposed. The gentleman (a great philosopher) follows the teachings of Anacreon and Epicurus, while the lady is a Platonist. The one wants a fat and chubby love, a love of flesh and bone, spoiled, petted, etc. The lady regards these little gentlemen as little airy spirits, very light, very pretty, very amusing sometimes, but she always tries to blunt their little arrows, leaving them full liberty to run the hills and valleys and attack whomever they meet. To keep them in this state she must be careful not to treat them too well. The gentleman will remember that she is a Platonist, and will be perhaps just enough to admit that if this sect is not the wisest, it is at least a convenient preservative for the tender sex. Nevertheless the lady who is satisfied with Plato advises the gentleman to fatten his favorite at other kitchens than hers, where he will always find too meager board to satisfy his gluttonous appetite.

These little quarrels, repeated from time to time when he showed letters which she had written him, verses that she had confided to him, or when he teased her too indiscreetly, always ended in the same scenes of tenderness and confidence, which for Franklin must have added a great deal of charm and piquancy to this amorous strategy. She scolded him for kissing her too openly, for holding her too long on his knees, which made wag the evil tongues in Passy. She punished him for making too impertinent requests. But she knew very well that it was all play, and in the hard moments of her life she turned to him.

He sent her epistles in French, fragments of which have been preserved for us by indiscreet copyists:

> You embolden me so by the welcome you accord my epistles that I am tempted to send you one that I sketched two weeks ago; but which I have not finished, because I haven't had time to consult the dictionary for the rules for the masculine and feminine, nor the grammar for the modes and the tenses. For sixty years things masculine and feminine (not to mention the modes and tenses) have given me a lot of trouble. There was a time when I hoped that at eighty I would be delivered of them. But here I am four times nineteen, which is very close to it, and nevertheless these French feminines still exasperate me. That ought to make me the gladder to go to Paradise, where they say such distinctions are abolished.

This affection had gone so far, was so vehement, so pure, so disinterested, Mme. Brillon seemed so sincere in her daughterly tenderness for Franklin, that he again allowed himself to be tempted by the mirage of finding a home in France, of founding a new domestic life, refined, glorious, and which would lead him gently, without new shocks, into the shadowy valley. He had with him his grandson, William Temple Franklin, natural son of William Franklin, whom he was bringing up to be his successor and heir in the place of his traitorous and renegade father. Temple was keen, elegant, and had adapted himself quickly to his Parisian milieu and to the atmosphere of adoration in the midst of which his grandfather lived and which he shared.

He had become an important personage thanks to the prestige of his grandfather. He was petted by the beautiful ladies, honored by the esteem of the ministers and the great lords, fêted by the *petits marquis* and the young nobles. But it was especially the young ladies of Passy who were curious of this young Insurgent. And while the mothers kissed the cheek of the grandfather, the daughters did not refuse the embraces of the grandson.

He was at first modest and naïve. But he came to know his power and used it. And also he put a little discrimination into his adventures, and had the wisdom to turn with his love to the elder Mlle. Brillon. Since she replied prudently but not at all harshly, Franklin began to dream. Mme. Brillon was so eager to be his daughter, why did not Heaven offer here a charming opportunity to make these formulas more real and more lasting? He proposed this marriage to her, answering in advance the objections he heard murmured about him, differences of nationality, of religion: that Temple could stay in France; that he would obtain a position for him from the Congress and would stay in France himself. Difference of religion would not come between

persons who love each other, and who, enlightened, believe in God. Franklin's letter, very logical, very wise and very touching would seemingly have overwhelmed any soul, even one less sensible than Mme. Brillon's. But not at all. And here one can see that Franklin's pleasantries had been clear-sighted. The enthusiastic soul of Mme. Brillon existed entirely outside of her body, and her social life had no connection with her sentimental.

She replied to her *Papa* in the most charming but clearest manner that doubtless this marriage would be exquisite, but that religion was a social matter and it would be too dangerous to go against the rules of her milieu. Furthermore Brillon wanted a son-in-law who would succeed him in his functions. But especially, above all, this must not come in the way of their affection. Mme. Brillon insisted on this point, and driven by the same instinct that had caused Mme. Helvétius to double her tenderness after refusing Franklin, she surrounded Franklin with an anxious, passionate, devouring affection, translated into innumerable messages and an increased intimacy.

Franklin once again reëstablished by fate in the position of universal renown which was his by right but of which events at times had deprived him, enjoyed to the full these generous if prudent friendships. But the war was over. French society, brilliant, noisy, fantastic, continued about him its glittering evolution. He was petted, venerated. Nevertheless when he received news from America he thought of home.

France was not his home. His grandchildren would not live there, his posterity belonged to another world. And he himself, despite his marvelous adaptability, remained a stranger. The French language, which he had used every day for eight years was still rebellious. And his American friends, conscious of the perils which still surrounded the new nation, and anxious to see all the patriots in united effort during these critical years supplicated him to return to Philadelphia. Jefferson persecuted him, while his French friends, anxious and desolated, begged him to stay.

In spite of all prayers to stay, the man who had already braved so many dangers to serve his country and the cause of liberty remained determined to sacrifice to that country the last moments he had still to live. "You only make my departure harder," he replied to his friends. "Don't add to my regrets. Support rather the courage I need to leave you. My task is not done.

The little that remains to me of life I owe to those who have confided to me theirs."

There was nothing left but to weep. Mme. Brillon did not fail. Nor did Mme. Helvétius, who was not addicted to sentimental tastes. She cried out one day, it is said, "Oh, why did he have to go?" And Mme. Brillon, who was present, replied: "It depended only on you, Madame, to have had it different."

After Franklin's departure the little world of Auteuil scattered. The Brillons grew exceedingly rich. Then M. Brillon died and Mme. Brillon retired with her daughters and sons-in-law to the country. Mme. Helvétius, philosophic and aging, narrowed her circle. The young friends of Temple married and followed their husbands. But they all murmured Franklin's name until the day when death and the Revolution passed, bringing with them silence and oblivion.

Thus lived during eight years His Excellency Monsieur Franklin, between his Voltarian and Romantic muses, between two women who adored him, petted him, understood him, but who refused to give him the only thing he really desired, a peaceful and gay home, where he could be *chez lui*, possess a studious retreat. They threw him back into the labors he had been fleeing for twenty years. Without knowing it, they compelled him to that busy old age in a city where was being created a new empire for the white race, a new conception of government, and where he himself built a house for his grandchildren. He died in the task. Had they not, despite all his wisdom, rendered all pleasure henceforth impossible?

SHOULD GOVERNMENT IGNORE SUPERPOWER?—A DEBATE

YES, says Dr. Bohn. A new age of electrical power is at hand and it is highly important that the politicians keep their inept hands away from all the new machinery which requires expert technical management. The government's sad experience with the railroads and the Shipping Board is a sufficient warning that the government should keep out of business.

NO, says Mr. Hapgood. At the dawn of a tremendous national development of electrical power, the government must see to it that such a rich source of national wealth is not turned over to the power interests for a song, but safeguarded for the nation as a whole. Our forests, our coal and oil fields have already been taken from the people to make large private fortunes. This mistake must not be repeated with electrical power. The Federal Reserve Banks are a shining example of a necessary and successful government venture in business, and superpower can be similarly administered by qualified experts exempt from political interference.

I — FOR PRIVATE CONTROL

FRANK BOHN

SEVERAL proposals are before the nation at the present time the purposes of which are to bring the federal government or the governments of the states into the field of industry as producers of electrical power. This writer is opposed to the entrance of either the federal government or the states into this or any other field of industrial production, and he bases his argument upon the belief that this is not the proper function of American government since, by its very nature, our government is eminently disqualified for such an undertaking.

The simple rule of reason in this matter of power development is that present and future construction shall follow the needs of the consuming public. The folk who can tell us where to develop, when to develop, and how rapidly to develop are not the politicians but the engineers. It is a commonplace among students of our public life that this country is moving out of the age dominated by the politicians into an age directed primarily by a trained

and experienced leadership. In no field is this change more necessary than in the electrical industry. If our thinking is to be successful and valuable, it must derive from a knowledge, first of all, of the engineering fundamentals in the field.

The first fundamental of hydroelectric development is this: except in the rare case of the regulation of stream flow by natural storage, an entire river system, and not the individual plant, is the unit of production. As an illustration of this principle we can cite no better example than that of the upper valley of the Tennessee River. In building Wilson Dam No. 2, the Federal Government expended over forty-two million dollars. But the present Muscle Shoals plant is not now worth half the cost of its construction. Many water power projects developed twenty years ago, or even ten years ago, would not be rebuilt to-day if they were washed out by a flood. They cannot compete with the low cost of steam production.

The Muscle Shoals plant can be made a valuable property only by the erection of enormous storage dams in the upper valley. The power house at Wilson Dam No. 2 was constructed to contain eighteen units, totaling 612,500 horse power. At present only eight units are installed, and only three of these can be continuously operated. Hence this plant is forced to be 56 per cent idle all of the time and 83 per cent idle part of the time. The flood waters, sometimes pouring down at the rate of five hundred thousand cubic feet a second, and so much needed during the dry season of summer and autumn, are now almost wholly wasted in winter and spring.

The construction of Wilson Dam No. 3, just above No. 2, will back up more water for storage at less than half the cost of its predecessor; but to get the full value out of the Muscle Shoals development great storage dams at Cove Creek and Warrior Creek must be constructed far up the Tennessee valley. Between Cove Creek and Muscle Shoals, which is to be the mainstay of production downstream, there will ultimately be a total of seven dams and plants.

The Government started the Muscle Shoals job without adequate knowledge of conditions and hence with no definite plan looking toward its completion. To conceive of the vast Tennessee power development as it ought to be executed, we must visualize ultimate control of the entire system by a single mind in the power control room of the existing structure at Muscle Shoals.

The commander-in-chief of such a unified system — whenever the politicians permit its completion — will plot and chart the use of all the flowage and storage of the river.

During a certain period he may require, above flowage, an additional billion cubic feet of water a day at Muscle Shoals. He will calculate where, under prevailing flowage conditions, he can find the water in order to develop the greatest amount of power at all the plants down stream. The value of every cubic foot of water should be multiplied by its repeated use at numerous plants. Suppose there comes, in the midst of a dry season, a heavy rainfall over a part or the whole of the valley: statistics are recalculated; charts are changed; storage up stream is saved.

This river system, four hundred miles in length, should be driven like a single automobile. If we cut up the valley among the five states which share the territory, we give the tires to one state, the engine to a second, and the body to a third. The engineers call this "butchering the river." If we divide it among a number of separate private concerns, each to use its immediate plant regardless of the others, our folly is just as wasteful in its final results.

There is just one sensible thing to do with the present power plant at Muscle Shoals. We should lease it under the terms of the Federal Water Power Act, for fifty years, to some superpower system capable of developing the river system as a whole. Under proper regulation, the consuming public in the whole region will thus receive its full benefit in reduced rates for current.

We have told only half the story regarding the first fundamental. Unity of production must be followed by the utmost freedom in distribution. Governor Smith of New York proposes, or perhaps only suggests, the state ownership and operation of plants on the Niagara and the St. Lawrence. At those points the natural storage furnished by the Great Lakes makes separate operation economically feasible. But unity of distribution is as essential as unity of production. Of course the economic council representing the six New England States has entered a strenuous protest against the monopoly of the American share of St. Lawrence water powers by New York State. No mind in New England is innocent enough to believe that New York State will produce power on the St. Lawrence in order to pour it into the industries of Vermont and Massachusetts.

The very first thing for our people to demand of their state

governments is that they keep their inept fingers at a safe distance from all this new machinery. The cutting up of superpower along state lines in this country would be an economic monstrosity fully equal to Mr. W. J. Bryan's proposal, in 1908, to divide our railways among the forty-nine governments of states and nation. Already Maine has passed a law forbidding the export of her water power. This is her weak response to the monopolistic proposals by New York. The only politicians who could possibly undertake the task of building superpower for the future are those in the service of the federal government at Washington.

Will the federal government, having expended forty-two millions to lay the foundations of a power plant on the Tennessee, now spend two hundred millions more to complete the job? Certainly not. The Republican Party will spend the money, if at all, in a Republican state or section. Should it begin a new job on the Colorado and then desert it, in order to start work on the St. Lawrence, in case a northern Democratic president is elected?

This brings us to the second fundamental engineering principle of electrical development. All production and use of current, from all sources in a given unitary area, should be linked up, as quickly as possible, into a single superpower system. These primary structures should be progressively developed. Indeed, they are already being progressively developed into vast regional structures. Ultimately our superpower system should be made to include all the United States and Canada. This may be politically impossible, but it is not impossible to develop, ultimately, a single system for our own country.

It is proposed that the government of the United States develop our water power independently of superpower as a whole. That would be about as sensible and practicable as to take over the ownership and control of half the passenger locomotives on the Pennsylvania Railroad and manage them through a government bureau at Washington, leaving all the other rolling stock and the varied equipment of the railroad in the hands of the present corporate management. All current from our water powers should be everywhere poured into the systems which serve the public as a whole. Its low cost, adjudged by the public service commissions, can be made to show in the rates to the consumers.

The facts drive us to the next conclusion. If the Federal Government is to enter this field at all, it must, perforce, take over for

outright ownership and complete management the entire electrical business of the whole nation.

The Muscle Shoals plant is not the only recent experience of the federal government in the industries. For a full generation a variety of interests joined in furthering a propaganda for the ownership of our railways. Then, during the War and the reconstruction period, the government actually took them over. A member of the Cabinet was appointed Director-General. That made an end of the fool's paradise visioned by the government ownership utopians. Driven hard against the granite wall of fact, this sentiment came to a quick and silent death. The demise was pitiful. The theoretical advocates of government ownership of railroads were not even present at the funeral. Various personal aspects of that experience have left a sickening taste in the mouth of the whole nation.

Another expensive lesson of this post-war period has been learned upon the sea. During the War period we bought or built some fourteen million tons of ships to take troops and supplies to Europe. After the War some optimistic persons at Washington persuaded the responsible factors in the Government to go on with the business. We are now up to our ears in it.

It is the task of a useful shipping concern, like any other well managed business, to make ends meet and balance its accounts. Such a concern ordinarily pays expenses, sets aside a fund for replacement, and pays dividends on the capital invested sufficient to attract funds for development. Our United States Lines do not pay expenses. The annual budget is balanced by voting millions out of the taxes. These lines do not set aside a fund for rehabilitation. When a ship is lost, or worn out, the government is expected to find a new one. The latest significant proposal calls for the expenditure of $500,000,000 more.

There is now large danger in this country of further and costly experience in such absurdities. The cause is not far to seek. The strength of the government ownership policy and propaganda is least of all contributed by its loudest and most insistent advocates. Western farmer populists and metropolitan pink intelligentsia are the noise but not the strength of this sentiment. The deeper power of this movement, when it comes to pulling tonnage and poundage out of the federal pork barrel, springs from quite another source. That strength arises from the perfected unity, on concrete occasions, of local regional support.

If it be proposed, for instance, to make Brownsville, Texas, a great shipping port, with federally owned lines connecting it with all the world, then Brownsville, Texas, from its most affluent banker to its most ragged darkey loafing on the wharf, will be found united and enthusiastic in favor of that particular form of government ownership.

When a bloc in Congress moves toward the expenditure of forty-two millions or one hundred and twenty-five millions, or six hundred and sixty-five millions, for hydroelectric development at some favored place on the map, then everybody within striking distance of that place, who sees a dollar coming his way, will be found united into a disciplined army to gain the objective. Every outstretched hand is armed with a fishhook on every finger. No facts, no arguments, no warning of experience, can break that local phalanx in its march upon the pork barrel.

A whirlwind of coming events casts its shadow before. On the wide coast of Maine the tides of the sea are described as flowing in and then flowing out again at regular intervals. That innocent looking fact now takes on the largest importance. There are men of Maine who say that a hundred million dollars could and should be spent to harness the tides on one small arm of the sea. They haven't gone to Washington with their pretty tale — not yet. But if California thinks that Maine will help to vote her a hundred millions or so for Boulder Canyon, and then ask nothing for herself, all we can say here is that the people of the "sunkist" State do not know their fellow citizens in the northeast angle of the country.

Open this political sluiceway a bit wider and all the moving waters of the country will pour down upon Congress and the President and demand room in the Appropriations Bill. To prevent this will be a difficult job. The central South has got her bit of power pork and swallowed it; now neither hell nor high water shall deny California her goodly chunk. There is only one way to face this movement victorious: all our more thoughtful people everywhere must take counsel together and unite in an effort to keep *all* the fingers out of the barrel at the same time.

We have space here to discuss only one further fundamental principle underlying the development of the electrical industry. The technical evolution of superpower in the field must be followed by the formation of ever larger organizations of capital in the financial centres. The same reactionary cry which was

raised a generation ago against trusts in general is now sounded against the normal development of the electrical industry. Of course no such nation-wide industry was ever shaped into larger and larger units without showing weaknesses in such financial operations. Our system of forty-eight states, producing forty-eight codes of corporation law, sometimes permits and invites overdone intricacies of financing. This situation in some states calls for remedial legislation.

Any rapidly growing industry quickly draws the attention of the dishonest operator. Here a stock selling scheme robs the gullible investor of his savings. There a canny prospector buys up an essential link in a superpower chain and holds up the legitimate promoters for the last dollar that can be squeezed out of the situation. Moreover, while the average cost of electricity to consumers has actually been reduced since 1913, there are no doubt territories where the public is still overcharged.

But these evils are not to be corrected by government ownership. They can be eradicated by efficient state public service commissions. Such commissions usually have authority alike over methods of financing and prices to the consumers. Some states are now well served. Some few have not even created commissions for this purpose. Numerous states miserably underpay these public servants, and then expect adequate protection.

The commissioners should receive salaries and security of employment comparable to those had in the service of the corporations. Any such commission should include at least one competent engineer and one member of large business experience. Many state governments still parcel out these jobs as sinecures to a crowd of typical village politicians. The operations of the electrical industry are complex and difficult, both in the field and in the executive offices; and just now the whole industry is being reorganized and readjusted. If a state commission cannot *regulate* it efficiently, how can it *manage* it efficiently under government ownership?

We in America are now making industrial and social progress beyond other nations. We are actually abolishing poverty, and thus arriving at a far-flung goal of the social idealist in all the ages past. We have produced in this country a new industrial system. More than anything else, mass production is made possible by electrically driven machinery. Two-thirds of the machines in our factories are now served by current from central power systems.

Throughout our industrial field we are evolving a system of coöperation. This brings together, for mutual aid and sharing of responsibility, the investing public, the management, the technical staff, and the rank and file of the workers through their labor organizations. The whole tendency of present industrial development is to provide abundance for all and to spare. More and more our economic processes are coming to be viewed as forms of public service. These forms are far from perfected; but sound beginnings have been made. Our new national leadership is functioning primarily in the industries. Neither progress nor our problems are so much political as they are industrial, social, and educational.

Shall we wreck this new industrial system? About the best way to start the destruction would be to turn over a major industry — a key industry — to management by politicians. The present and future progress of the laboring masses in this country lies in their increasing power to assume responsibilities directly in the industries. Government ownership is an intellectual reaction and a decadent public policy. It is the old story of burning the barn in order to get rid of the rats.

In conclusion a word must be said in defence of our typical American politician. All of us are bound to have our joke at his expense. He is generally looked upon as an empty, garrulous, baby-kissing, back-slapping creature, tolerated by the unthinking mind of the masses. But public opinion does not do him justice. The fact is, this government was not formed to be efficient. Just the contrary. Its carefully planned inefficiency was intended to safeguard, for all time, our precious political rights from the tyranny of centralized authority.

Not one American in a hundred would consent to trade our five hundred and thirty-one representatives in Congress for a Mussolini. However, the advocates of government entrance into the electrical industry must start here. Modern conditions of life have burdened our federal machinery with much more essential work than it is capable of doing. If it assumes much more it will break down utterly. The first job of the advocates of government ownership, if they wish to be taken seriously, is to revolutionize our political system and make it autocratic. They must concentrate its powers. They must organize an efficient bureaucracy.

II — FOR GOVERNMENT MONOPOLY

NORMAN HAPGOOD

THIS debate is not academic. President Coolidge in his message to Congress urges that we "dispose of" Muscle Shoals. The controversy over Boulder Dam is at its height. Senator Walsh of Montana is undertaking to place before the people of the country the facts about the capitalization methods of public utilities, and particularly of power companies. Professor Ripley's book, *Main Street and Wall Street*, is a powerful exhibit in the same direction. Maine has within her borders much of the water power of New England, and Samuel Insull of Chicago — head of the Water Power Trust of the United States — is making an earnest effort to take away from the people of Maine the control of the great natural resource that lies in falling water.

In New York State, Governor Smith has won most of his fights, but his attempt to make sure before he leaves office that the state has control of its water power has not yet been successful. Herbert Hoover has shown some sympathy with the Boulder Dam project, but in general is strongly opposed to government activity in the field of power. If it should happen that Hoover and Smith are nominees for the presidency next summer, the fundamental aspects of this vast, new question may be debated with extraordinary efficiency and value to the people of the country.

The United States, to be sure, is very rich. The people who live here inherited the ripe culture of Europe and applied it to a virgin continent with limitless resources. They developed these resources with energy and also with cupidity. Speed was looked upon as a merit in itself. If a few rich men built a railway before it was needed, they were praised for developing the country, and the enormous gifts exacted from the government in the way of land grants along the route were held to be a proper payment for enterprise. Oil came into the picture, and for a long time persons like Secretary Ballinger and Senator Fall, later Secretary Fall, who had a proper contempt for what they called socialism, and were devoted worshipers of private fortunes, were types to be admired. Our forests were torn down and lumber companies dominated the politics of various states from the Appalachians through Wisconsin, and to the Pacific Coast. If we are now suffering from floods because of the lack of forest lands, we have at

least the satisfaction of knowing that everything was done that could be done to encourage the private monopolist to more strenuous efforts.

No doubt the United States was rich enough to stand a prodigality compared with which the expenditure of a drunken sailor takes on the look of Scotch parsimony. She could probably hardly be expected to treat the public domain with the carefulness shown in older lands like Denmark, Germany, and France. Nor could it be expected to mean much to her that Italy and Spain are suffering to-day in every square mile from the carelessness with which their forests were given away.

But this easy period of prodigality cannot last forever. We are not quite so happy as we were over the patriotism of the Ballingers, the Falls, the Daughertys, the Sinclairs, the Dohenys, and the Guggenheims. The story of the forests, of land and what lies under it, including oil, is entering another stage. The new giant of electricity is asking us now to treat him with the same courtesy with which Uncle Joe Cannon treated the various infant giants when he said that he saw no reason for doing anything for posterity, since posterity had never done anything for him.

The natural resource which now confronts us is a natural monopoly. Both sides to the present debate admit that giant power will inevitably extend across the borders of states, from one ocean to the other, and will extend even into Canada to the north of us and Mexico to the south. It will be impossible to use it to the best effect except by unity of control. The only question is — who shall control? Shall it be a private monopoly or a public monopoly?

There is no more important question likely to come before the voters next summer and autumn. The power question, including the related questions of water power and power generated from coal, affects every housewife in every city and town and village in the United States. Moreover, it affects the housewife who is not even in a village but in an isolated farmhouse, and it affects the farmer in his work in the fields. Either electric power is to be handled as it is handled in the Province of Ontario — where it is a direct part of the question of the cost of living and of the problem of agricultural life — or it is to follow in the tradition along which have been built up the vast monopolies which in this year of 1928 control our government.

During the present administration, the strongest influence in

Washington has been Andrew Mellon, who includes among his many interests the Aluminum Trust. There is a statute of the United States expressly designed to prevent such business men as Andrew Mellon from ever occupying the post of Secretary of the Treasury, because those early patriots who passed the statute felt that a public official ought not to be put in the position of administering governmental power for the benefit of himself and his business associates. President Grant sent into Congress the name of the great merchant, A. T. Stewart, for this position, and when the statute was called to his attention, Grant withdrew the nomination. We now ignore the statute and the principles on which it was based. We are inclined even to rejoice that we are governed by the concentrated wealth of the country.

The march of invention has done much to set us free from the slavery of long hours of work and from the monotony of existence, but it brings its dangers with it. There is no reason why we should cease to rejoice like the most enthusiastic Rotarian over every material step in advance, but there are reasons why we should also remember freedom and seek to retain it. Before turning over the power resources of the United States to Mr. Samuel Insull, we ought to ask not only whether he is going to put light and power into the kitchen more cheaply than we, the people, could do it for ourselves, but also whether we are anxious that Mr. Insull and his associates shall be the actual government of this country. Let us not forget the controversy in the United States Senate at this session over whether the last gentleman elected by Illinois to sit in that body should take his seat. The objection to his presence centered around the fact that he was chairman of a board supposed to regulate the activities of a board — a public board of Mr. Insull and other utility magnates — and that in spite of this delicate fact Mr. Insull contributed a small fortune to help place his friend in the United States Senate.

For some months there has existed an organization created by the electrical companies of the United States to represent in practice their political views. Recently, this organization has taken a whole floor in a large building in Washington and is now actively engaged in preventing Senator Walsh from getting his facts before the public; in helping President Coolidge see that Muscle Shoals is "disposed of"; in blocking the Boulder Dam project; and in opposing such state measures of protection as are being pushed by Governor Smith in New York and by leading

citizens in the State of Maine. It is estimated that this power-lobbying is spending $25,000 a month in its educational activities. I am not objecting to the existence of this organization. I am simply using it to illustrate the relation between economic power and political power and asking the voters to take into consideration not only the very important facts about their electric light bills, but also the no less important problem of where they prefer to lodge the political decisions of this country.

Goethe, in his *Faust* gives an interesting speech to the devil. This thoughtful character observes that when it has turned out to be impossible to control mankind in any other way, it can usually be done by finding the right phrase. In the controversy over the best line to draw between private activity and the activity of a national, state, county, or municipal government, a few phrases have been worked very hard, among them "socialism," "government in business," "politics in business," and "governmental inefficiency." Very few people in this country wish to have things done by the federal government, the state government, the county or city government merely for the sake of governmental activity. Those who do so prefer are properly called socialists, and not many of them can be counted among us.

But there is a wide distance between the socialist and the person who worships private monopoly and the dictatorship of private monopoly in Washington and in the state capitals. Governor Smith spoke clearly from the standpoint of these liberals in between the two extremes in the course of his fight for better housing in New York City. His position was that if private capital should turn out to be enlightened enough to put an end to the physically and morally dangerous condition of housing in parts of the city, he would be glad; but that he wholly rejected the view that an evil not removed by private business should continue to exist when it was possible to use the state for getting rid of it.

His plan for the control of water power differs from the ideas of some of the liberal leaders in Washington. We are not now called upon, it seems to me, to decide the exact degree to which the federal government should control, develop, and operate electrical power. The possibilities range all the way between Governor Smith's restrained plan and the Ontario plan under which the government distributes power as far as the individual home. We have not yet reached the point where it is necessary to make a precise programme; but we have to decide, probably within

the next few months, whether the Government will go ahead with the development of certain great properties that ultimately will be part of a unified power activity of the United States, or whether these properties will be turned over to private interests.

The present lobby in Washington — like the publicity of our infant industries in general — is ever free in its charges that governmental activity is always inefficient. It is much busier and more persistent than anybody putting out propaganda on the other side. General Dawes did a really fine thing when he came back from Europe and received impatiently the talk about the inefficiency of our Government in the War. He stated that without the first-class work of President Wilson and Secretary Baker, the War could not have been won.

Propaganda factories never tire of talking about the railways under McAdoo. They say nothing whatever about the fact that one of their own pets of the past — Walker D. Hines who succeeded McAdoo — was full of admiration for what his predecessor had accomplished and was actually converted to a considerable degree of sympathy with the idea of government operation of the railways. McAdoo conducted the railways as part of a war effort. He did not leave freight cars sitting around in one part of the country until cargoes were ready for them. His whole purpose was to rush them from the point of supply to the port of shipment full of the things needed by our soldiers on the battlefields; and it was his duty, as he saw it, to ship in the best locomotives to the same destination. His record was a superb one, and the wholly childish method of judging it, put out by the publicity employees of the financial monopolies, is an example of the differences that arose in the way of clear public understanding.

A good many of us are old enough to remember the time when the Government took over the parcel post business. What a cry went up, not only from the express companies, but from all the other representatives of big business. Has the nation suffered irretrievably from the fact that we no longer have to rely on express companies to deliver our Christmas presents? Probably not even the lobby at Washington would ask us to go back to the days when letters were delivered by private enterprise. I wish somebody in that lobby would write a history of the Panama Canal, considering not only the building and the conduct of that canal under the American Government, but the efforts of private enterprise headed by De Lesseps to bring out the same result.

When I was a boy, it was socialism to breathe any reference to a possible municipal water supply or gas supply or street railway system, although even then the fire engines and police force were operated by the town. I have been in England a good deal, and although the differences of her situation are to ours as a thousand to one, I have not been able to observe that any harm is done when I go into a post office there to send a telegram and pay twelve and a half cents for it and have it delivered more rapidly and efficiently than my telegrams are delivered at home.

In Seattle, Washington, on the Pacific Coast, the cost of electric power is almost precisely half the cost in Spokane, and about one-third the cost in Walla Walla in the same state. Now, in one of these three cities there is a municipal power plant. Which city do you take it to be? Right, the first time — Seattle is the city that has the municipal power plant.

Evidence is coming to us all the time that the cheap rates in Ontario have meant the spread of electric power into the houses of the farmer whose hard-driven wife uses it to cook, wash, iron, and clean as she never has before. This means the elimination of chopping wood, carrying coal, ashes, and water, sweeping, blacking the stove, standing over it in the heat until, as Mrs. Anna Dennis Bursch sums up in her study for the National League of Women Voters, all that remains to that housewife is the interesting, stimulating part — the technical engineering.

Senator Norris, leading the fight to save Muscle Shoals, states that the power trust is in politics in the election of a Board of Aldermen in the smallest village in the country; it is in politics in the election of every governor; it is in politics in the election of every member of the House of Representatives and every Senator; it contributes liberally in every presidential campaign; and it never expends a cent without getting an enormous profit. According to Senator Norris, domestic consumers of electricity in the United States paid in 1926 an average of seven and one-half cents per kilowat hour, where consumers in Ontario paid $.0185, which means that in electric light bills alone our consumers would have saved $600,000,000 in one year at the Canadian rate.

Mrs. Cullom, as mentioned by the Senator, is the wife of a laboring man in Toronto. She lives in a house of eight rooms and uses more than five times as much electricity as is used in a similar home in this country. Mrs. Cullom sweeps her floors by electricity. All the year round she cooks her meals on an electric

stove, she washes and irons by electricity, and as for lighting she uses twice as many lights as we use in similar homes. By electricity she heats the water both for the kitchen and the bathtub. Her bill for a month was $3.55. In the city of Washington, it would have been $23.18; in Birmingham, Alabama, $32.00; in Nashville, Tennessee, $40.00; and in some towns in Florida, $60.00 — all of these cities being in the district particularly interested, presumably, in the fate of Muscle Shoals.

Nor do these figures complete the story. The price paid by Mrs. Cullom includes a fee for amortization, which means that in thirty years there will be no capital investment to pay for, but merely operation and depreciation. Senator Norris asks pointedly: "In our country who ever heard of a private utility company amortizing its capital? Instead of reducing the capital on which consumers are expected to pay interest, the clamor and the practice always is to increase it to the limit and to take advantage of every excuse and every opportunity either fairly or unfairly to increase capitalism and thus indirectly increase profits."

Mrs. Cullom lived in a city. Ontario, like other parts of the universe, has on its hands the problem of rural life. The legislature chose to assist the farmer to the extent of paying out of the treasury one-half of the cost of transmission lines to carry electricity to the farm organizations. That is another story but it is an interesting matter about which those willing to worry about the farmer may do a little thinking.

Mr. Norris has a photograph of the farmhouse of Mr. B. L. Siple, whose Ontario farm consists of seventy-nine acres. When the Senator visited him, he was milking seventeen cows by electricity. He filled his silo by electricity, ground his feed, and pumped his water. Every cow in her stall had a bucket of water within her reach, and when she drank the water in the bucket it was filled automatically again. The barn could be lighted throughout by the pushing of a button. Water was running in the kitchen and in the bathroom, and Mrs. Siple was cooking on an electric stove while she was cooled by an electric fan in the summer time. She washed her dishes in water heated by electricity, and — like her sister in the city — was practically free from heavy drudgery. Electricity had practically saved Mr. Siple one hired man, and his wife a hired girl. The entire cost on the farm, barn, and house for a year was $115.49, which included the amortization fee.

If we had been less free in giving away land, oil, gas, coal, and

minerals, there would be no income tax to-day. What happens when public rights are looked after is shown by the case of the Indians, those wards of the nation who are now receiving royalties to the extent of one-eighth or one-sixth of the entire oil production, certainly without any check on development.

I have spoken of the Panama Canal. Can the lobbyists find any difficulty with the construction of the great Roosevelt Dam or the Elephant-Butte Dam or the dam in Boulder Canyon? Mr. Samuel Untermyer observes that the United States Patent Office requires the ablest technical talent in the world and is a more complicated business than a hundred St. Lawrence power enterprises are. He rightly celebrates the success of the Port Authority in New York City, on which success the Governor is basing his plan for the control of water power. The man who is at the head of the effort to prevent the success of that plan is the same one who took the lead when he was in the legislature in endeavoring to grant to the power companies everything they wanted.

Seven per cent on its money is a mild return for an enterprising big corporation. Four and one-half per cent is plenty for a government enterprise. The Federal Trade Commission, in an investigation made under a resolution by Senator Walsh, found insiders making from thirty to two hundred and fifty per cent on stock that cost them nothing. Mr. Untermyer estimates that in his own state and city it ought to be possible for cooking, lighting, and heating to cost less than one-third of the present cost of coal, and he sums up briefly and pointedly the position taken by himself and by Governor Smith as follows: "The only way of avoiding the overreaching of the public would involve the ownership and operation by the state of the transmission lines to the point at which the current is delivered to the distributing companies."

So much for a concise statement of the situation which exists in the state where the fight has been most successfully conducted. Similar principles will apply in the national fight. When we have once won the basic principle, there will not be much difficulty in making necessary arrangements between the states, and between the states and the nation, and between our nation and Canada and Mexico. What we have to do now is to decide whether, in the case of an enormously valuable new force — which must in its nature be a monopoly — we care to keep that monopoly in our own hands or prefer to turn it over as a token of gratitude to Mr. Samuel Insull and his associates.

Scissor-cuts by Martha Bensley Bruère

HILL COUNTRY

Forum Prize Biographical Novel — I

RAMSEY BENSON

These are the Gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name —
The Prairies.

NOT a hill anywhere. A country so flat that in the spring of a wet year the melting snows and early rains linger for weeks undecided whether to drain off to the east or the west — eastward into the Minnesota, so to be started on their way to the Gulf of Mexico; or westward into the Bois de Sioux, whose waters fall at length into Hudson Bay.

In 1880 a treeless, trackless plain where nobody lived as yet. It was the tenth of June when Pick Overturf, four days out from the last sight of woods, drew up with his prairie schooner to let his horses drink from a kind of slough formed by the backwash of a sedgy little stream. Pick edged out along the tongue of the wagon to loosen the checks and while the horses drank he took a look about.

What he beheld was a monotony as of the sea in a calm, but that wasn't what affected him most. "Nary a grub to dig out and I reckon a body could plow a furrer a mile long and not strike

a rock as big as a hen's egg," he remarked aloud, with a gratified air.

His wife peered out through the flaps of the cover. "Ponies about tuckered?" she asked, her face clouded with kindly solicitude.

A hundred yards or so behind, a barefoot girl was urging forward a reluctant cow and calf. "They won't come — they wanter stop and eat!" she protested shrilly.

"Good reason why," Pick chuckled. "It's the best grass they've tasted since they left Ashtabula County."

Having drunk their fill, the horses started to wade across the stream but Pick reined them about and up the slope of the gentlest of gentle groundswells. "It's a good place to camp —we'll stop here. Onhitch!" he directed, and proceeded to execute his own orders.

Disburdened of their harnesses, the horses fell upon the lush herbage voraciously. Pick kicked up a patch of sod. "Black as tar!" he muttered and his bronzed face lighted up.

Mrs. Overturf climbed clumsily down over the whiffletrees. "Weese," she called, "you come an' look after the baby while I git supper."

Weese was the girl back with the cattle. Without waiting to be bidden twice, she left them to their own devices.

Pick fetched a few sticks of dry kindling from a supply stowed compactly away in the wagon and started a fire. "What be we goin' to do when the wood's gone?" speculated Mrs. Overturf.

With a sweep of his hand Pick pointed to a wiregrass bog off to the north — outlined against the solid upland by the paler green of its growth. "There's enough peat in that there marsh," he declared, "to last a thousand families a thousand years."

His wife opened her eyes thoughtfully — perhaps a little skeptically. "I've heard tell about peat but I never did see any. I wonder if it'll burn."

"Burn!" sniffed Pick. "Huh!"

The woman gazed out over the prairie and there was nothing to hinder between her and the straight rim where the earth and sky came together. "The wind seems like it gits a sweep here in winter," she commented.

But if by that she meant to raise objections, she didn't press the point. Delaying no further, she brought out her crock of sour milk for mixing and in short order had a batch of biscuits over the fire. While she waited for the bread to bake, she fried slices of salt

pork in a skillet with a long handle and withal was not too busy to discover an abundance of dandelion growing. "I could gether a mess of greens if I had time to boil 'em," she said.

"For dinner to-morrer — they'll go good," said Pick.

He was under the wagon, loosening the rig of chains that lashed a plow and a harrow to the reach. He got the plow unslung as he spoke and dragged it out. The moldboard was thickly crusted over with rust. "Dunno if she'll shed or not," he grumbled. "Greased it good afore we started, too." The woman was watching him. "Here?" she asked, after a little.

"We could go farther an' fare wuss," Pick replied.

Toward sunset, the work being done, Pick and Weese tramped out to the wiregrass bog. The wiregrass, though a very vigorous plant, grew scarcely taller than the upland herbage round about, but here and there over the surface of the marsh were patches where great, coarse bullrushes sent up their bushy tops as high as a man's head. Treading gingerly — for the bog in spots quaked under their feet — Pick and Weese made their way out and found the patches to be pits four or five feet deep, varying in extent from a few square yards to several acres. In them the rushes had taken root and the way they flourished gave token of rich soil down in the depths somewhere. Some of them were as thick through as Weese's wrist and their woody fibre gave them a certain weight and substantiality.

There were dead and dry stalks among the rushes — the growth of previous years. "Looks like an armful of them would bake a batch of biscuits — till we can git some peat cut and dried," Pick observed.

Weese wanted to know what had scooped out the pits with their edges so straight up and down and their floors so level and Pick hadn't a notion unless it should be wildfire. "If a fire got started in the peat when it was dry, nothin' would stop it only a whale of a big rain. You can see by them edges how deep the peat is. It's been makin' there maybe for a million years — the wiregrass fallin' down year after year an' the top layers packin' the bottom layers closeter an' closeter till it's solid almost like coal."

But the origin of the peat didn't interest Weese as much as the fires. "How'd they ever git set if nobody lived here?"

"Lightnin' — most of the wildfires is set by lightnin'," Pick informed her, and Weese made a wry face.

The Overturfs were the first to take up land within the limits of what is now Gumbo County, Minnesota. The eastern boundary of the present town of Gumbo is the west boundary of the quarter section which Pick Overturf homesteaded. But if they were the first, others soon came to bear them company. It wasn't much more than a week, in fact, until a second prairie schooner hove to and cast anchor, some distance up the stream but in plain sight. Pick wanted to go right over and call.

"Maybe they'll know if anybody's been nominated yit," he said, excitedly. He meant anybody nominated for President by the Republican national convention, which was just assembling when they had their last news. Mrs. Overturf didn't care so much about the political doings of the day, but she was hungry for the look of a new face. Moreover, the situation being what it was, they ought to make the first call as a point of good manners.

The Johnstons were younger people than the Overturfs by ten years or more — well under thirty with their first baby still an infant in arms. They had the news that Pick was so eager to hear. He asked about it as soon as the first greetings were over and Johnston could tell him. "Garfield — they nominated Garfield," the Scotchman made known.

"Garfield!" Pick repeated, with a dazed air.

"Yes — Garfield of Ohio — a dark horse," Johnston added.

Pick gasped for breath, he was so astonished. "Jim Garfield? Why, he's our member of Congress and last winter the legislater elected him Senator. I've shook hands with him many's the time. Jim Garfield, of Mentor, just over in Lake County. Member of Congress, Senator — and now he's going to be President! Don't it beat ye!"

His amazement speedily gave way to delight, but it wasn't an unmixed delight. "I shan't git to vote for him. I lost my vote by emigration," he lamented.

Twenty families homesteaded in Gumbo County before snow flew that year — Yankees, without exception, to use the term in the broad sense of natives rather than the offspring of any particular stock. The blood of many races flowed in their veins but they had one quality in common — they were without exception born in the United States. Such of these first families as still survive will recall Andy Maguffin. Andy was from Maine,

a rough and rugged specimen of a rough and rugged breed. Verily a man with the bark on. His given name was Androscoggin, in compliment to that most ancient of logging streams and he was a logger by trade, though he had come out to Gumbo to be a farmer. His migration was shorter than anybody's, for he had logged last up and down the Rum River, in the eastern part of Minnesota where — he would have you know — the best white pine in the world was to be found and more of it, by God, than could be cut off in a million years.

Maguffin was the first unmarried man to take up land, a doubtful distinction, but more doubtful still was another — that of bringing the first whisky into the community. He figured likewise in the community's first romance, the Widow Larkin being the party of the other part. Mistress Larkin, who didn't arrive in Gumbo until the second spring, was still in her comely thirties and her force of character was sufficiently attested by her venturing out there alone to take up a homestead. Under the law an unmarried woman might enter a quarter section and that was what Mistress Larkin did. The best of the government land near by had been preëmpted, but she wasn't afraid to go farther back.

She asked no favors. She had some money, nobody knew whether much or little, but anyhow enough to hire the help necessary to get her housed and started. Not that the item of help bulked as big as it might in her expenditures. Even before she was housed and started, it had begun to be whispered about that Androscoggin Maguffin was doing pretty much everything the widow needed to have done, and that he wasn't asking any pay for his services.

The Gumbo country, after ages and ages of solitude, was filling up and there was in truth a reason. Nor was the whole reason the Homestead Act, though Uncle Sam's offer of a free farm to anybody and everybody no doubt played its part. What had also served to start the sudden inflow of population that brought twenty families in the first few months, was the promise of a railroad. The railroad was bound to open up a new world and these pioneers were the early birds to whom the proverb assigns the early worm. None of them knew as yet just where the railroad would strike through but the track was laid already as far as Fergus Falls. It was understood to be headed for Canada up through the valley of the Red River of the North and it couldn't miss Gumbo by many miles.

Jim Hill's name, though not a household word as yet, was being spoken. The promise was Jim Hill's and people had put faith in it.

II

Is it one of the dull-faced immigrants . . . ?
Each belongs here or anywhere, just as much as the
well off, just as much as you,
Each has his or her place in the procession.

Already you heard stories about Hill that made him out a sort of superman — to employ a term that had not as yet come into general currency. His origins were lowly. Not so long ago, you were told, he had been a mudclerk along the riverfront in St. Paul. Hearsay so far away from ports of entry left you in some doubt as to just what a mudclerk did in the world, but at least you were given to understand that as a species he wasn't expected to have the money wherewith to buy railroads and, having bought them, to build them up into vast transcontinental systems of transportation.

Yet Jim Hill was in the way of doing no less. Whether, as some asserted, he had the financial backing of the enormously rich Bank of Montreal; or whether the more or less mythical Dutch bondholders had given him their gold to juggle with; or whether, contrary to the common view, he had saved the means out of his salary as mudclerk, anyhow he had gained control of the St. Paul and Pacific — the oldest railroad in Minnesota, pretty badly run down and only a small concern at best, but destined, under his hand, to grow first into the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, an enterprise of international scope, and at length into the Great Northern, linking up the East with the West and transforming a wilderness into an empire.

The St. Paul and Pacific, when Hill took it over, had a main line extending out from St. Paul to Breckenridge at the Dakota border and a branch line along the Mississippi as far as Melrose. About the first thing the new management did was to make the branch line the main line and to extend it to Fergus Falls, with an expedition that set a record in railroad building.

Always northward, for Jim Hill had a feeling for the north — he made no concealment of it. "The farther north life is developed, whether animal or vegetable, the more vigorous it is," that was a saying of his. He was rich and growing richer but you never heard of his running away to Florida or California to dodge the

Minnesota winter. After a while, when his millions were almost too many to count and he could afford anything that was to be had for money, he bought him a playground but it was an island in the St. Lawrence, away up toward Labrador. "Some day," he predicted, "wheat will be raised at the Arctic Circle and it will be the best wheat the world ever saw."

He liked the word "north" in the names of his enterprises as if he found good augury in it.

The graders scarcely paused for breath at Fergus, and right on their heels pressed the tracklayers. They bridged the Otter Tail and their next objective was the Red River beyond the crest of the continental watershed — a crest and a watershed though only instruments of precision could detect any deviation from the dead level. They struck the Red at Moorhead, always bearing north. Moorhead, Crookston, Grand Forks, St. Vincent at the boundary, there to meet the construction gangs that were working south from Winnipeg.

The crews passed in sight of Overturf's homestead. A culvert took care of the sedgy little stream and just there the town of Gumbo sprang up.

Weese Overturf and her little brother went out to the right-of-way to watch the graders and tracklayers at work. When they came back, Pick asked them what they saw.

"There was a man that swore at everybody," Weese related, "and when I asked him if he was Jim Hill he got awful red in the face and the others laughed."

Pick laughed too.

"I don't believe there is any Jim Hill!" Weese flung out, petulantly. "He's just like Santy Claus — it's just talk to fool somebody. There ain't any Santy Claus and there ain't any Jim Hill!"

"Well, whether or no, we got the railroad," chuckled Pick.

The track was laid to that point before winter called a halt, and it was a season of rejoicing in Gumbo. The coming of the railroad was a happy release. It almost spelled the difference between freedom and captivity. But more than anything else it meant an outlet for their wheat.

The first sawed lumber laid down in Gumbo went to put up an elevator by the trackside — a warehouse especially constructed for the storage of wheat. It was Rum River lumber, too, the kind

Andy Maguffin spoke of so highly (He identified it by the log-marks that were to be found here and there where the raw ends of the sticks had not been squared off.) — two-inch stuff a foot wide, laid up flatwise, like brick, without framing, and spiked together to form a wall of incredible strength and solidity — nothing less could be counted on to withstand the pressure of bins filled with wheat. Carload after carload of planking was put into place until the elevator towered so high that it could be seen for miles across the level country.

Fifty thousand bushels was the estimated capacity of the bins. Of course that was more wheat than these early inhabitants would ever raise in a year but, equally of course, they weren't going to remain the only inhabitants. Everywhere in the older parts of the nation were families out of luck or for other reasons likely to jump at the chance to get a fresh start in the boundless, bustling, booming West, and it was such as they that inhabitants expected to see flocking to Gumbo. Their own kind, speaking broadly. Yankees, in a word.

What they weren't in any degree prepared for was the incursion of the Swedes. Uncle Sam's promise of a free farm to anybody and everybody who would come and take it, backed up by Jim Hill's promise of a railroad — foreign peoples heard the call as well, the peasantry of Sweden especially. What no doubt did most to determine them was the similarity between the climate of the homeland and the climate of Minnesota. There were Germans no farther away than St. Cloud and St. Peter, and French around Dayton and Mendota, and Swiss in a number of scattered hamlets; but when it came to the settlement of the Red River valley where neither hill nor forest interposed between them and the caves of the north wind — that was a job for the Swedes.

(*Continued on page 450*)

MACHINERY, THE NEW MESSIAH

HENRY FORD*

NOT long ago the German philosopher, Count Keyserling, observed that future civilization will revolve about two poles, represented on the one hand by capitalist America with its ideal of service, and on the other by Soviet Russia with its ideal of individual subordination to the welfare of the group. In America Henry Ford best typifies the spirit of service to mankind through the efficient use of machines. In this first of several FORUM *interviews Mr. Ford expounds his doctrine of service and its probable future benefits to man.*

WHAT of the American home? Is it in danger? Is it going to pieces? I do not think so. "Calamity howlers" who draw their conclusions from reports of divorce and criminal courts declare that the American home is in danger, that there is no family life to-day, that the younger generation is slipping. But my observation is that, on the whole, America is a pretty clean and wholesome place to live. Its people are sensible; our real civilization is sound enough. Men of Lindbergh's stamp have set a new standard, or rather have revealed to the world the real American standard. We have far less cause than we think, to criticize our young people. Our young folks are all right, but they are living in a fast moving century and are traveling faster than in our day, or rather *are being carried* faster. They are being prepared to meet the problems of their future. Let us judge them by *their future* and not by our own past.

Naturally with their new problems they are making some mistakes; every generation does. The world is all new to them as it was to us. But I will say that they have the ability to solve their own problems in their own way. Conditions in the home have, of course, changed. They are changing rapidly. With the advent of the airplane, the radio, and the motor car, people are no longer compelled to stay in the house but may travel about, economically, and see things. Home will remain, but homes will greatly change — they always have.

Our young women are going to keep house in a manner different from that of their mothers. But so did their mothers before them. That is well, too.

The great problem in the home to-day is that there is too much drudgery there. Although a man's actual working hours a week have decreased, hardly anything has been done to eliminate the

fundamental drudgery of housekeeping; there has been no decrease in the hours of wives. Well, the modern young woman who maintains a household and brings up several children is going to change this. She is refusing the drudgery. What you call "the indifference of the young" in this respect is simply a coming event casting its shadow before. They have refused household drudgery, and as a consequence it will disappear.

There is some machinery to use in the kitchen to-day. We have the vacuum cleaner, the various electric appliances, the electric washing machine, the electric ice boxes; but most of it is still too expensive. We must find some way to reduce the cost and some way to lighten the other labors of women. Many processes have already been taken out of the home. Few housewives bake their own bread. You can buy better bread from the bakery now than many of the young women are able to make. They have not been fitted by education to do many of the things which they are called upon to perform after they become wives and mothers.

Furthermore, the time will come when each member of the family can be given more individual attention; that is, each one can have the food that he likes and that is best suited for his growth. It may sound like an astounding proposition to advance, but we shall soon find a way to do much of the cooking outside and deliver it in a hot and appetizing condition at meal time at no greater cost than that at which it is now being prepared in the workman's home. There the problem of transportation comes in, but it will be solved the same way that many of the other domestic problems have been solved.

A New Age for the Farmer

There are three basic industries in the world: growing things, making things, and carrying things. Farming is the first important industry. At the present time farming needs to be completely revolutionized. The poor farmer — owning a few acres, a house, a barn, a few odd buildings, some horses, and a few cows, pigs, and chickens, and farming in the old way — cannot hope to rise very high in the economic scale. Even with the automobile and radio, life on the farm still has its drudgery, especially if there is a large family to bring up, take care of, and feed. Under present conditions there is no chance for a farmer to get ahead very fast, unless he uses new methods.

Large corporations, whose sole business it will be to perform

the operations of plowing, planting, cultivating, and harvesting, will supersede the individual farmer, or groups of farmers will combine to perform their work in a wholesale manner. This is the proper way to do it and the only way in which economic freedom can be won.

Power and machinery on the farm will make big production possible and solve the so-called "farmers' problem." Under these new conditions the pleasure of living in the country will return, and with faster and faster methods of transportation, the improvement of the radio, and the coming of television, the lonesomeness of farm life will disappear and only the pleasurable qualities remain.

Furthermore, man power will be released to carry on the two other great industries — manufacture and transportation — and by this means their cost will ultimately be reduced, waste eliminated, prices lowered, with the result that the general welfare of the world will be still further extended.

Repairing Men Like Boilers

Food is one of the most important commodities with which we have to deal. I am becoming more convinced every day that we should spend more time in the study of food and how to eat it. Most of us eat too much. We eat the wrong kind of food at the wrong time and ultimately suffer for it. We must find a better way to feed ourselves and provide our bodies with what they need for replenishment and growth. Hitherto, we have spent more time in studying methods of repairing machinery and of renewing mechanisms than we have in studying this fundamental problem of human life. Of course, much has been done by our dietetists, but they have only scratched the surface. One does not have to be a food faddist to be interested in the subject.

Although the normal average life of human beings has been almost doubled in the last fifty years, I feel sure that we shall find means of renewing the human body so that men will retain their health, vitality, and mental keenness for many years longer. Take Edison, for example; to-day he is just as keen mentally as he ever was. There is every reason to believe that we should be able to renew our human bodies in the same manner as we renew a defect in a boiler. Not so long ago we found that our boilers were being discarded because in one or two spots corrosion had set in and weakened the surface.

We had some research work done on the problem and soon found a way to renew this metal at the point of expected failure, so that it was just as good as new. The boiler was put back into operation stronger, if anything, than when it was first installed. We have found ways to cut down corrosion and to limit deterioration by electrolysis, ways to prevent rust. The new chromium-plating process which we are using on airplane parts, for example, makes this metal practically indestructible in so far as the influence of weather conditions on it is concerned. Rust-proof metals are being developed, we are finding ways to preserve wood, means of strengthening and preserving steel.

The point is, if there is enough thinking done along this line, there is no reason why we could not do the same with the human body. There is no law against it. The great problem is to get people in the mental attitude where they are willing to try to do it, willing to use the facts after we get them. There is a certain amount of mental inertia to be overcome in the promotion of any new thing. A few individuals may be quickly educated, but it takes time for society to move, to consent to the adoption of the new way.

Our hope is in the new generation. They accept new things more readily, because they have no false education, no preconceived ideas to reverse. They accepted the radio and the airplane as a part of their natural environment and could see no cause for wonder in the operation of either. So there is where education will begin — a practical education that will teach not only the "why" but the "how."

Benefits of Prohibition

The gap between the people and their leaders is nowhere more discernible than in the matter of liquor. Some leaders are still for it; the people are now, as they have ever been, against it. The United States is dry not only legally but by moral conviction. You must find the people's sentiment where the people live. The American home is dry, and the American nation gets its tone from the home and not from the wet propagandist. In common decency the liquor generation should be allowed to die in silence. Its agonies should not be the constant topic of American journals.

Prohibition was intended to save the country and generations yet to come. There are a million boys growing up in the United States who have never seen a saloon, and who will never know the

handicap of liquor, either in themselves or their relatives; and this excellent condition will go on spreading itself over the country when the wet press and the paid propaganda of booze are forgotten. There should be no mistake about it. The abolition of the commercialized liquor trade in this country is as final as the abolition of slavery. These are the two great reforms to which moral America committed itself from the beginning of its history.

Anything that interferes with our ability to think clearly, lead healthy, normal lives, and do our work well will ultimately be discarded, either as an economic handicap or from a desire for better personal health. Tobacco is a narcotic which is exacting a heavy toll from our present generation. No one smokes in the Ford industries. Tobacco is not a good thing for industry nor for the individual.

The coming of prohibition has put more of the workman's money into savings banks and into his wife's pocketbook. He has more leisure to spend with his family. The family life is healthier. Workmen go out of doors, go on picnics, have time to see their children and play with them. They have time to see more, do more — and, incidentally, they buy more. This stimulates business and *increases prosperity*, and in the general economic circle the money passes through industry again and back into the workman's pocket. It is a truism that what benefits one is bound to benefit all, and labor is coming to see the truth of this more every day.

Human demands are increasing every day and the needs for their gratification are increasing also. This is as it should be. Gradually, under the benign influence of American industry, wives are released from work, little children are no longer exploited; and, given more time, they both become free to go out and find new products, new merchants and manufacturers who are supplying them. Thus business grows. Thus we see the close relation which home life bears to industry. The prosperity of one is the prosperity of the other. In reality, all problems may be resolved into one great one. The parts are all interrelated one with another. The solution of one helps in the solution of another, and so on.

Machinery is accomplishing in the world what man has failed to do by preaching, propaganda, or the written word. The airplane and radio know no boundary. They pass over the dotted lines on the map without heed or hindrance. They are binding the

world together in a way no other systems can. The motion picture with its universal language, the airplane with its speed, and the radio with its coming international programme — these will soon bring the whole world to a complete understanding. Thus may we vision a United States of the World. Ultimately, it will surely come!

What Will the Future Know?

And yet with all our progress we know very little. We know nothing or comparatively nothing about the biggest thing or the smallest thing — little about the universe around us, and little about the atom. The microscope and the telescope are still limited instruments through which we see darkly. Yet I believe the time will come when man — in some one of his mental stages or planes of consciousness, if you wish to call it that — will know what is going on in the other planets, perhaps be able to visit them. When one looks back at the distance we have traveled mentally, in even the last fifty years, great things may be possible within the next century.

How do we think? What makes us think? Where do our thoughts come from? These are all interesting questions to me, interesting problems that I sometimes ponder. As with a properly tuned antenna, thoughts seem to come to one attuned to receive them. That seems to be the way we get ideas, but it takes a conscious effort on our part to be ready to receive them. Call this universal source of ideas anything you wish, the fact remains that the thoughts are all around us ready for acceptance. They come from outside of us, from a source that we may not know, but they are nevertheless available when we put ourselves into the right mental condition to receive them.

But the job of thinking is a real one — probably the hardest work there is to do. Yet I believe that all the world's secrets are open to thinkers, and that whenever a problem comes to us, it can always be solved — otherwise it would not present itself. I believe that we have always lived, moved, and had our being in this ocean of thought and that we shall always continue to live in it, even though our form and the form of the universe and things in it may change as we do.

Next month, "Henry Ford's Philosophy of Life."

Drawings by Johan Bull

MOTHER GOOSE–STEP FOR CHILDREN

STEPHEN LEACOCK

Forum Table Talk

"WHAT is the story that you are reading, Peggy?" I asked of a wide-eyed child of eight, who sat buried in a story-book.

"Little Red Riding Hood," she answered.

"Have you come to the part," I asked, "where the grandmother gets eaten?"

"She didn't get eaten!" the child protested in surprise.

"Yes — the wolf comes to her cottage and knocks at the door and she thinks that it is Little Red Riding Hood and opens the door and the wolf eats her."

She shook her head.

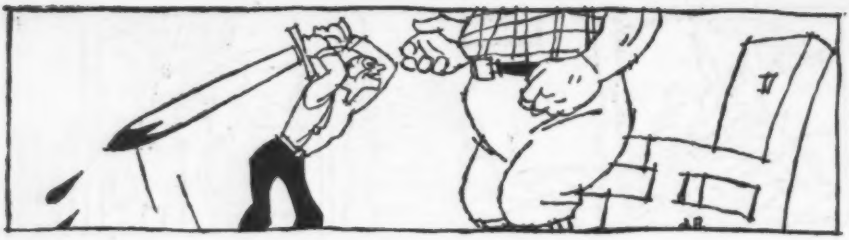
"That's not it at all in this book," she said.

So I took a look at the page before her and I read:

"Then the wolf pushed open the door of the cottage and rushed in but the grandmother was not there, as she happened not to be at home."

Exactly! The grandmother, being a truly up-to-date grandmother, was probably out on the golf links, or playing bridge with a few other grandmothers like herself.

At any rate she was not there and so she escaped getting eaten by the wolf. In other words, Little Red Riding Hood, like all the good old stories that have come down from the bad old times, is having to give way to the tendencies of a humane age. It is supposed to be too horrible for the children to read. The awful fate of the grandmother, chawed up by the wolf — or no, swallowed *whole* like a Malpecque oyster — is too terrible for them to hear.



So the story, like a hundred other stories and pictures, has got to be censored, reëdited, and incidentally — spoiled.

All of which rests on a fundamental error as to literature and as to children. There is no need to soften down a story for them. They like it rough.

"In the real story," I said to the little girl, "the grandmother was at home, and the wolf rushed in and ate her in one mouthful!"

"Oh! that's *much* better!" she exclaimed.

"And then, afterward, when the hunters came in, they killed the wolf and cut his stomach open and the grandmother jumped out and was saved!"

"Oh, isn't that splendid!" cried the child.

In other words, all the terror that grown-up people see in this sort of story is there for grown-up people only. The children look clean over it, or past it, or under it. In reality the vision of the grandmother feebly defending herself against the savage beast, or perhaps leaping round the room to get away from him and jumping up on top of the grandfather's clock, is either horrible, or weird, or pathetic, or even comic, as we may happen to see it. But to the children it is just a story — and a good one — that's all.

And all the old stories are the same! Consider Jack the Giant-Killer. What a conglomeration of weeping and wailing, of people shut into low dungeons, of murder, of sudden death, of blood, and of horror! Jack, having inveigled an enormous giant into eating an enormous quantity of porridge, then rips him up the stomach with a huge sword! What a mess!

But it doesn't disturb Jack or his young readers one iota. In fact, Jack is off again at once, with his young readers trailing eagerly after him, in order to cut off at one blow the three huge heads of a three-headed giant and make a worse mess still.

From the fairy stories and the giant stories the children presently pass on — quite unscathed as I see it — to the higher

range of the blood and thunder stories of the pirates and the battles. Here again the reality, for the grown-up mind that can see it, is terrible and gruesome; but never so for the boys and girls who see in it only the pleasant adventure and bright diversity.

Take, for instance, this familiar scene as it appears and reappears in the history of Jack Daredevil or Ned Fearnothing or any of those noble boys who go to sea, in books, at the age of fourteen and retire, as admirals, at twenty-two:

"The fire from both ships was now becoming warm. A round shot, tearing across the deck, swept off four of our fellows. 'Ha! ha!' said Jack as he turned toward Ned on the quarter-deck, 'this bids fair to become lively.'"

It certainly did. In fact it would be lively already if one stopped to think of the literal and anatomical meaning of a round shot — twenty-five pounds of red-hot iron — tearing through the vitals of four men. But the boy reader never gets it this way. What is said is that four of our fellows were "swept off" — just that; merely "swept off" and that's the way the child reader takes it. And when the pirates "leap on deck," Jack himself "cuts down" four of them and Ned "cuts down" three. That's all they do — "they cut them down" — they just "shorten them," so to speak.

Very similar in scope and method was the good old "half-dime novel" written of the days of *The Prairie* and the mountain trail, the Feathered Indian, and the Leathered Scout. In these, unsuspecting strangers got scalped in what is now the main street of Denver — where they get skinned.

These stories used to open with a rush and kept in rapid oscillation all the time. In fact they began with the concussion of firearms.

"'Bang! Bang! Bang!' Three shots rang out over the prairie and three feathered Indians bit the dust."

It seemed always to be a favorite pastime of the Indians, "biting dust."

In grim reality, to the grown-up mind, these were stories of terror, of midnight attack, of stealthy murder with a knife from without the folds of the tent, of sudden death in dark caverns, of pitiless enemies, and of cruel torture.

But not so to the youthful mind. He followed it all through quite gayly, sharing the high courage of his hero — Dick Danger the Dauntless. "I must say," whispered Dick to Ned (this was when the Indians had them tied to a tree and were piling grass and sticks round it so as to burn them alive), "I must say, old man, things begin to look critical. Unless we can think of some way out of this fix, we are lost."

Notice, please, this word "lost": in reality they would be worse than lost. They'd be *cooked*. But in this class of literature the word "lost" is used to cover up a multitude of things. And, of course, Dick does think of a way out. It occurs to him that by moving his hands he can slip off the thongs that bind him, set Ned free, leap from the tree to the back of a horse, of two horses; and then, by jumping over the edge of a chasm into the forest a thousand feet below, they can find themselves in what is called "comparative safety." After which the story goes calmly on, oblivious of the horrible scene that nearly brought it to an end.

But as the modern parent and the modern teacher have grown alarmed, the art of story-telling for children has got to be softened down. There must be no more horror and blood and violent death. Away with the giants and the ogres! Let us have instead the stories of the animal kingdom in which Wee-Wee the Mouse has tea on a broad leaf with Goo-goo the Caterpillar, and in which Fuzzy the Skunk gives talks on animal life that would do for Zoölogy Class I at Harvard.

But do we — do they — can we escape after all from the cruel environment that makes up the life in which we live? Are the animals after all so much softer than the ogres, so much kinder than the pirates? When Slick the Cat, crackles up the bones of Wee-wee the Mouse, how does that stand! And when Old Mr. Hawk hovers in the air watching for Cheep-cheep the chicken who tries in vain to hide under the grass and calls for its lost mother — how is that for terror! To my thinking the timorous and imaginative child can get more real terror from the pictured anguish of a hunted animal than from the deaths of all the Welsh giants that ever lived on Plynlimmon.

The tears of childhood fall fast and easily, and evil be to him who makes them flow.

How easily a child will cry over the story of a little boy lost, how easily at the tale of poverty and want, how inconsolably at death. Touch but ever so lightly these real springs of anguish and the ready tears will come. But at Red Riding Hood's grandmother? Never! She didn't *die!* She was merely *eaten*. And the sailors and the pirates and the Apache Indians! They don't *die*, not in any real sense to the child. They are merely "swept off" and "mowed down" — in fact scattered like the pieces on an upset chessboard.

The moral of all which is, don't worry about the apparent terror and bloodshed in the children's books, the real children's books. There is none there. It only represents the way in which little children, from generation to generation, learn in ways as painless as can be followed, the stern environment of life and death.

THE END OF THE BORDEN CASE

EDMUND PEARSON

A WOMAN who died last June, in Fall River, Massachusetts, might have been described, even by those who distrust superlatives, as the strangest and most enigmatic person in America. Miss Lizzie Borden (who for thirty years, and for obvious reasons, had preferred to call herself "Lisbeth") possessed on the day of her death only one near relative — her sister, Miss Emma. And from her she had been estranged for more than twenty years; they could not even live in the same town. Miss Emma Borden died nine days after her younger sister; she was about seventy-three and Miss Lizzie about sixty-eight years old.

Their funerals were celebrated in different towns, and at each was a different group of mourners. Then, as a crowning bit of tragic irony, they were buried in their native city of Fall River, in the family lot and beside the graves of their father, mother, infant sister, and step-mother.

This reunion of the family, within such narrow space of earth, adds another strange feature to the deaths of the sisters. And this for the reason that thirty-five years ago Miss Lizzie Borden was charged by a grand jury with the savage murder of her father and step-mother, beside whose bones her body is now lying. She was acquitted on her trial, but this acquittal, in the minds of probably the majority of her townsfolk, and in the reasoned opinion of hundreds of lawyers and judges, was a defeat of justice.

There are now left alive very few persons who were intimately associated with the murders and with the amazing trial of Miss Lizzie Borden in June, 1893. The judges and all the lawyers are dead. Many of the witnesses are also dead. In all human probability the case is forever closed; the chance that the whole truth will be known is utterly gone.

It can do no harm, now that death has taken away practically everyone in the trial, to speak freely concerning it. The fact is, the Borden case has never been one which was closed or ended by the verdict of the trial jury. Most lawyers, who were at all familiar with the case, have either called that verdict *technically* correct on the case as it was allowed to go to the jury; or else they have denounced the trial as a startling miscarriage of justice, declaring

that the evidence offered by the State was sufficient for a conviction, but that misrulings by the Court and an improper charge to the jury caused the gross blunder of an acquittal.

On that day in August, 1892, when the investigation began, Mr. Borden lay horribly murdered in his own house, in broad daylight. Upstairs was the body of his wife, slain with the same weapon and by the same person. The woman had been killed soon after breakfast. The murderer had then waited in the house from an hour and a half to two hours, until the old gentleman returned from town, and then killed him within fifteen minutes of his return; within five or six minutes from the time when he was speaking to his younger daughter; and, *according to her own account*, when she was not more than thirty or forty feet distant. Both husband and wife had been killed by repeated and savage blows of a hatchet, which caved in their skulls and, with Mr. Borden, rendered the victim unrecognizable. Mrs. Borden had been surprised and attacked as she was making up the bed in the guest room; her husband, while he was taking a nap on a couch downstairs.

There were two possible explanations, and only two. One was that some mysterious murderer, coming from the outside, and acting upon a motive which nobody could plausibly suggest, had entered the house unseen by its three inmates; killed Mrs. Borden without being heard or seen; remained hidden in those small, closely connected rooms for at least ninety minutes, and then killed Mr. Borden and escaped still unseen.

The other explanation, which seemed at first thought even more wildly improbable, was that the murders had been done by an inmate of the house. There were only two: Miss Lizzie Borden and the servant, Bridget Sullivan. Miss Emma, the elder sister, was out of town on a visit; and the guest, Mr. John Vinnicum Morse, brother of Mr. Borden's first wife, was elsewhere in the city about his own affairs. Of the two women thus left in the house, no suspicion of anything more than guilty knowledge has ever been attached to the servant. She had no motive whatever for the crimes; she was exonerated by the statements of the woman who was actually accused; and it is altogether probable that she knew nothing whatever about the murders.

This leaves Miss Lizzie Borden. What cause had the police for arresting her? First, as to motive, the ill-feeling in the family was notorious in Fall River. The two daughters hardly spoke to

their step-mother and avoided eating their meals with her and with their father. There had been for years past quarrels about money; the daughters feared that they were to be disinherited in favor of the second wife. The old people had been violently sick that same week and three witnesses swore at the inquest that Miss Lizzie had tried to buy prussic acid at a pharmacy. On her father's return from town, a quarter of an hour before his death, she told him that Mrs. Borden had had a note from some friend and had gone out on a sick call. At that moment the dead body of her step-mother was lying on the floor upstairs, and in sight from the head of the staircase which Miss Lizzie had just descended. Moreover, neither the sick friend, the sender of the note, the messenger who brought it, nor the note itself could ever be found, and her story was uncorroborated when she was on trial and in jeopardy of her life, when confirmation of the tale would have been of supreme value to her attorneys. Three days after the murders she burned a dress, which was pretty conclusively shown to be very like the one she wore when the murders were committed.

The inference was that the dress bore bloodstains, or the signs of attempts to remove such stains.

Finally, she told flatly contradictory stories about herself at the time of her father's murder, at last settling on the ridiculous assertion that she had gone to the barn loft and had remained there, eating pears and *looking for sinkers for a fishing line* for twenty minutes — just long enough to allow the mysterious murderer to kill her father and escape. She told these and various other stories to neighbors on the day of the murder, and at the inquest, but at the trial availed herself of her right not to go on the witness stand.

The State was unable to prove her guilt within the restrictions of a capital trial, and against the rulings of a hostile Court. The State was never able to produce any weapon which could be established as the one used by the murderer. It did, however, offer a hatchet found in the cellar, whose blade fitted the wounds. The handle had recently been broken, and the head was covered, not with the ordinary drifting dust of a cellar, but with ashes, as if it had just been washed and rubbed in ashes.

The previous good reputation of the accused woman, contrasted with the brutality of the murders, made a conviction very doubtful. This difficulty was increased by the fact that she was

an active church member. The prisoner was constantly escorted and supported in Court by a couple of officious clergymen.

Three judges presided at the trial and made two rulings which practically insured an acquittal. One was to exclude her contradictory evidence at the inquest, the other was to refuse to admit the testimony of three witnesses to the attempt to buy prussic acid, the day before the murders. Finally, the charge to the jury was delivered by one of the justices — who, like Mr. Borden, was an elderly man with grown daughters — and who, it has been said, was so shocked at the thought of parricide that his feelings overcame his reason. It has always been said, in legal circles, that the charge was agreed upon by the three justices, but was altered over night by the one who delivered it, and, in the process, still further strengthened in the prisoner's favor. At all events, as it was delivered, it amounted to an argument for the defense, and almost a direction to acquit. Doubtless the jury, sober middle-aged men, scandalized at the possibility of convicting a "respectable" woman of such fiendish crimes, were immensely relieved to be told by the learned judge (whose integrity was unquestioned) that the accusation was absurd.

Those who observed the defendant at the trial — and reporters were there in swarms — saw, for the most part, what they went to see. Some of the newspapers had apparently gauged public opinion and decided that the theory of guilt was unpopular and shocking; that the Government's case was weak in one or two essentials; and that it was wise policy to support the defense.

After the acquittal, after the cheers had died down and the kissings were over, the Misses Borden returned to their home and spent a merry evening with their friends, looking at the dozens of newspapers, with their pictures of everybody in the case. Newspaper illustrations were new and very crude, but even the minor witnesses had been pictured in all the papers. The sisters were free and independent women, now, and able to afford themselves a more modern and spacious dwelling than the small house whose antiquated arrangements had been one of the causes of quarrel with their tight-fisted father. Soon they moved to a better street and bought a larger and more comfortable house — the one in which Miss Lizzie died.

The estate was named Maplecroft, but as the years went by there was neither peace nor happiness within or without. Her church had supported Miss Lizzie enthusiastically during her

months of imprisonment and the days of her trial, but it is said that her one attempt to return to it was never repeated. Many, although not all, of her friends now began to look the other way. They were not convinced by the verdict. Her oldest and best friend never saw her again after the day when she appeared in Court, an unwilling witness for the State. This was the lady whose testimony about seeing Miss Lizzie burn the dress led the grand jury to vote an indictment and cut heavily against the prisoner at the trial.

The visits of the sisters to summer resorts elsewhere in the State were never repeated, when their identity became known. Miss Lizzie's frequent trips to Boston, for shopping and the theatre, did not always bring joy to the hotel she visited. Care had to be used. Shopping was done in Boston rather more than in Fall River. A man who had good opportunity for observing told me that in thirty years following the acquittal, only twice had he seen the celebrated lady on the streets of her native city. Her brief, but odd friendship with Miss Nance O'Neil, the actress; her extreme fondness for dogs, birds, and all animals; her many kindly acts to her servants and to the poor are all familiar matters to her townsfolk. Her house was well curtained and guarded; the blithe book agent, the bond salesman, and the reporter never passed the servants, nor were they admitted into the presence of the mistress of Maplecroft.

Three or four years after the acquittal (in February, 1897, to be exact) there occurred something which belongs to fact and not legend. I think it may account for the coolness of some of her friends in later years and to the social ostracism which was not wholly the fancy of newspaper reporters. In that month, a firm of silversmiths and jewelers in Providence took out a warrant for the arrest of Miss Lizzie Borden, charging her with the theft of two pictures; one of them, a painting on porcelain called "Love's Dream"! The warrant was never served, the charge was never met, and the case was settled out of court. This was an odd incident in the life of a woman possessed of a fortune of two or three hundred thousand dollars. I fancy that some of her friends, who thought that the accusation of murder had been triumphantly refuted, had their faith sorely shaken at this time. They must have recalled the burglary in her father's house, a year before the murders, and Mr. Borden's abandonment of the investigation.

In the story of the spiritualistic séance at the home of Mr. Morse's nephew, we return once more to rumor and gossip. According to this tale, that quaint old gentleman, John Vinnicum Morse, was himself present on the evening when ghostly aid was invoked. The control told them to hunt for certain bloodstained handkerchiefs, hidden by the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Borden as he fled from town on the fatal morning. The search was to be made under some stones beside the road leading out of Fall River. The hunt was made; the handkerchiefs were found; and Lizzie's innocence established. Q. E. D.

How do such yarns begin? A newspaper man was sent to inquire about this one, and he talked with the tall and venerable John Vinnicum Morse, in person. That gentleman informed him that no handkerchiefs had been found, no search had been made, and no séance had ever been held. He added, so says my informant, the reporter:

"Young man, if you want to know my opinion, I do *not* believe that that young woman is guilty."

For a few years neither rumor nor fact concerning the Borden household agitated Fall River. Then, about 1904, another addition was made, not to gossip, but to veritable history. A local newspaper office received a curious post card message. The communication was to this effect:

"Miss Emma Borden of French Street, has left for California. She is threatened with lung trouble, and her friends are much worried."

The message was unsigned, and the writing unfamiliar to the editors of the paper. The card had been addressed to them, and then enclosed and mailed in an envelope. The newspaper was one which had been friendly to Miss Lizzie, but the editors were, nevertheless, a little disquieted. They recalled the predictions of disaster made the night before the slaughter of Andrew Borden and his wife, and wondered if the ax were now being whetted for Miss Emma. They telephoned to the house, and managed to speak to the younger daughter. She confirmed the report that her sister was leaving town, but denied all the rest of the message. She was reticent as to Miss Emma's address and the cause of her departure.

This was the beginning of the separation and estrangement of the sisters. The exact reasons for it are unknown, except to a very few. It has been, of course, the subject of gossip, some of it

possibly mere scandalmongering. Miss Emma Borden had gallantly come to the aid of her sister, in the trial, and testified in her behalf. It was thought that her sense of loyalty led her to take a very liberal view of the restrictions of her oath as witness.

The attorneys for the Commonwealth did not share the opinion already quoted that Miss Emma was without any knowledge of the murder. They held that she was in no doubt whatever about the identity of the assassin. They hoped that the horror of the killings would affect her — as the weaker-willed of the two sisters — and cause her to make admissions which would tend to clear up the mystery. This never happened. One of these attorneys on entering the Borden house for the first time found a book of recipes and prescriptions. He took it up, and it fell open in his hand — at a passage devoted to the subject of prussic acid. It is also said that there was evidence of an earlier attempt to procure this poison, earlier than the one made in Fall River the day before the murders. This one took place in New Bedford, and here again, the clerk in the pharmacy identified Miss Lizzie as the applicant.

The famous quatrain, beginning:

> Lizzie Borden took an ax
> And gave her mother forty whacks

is probably the most celebrated piece of doggerel about any crime ever committed in America. It has gone around the world: I have seen it printed in a newspaper of Durban, Natal. Not so pungent and not so widely known is the more charitable set of verses by A. L. Bixby entitled "To Lizzie." I suppose they were printed during the trial. One stanza will indicate their flavor:

> There's no evidence of guilt,
> Lizzie Borden,
> That should make your spirit wilt,
> Lizzie Borden;
> Many do not think that you
> Chopped your father's head in two,
> It's so hard a thing to do,
> Lizzie Borden.

The deaths of the two sisters, their reunion in the Fall River cemetery, and the terms of their wills attracted wide attention. Miss Lizzie's bequests were to cousins, to friends, servants, and old schoolmates. Miss Emma made similar bequests, and left one hundred thousand dollars to charitable institutions, in varying amounts from three to ten thousand dollars. Miss Lizzie's largest

public bequest was of thirty thousand dollars together with shares of stock in a manufactory, to the Animal Rescue League of Fall River. She also left two thousand dollars to the Animal Rescue League of Washington, D. C. Miss Emma's favored charities were homes for the aged, rescue missions, nursing associations, the Salvation Army, the Girl Scouts, a boys' club, and so on, but she also remembered the animals: five thousand dollars to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; the same amount to the Animal Rescue League of Providence; and to the Animal Rescue League of Fall River, twenty thousand dollars, as well as a fifth share of the residue of her estate. It is thus apparent that humane sentiments toward animals found expression in about the same terms from each sister. Miss Lizzie wrote in her will: "I have been fond of animals and their need is great and there are so few who care for them."

The fact that both sisters remembered the stray dogs and cats and suffering horses, is worth consideration, since amateur psychologists have been inclined to make deductions from the last will of Miss Lizzie. They recalled a story by O. Henry, in which an astute detective decided from his militant affection for a dog, which of two men was guilty of a murder. Of course, to the Freudian, or pseudo-Freudian, the kindlier the deed the darker and more degrading the suspicion which it should provoke against him who does the deed. But if kindness to dogs and birds is indicative of a murderous disposition, what a carnival of secret homicides must have stained the soul of the late president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

I have heard that America's foremost novelist totally disbelieves the possibility of Miss Lizzie Borden's guilt, and argues in her defense. A friend of mine, who is a lawyer, thinks that such a belief is consequent upon the novelist's profession. He says:

"Of course, Mr. Tarkington is accustomed to look for what is probable and convincing. The grossly improbable facts, which constantly occur in real life, are abhorrent to the artistic conscience of the writer of fiction. He is bound to discard them as impossible."

It might be added that the author of detective novels and mystery plays is another kind of writer who is also in danger of disqualification when it comes to the solution of a murder problem in real life. His first axiom in the construction of his plot is that whoever is guilty, the generally suspected person *must* be in-

nocent. Second, comes his invariable presentation of the police as ruffians, hounding the defenseless along the path to the scaffold or the electric chair. Third, the villain or second villain of the piece is always the hectoring district attorney. The State is always wrong, the prisoner always right. This simple philosophy was a good enough preparation for thousands of those who argued or agitated for Sacco and Vanzetti.

The murderer of the Bordens undoubtedly had a bad hour between the two killings. It is the thought of that hour and the iron courage which sustained it which sets this crime apart from all others. How far the events of that morning were planned and how far they were chance will never be known. Many persons in Fall River believe that Bridget had guilty knowledge, and that she retired to Ireland "with a fortune." The luck that gave Miss Lizzie fifteen or twenty minutes clear, with neither Bridget nor Mr. Morse about, is used as an argument in Miss Lizzie's favor. But it is an even more incredible instance of luck for an "outside" murderer, since he had to count not only on the absence of Bridget and Mr. Morse, but also upon the absence of Miss Emma, and upon avoiding Miss Lizzie herself, at the time of the first murder, when she was in the house, and upon the truly miraculous chance of her going to the barn loft on that preposterous errand of the sinkers — for precisely the time he needed to slaughter Mr. Borden.

The most charitable explanation, consistent with known fact, might acquit her of the actual commission, but it cannot clear her of guilty knowledge. The house is small; and the neighbors were near, and — as it was proved — lynx-eyed, and quick to see a stranger or any unusual event in the street.

A friend of mine has an ingenious theory that the murders were committed by a Chinese, one of Miss Lizzie's Sunday School pupils. This obliging Christian convert, overcome with grief at hearing of his teacher's sad life at home, decided to remove her parents, brighten her life, and enrich her with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars all at one — or two — strokes. It was to be his good deed for that day. How he got in, or out, is not explained, nor have I heard that Miss Lizzie had a Chinese student at all. I think that he was born of my friend's fancy — invoked probably by his recollection of the fact that hatchets were favorite weapons in those care-free days when the Hip Sing and On Leong Tongs were carrying on their warfare.

The prosecutor believed that Mr. Morse's visit precipitated the murders; that Miss Lizzie overheard a conversation between her father and Mr. Morse, to the effect that her father had been to see his lawyer. To her this meant a new will, which would disinherit his daughters in favor of the second wife. She determined on instant action; and, when the poisoning attempt of Tuesday failed, and when on Wednesday the attempt to buy prussic acid also failed, the ax or hatchet was resorted to on Thursday. Miss Emma's absence may have been chance or scheme; it was fortunate for both sisters.

Aside from all other suspicious circumstances, the two facts which seem to clinch the argument are the story about the note and the first version of her absence from the house during her father's murder. As to the note, it is incredible that if such a thing were sent, nobody should have come forward, or been found, who despatched it or who brought it. If there were no note, she told a lie, and why should she do that except to conceal guilt?

Her first story about absence from the house was that she came back from the *yard*, on hearing a groan or distressed noise from her father. This placed her within twenty or thirty feet of the murderer and his victim, with the victim still able to groan — yet it was apparent that he died without waking, almost at the first blow. And yet the murderer escaped unseen by her! The yard is very small, a narrow driveway to the barn. She soon saw that this story would not do, and altered it to put herself in the barn loft at the time of the murder; omitted all reference to being called into the house by the groan; and represented herself as coming in casually and discovering the murder by accident. Here was not confusion of words, but two totally different stories.

To suggest a theory of how the crimes may have been committed and to explain away all the physical difficulties, one might speculate in some such fashion as in this which follows:

The murders, in all probability, had long been considered; they had been definitely planned for a few days before the crime. The weapon was at hand, a hatchet found in the cellar. She darted up to the guest chamber, as soon as Mrs. Borden went there the second time, and killed her in a few seconds. Bridget did not hear the noise of the fall of the body either because she was in the barn or yard, gathering materials for the window washing (as we know she was doing that morning), or because of the passing of a wagon at the time. Another reason why Bridget did not hear the

sound has been suggested: that Mrs. Borden was already on her knees tucking in the bed clothes. A still simpler and better one than all these is that there was no fall. At the first blow she slumped to her knees; after that, with the repeated blows, her body straightened out at length.

Mr. Borden came in and fell asleep the moment after he lay down. He was not well, and it was a hot day. She had kept the hatchet concealed in some paper in her own room, or elsewhere, after the first murder. Few, if any, drops of blood fell on her at that time — such an attack, from behind, does not necessarily send any blood to the rear. There is no jet of blood, unless an artery is severed. Bram, on the Herbert Fuller, slew three persons with an ax, and did not seem to acquire bloodstains. Constance Kent had a bloodstained garment, but it passed the examination of the police. At all events, there was no trouble after the first murder: she had at least an hour clear to remove any traces of blood.

After her father had fallen asleep — to continue these conjectures — Bridget was upstairs, and it needed only a few seconds to deal the ten blows which were inflicted on him. She may have held a newspaper or his coat before her, for in this instance the murderer stood in a shower of small drops of blood. If not, the few drops which fell on her face, hair, or hands were soon removed. She hurried to a mirror, examined herself for stains, and cleansed them at the kitchen sink. There were one or two spots on her blue dress, and these she discovered a day or two afterwards (as with Constance Kent's nightdress) and burned the garment the following Sunday. The hatchet was washed at the running tap in the kitchen sink, taken down cellar, the handle broken by a blow on a chopping block, and the head covered with ashes — as it was found. All this could be done in seven or eight minutes; she had twelve or fifteen. Then she called upstairs to Bridget:

"Come down quick; Father's dead; somebody came in and killed him."

And those who think that she would have been highly agitated when the neighbors came in, simply do not understand her. They are "trying to read their own emotional natures" into a very different character.

THE COLLEGE OF CAPTAINS

ALEXANDER on the march
Brought his legs up stiff as starch.
Hannibal and John Paul Jones
Had springs inside their marrowbones.
Cromwell hunted Charles the King
With top-knot high as anything,
And when Great Pompey ruled the flood
His eyes were full of specks of blood.

All great captains are drilled well
In the College of Daun Cockerel
Where they learn to lift their soles
As if they walked on living coals,
Learn to thrust their chests out broad
As if they marched alone with God,
Learn to go as if the wheels
That move the stars were in their heels.

— *Robert P. Tristram Coffin*

NOISE

The Forum's Second Report on City Noise

E. E. Free

TWO years ago Dr. Free, then the Science Editor of The Forum, *conducted under its auspices the first scientific study of city noise. The influence of his article spread — very much like the sound waves which he describes; and in the present article he describes the results. We are progressing toward the noiseless city of the future. Dr. Free's* Forum *Noise Code is the first comprehensive plan for the legal elimination of needless uproar. He also shows how the harassed city-dweller may spare his nerves.*

IN two years there has been much noise about noise and by no means all of it has been conversation. Things begin to get done. It is already evident, for one thing, that no city need put up with its present clamor if the citizens really want a change. A completely noiseless town is probably no more possible than a completely spotless one, but few people would enjoy living in such extremes of perfection. And relative noiselessness of cities is as possible and far less costly than the relative cleanliness which we have learned to demand. Even now a family can have a quiet house within a hundred yards of the noisiest street corner in New York City and it will cost no more to build it than an ordinary noisy house will cost.

The only real obstacle to quiet lives is an imaginary one. We think them impossible. In a decade or two, when another thought shall have come to us, it may be considered as clear a sign of bad municipal housekeeping to permit noisy streets as it is now to get along without sewers. Landlords who build or maintain dwellings that admit too much noise may then be held as much at fault as those who now allow the roofs to leak or gas to seep into the basement. Noise, indeed, is even easier to keep out of a properly built house than rain or sewer gas. Just as soon as enough people demand quiet they can have it.

In February, 1926, when The Forum published its now famous noise survey of New York City — the first attempt, I believe, to obtain really accurate information about just how noisy a modern city is — there were three problems of city noise for which no one had answers. First was the quantitative problem of where, when, and how much. What are the actual amounts of noise, measured by dependable scientific instruments, in different parts of a modern

city at different hours of the twenty-four? Second was the problem of noise sources. Which of our modern mechanical slaves make the greatest outcry as they do their work? The third was a psychological problem. What actual damage, if any, does noise do to the average human being?

Thanks to numerous investigations which the FORUM survey probably may take credit for inspiring, the first two of these problems have been solved. The blanket of noise that covers a modern city has been weighed and measured. A noise map of virtually any city may now be drawn from only a few actual measurements; it is almost identical, in fact, with a map of the traffic on the streets. We now know, also, approximately how much of a city's noise comes from specified sources: from automobiles, street cars, riveters, and the rest. Knowledge of this physical side of the problem of city noise has made more progress in the past two years than in all the previous history of acoustic science — a fact in which the Editors and readers of THE FORUM may take a proper pride.

When the FORUM survey was made, this physical side of the problem seemed by far the larger one. Now that it is solved the emphasis is reversed; the pressing uncertainties are now the psychological ones. It is evident that noise in itself is not especially harmful, for even the most nervous individuals often enjoy noises that they themselves make, from tapping their feet on the floor at a concert to tooting their automobile horns at every corner. It is always the other fellow who is annoyed. That the annoyance is real enough there can be no question nor does any psychologist who has studied noise imply that noises ought not to be stopped whenever possible. The uncertainties arise in deciding just which noises should be stopped first, which are most annoying and most harmful to average people. Is the single rooster who wakes up the city visitors in the country more of a menace to peace and comfort, or is it the continual deep-toned roar with which the city keeps awake its country cousins but lulls its own sons and daughters to rest?

Fortunately these problems of noise psychology have now been taken for their own by the most active of the antinoise organizations now at work in the world, the Committee on the Elimination of Harmful Noise, of the National Safety Council of the United States. Thanks to the programme of psychological studies proposed by the Chairman of this Committee, Dr. H. Clyde

Snook of New York City, in his last report to the Safety Council, we may expect some day to know just which kinds of noise are the most important to kill, as well as something about how to kill them.

Soon after the FORUM survey of New York City, a similar noise survey of the Loop District of Chicago was made by Mr. J. F. Norris of the Burgess Laboratories. A partial survey of Washington, D. C., was made by representatives of the Graybar Electric Company, using apparatus and methods indentical with those of the FORUM survey. Isolated noise measurements have been made in Boston, in St. Louis, at Niagara Falls, and elsewhere. The New York survey has been extended by my own staff to the upper floors of high buildings, to the subways, to parts of Brooklyn, and to a few points in the Metropolitan suburbs. Public agitation about noise, accompanied by a modicum of actual measurement, has been noted in London, Paris, Berlin, and other world capitals. The snowball of public interest which THE FORUM's tests began is still rolling.

The facts thus learned about the when, where, and how much of city noise are easily summarized. The great noise-maker, as THE FORUM's first survey disclosed, is the traffic on the streets. Noise begins in the morning when the traffic does; during the day it ebbs and flows exactly as does the stream of vehicles using the streets. Streets that carry dense traffic also broadcast much noise. The corner of Thirty-Fourth Street and Sixth Avenue in New York City, a location cursed with three main streams of street traffic, three surface car lines, and two tracks of the Elevated Railway, still holds the palm as the noisiest normal street corner found in any city, the word "normal" being intended to exclude roofed-over places with exceptional reverberation and a few other instances of similar rarity.

Another general fact about street noise is that it spreads little from its birthplace. There are interiors of blocks in New York City that are as quiet as the average country town, although the four streets that surround these oases may be among the city's noisiest. The sound waves generated in such plenitude on these streets are absorbed and reflected upward by the house fronts. Back yards may be actually shaded from the street noise as they would be from the sun.

As one ascends floor by floor in the high skyscrapers of New York and Chicago, the noise entering the windows decreases little for the first eight or ten floors. Tall buildings standing alone

are more fortunate but such are rare nowadays and if tall structures line both sides of a street the street noise echoes upward with little diminution for perhaps as much as the first dozen floors. Between the tenth or twelfth floor and about the twentieth or twenty-fifth the street noise gradually dies away. At the same time, in New York, there becomes evident another noise which is negligible on the street level, the noise of the whistles of tugboats and other vessels in the harbor.

Once, it is reported, this harbor noise was the most distressing in all New York. That it is less so now is due to two things. By an agitation some years ago, headed by Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, the tooting of the tugboats was somewhat diminished, and this habit of reasonably quiet operation seems to have persisted among the captains of the river craft. At the same time New York has built its great walls of skyscrapers, shielding the streets of the downtown city from the river noise much as lesser buildings shield the city's back yards. Nowadays river noise is negligible in New York City's problem. Only in water-front districts or on the upper floors of high buildings do the toots of the tugboats reach the ear at all.

The numerical "noise units" of the actual surveys mean little except to the acoustic expert. It is more useful to say that the average street noise of a normal busy street in New York or Chicago makes the ordinary individual about one-third deaf. The noisiest streets may make him half-deaf or even two-thirds so. Night noises, which many people find the most annoying of all the city's assaults on the ear, are seldom louder than the equivalent of one-tenth deafness. More often the night noises total less than half as much. Which is another evidence that the psychological effects of noise are not determined exclusively by intensity.

Among noise-making devices, a good word must be said for one commonly imagined to be the archdevil of them all, the riveting hammer used in the construction of steel buildings. Here enters another curious psychological problem, for the annoyance caused by these hammers to most individuals is altogether out of proportion to the physical intensity of their noise. Within distances of fifteen or twenty feet the noise emitted by these devices is intense, but no one except the machine's own trainers and attendants is apt to get so near to it as that. As measured under ordinary conditions on the street level, the noise

due to these machines is almost always less than the noise of traffic on a busy street itself.

One possible explanation of why it seems so much louder than this is that the noise of the riveter is added to the noise from other sources, making the sum unbearable; for it is one of the physical properties of noise that two separate noises reinforce each other in the ear, like adding weights. It is true that on a street already noisy a riveter may increase the noise considerably; but it is not under these circumstances, curiously enough, that the chief complaints against riveters are made. Objections far more numerous and distracted come from residents on quiet streets made temporarily noisy by building, but made far less so, in any instance that we have measured, than the normal condition of busy streets on which the same complainants experience little discomfort.

The most probable explanation of the extraordinary annoyance created by riveter noise is its intermittence. The ear has no chance to protect itself by forming a habit. Into the midst of comparative silence bursts the sudden rat-tat-tat like the explosions of a machine gun. Explanations why this is so annoying trespass on the field of the noise psychologist, a field yet little tilled, but it might be worth while to consider whether riveting might not actually be less annoying if it were louder but more continuous, the machine emitting its same series of staccato barks when it is not driving a rivet as when it does. That would give the ear a chance to get used to it, as the ears of locomotive engineers get used to the noise of the train.

Data now accumulated for New York City are sufficient to make some general apportionment of blame for that city's noises. The one great noise-maker, there can be no doubt whatsoever, is the automobile truck. This ubiquitous vehicle accounts for at least forty per cent of the noise at an average noisy corner in New York. Another twenty-five per cent of the noise at such a corner is produced by the Elevated Railway, an affliction which most other cities have escaped. Surface street cars account for about another twenty per cent of the noise, there being special reasons, not unconnected with the political retention of the five cent fare, why neither the street cars of New York City nor the cars of its Elevated Railway system can be kept in as good and noiseless condition as modern engineering practice would suggest.

This leaves only fifteen per cent of New York City's noise to be supplied by all the other noise-making trappings of civilization: by private automobiles and their too-easily-tooted horns, by taxicabs, by horse-drawn vehicles of various kinds, by the spectacularly noisy fire apparatus and police patrols and ambulances, by the whistles of the traffic policemen (an item by no means negligible in the annoyance it may create), by building and excavating operations, by railway engines in the city's fringes or tugboats on its rivers, and by all the rest. Indeed, fifteen per cent is probably somewhat too much to allow for all these noise-makers in the average city. Ten per cent might be truer, especially for cities which are not dug up and reconstructed quite so continually as has become the habit in New York.

This seems to me the most important practical fact uncovered so far by the whole investigation of city noise. Eighty-five or ninety per cent of the noise of cities comes from electric traction and from automobile trucks. If this noise could be eliminated, New York would be quieter than it has been in a century, for it is a mistake to imagine that the city of a generation ago was importantly quieter, except perhaps at night, than it is to-day. Horse-drawn drays rattling over the cobblestone pavements then in vogue made even more noise than the noisiest automobile trucks make on the smoother roadways of the present.

The practical problem, not only for New York but for every city or town where noise has become any annoyance, is whether these two great sources of noise *can* be eliminated. Trucks and street cars cannot be forbidden the streets; they are servants far too useful for that. Perhaps they can be made less noisy?

There is no doubt of an affirmative answer. Indeed, the elimination of most of the noise now emitted by trucks and street cars is absurdly easy. It would even pay in dollars and cents. The secret is to keep the vehicles in perfect condition. Proper daily inspection, repairs and service for every bus, truck, or street car permitted to use the streets would cut city noise in half in a week. There is ample engineering experience to prove that it would save greater repairs later on and would lengthen the lives of the vehicles. There is scarcely any doubt that savings would more than equal the cost, noise being left entirely out of account.

In any kind of moving machinery there are two chief noise-makers. One is the pounding of metal parts against each other, like the tapping of the valves of an automobile engine or the

grinding of the gears. The other is something loose that rattles. Both do harm—mechanically as well as to the listener's ear. The best gears are so designed and oiled that they make little noise, with correspondingly little wear. Loose boards, gear cases, metal sides, and the like should be bolted down tight before they shake themselves loose altogether. With street cars another item of careless practice that creates much noise is the presence of bad crossings, gaps, or loose joints in the rails. All these things are bad engineering anyway. Taken together they create more city noise than everything else combined.

Tests have shown a loose, badly serviced truck emitting nearly five times the noise of a well conditioned example of the same make and size. The bad record of trucks as noise-makers is more the fault of owners and drivers than of makers. One of the large truck manufacturers, by the way, has recently begun acoustic research to lessen still further the relatively little noise which the new and perfectly adjusted vehicle emits.

It is quite within the power of any community to force proper service on the owners of trucks, street cars, and other vehicles that use the streets. Public inspection of automobile brakes, lights, and other devices for safety is now a common rule. Although sometimes resented, such inspection has proved beneficial to everybody, even I imagine, to most of the resentful owners. Is such enforced inspection of vehicles for noisiness something that we noise-haters are entitled to ask?

It would be, I am sure, if we could be certain that city noise does as much harm as most people believe. Again we are face to face with the psychological problem into which the whole inquiry into city noise seems to be resolving itself. Mere annoyance is not necessarily harmful, as was pointed out by no less an authority than David Harum in his famous remark about the value of a few fleas on a dog. As Dr. Snook put the matter in his report last September to the National Safety Council, "There is no doubt that noise is disagreeable to great numbers of people, who want it eliminated; but there certainly is not enough scientific information to permit reliable estimates of its harmfulness or of the money value of its economic waste for any group of people." Published estimates purporting to give the "cost" of noise to this city or to that are mere space-filling words.

Nobody knows what noise costs and nobody is going to discover except by some more hard scientific work. Preliminary

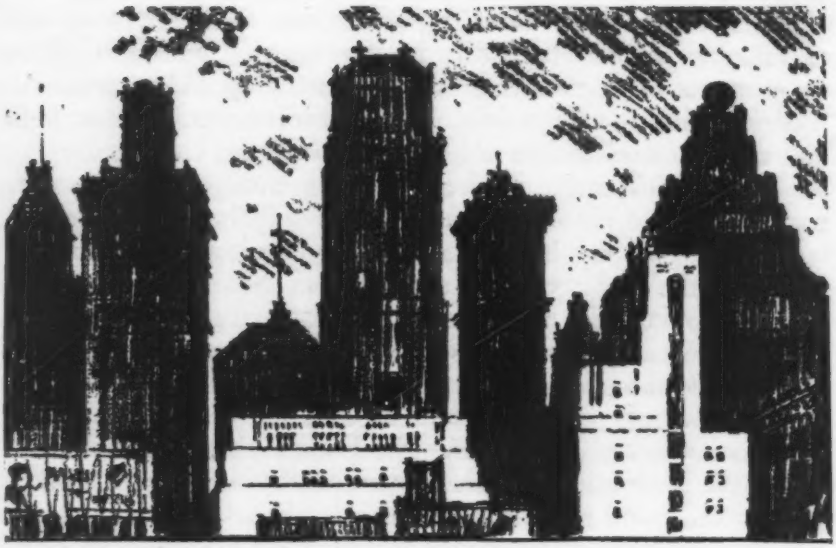
experiments by Dr. John J. B. Morgan, of Northwestern University show, Dr. Snook reported, that noise seems to have effects on such purely bodily matters as the heartbeat. These experiments the Committee hopes to follow up and extend.

Meanwhile, the hater of noise has two resorts. He can build himself a noiseless house or he can persuade his community that the case against noise is already strong enough to warrant its suppression. To noise-proof a house already built is not cheap, but even this is possible. If a new house is being designed a little advice to the architect from an expert in modern acoustics will provide a relatively noise-proof structure with little or no increase of cost. Most of the noise enters ordinary houses through the windows and noise-proof windows are not especially difficult to contrive.

For communities, let us offer the FORUM Noise Code. Bare of the verbal decorations which lawyers will know how to add, its regulations would run thus:

1. The owner of any automobile truck, street car, or other vehicle found, on inspection, to be emitting unnecessary noise because of loose parts or bad adjustment shall be subject to heavy fine.
2. Loose joints in street rails, wide gaps at rail crossings, or other noise-producing breaks in the rails are prohibited.
3. No automobile horn or other warning signal shall be blown on streets equipped with traffic lights or provided with traffic officers (horn signals being then totally unnecessary) and horn signals in other locations shall be limited to a single sound lasting not over one second.

All three of these rules are practicable and enforceable. In any ordinary city they will reduce noise at least fifty per cent. Now we shall see how many communities really want to be quiet.



THE FAMILY TREE OF THE SKYSCRAPER

FISKE KIMBALL

Drawings by E. H. Suydam

THE first skyscraper was the Tower of Babel. Ever since, men have yearned to build high, and from time to time have repeated the Biblical experiment. The ruined temples of the Mayas in Yucatan, the Pharos of Alexandria, the Gothic cathedrals alike testify to man's aspiration to rival nature in her cliffs and her trees. To-day the Larkin Tower in New York, highest of human structures, is planned to rise a hundred and ten stories and to surpass twelve hundred feet. This American development, the greatest structural achievement since the Gothic, owes little beyond the merest decorative elements to earlier initiatives. To be sure, the architects have been concerned with the fundamentals of their art, the essential harmonies of lines and surfaces and masses. As the Greek architects, with few models, played structurally and rhythmically with geometrical shapes until they developed characteristic forms and patterns of structural beauty, so the American architects, with a new construction, are rallying primitive hues and masses into new modes and new

shapes. Working from the abstract, like the composers of musical symphonies, they have succeeded in humanizing their creations and have made symphonies in stone.

Until late in the nineteenth century architects had worked primarily with the traditional materials, wood, stone and brick, and at the conventional problems of the house, the church, the college, the civic building — at most, the theatre and the bank. Meanwhile, modern material civilization was coming to furnish them at once with new materials of revolutionary properties and to present them with problems in the creation of new types of buildings for industry, transportation, and commerce. Iron and steel, concrete reinforced with steel were of a strength hitherto unknown in building. The stations and bridges called into being by the railways, the vast factories which ease of communication encouraged, the offices for business thus built up have little precedent in earlier epochs and are the characteristic structures of our time.

Although factory towns using the power of the rivers had appeared in New England soon after 1800, the country remained overwhelmingly agricultural until the Civil War. Transportation and commerce dealt more with the export of raw materials and agricultural products, the import of finer manufactured goods. The stimulus to manufacture given by the War was perpetuated by the high tariffs imposed to pay the debt and to insure the rich American market to American factories. The vast unoccupied lands invited the monopolizing of natural resources; the absence of legal restraints on international trade promoted combinations on a grand scale. New technical inventions — the typewriter, the sewing machine — were called into being by the scarcity and cost of labor.

In spite of capitalism, the natural wealth of open land and the democracy which it had evoked kept the prosperity of the many on a high level. The "American system" came into being. It involved not so much the grinding down of the masses to produce goods cheaply for sale abroad, as the development of their own capacity to buy more and more material luxuries — cars, phonographs, radio. The demand was created by a democratic passion for equality of standards and by the vast development of advertising among a population enabled to read by universal free education. Thus quantity production could be developed on an unexampled scale, in the midst of a bourgeois prosperity never be-

fore approached. The consequences were felt not least in building, which has become one of the greatest of industries in the United States.

Of the new materials, iron was the first to find extensive application, in trusses over assembly halls and concourses of unprecedented width, and in bridges of wide span. Cast into columns, iron permitted a new slenderness of interior supports. With the development of new processes, steel succeeded wrought and cast iron in construction. Rolled into beams mathematically devised to give the greatest resistance to bending, it permitted level floor spans to have greater width than ever before. In channels, angles, and plates it could be riveted together in a rigid frame of unprecedented strength.

At first the supposition was that metal, being noncombustible, was proof against fire, but the steel was soon found to twist and bend in fire with disastrous results. It proved necessary to case the metal in fireproofing, preferably brick or terra cotta which had been through fire in its very making. The impulse to the arts of fire and clay was great. Not only structural terra cotta, but glazed faïence of white and of the greatest variety of colors became available.

The sites of American cities on navigable rivers of a size which dwarfs the Thames and the Seine has made their great bridges of steel, high above the masts of ships, striking features in the urban picture. Although at first the work solely of engineers, they worked powerfully on the imagination of architects, as Louis Sullivan has testified, to encourage the use of the new material and stimulate an enfranchisement from traditional constructive forms.

In the old cities of Europe the heights of buildings were officially limited. Early American efforts in this direction were regarded as invasions of the property rights guaranteed by the federal Constitution, and for a century there was no other restriction on height than the strength of materials and the willingness to climb stairs. When iron and the elevator came into use in the 'seventies, the limit of possibility was raised enormously.

Instead of spreading, as in London and Paris and Vienna, buildings, unrestrained by the state, shot upward on the preferred sites. The rentals from many stories increased the value of the land, and, by a circular train of causes, forced neighbors to build higher and higher. The island site of Manhattan, often named as a determining factor, was not so in truth; the incom-

parable majority of its buildings remained, and still remains, of three and four stories. The first striking illustration of the tendency, indeed, was not in New York but in Chicago, in the rebuilding on the vast plain after its great fire.

In the struggle skyward of the first "elevator-buildings," it soon occurred to designers to support the floors entirely on columns of iron, leaving the outer walls with only their own weight to carry. Thus were created such buildings as that of the *World* in New York, with a height of three hundred and seventy-five feet. Here, however, the self-supporting walls reach a thickness of nine feet, even of twenty or more at some points, and the value of the lower stories was compromised. At this moment the decisive step was taken of supporting the wall itself, as well as the floors, on a frame of metal, reducing the wall to a mere veneer or curtain.

This was first undertaken by William Le Baron Jenney in parts of the Home Insurance Building in Chicago in the year 1883. The economy was vast, the last hindrance to ascent was swept away. William Holabird and Martin Roche from Jenney's office used the same scheme in their Tacoma Building in the two following years. These buildings still had cast iron columns and wrought iron beams, but the conception of a continuous steel frame with riveted joints was already present, and the materials were soon available. The sky now became indeed the limit — the skyscraper was born.

These were the economic and structural developments of vast import and novelty by which the stage was set for new creations in form. What artistic ideals were to govern the architect? What character were his creations to take? Was man to be mastered by the giants of his creation, or was he to master them? The answers lay with leaders of the generation coming to maturity as the century drew toward its close.

Just as from Chicago came the decisive structural invention, the steel frame carrying the walls as well as the floors, so too from Chicago, before 1890, emerged the man who was to give the new architecture its first structural expression. From the artistic point of view, Louis Sullivan might be called the Father of the Skyscraper.

His first problem was the novel one of the steel-frame office building. The frame had to be encased for protection against fire. How might its indispensable presence be expressed? How might the monstrous, unprecedented pile be given artistic form? "He

felt at once that the new form of engineering was revolutionary, demanding an equally revolutionary architectural mode. That masonry construction in so far as tall buildings were concerned, was a thing of the past, to be forgotten, that the mind might be free to face and solve new problems in new functional forms. That the old idea of superimposition must give way before the sense of vertical continuity." So Sullivan wrote in his autobiography, a generation later. The Wainwright Building in St. Louis, designed before the close of the year, was the perfect embodiment of this idea.

In the Wainwright Building wall surface was abandoned for a system of piers and panels which symbolized the concentrated support of the steel piers. That the terra cotta which gave fire protection was not self-supporting masonry, but a mere casing, was expressed with success by a delicate surface ornament. The height was emphasized by unbroken continuity of the multiplied vertical piers. The building became indeed "every inch a proud and soaring thing," filled with the "force and power of altitude."

In the design Sullivan rose superior to any merely mechanical theory of expression. He achieved unity of form arbitrarily. The steel occurs only at alternate piers, yet all the panels are alike. The artist has felt, not calculated. The building is vitally unified in a form deeply felt by its creator.

One of the first movements to restore the supremacy of abstract form was gathering force in American architecture in the New York of the late 'eighties. Its standard bearers were McKim, Mead, and White. Their stimulus to a calmer unity of form came from one of their designers, the gifted and unfortunate Joseph Morrill Wells, whose ideals became those of his great associates. Like men in other periods of renewed interest in unity and purity of form — the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries — they turned to the classic, whose preëminent manifestations of pure or abstract form were opposed to a structural or plastic emphasis. Its elements — masses and spaces of geometrical simplicity — offered an established language widely understood.

For this second classic revival there was little stimulus in contemporary Europe. It was American in its origins and was to remain American in its leadership. Although the leaders were men of European training, it was not the style of their French masters which determined theirs. To characteristic emphasis and lavish dynamic energy, they opposed an almost mathematical

simplicity, a Dorian harmony. It can scarcely be doubted that the underlying influence must be sought in the heritage of classic monuments dating from the formative period of America, which McKim and his associates had been the first to appreciate. Thus the founders of the republic, after a half-century of confusion, once more imposed their artistic ideal. McKim, Mead, and White used classic elements, to be sure, but they were not merely imitative. They reaffirmed the supremacy of form, and worked in the classical spirit of unity, uniformity, and balance.

In the design of tall buildings, Sullivan's expression of altitude by accenting the vertical lines long imposed itself, not only on the few who, like him, sought to abandon inherited forms, but on their antagonists. For a score of years it held undisputed sway in this, its first province. Even men who were content to choose here and there among the historic styles, gave at least lip service to "structural expression." When Woolworth called on Cass Gilbert to surpass all other buildings in height, he turned for precedent to the Gothic, with its soaring lines, and raised a cathedral of commerce.

Even the most consistent devotees of abstract form and classical balance did not remain untouched by these examples. In the New York Municipal Building, their first true skyscraper, McKim, Mead, and White marked the lines of the steel columns by shallow vertical strips. Above, an arbitrary abstract form — circular crown of columns — contrasted with the structural expression below.

But the skyscraper, the very stronghold of the defenders of functional expression, was ultimately to be captured, at least for a moment, by the champions of form. Their victory came on the building of the Century Holding Company, the first of the "millionaire apartments" built on Fifth Avenue shortly before the War. Here McKim and his associates no longer compromised, but were true to their own implicit theory of form. The steel frame disappeared behind tall, curtain walls of unbroken masonry, the merits of which lay in uniformity, rhythm, and proportion. Almost simultaneously rose Platt's Leader-News Building in Cleveland with its vast plane surfaces of grooved stone. To the vertical lines of Sullivan's high buildings, identical with them in mass, they opposed horizontal cornices, horizontal belts, and horizontal lines. To the suggestion of the serried trunks of the

forest they opposed that of the sheer cliff of bedded stone, equally impressive in its loftiness.

The multitude of high apartment buildings east of Central Park followed the new example with one accord. The Federal Reserve Bank raised its vast precipices in the narrow canyons downtown. For better or for worse, the struggle to express the steel frame, so crucial in the 'nineties, became a dead issue.

At the height of the classical flood, Louis Sullivan, aged and defeated but still undaunted, refused to believe his ship had sunk, but spoke of it as a submarine. It did indeed continue to move beneath the surface, borne on by an undercurrent. When he had again to do with steel, in the Guaranty or Prudential Building in Buffalo, he repeated the formulas of the Wainwright Building with little modification. Thus, in the phrase of Wright, his chief artistic heir, Sullivan remained essentially a man of one building.

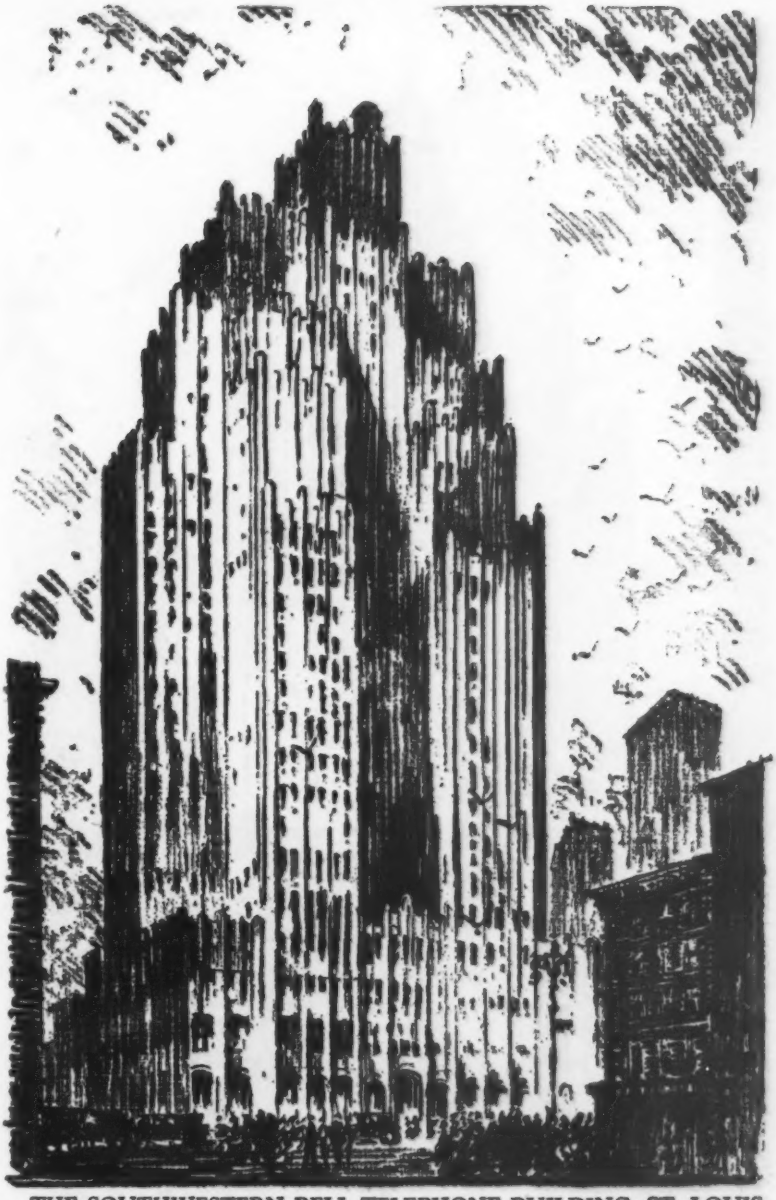
With the close of the Great War, building, rudely but briefly interrupted, began anew with even greater energy. Superficially all was much as before. The established order — the supremacy of classical form — continued, not without vitality for new growth. But in the composition of mass in high buildings it has discovered a new field of achievement. The direction which this has taken was powerfully affected by the provisions of the ordinance adopted in New York during the War to regulate the height of buildings.

This law, while arbitrarily limiting the general height of wall on the street line in different regions or zones of the city, allowed certain portions of the wall to exceed this height, in proportion as they were set back from the street, and placed no limitations of height on a tower which should occupy not more than one-quarter of the site. Some of these provisions recognized tendencies already evident. The advantages of outlook and light had already led often to the abandonment of inner for outer courts, deeply indenting the front, and modeling the upper part of the long façades with comblike teeth. In the race for height, with its advantages of *réclame*, it had already proved less costly to carry skyward but a part of the whole building. The Singer Tower, the Metropolitan Tower, and the Woolworth Tower, which had successively outrivaled all others, had given the suggestion. The other clauses of the law now encouraged further departures from the single cubical mass usual in the early office buildings.

(*Continued on page 403*)

THE NEW YORK *WORLD* BUILDING
George B. Post, Architect
One of the first "elevator buildings" to struggle skyward

THE WOOLWORTH TOWER
Cass Gilbert, Architect
The Gothic, with its soaring lines, inspired this cathedral of commerce



THE SOUTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE BUILDING, ST. LOUIS

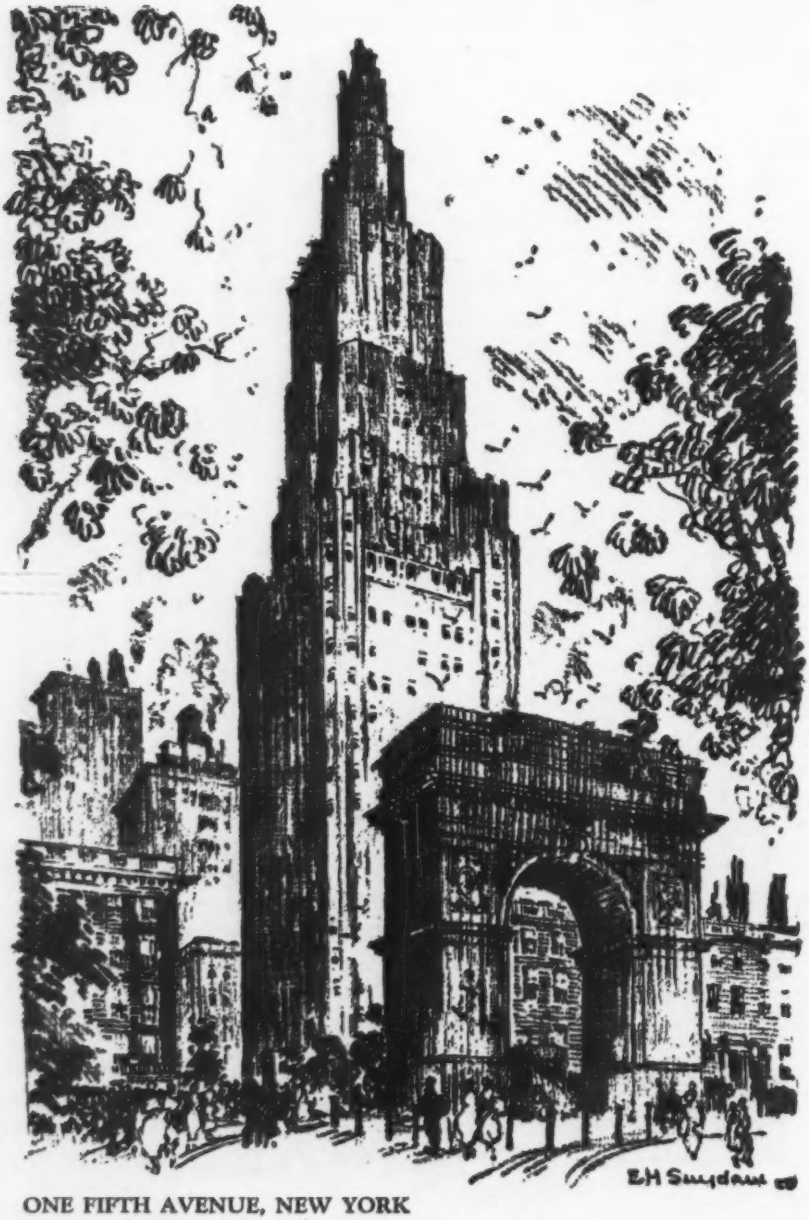
Mauran, Russell, and Crowell, Architects

In the classical spirit of unity, uniformity, and balance

THE TELEPHONE BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO
Miller, Pflueger, and Cantin, Architects
One of the "man-made mountains" on the shores of the Pacific

THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE* BUILDING
Hood and Howells, Architects

**Closely following the designs of the Gothic,
in the city that gave rise to the skyscraper**



ONE FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Hemle and Corbett, Architects

Showing traces of the terraced tower of the Babylonians; something neither Greek nor Gothic but pure American

(*Continued from page 396*)

In many structures of mere utility, the legal provisions have been allowed to have their effect mechanically, without the effort to fuse and recast the form in the creative spirit. Some of these raw novel products of law and economics, with their vast bulk stepped in receding stories, already show elements of style, and achieve a new aspect. In the hands of the artistic leaders the crude masses have fallen into order. It is with the sculpturing of mass, hitherto always possible but unregarded, that they are now concerned. Surface and detail have become less significant. The towers thrust themselves upward, bastioned all about. In their grouping there is an infinitude of possibilities.

In the Shelton Hotel, the work of Arthur Loomis Harmon, the tower stands broadside to the street. From the front, the building seems not merely to have a tower, but to be a tower. In three great leaps of rhythmic height it rises, gathering in its forces for the final flight. The vertical files of rooms, alternately projected, leave shallow recesses, making tall upright lines which continue uninterrupted into the silhouette against the sky.

In the great office building, broader and lower, built by Ely Jacques Kahn at the foot of Park Avenue, there are only three simple masses, three diminishing cubes, the upper ones distinguished by broad use of color. The terraced tower of the Babylonians comes again to life. Here and in the Shelton all is rectangular, cubical. In the Fraternity Clubs, solids of other forms appear, octagonal and circular. The use of masses other than the cubical had already been suggested in the crowns of the Municipal and Bush Towers; now the enrichment of form is carried into the outer supporting blocks.

The Ritz tower shoots upward like a slender arrow. On one of the most valuable sites in the world, its area has been voluntarily contracted immediately above the ground stories, with a preference for going high rather than spreading out. It is such works that have emboldened imagination to conceive a city with lance-like towers set in open plots of greenery. Such an extreme will doubtless never be attained, but it augurs that many new visions still lie hidden in the future.

Although the modeling of masses has thus absorbed the chief interest, the surfaces remain and must have their treatment. Of late there is a tendency to abandon the plane, enveloping curtain of McKim, and again to energize the effect with aspiring lines.

Raymond Hood led the way in this with his American Radiator Building, which embodies also so many other tendencies of the time: the early contraction of the tower to permit windows all about, the solicitude for variety of mass evident in the octagonal suggestion of the beveled corners and in the complex stepping of the upper stages, the interest in color. The black piers leap upward, tipped with gold; the golden crown blazes in the level sun and gleams afar at night.

When the *Chicago Tribune* set a great prize for the design which should surpass all others, projects came from every country. Vertical emphasis predominated. Hood and Howells, adjudged the winners, in repeating and varying the motive of the Radiator Building, took a step backward by closely following the details of Gothic. The second prize fell to a Finn, Eliel Saarinen, who, for his square tower with simple receding bastions, evolved a ribbed mantle of striking originality. Sullvan hailed it, in his dying breath, as a Phoenix from the ashes of his old hope. The artist has found little opportunity to realize his poetic dream, although plagiarists have been quick to turn it into prose.

Meanwhile other inspired works have been rising. The vast bulk of the Telephone Building looms on New York's waterfront. The architects, McKenzie, Voorhees, and Gmelin, have given their designer, Ralph Walker, free play. Here as in Harvey Corbett's studies, is an effort to fill the maximum legal mass, subject to the requirements of light and the suggestions of steel construction. A multitude of cubical steppings and recessings make the transition from the block below to the vast square tower with its receding summit. Trivial reminiscences of the Gothic have fallen away; puerile suggestions of historic style no longer mar the interior. As in the best German work, all is smelted anew in the creative spirit.

On the narrow island of Manhattan, the heart of New York, titanic forces have built the great city of the present. Little more than a generation ago, when the centenary of the Constitution was celebrated on the site of Federal Hall, Wall Street was but the dingily pretentious image of a conventional street in any third-rate European capital; the town was a shabby, overgrown Bloomsbury. Looking at the mock châteaux of Fifth Avenue, Henry James could liken New York to "an ample childless mother, who consoles herself for her own sterility by an unbridled course of adoption."

Almost over night, by the natural richness of a new continent exploited with mad energy by man and machine, this city has become the centre of the world, the centre of commerce, of finance, of power. A wild growth has sprung suddenly to the gigantic, surpassing every inherited measure, grotesque in its assertive individualism, in its contrast with survivals of the old.

In the midst of this anarchy certain buildings isolate themselves by their own unity and power. Their value lies not merely in dimension, but in form. In spite of their variety they have much in common. There are the beginnings of a style. Where rebuilding has progressed furthest, the grotesque aspects tend to vanish, a larger coherence is visible. Not consciously designed, it is nonetheless real. Downtown, economic forces have built in a great pyramid, culminating over the costliest sites. A vast man-made mountain rises from the sea, cleft in its heart by the canyon of Broadway. At night a fairy city of light floats above the rivers, barred by the mighty arcs of their great bridges.

All over the land the vision of Manhattan has captured the imagination. Chicago restlessly struggles to outrival New York. Philadelphia is building its own great pyramid about the tower of City Hall. Detroit dreams of the highest tower of all, soon to be a reality. In little cities of the West rise buildings which, laid flat, would reach into the open prairie. The spell of the metropolis is on them all.

The traveler from across the sea is dazzled by the apparition, as in the days when the pilgrim from distant Hungary abased himself before the spires and beneath the vaults of Chartres and Amiens. Like him, too, he may aspire to go and do likewise. But the French Gothic, however admired, was never fully understood far beyond the borders of the Ile de France, and was imitated timidly and with concessions fatal to its full effect. It is doubtful if the world will ever see, outside America, another Manhattan.

Every great achievement in building, pushed to its extreme by the *élan* of its creators, has in it something of the monstrous from which those who have not followed it step by step will recoil. Even at home the evolution outruns its own causes and advantages; its own protagonists are aghast at the final result. Already the drawbacks are apparent, and limiting forces begin to operate. It has not been too soon. Above the waters stands the magic mountain of steel and stone, shining and glorious, as one of the crowns of human endeavor.

SIMON-PURE ATHLETICS

HEYWOOD BROUN

SIMON called Pure is an amateur athlete, and his brother, called Mammon the Impure, is a rank professional who sells his prowess for lucre. What is the difference in the present world of sports between Simon and Mammon? To Mr. Broun they are very much like the twins who were so much alike that their father sent one to Yale and the other to Harvard. One became a typical Eli and the other a Harvard "gentleman"; but when they went home, their father couldn't tell t'other from which.

IF the ruling athletic bodies of this country should decide to sweep away all distinction between amateur and professional at half-past nine to-morrow morning, do you believe that civilization would crumble? I doubt if comets might be expected to flame in the eastern sky or tall mountains to bow their heads in shame. Indeed, it is my notion that life would go on much the same. Strict and searching examination reveals the fact that a Simon-pure amateur can hardly survive in this country, publicity being what it is. At least no man can rise to the top in any form of athletic competition without profiting financially by his prowess. For years and years Bobby Jones was held up as an example of wholly unselfish devotion to the pursuit of glory. But it has not been within his power to thrust all material rewards aside when championships sprang up like weeds around his feet. Recently the citizens of Atlanta chipped in to buy a fifty thousand dollar house for Mr. Jones because they felt that he was a credit to the community. According to the latest reports, Bobby has refused. The English authorities were worried, though the American Golf Association had not as yet expressed disapproval. After all, Bobby Jones is a credit to Atlanta. He has charms not in any way connected with his putting, but Atlanta might easily have overlooked the fact if he had never won an open title.

Jones also writes newspaper articles about golf and he has collaborated on a book describing his adventures on the links. Surely he has a right to self-expression; and what would the young man choose for his theme except golf, since it is his greatest passion? But there are royalties for all that. Even without books and houses Bobby could hardly have escaped some form of dividends resulting from his triumphs. A champion can no more escape engulfment by gold than could old Midas. As practicing attorney, the best golfer in all the world should hardly be ex-

pected to ask each client, "Do you come to me because of my skill at the bar or through the fairway?" A tennis champion can sell more bonds, fill more teeth, build a larger number of houses, and preach more popular sermons than any competitor whose name is never mentioned on the sport pages. Not every prominent amateur sportsman rolls in wealth, but more comes his way than if he were wholly inconspicuous. There is no checking this fact as long as cats like to look at kings.

And why, I wonder, is it necessary to draw dividing lines between those who play directly for cash prizes and such as get their profits round about? Generally it is said that we must have fences between the amateurs and professionals in order to protect the passable player from being slaughtered by the master. This seems somewhat unnecessary in the case of Jones and Tilden. Bobby appears to be at his very best in shooting against the men who play golf for a living. It is the custom when an amateur gets in the money at an open tournament to give him silver plate instead of the cash bonus. The distinction seems to me a minor one. After all cups and flasks and antlered flagons do represent wealth even though frozen into a form which may not command a ready market.

Shall We Draw the Line at Fun?

A somewhat more shadowy distinction lies in the familiar phrase, "the amateur spirit." Just who invented this I do not know, but it has been best expressed by Mark Twain in *Tom Sawyer*. Twain followed up the chapter on whitewashing the fence with a train of speculation in which he pointed out that certain hardy spirits climbed Mount Blanc and faced the attendant hardships with gusto because there was no pay to be obtained by struggling up the mountain. He went on to say that as soon as a salary was involved all these feats of suffering and strength straightway became work and likewise unpleasant. It is an engaging chapter which Twain wrote, but not all of it is true. Babe Ruth's contract calls for seventy-one thousand dollars every season, and yet he plays baseball with as much abandon as any lad at Yale or Amherst.

Nor is he unique within the ranks of professionals. Even a member of a tail-end club will fight for his hits and row with the umpire as viciously as a collegian. Pugilism hardly seems a pleasant pastime, but both Johnny Dundee and Paul Berlenbach

insisted upon continuing to box long after they had made much money and lost most of their cunning. On the other hand, college football enlists the services of a large number of young men many of whom heartily dislike the sport and play solely for fame, school spirit, and the hope of selling bonds after graduation. And to return to Jones, it cannot be that he hugely enjoys such afternoons as he devotes to trying the same shot over and over again to get the right touch with a mashie.

Perhaps, then, we shall have to decide that fun is not the distinguishing mark between the amateur and the professional, nor yet the fact of prowess. Concerning the possibilities of income we have a right to be suspicious. A well-known amateur half-miler whose circumstances were modest was once asked why he did not turn professional, and explained frankly that he could not afford to do so. As it happens, there are no considerable purses to be had by the man who runs for money, but as an amateur he can eke out a living. Such competitors as go from meet to meet are permitted to draw expense money. If their demands are excessive, punishment is meted out by the A. A. U.; but officials can't watch everybody and even a sum well within reason may permit a careful man to make a little saving.

Lo, The Poor Amateur

Among the amateurs the situation of the track or field man is most unhappy. Charlie Hoff of Norway found that the status of the unpaid performer was mighty like a peon. He did not choose to vault at some meet on the Coast and all the authorities waxed indignant. Had he been a professional, the privilege of choice would readily have been accorded to him, but a man who competes for the fun of it must never revolt against orders. If Hoff absented himself, the promoters of the affair would stand to make less money and many potential spectators might suffer disappointment. Certainly this was a state of affairs which could not be tolerated. Apparently Charlie Hoff had the insane notion that he could vault or not according to his pleasure. The A. A. U. was quick to scotch this heresy and placed the athlete under suspension.

Nurmi, the Finn, was much more tractable and after running a mile or so at Madison Square Garden, he hurried to the station in a taxicab and was rushed to Chicago, where he performed again within twenty-four hours. There was hardly a city of more

than one hundred thousand inhabitants in which the great distance man did not show his wares. He was routed about the country like a number three company of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. An amateur is the slave of his public and Nurmi packed them in wherever he appeared and saved a sport which languished. All this was excellent, but when he left our shores to return to the brown bread and dried fish of Finland, the horrid rumor got about that the man had made a little money.

A few sports are organized upon a much more logical basis. There is some sense to amateur boxing. An amateur boxer is a fighter who is not yet good enough to turn professional. His amateurism is frankly an apprenticeship, and as soon as he has learned his trade he proceeds to go ahead and fight for purses. Here at last we have the only sensible and rational distinction between the two classes of athletes. Skill should be the test. Let the topnotchers in every sport be ranked as professional and the term amateur be retained for duffers. In this way the man of little talent can be protected against having to compete against men who are too good for him.

This will end those dreary preliminary rounds in tennis tournaments in which we find that Tilden has come through 6—0, 6—0, 6—0. People who are eager to shine at sports can then work toward professionalism as a prize, while those who value amateurism will have to take pains not to concentrate too much on any pastime. Under the ruling I have suggested there will be no reason why Helen Wills cannot meet Suzanne Lenglen at tennis, which would be fun for all of us. And under this dispensation Miss Wills would no longer be under the obligation of making those truly dreadful pen-and-ink sketches for the papers. It does not seem to be at all sensible that she should be paid for something she does badly and receive no compensation for a thing which she does exceedingly well.

Advantages of Professionalism

College competition offers a somewhat different problem, but it can be solved in the same way. Football, of course, ought to be frankly professional. This would end all the petty bickering and suspicious pointing. Eligibility tangles are the meanest part of college athletics. The barring of Bruce Caldwell from Yale's final games seemed to me a denial of all that is chivalrous in undergraduate competition. One of the greatest halfbacks of our time

was forced to the sidelines because he had played ten minutes of football as a freshman at Brown. Such petty legalism of mind can easily lead to the fear that our colleges are raising up future citizens who will insist upon the enforcement of prohibition for the very poor reason that it happens to be the law of the land.

If all the institutions of learning put football upon a professional basis, we should have a swifter, cleaner, sweeter game. Instead of a three year span, all too short in a game which grows yearly in complexity, each star would serve during good behavior. It is tradition which gives savor to intercollegiate combat, and it is hard to establish legends when the heroes pass so quickly. Think of the sentiment which might grow up around some veteran who held the post of fullback at Yale for twenty years — and when the inevitable diminution of his powers set in, he could be fullback emeritus.

As for the payment of the players, that, I think, might safely be left to the alumni, since the annual games are played largely for their benefit. Under this honest and outspoken system there would be no need of inventing jobs for athletes and giving them programme privileges and suchlike. Also the pressure upon college executives would be greatly relieved. If the alumni, after the loss of the big game, murmured that the President of the College was not an inspirational leader, he could reply tartly that it was up to them to buy him better players. And of course all the teeth would be drawn from the familiar complaint that football tends to lower scholastic standards. Save as very rare exceptions no students would be allowed on any of the elevens. Scholars would be restricted to their proper function of cheering and singing songs about dying for Alma Mater.

At the present time criticism does not lie against the fact that undergraduates get excited on the afternoon of the big game, but only against the condition which crazes them for weeks before and months after. Dirty play, slugging, and epithets would all be banished from the gridiron by a professional régime. Most of the contenders might be expected to know each other rather well after years of opposition. Moreover, no mercenary ever fights with the same cruel fury as an amateur. Once after witnessing a bumping race at Belmont Park I asked a friend familiar with horses and tracks, "Why are these riders called gentlemen jockeys?"

"Because," he answered sourly, "they are neither."

FATHERS OF THE REPUBLIC

Legend or History?

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

NEW ideas are received by many minds only with exceeding pain. Hence the news that the founders of the Republic were also men, though abundantly supported by their own words, has been greeted by the outcry that inevitably accompanies the shattering of any tradition. This natural resistance to unfamiliar ideas, says Professor Muzzey, is what really lies behind the bullabaloo over school history. He enlivens his article with episodes in the lives of Washington, Ethan Allen, Patrick Henry, and Franklin.

THE vast majority of people operate with a mental equipment of religious, political, and social opinions which they have inherited from parents and grandparents and imbibed from the local traditions of their early habitat. They are confirmed in these opinions by sympathetic association only with people who agree with them. Their rigid minds automatically admit such facts and arguments as support their prejudices, and reject all others. It is not strange, therefore, that new discoveries, however well supported by evidence, and new modes of behavior, however strongly recommended by common sense, have uniformly met with determined resistance when they have run counter to cherished traditions. Nor is it strange that the proponents of the new views have generally been accused of a sinister antisocial motive for spreading wicked propaganda and seducing the people from the good old way of orthodoxy.

The ideals and sentiments of culture by which the average adult American of to-day was affected in the formative years of his education are described in an entrancing fashion by Mark Sullivan in his recent second volume of *Our Times*. Particularly apposite to the subject of this article is the chapter dealing with history. "As taught in the American common schools during the 1870's and 1880's," says Sullivan, history "meant chiefly the Revolutionary War, the Declaration of Independence, the founding of our government, and other events associated with our separation from Great Britain. History, as such, had not been taught at all until about 1850. When the need for text-books arose, they were built largely on Revolutionary War legends, handed down, many of them, by oral tradition, and on the laudatory narratives and biographies of Revolutionary War events and heroes. . . . The histories gave to minor episodes of the Revolu-

tionary War a loftiness of treatment to which authorities on military science would have hesitated to assent. Battles and skirmishes were described in phrases which one might explain, perhaps, on the quite worthy theory that the text-books had to compete with the dime novels which the boys sometimes read surreptitiously behind the camouflaging covers of the text-books."

Mr. Sullivan then cites passages from the school histories of Ridpath, Quackenbos, and Goodrich designed to fire the youth with hatred for the British. He tells how Benjamin F. Butler "used to describe a scene that he said was the most formative influence in his life." "To his father's home on winter nights would come two old Revolutionary soldiers. The father and the guests would go to the cellar and draw a large pitcher of cider, which they would set in the hot ashes of the fireplace. To give further heat to the beverage they would add to it dried peppers from a string hanging above the fireplace. Fortified by this stimulus to patriotic memories, they would fix their eyes on the old musket that hung above the mantelpiece and would rehearse the times they beat the British tyrants, to the ears of a small boy in whose mature life that story was to be the dominating influence." Of course, few of the Americans of to-day in whose minds the defeat of British tyrants (or of British tempters) seems to be the chief mission of America got their inspiration at a New England fireside. But the story illustrates the tenacity of a thought-pattern.

Added impetus was given to the dramatic-denunciatory, bombastic-laudatory conception of history by the common custom of declamation in the schools. "Pieces" were selected for their value in giving free scope to the outpourings of pathos and pride, of scorn and censure. The stage of history was monopolized by heroes and villains. All the stage properties of melodrama were utilized — the tyrant's sword, the oppressor's rod, the innocent victim's prayer to heaven, the disheveled locks of Liberty. The purpose of oratory is to arouse the emotions, rather than to clarify the mind. It is impatient of evidence which would tend to modify the judgment or moderate the passions. It casts caution to the winds and sweeps contradictions out of its path like a torrent that carries sticks and pebbles down its irresistible current. And when the support of facts or logic fails, it covers the defect by a compensating increase in vocal vigor.

How many of the boys who repeated Patrick Henry's fervent

speeches against tyranny from the platforms of thousands of schoolrooms in the land ever had called to their attention the justice or injustice of his argument in the Parsons' Cause? How many who reëchoed Ethan Allen's own account of his thundering summons to the British commander at Fort Ticonderoga ever heard a word of his subsequent negotiations with the British Governor of Canada for detaching Vermont from its allegiance to the United States?

In the school histories of the period only such material was presented to the American youth as accorded with the traditional dogma of the indomitable valor and the impeccable character of every American patriot. Thus the inevitable result was to substitute legend for history. In the place of men to be understood and appreciated there was set up a gallery of statues to be worshiped. It was impious to inquire too closely into the sources, lest something might be discovered that would show the human limitations of the fathers. Scholarly research became suspect — as if we could know too much about anything! "There is a certain meddlesome spirit," said Washington Irving in his *Life of Columbus*, "which, in the garb of learned research, goes prying about the traces of history" — as if that were not just the duty of learned research!

Indeed, it is learned research and respect for the truth which it reveals that have been slowly transforming legend into history. The interpretation of the American Revolution in which all competent historians are in essential agreement to-day has nothing to do with national animosities stirred by the World War. It is not propaganda for or against anything or anybody. The historians (at least, all those with whom I am acquainted) are too busy with the arduous task of getting a truer and clearer knowledge of the infinitely complex past which has conditioned the present to engage in the distracting job of boosting or belittling. Their object is neither to underwrite nor to underrate any man, measure, or event, but to understand them all.

Undoubtedly, the chief factor in the process of transforming legend into history is the influence of the scientific method and outlook. Science is the dominating intellectual canon of our age. There is no speech nor language where its voice is not heard. It has laid its majestic mandate upon history, which formerly was not ashamed to play the rôle of handmaid to dynasty, sect, and party. First of all, the scientific method demands the recognition

of all the discoverable or ascertainable facts pertinent to any problem and their proper evaluation as factors in the solution of the problem.

Charles Darwin once remarked that whenever he discovered a fact which ran counter to his opinion or belief at the time he made a specially careful note of it, because, as he said, we are so prone to dismiss unwelcome facts from our mind. Now history, by virtue of the almost innumerable facts which it offers to the student, has always been conspicuously amenable to the temptation of biased selection. Interests political, ecclesiastical, racial, and cultural have all been able to "prove" their case by appeal to the "facts of history" — such facts as they appeal to. Every duodecimo state of Europe has been able to show to its own satisfaction that its culture is the highest, its spirit the noblest, its army the bravest. In traveling through eastern Europe this summer I found that every people from the Rhine to the Black Sea claimed to have been the bulwark of Christian civilization, against which the assaults of the barbarians had beaten in vain through the centuries.

It is a similar selection and emphasis of facts favorable to a thesis, and the ignoring of those that are embarrassing for it, that characterizes the type of American histories from which a former generation drew its instruction. In the treatment of the Revolutionary epoch nothing was allowed to appear that might suggest that there was any hesitancy on the part of the patriots in separating from Great Britain, any serious opposition to the war in the colonies, or any sympathy in England with the resistance of the Americans. I was myself roundly scolded and called "unpatriotic" by a man who spoke with a strong German accent, in a recent discussion of my text-book before a school board, because I had quoted passages from British historians denouncing the government of King George the Third.

The letters of Washington (with which I fear the professional "patrioteers" are not very well acquainted) contain many a passage showing his hope that the British King and ministry would not persist in a course of folly which would inevitably force the Americans to take up arms; his amazement that the dilatory Howe, with vastly superior forces, did not wipe out his little army in the autumn of 1776, when, as he wrote to his brother, it looked as if the game were "pretty nearly up"; his disgust with Congress for hampering his operations in a dozen ways (recruit-

ment and pay of troops, reluctance to grant him military power adequate to the responsibilities of a commander-in-chief, preoccupation with jealousies and cabals); his wrath against the parasites and parricides of the country, the stock-jobbers and the Tories who were doing their best to wreck the American cause.

The diaries of Washington reveal him as a man of like passions with ourselves. Yet the guardians of the legendary Washington never allowed such disturbing facts to enter into their minds. That some recent biographers of the great man, in their reaction against the priggish, prudish paragon of Parson Weems, have gone to the other extreme and emphasized the spots instead of the sun in Washington's character, is deplorable. But it need not disturb us unduly. History will see to its proper correction; and meanwhile, as President Coolidge laconically remarked, "The monument still stands."

In addition to a scrupulous accuracy in ascertaining facts of the past and honesty in evaluating them, science has taught the historian the illuminating truth of the continuity of history. It is to the theory of evolution — first fruitfully developed in the field of biology — that we owe the genetic interpretation, which has now pretty well replaced the old descriptive narrative of events. To be historically minded means no longer merely to have a mind filled with historical facts, to be recited in chronological order, but to have a scientific curiosity as to how such facts came about. Every situation is the result of a complex development whose factors must be traced in the origin, the adaptation, and the modification of ideas and institutions.

When John Adams remarked that the roots of the American Revolution were to be sought in the history of the two preceding centuries, he uttered a truth which few of the historians of the American Revolution have laid to heart. It was thought enough to summon the actors on the stage and let the play begin. The plot was simple and well spiced with the "heart appeals" of the popular modern scenario. A tyrannous king with his obsequious ministers, three thousand miles across the sea, had suddenly decided to crush the liberties of his American subjects under the weight of arbitrary and unjust taxation. Whereupon the Americans had risen up as one man to annihilate the brutal Redcoats and hireling Hessians who had been sent over by the tyrant to enslave them.

Such was the stark and unrelieved impression of the Revolu-

tion which I got in my school days from the old brown-covered Barnes's history; and I should probably still share this impression with thousands of my fellow-citizens who were nurtured on the same kind of instruction, had my study of American history ceased, as theirs did, on quitting school. There was no attempt to explain (as they could have been explained, and are to-day explained, in simple language) such fundamentally important matters as the reasons why the British government sought a revenue in America at the close of the French and Indian War, the difference between the English and the American conception of representation, the change in the relative authority of king and parliament which had resulted from the revolution of 1688–9, the growth of virtual autonomy in the colonies during the 18th century, and the problem of reconciling imperial unity with provincial liberty. In a word, the whole background of the American Revolution, by which alone it can be understood, was sacrificed to the immediate narrative of the dramatic events of the struggle; with the result that, instead of the events being explained in the light of their historical causes, legendary causes were deduced from the course of the events.

Since the triumph — thanks to science — of the genetic-evolutionary method in all fields of study, the historians can no longer honestly neglect or suppress pertinent causal factors for the sake of proving a case, perpetuating a tradition, or even promulgating patriotism. The truth comes first. The historian must put conscience before any "cause"; and, indeed, no cause that requires or permits the subordination of conscience is worthy of allegiance. History can no longer be treated, as it was in the past, as a branch of imaginary or hortatory literature.

Time was when the historian, with good conscience, composed speeches which he put into mouths which never uttered them and described events as he thought they very well might have happened. Agnello, an old Bishop of Ravenna, wrote the lives of the Popes without the lightest acquaintance with those gentlemen. "I believe that I've written a true account," is his naïve apology for this startling procedure, "because men of such lofty eminence must have had the virtues which I have attributed to them." Parson Weems apparently had imbibed something of the spirit of the Bishop of Ravenna. Perhaps George Bancroft had a slight tincture of it too.

If the scientific spirit, by its insistence, first, upon the careful

verification and the inclusive recognition of the facts, and then, upon their utilization in accord with the sound principle of their influence on cultural evolution, has revolutionized the method of history, the content of history has been affected in a no less remarkable degree by the recent emphasis upon its economic factors. Some scholars have taken the extreme, and to my mind unwarranted, position that the economic interpretation of history is the sole valid interpretation. Probably the majority of scholars would agree that the economic factors are the dominant ones. Certainly no modern scholar would contend that they are negligible. Yet we Americans who have passed the meridian of life received no hint from our school histories that economic motives ever entered into the minds of the fathers of the republic.

They were portrayed as operating solely with general conceptions like liberty, tyranny, bravery, treachery, the natural rights of man, and the glory of resistance to despots. To have suggested that John Hancock's importation of Madeira wine without regard to the formalities of the custom house had anything to do with his general idea of liberty, or that Benjamin Franklin, advising the peaceable acceptance of the Stamp Act, solicited the post of stamp distributor for one of his friends in Pennsylvania, would have been an unpatriotic intrusion of unwelcome (and hence negligible) truth into the Revolutionary legend.

About a dozen years ago an American historian of the first rank, the gifted Professor Charles A. Beard, published a little volume on *The Economic Origin of the Constitution*, in which he showed the important personal stake which the majority of the members of the convention at Philadelphia had in the formation of a government strong enough to preserve the public credit, to guarantee the payment of the interest on the United States bonds, to control the sale of public lands, and in general to bind the propertied classes closely to the government by ties of economic interest. Immediately a cry went up that Professor Beard was seeking to cast aspersion on the fathers of the Constitution. He was accused of advancing his own cynical and heretical ideas, whereas his actual procedure had been to use only the most carefully documented material from the contemporary sources. He let the writings and the records of the fathers themselves testify, as they abundantly did, to the predominance of the economic motive in the movement for an adequate Constitution to take the place of the ineffectual Articles of Confederation.

No one can read the correspondence of Washington, Hamilton, Jay, Madison, Wilson, the Morrises, and a score of other anxious Americans during the "critical period" of the 1780's without acknowledging the essential soundness of Beard's position. Yet the guardians of the legendary interpretation of the Constitutional Convention as a group of supermen coming together with one accord to "strike off" under the inspiration of the moment a Constitution which might be held up by the orators of future generations as a model for the less fortunate countries of the world, have out-Washingtoned Washington and out-Hamiltoned Hamilton in their zeal.

George Bancroft says that "the people of the States demanded a federal constitution from the Convention," and that the Constitution was offered by Congress "severally to the people of each State, and by their united voice . . . it was made the binding form of government." But John Adams, who was somewhat closer to the events, said that the Constitution was "extorted from a reluctant people by a grinding necessity," and that "its advocates received the active and steady coöperation of all that was left in America of attachment to the mother country, as well as of the moneyed interest, which ever points to strong government as surely as the needle to the pole." This does not mean, of course, that only considerations of financial benefit entered the minds of the framers of the Constitution, but it does mean that to leave such considerations out is to falsify the story.

Do the fathers of the republic emerge from a more truthful and scientific treatment at the hands of the newer history with tarnished fame or diminished glory? Only in the minds of people who have substituted legendary heroes for men of flesh and blood. Does the faithful adherence to the facts of history impair patriotism? Only that pseudo-patriotism which feeds on national vanity and international hatreds. At any rate, the professional "patriotteer" may rest assured that the professional historian will not be deterred from "prying about the traces of history" with his "learned research" by any amount of bullying persecution or cheap oratory. He has a duty to perform and a standard to uphold. And he will continue to discover, publish, and teach the truths of history to the best of his ability and with a good conscience.

ROOTS OF COLLEGE EVILS

ROBERT COOLEY ANGELL

Forum Education Series — III

TWO years ago the undergraduate dailies of two prominent Eastern colleges offered free trips to Europe as prizes in an essay contest on the subject: "What Is Wrong with Dear Old Podunk?" These contests are symptomatic of the introspective mood that has descended upon our institutions of higher learning since the War. But for the most part, writers on education have rarely gone beyond discussions of systems and curricula. In this article Professor Angell digs down to the bed rock of college evils.

IN recent years American colleges have been subjected to a vigorous fire of criticism. It is not my purpose here to add to this clamor which is already general enough, but to point my article toward certain basic facts which are too often ignored by those who call the colleges to account for their shortcomings. That higher education in America has entered upon a promising era of self-appraisal there can be no question. The many new experiments now being tested in colleges so totally unlike as Harvard and Antioch prove the general existence of this condition, even though the different aims of these experiments may indicate no other point of agreement. Both within the college walls and among thinking people outside, the patent failure of the colleges to raise the cultural level of life in America in any degree proportionate to their influence over the youth of the land, has caused great concern.

There is much to justify this concern and the colleges have been among the first to recognize it, and to answer it with new experiments in teaching and a general raising of standards. But surely no one would say that the low level of culture in American life is caused solely by the failure of American education. There is more truth in the reverse of this statement; for there can be no doubt that the absence of any firmly established cultural background in American family life has been largely responsible for the failure of our education — in so far as it is a failure. The problem of the colleges, therefore, is not one that can be solved in the colleges alone. In dealing with this question the educator reaches a point where even a perfect system, a flawless curriculum, and a corps of the ablest teacher-scholars would be powerless to work any great improvement. At this point the relation of the college to the social unit of which it is a part assumes the first importance.

There can be little question that the common body of thought among American undergraduates which gives to campus life its distinctive flavor is at present disorganized. The undergraduate interest in the immediately stimulating or practical rather than the ultimately vital, his self-assurance and initiative in particular spheres, and the lack of a well integrated social organization are all symptomatic of a time of rapid change. Old ways of doing things have lost their fitness, new tendencies have arisen; but there is no depth of maturity to the collective life because no dominant principle has as yet asserted itself.

Moreover we shall probably have to wait for a new development of intellectual interest to bring back a healthy organization. After all, nothing else can properly unify this whole except the need which brings the students to the university. Though intercollegiate athletics sometimes seem capable of weaving undergraduate life together, their influence upon the great mass is superficially emotional rather than vital. As long as undergraduates leave the preservation of that great contribution of the Middle Ages and of the mediæval universities — the consecration of learning — to faculty members, professional students, and a mere handful of their own number, their collective life will remain disorganized. This disorganization in student thought is a result of unprecedented social changes which have occurred in America during the past seventy-five years.

If an adult contemporary of Abraham Lincoln, outdoing Rip Van Winkle, should awaken after napping for three quarters of a century, he would find it almost impossible to adapt himself to modern life. This period, the greatest in the history of the world as far as invention, economic development, and scientific advance go, has so completely altered men's activities and points of view that only those traditions which were either too fundamental to be touched by the changes or so flexible that they could adapt themselves to unaccustomed conditions have survived. Most bodies of collective thought have been thrown into a state of disorganization, that of undergraduates along with the rest. In the resulting confusion the habits and standards of the general life have been borne in upon the campus, a process which has been facilitated by the rapid "turnover" of students. Lacking the bulwark against the onslaughts of alien influences which a strong intellectual interest would afford, undergraduate life is almost a replica of that beyond the academic pale.

Haste is one of the outstanding characteristics of twentieth century civilization in America. Our mental life has been speeded up by the enormous increase of stimuli which improved means of communication such as the telegraph, the telephone, the radio, and the daily newspaper have brought with them. The horizon of the individual is now almost world-wide and the natural tendency under the circumstances is to attempt the understanding of it all. Moreover we are kept in a state of nervous tension by the consciousness of rapid physical movement all about us.

Undergraduates are particularly likely to be affected by the spirit of haste because a disproportionate number of them come from the urban communities where this spirit is at its height. Street cars, crowded thoroughfares, hurrying delivery autos, and, in the larger cities, elevated and subway trains, roller coasters, and the throngs from the business district bustling to and from lunch have worked upon their nerves.

Hastiness in mental activity breeds superficiality. Our people are so intent on absorbing all of the ideas which come flooding in on them that they do not go deep anywhere. The daily newspaper, with its headlines designed to give hurried readers the gist of events, encourages them to secure a smattering of all the news and a real knowledge of none of it. The students obtain a little knowledge of many fields but are rarely led to a vital understanding of any one of them.

Much the same conditions which are producing haste in our life are developing in our children a love of excitement. Pleasures which satisfied the adventurous spirit of their elders seem tame to these moderns. Our whole civilization is pitched in a higher emotional key which requires shriller notes than before to startle the audience. Thrilling forms of recreation and entertainment have been institutionalized in professional athletics, automobile races, public dances, and amusement parks, so that not only is excitement easily obtained but the craving for it is increased.

Commercialism in the sense of an undue preoccupation with the production, appropriation, and consumption of material things is another quality rampant in America. With all the world turning its energies into commercial pursuits, the nation possessing the greatest potentialities in this sphere could hardly be expected to do otherwise. Moreover, there was in this country no well established cultural tradition to oppose the tendency. The necessity of conquering the continent, the shifting character of

the population, the constant influx of immigrants, the relatively low degree of family pride, and the shallowness of our institutions of secondary education have all been hostile to the development of a strong cultural organization.

Commercialism is at the bottom of an unfortunate trait which, for want of a better name, we may call externalism. The American devotion to the immediately "practical" has led to a lack of concern for the truly vital aspects of life. The average citizen is not even superficially interested in social reform, international politics, and art. He looks up to those of economic power such as railroad magnates and large manufacturers, dreams of becoming like them some day, and regards the scholar as an uninteresting recluse. When he takes his mind from business, he is likely to feel the need of complete mental relaxation; so he seeks refuge in sports, amusements, and avocations, especially those in which little intellectual effort is required.

The failure of most American parents to take a serious interest in their children's mental growth tends to give the young a wrong attitude toward the vital things of life. What a contrast with the situation in Germany during Munsterberg's youth! "The teachers were silently helped by the spirit which prevailed in our homes with regard to the school work. The school had the right of way; our parents reinforced our belief in the work and our respect for the teachers. A reprimand in the school was a shadow in our home life; a word of praise in the school was a ray of sunshine in the household." Nowadays the parents, distracted by other duties and absorbed in their own pleasures, turn the larger share of the task of education over to the schools; while the children do not find the learning process adventurous enough to compete with the more colorful pursuits at hand.

One might suppose, however, that although a lack of intellectual interest is characteristic of American school children as a whole, our university students were a select few whose very enrollment indicated a background of culture. Though a reasonable assumption on *a priori* grounds, this view has recently received many hard knocks. An eminent literary critic, Henry Seidel Canby, remarks: "Our teaching is sown upon a bare and barren hinterland, where, finding no soil to root in, it dries up and blows away." This situation arises partly from a less respectful attitude toward university education. The sons of the upper economic class have come to take it for granted. Even among those from

less affluent homes the motives are not always the best. Probably the majority are aiming to increase their earning power in later life; many to secure the social prestige which the diploma brings with it; some to distinguish themselves in athletics and campus activities. A burning desire for knowledge is relatively infrequent.

It seems probable despite all this that university men and women come from more stimulating environments than the average. There are almost no students from the most ignorant families, while the cultured homes are well represented. The great majority of students' families, which lie between these extremes, seem often to encourage valuable self-expression, for about one-quarter of the freshmen at a university will be found to have some sort of literary or artistic hobby. Even where interest in the finer things of life is absent, there is not a little understanding of contemporary conditions. The fathers are usually business men who are shrewd observers of the course of events. Moreover, many students do summer work which brings them into sympathy with points of view previously foreign to them.

The prodigious bustle of American life, though far from salutary in most respects, does denote a degree of activity found in few other peoples. Whether the selective influence of pioneer conditions, the stimulating climate, or our open class system which allows the lowliest to rise is chiefly responsible for this trait, there can be no doubt of its effectiveness in rearing a vast social structure in a comparatively short time. Indeed, we are often said to have a talent for organization. This resourcefulness, so obvious in connection with the campus activities of the undergraduate, has been remarked even in a field to which the American is so unaccustomed as statecraft. Says Dr. Hermann Lufft in his *American and European Statesmen Compared:* "While the typical European statesman proves hopelessly inadequate when faced by novel and unanticipated tasks and situations, this is not characteristically true of American statesmen. During the rapid development of the United States in the nineteenth century, its public men faced many extraordinary emergencies. Most of these leaders were persons of mediocre ability. Nevertheless, in nearly every case they dealt competently with the problem thrust upon them, and no one of them completely lost his mental or ethical equilibrium."

Our talent for organization has combined with our emphasis on externals and the break-up of the old neighborhood group

to create a veritable "joining habit." Someone has said that whenever four Americans foregather one is chosen president, another vice president, a third secretary, and the last treasurer. We have a capacity for forming organizations; we need the companionship formerly secured in the neighborhood; but perhaps above all we have an intense desire to belong to prestige-giving groups. Lacking titles of nobility or other badges of distinction we are prone to seek distinction through membership in societies. Children brought up to regard membership in a Masonic order or a woman's club proper for their parents, frequently form societies of their own, and many students, indeed, come to college rather to gain distinction by belonging to a college group than to acquire knowledge for its own sake.

Perhaps the most fundamental difference between the young people of to-day and those of yesterday is a growing sense of independence of all that is old or traditional. Twentieth century children seem to feel a new confidence in their own ability to deal with the situations of life and a corresponding scorn for customary patterns of behavior. The sense of independence is developing, in the first place, because the play group is increasing its influence at the expense of the family. A quiet evening in the family circle talking, reading, or playing games is a rare exception in modern American life. Parents as well as children find their amusement elsewhere after the evening meal. And in the daytime, since the help of boys and girls is no longer required about the house, they go off to play with their fellows, usually for lack of other space, to a public park or playground. Moreover, the rise of institutions like the Boy Scouts specifically designed for young people has given the latter a sense that they are sharers in "real life" quite as much as their elders, and hence they no longer mimic so much the ways of their elders.

Not only is the family losing much of its former power to the play group, but it is exercising what it has left less in accordance with traditional patterns. A time of rapid social change has destroyed many of the traditions it formerly bore, so that for adults as well as children the guides to conduct come largely from contemporary life. The parents are frequently less capable of adjusting the family to the new situation than are the children, for they have to rid themselves of much mental baggage now out of date. When an automobile is to be bought, a summer holiday planned, or a room redecorated, the young people are

consulted. This accession of power by the children has been in no small degree responsible for the spirit of independence of which "flapperism" and the new moral code of youth are but expressions.

The youthful spirit of independence, paradoxically enough, also tends to increase conformity. The sense that they are breaking away from the traditional ways of doing things breeds in the members of the rising generation a strong feeling of solidarity. Just as a group of pioneers, cut off from their former homes, must depend more than ever upon each other, so twentieth century young people, having abandoned the standards of their elders, must rely on those sanctioned by their own group. Apparently this break with the past has developed a somewhat militant attitude among the rebelling element and an exaggerated pride in their own ways. This leads to conformity of the strictest sort lest others of their group cry "traitor."

In the realm of thought there is also not a little conformity. Perhaps the explanation of this is to be sought in our history. Born just in time to lead in the greatest era of material progress yet experienced, the United States has never become really stable. To the unsettled conditions of a new country have been added the unsettling economic changes and scientific discoveries of the past century. It is small wonder that Americans, trying to hold their heads above the flood, have snatched whatever straws were within their reach. Their material world altered beyond recognition, their dogmatic religion slipping from their grasp, they have clung tenaciously to whatever ideas were left. The moral strenuousness of our times also breeds conformity. So many new problems confront us daily that our energy is consumed in revolving them in the light of our already accepted ideas. We are unable to work out new standards and alter old beliefs.

Undergraduates do, however, escape much of this general narrowness of belief. The knowledge assimilated in university courses cannot but increase the meaning and significance of life and thus broaden one's sympathies. Each step along the pathway leading up the mountain of knowledge enlarges the climber's horizon, unless, indeed, his gaze becomes so fixed on the view in one direction that he fails to bring that portion of the landscape into relation with the rest.

The mingling with men and women of other localities, other social classes, even other races is also of incalculable benefit. The

student learns to appreciate points of view new to him; he sees life not through his own eyes or those of his "set" alone, but through the eyes of many of his university acquaintances as well. Not all of student tolerance, however, is due to a desire to hear all the evidence. Ignorance of religious and political questions as well as indifference to them have much to do with students' open-mindedness in these fields.

Other factors, such as the absence of arbitrary control and the lack of family and business responsibility contribute to a carefree existence, even where economic security is lacking. Though some have to borrow money to pay their tuition, while approximately one-third work regularly during the school year, and the majority help to earn their way by summer employment, very few appear discouraged or seem to be afraid that they cannot meet their obligations. This is evidenced by the popularity among students of by no means inexpensive moving picture shows, the throngs who attend public dances, the number who go to out-of-town football games, and the uniformly well-dressed appearance of students.

This relative prosperity means that the young men and women have been free from onerous responsibility and have enjoyed an exceptional share of life's advantages. Their contacts with misery and vice, or indeed with any of the social problems facing this generation, have been meagre. When they have had such contacts, their fathers, who generally possess the point of view of the employing classes, have characteristically minimized the evils of the existing order, so that the children have remained but mildly interested in them, if not completely ignorant. Incidentally, this has tended to keep intellectual interest at its present low ebb.

If our universities received men and women mainly from the most cultured families on the one hand, or from the poorer classes on the other, we should probably find a real desire for learning because of a keen realization that contemporary problems must be solved. As it is, most of our students come from families having none too great an intellectual curiosity and, above all, from a group which is eminently satisfied with things as they are. It is small wonder that their sons and daughters have not realized the need for constructive thinking.

Next month, "Self-Education in College," by President Lowell of Harvard.

PROTESTANTISM LOOKS TO THE MONASTERIES

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

RALPH ADAMS CRAM, in his "Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," gives a remarkable account of monastic life in mediæval England. At a time when the secular clergy had become corrupt and indifferent to the needs of the common people, the monastic orders kept the spark of religion alive. Last month THE FORUM *debate called attention to the present plight of Protestantism in America — a situation which Protestant clergymen are frank to recognize. Here Mr. Hartt urges a novel solution of the problem.*

"AS a teaching force," says the president of a famous university, "Protestantism has abdicated." Question a Catholic concerning his religion, and you get a definite reply. He has been taught. Question a Protestant, and there comes a puzzled look, then a moment of mental rummaging, then an answer so vague that, once he has got his ideas out in front of him, the man seems rather more perplexed than before. Ten years have passed since army chaplains first discovered the failure of Protestantism as a teaching force. Boys, a majority of whom expected soon to die, had never grasped the meaning of Christianity. No one had taught them. It was too late to teach them then.

Moreover, the chaplains concluded, rightly, that this ignorance of Christianity in the army indicated a great ignorance of Christianity elsewhere, and so they cast about for means by which to erect the superstructure of faith where no foundations had been laid. Some prescribed a broader liberalism. Others advised a militant reaffirmation of dogma. Still others saw hope in religious education, meaning the religious education of children in Sunday School. What nobody thought to suggest was the religious education of adults.

Even to-day the religious education of adults remains a rarity, though during the past ten years the churches have had some fairly sharp warnings. Christian Science, New Thought, and Theosophy have all gained ground at the expense of the churches. It was easy; their converts did not know what they were so lightly abandoning. More and more college men — and college women, too — have drifted away from the churches, assuming that they have "outgrown" Christianity. Nor does it appear that Protestantism as a whole benefited by the uproar at Dayton, Tennessee. While extreme liberalism had a chance to make its case clear, no other interpretations of Christianity enjoyed quite the same op-

portunity, and evolution found its chief protagonist in a brilliant and very entertaining agnostic. Since then, agnosticism — atheism, to be more exact — has been popularized in fiction. One novel, which must have reached at least a million readers, is strewn all through with ideas borrowed from Ingersoll and Tom Paine. What will be the effects of those ideas upon people who have never been brought to understand why Christianity has outlived not only Ingersoll and Tom Paine but the dread Charles Darwin himself?

In theory, every church member should receive religious education at the hands of his pastor. But the teaching gift is far from common, and the field of religious scholarship has expanded so enormously that no one man can master more than a narrowly circumscribed specialty, even if he has leisure — which the pastor has not. Trustee of this, director of that; chairman of nine committees, member of twenty; summoned hither and yon on all sorts of errands; forced to prepare two sermons a week and generally a midweek address; interrupted by telephone calls, to say nothing of personal calls; loaded with responsibilities ranging from the purely spiritual to the purely financial — what other mortal is so harried, hurried, and hunted? Just these obstacles to scholarly pursuits fit him to preach, as they keep him in intimate contact with people, but at the same time they unfit him to teach, and his parishioners would probably resent his teaching if he attempted it. They look to him for inspiration, moral and religious. They do not look to him for instruction. When they seek a reply to Freud, say, or to the behaviorists, they prefer to consult experts rather than a man whose learning necessarily borders upon the amateurish.

Back to the Monastery?

In the old days, a dozen centuries and more ago, churches faced an educational problem as difficult, certainly, as the one which they face to-day. They did not attempt to solve it by making teachers of their parish priests, they solved it by providing an institution in which devotees of "good studies" acquired erudition and to which laymen seeking religious knowledge might come, while out from that institution went Europe's profoundest thinkers and scholars to teach the people. A monastery it was called.

Suppose we examine it for a little with a view to determining

if perhaps there was not something in the monastic system which might be recovered to advantage. Celibacy? No, not that. Asceticism? Not that at all. A reëstablishment of the cloister after these centuries? No, not that, either. What we shall look for is a suggestion toward getting certain eminently desirable things done, and in looking for it we shall remember how numerous were the features, aside from the religious, that gave the monastery its position of immense importance during the Middle Ages.

It was a Mills Hotel, where wayfarers unable to afford lodging at an inn were sure of a meal and a bed. It was an agricultural experiment station and model farm; rude peasants, looking on, learned the arts of husbandry. It was a social settlement, and Canon Kingsley observes, "The cleverest men were generally inside the convent, trying, by moral influence and superior intellect, to keep those outside from tearing one another to pieces."

Then, too, the monastery was a publishing house, where books were patiently copied by hand, and in its way a journalistic establishment, for we owe to monkish chroniclers practically all our knowledge of what occurred in their day. Bede, who became the founder of English history, and whom Green called "the father of our national education," was master journalist at Jarrow.

Furthermore, the monastery served as a public library. "A cloister without books," says a monk quoted by St. Bernard, "is a fortress without an arsenal," and early in the thirteenth century the Council of Paris declared: "We forbid monks to bind themselves not to lend their books to the poor, seeing that such a loan is one of the chief acts of mercy." Certain volumes, however, were "reserved." Singularly modern is the stipulation that books "be divided into two classes — one to remain in the house for the use of the brothers, the other to be lent out to the poor, according to the judgment of the abbot."

Still again, the monastery was a hospital (numbering even lepers among its out-patients) and a medical school. "The theoretical medicine and surgery of England in the earliest times," says Traill, "were those of the Byzantine writers, whose works, or excerpts from them, had a place in the libraries of the monasteries. One or more of the monks, sometimes the abbot, would devote himself to a study of these authors, and so be reputed as a leech."

But more especially the institution was a college of liberal arts,

open to all comers whether they were candidates for holy orders or not. Its introductory course, the "Trivium," comprised grammar, rhetoric, and logic. Then came the "Quadrivium" — arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. Professional studies followed. Throughout the course, Latin — the language of the Church — was the language of all textbooks. Students not only read Latin, but wrote and spoke it. Hence the importance attached to the preservation of works by Latin authors; pagan though they were, they served as models of Latin style. Nor did the monks fail to appreciate their cultural value. What if Cicero and Virgil contributed nothing to the fashioning of the soul? They contributed greatly to the fashioning of the mind and lent vigorous preaching the grace of charm.

Thus, as Montalembert observes, the monasteries "became in fact the universities of Christian Europe from the epoch of Charlemagne to that of St. Louis." Proudly he names them — Fulda, St. Gall, Wissembourg, Glastonbury, Malmesbury, Croyland, Monte Cassino, Nonantula, Pomposa, Marmoutier, Ferrières, St. Armand, St. Germain d'Auxerre, and the rest — adding, "the zeal for knowledge thus universal among the monks was not confined within the walls of the cloister; they conducted schools even in the palaces of the German and French kings." In Paris, a Franciscan school became incorporated with the university. In many universities, monks and friars held professorships. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest thinker of the thirteenth century, was a Dominican friar. So was Albert the Great, precursor of our modern scientists.

Reaching the Masses

From the first, the monasteries sought to reach the masses. Forth went missionaries — Augustine to England, Gall and Columban to Switzerland and eastern France, Adalbert to Bohemia, Emmeran and Rupert to the Austrian territories, Ansgar to Scandinavia, Willibrod and Swithbert to the Low Countries, Boniface to Germany. These daring pioneers overthrew paganism in lands until then virtually untouched by Christianity. For hundreds of years thereafter, monks continued to roam Europe, preaching and teaching. Of St. Bernard it was said that "no monk lived oftener or for longer periods outside his abbey."

In England, so an old chronicler relates, the monks "would travayle from towne to towne in the Sunday and greate festes to

teche the people Goddes love." To this day, Gothic crosses mark their open-air preaching stations, and Montalembert tells us that the monks "were expressly commanded to teach and explain to their flocks in the vernacular tongue the Decalogue, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the sacred words which were used in the celebration of the Mass and the administration of Baptism; to expound to them every Sunday in English the Epistle and the Gospel of the day, and to preach, or instead of preaching, to read them something useful to their souls." Wonderful was the response, especially on the Continent, where Etienne de Bourbon "saw noble ladies so affected by the word that they donned the vilest garb of poor women to follow with greater freedom the steps of the preachers as they went from town to town, themselves like beggars on foot."

It is true that the cathedrals, also, were centres of education. They had their communities of clergy, their libraries, and schools where such teachers as Fulbert, St. Ives, and Gilbert de la Poirée won renown. The University of Paris is — constitutionally, at least — the outgrowth of a cathedral school, and the University, when it first became such, was located close to the cathedral. However, the cathedrals never equaled the monasteries as sources of religious instruction. "It was always monasticism," says Harnack, "that rescued the Church when sinking, freed her when secularized, defended her when attacked. It warmed hearts that were growing cold, restrained unruly spirits, won back the people when alienated from the Church."

The Monastery — Protestant Style

From all this, what suggestion do we get toward making Protestantism once more a teaching force? Is there anywhere a Protestant institution capable of doing for our modern churches what the monasteries did for the mediæval churches? In his commencement address last June, Dr. William P. Ladd, Dean of the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Connecticut, contended that such an institution exists, and that it is the divinity school.

He has held the idea for several years, one learns, and for several years he has been testing it in actual practice at Berkeley, where efforts to regain whatever was best and most effective in monasticism show results. Though taking no monastic vows, students and professors have developed a community spirit much

like that of the cloister. Not less cordially than at Croyland or St. Germain, lay as well as clerical seekers after religious instruction are welcomed at Berkeley. The parish clergy come to the school for lectures and conferences. A "school of inquiry" has been opened for women students, and Berkeley reaches out into the parishes by providing study courses. Not content with that, it sends them specialists in theological subjects to teach the people. Sometimes it sends them distinguished lecturers brought over from the English universities.

To be sure, Dean Ladd has experimented only within the Episcopal Church, and among Episcopalians Berkeley has a strong hold upon sentiment. They recall that thirty-five of their bishops have studied there. They recall, moreover, that the institution was founded a century ago as a realization of a project dear to the great Irish bishop and philosopher whose name it bears. Episcopalians love to remind themselves how in 1723 he sought "the reformation of manners among the English in our Western plantations" and told Lord Percival that "the natural way of doing this" would "be by founding a College or Seminary in some convenient part, where the English youth" might "be educated in such sort as to supply the churches with pastors of good morals and good learning, a thing (God knows) much wanted." But it does not seem to Dean Ladd that sentiment, chiefly, is what has made the Berkeley Divinity School a goal of pilgrimage. As he remarks: "There is a real hunger among our lay people as well as the clergy for opportunities for quiet reflection on religious subjects such as retreats and conferences especially designed and carried out at the divinity school afford."

Wavering Faith

Multitudes of lay people have shown this hunger for instruction by their interest in the writings of Papini, Mary Austin, Glenn Frank, Roger Babson, Hendrik Van Loon, and Bruce Barton, all of whom have dealt with religious subjects, but not one of whom has had special theological training. Would not those same lay people prefer instruction at the hands of men whose scholarship is thorough, and would it not interest them, on coming face to face with such men, to see how this very thoroughness of investigation, instead of weakening faith, strengthens it?

Multitudes of lay people feel insecure in their faith. Controversy has left them wondering how authentic the Bible records

are, what authority ancient creeds retain, and especially what validity there is in their own religious experience. Their minds teem with questions. What, for example, is prayer? Anything more than merely a species of auto-suggestion? What lies beyond death? Actual, conscious immortality, or only the survival of one's influence? And what, really, is religion? A product of fears and illusory hopes? A sentiment — akin to the poetic sentiment and the musical? An instinct — to be specific, a form of the escape instinct? A pathological phenomenon — in Freudian terminology the "mother fixation" persisting? Or is it really what believers assert that it is — the life of God in the soul of man? To all such questions, lay people seek reassuring answers, and there are lay people who will go a journey to get them.

Might other seminaries adopt the Berkeley plan? Quite disturbing in its effect upon the routine of seminary life it would perhaps be — at first. But perhaps it is high time that the routine of seminary life was disturbed; and, purely in its relation to the work of fitting young men to become preachers, the system has advantages. Mediæval though it is in origin, it promises to bring the seminaries into line with other establishments for professional education. Just as the law schools derive benefit from the case system, and the medical schools from the clinical system, so the seminaries might hope to benefit by the opportunity of enabling students to learn by observation what is in the minds of the people to whom, ere long, they will have to preach.

Meanwhile, it appears safe to predict that such a seminary would more readily persuade men of exceptional ministerial gifts to join its faculty. Mere scholars it can always get, but mere scholars it does not particularly want; and when it attempts to attract a scholar who has distinguished himself as a preacher and pastor, he hates to give up his church. By comparison with that, the divinity school seems to him a distressingly narrow field, and so it is at present. The new plan would broaden it, enabling just such a man to continue his contact with lay people and enabling him to carry religious instruction into scores of churches instead of into only one.

In hinting that other divinity schools might undertake such extension work as Berkeley's, one is embarrassed, all too frequently, by reflecting that this or that stronghold of sacred learning is away off yonder in the country, put there on purpose in the days when remoteness from cities and from universities was

valued as a protection from contact with dangerous ideas. Of recent years, however, the sequestered seminaries have outgrown their timidity. They are moving to the cities. No longer afraid to face dangerous ideas but eager to understand them, they are connecting themselves with the universities. There they draw upon the universities' resources as well as upon their own. University libraries, university museums, and to a gratifying extent university professors, are at their service.

Berkeley has already felt the disadvantages of an isolated position, and plans to move to New Haven, where, without sacrificing its identity, it will attach itself to Yale. In New Haven it will enlarge its extension work, and the results should be interesting. A thousand Yale students are Episcopalians. What will Berkeley accomplish toward giving them religious instruction? In New Haven and within easy reach of it, there is a large population. How greatly will the number of lay people seeking religious instruction at Berkeley increase? How successful will the seminary be in its endeavor to provide religious instruction in the parishes round about? At any rate, the experiment tried in a small way is to be tried in a big way, and this should be of interest to all who desire that the Church try new methods or adapt old methods to modern situations.

New Methods for New Problems

Modern situations differ greatly from those which confronted monasticism. Even if Protestantism revives the long-disused method of monastic propaganda and education, mere assertion will not do, for the clergy cannot stand in any such relation of superiority to learners as existed when the monks were teaching the early Nordics. How is the Church to interpret its truths and fit them into modern thought? It can undoubtedly work out a modern statement of the gospel, but will it do it? Thomas Aquinas was the arch-modernist of his day, gathering his material from every quarter and possessing a scholarship which no critic of the Christian religion could rival. Have we anywhere a modern St. Thomas?

Perhaps we have. Several, even. Perhaps more than several. They are teaching divinity students. Why should they not be teaching the laity also under conditions still more advantageous than any made possible thus far?

In the effort to recover what was best in monasticism, empha-

sis has thus far been placed upon direct education. There is another kind. "You send your boy to the schoolmaster and the schoolboys educate him," says the familiar adage. We speak of the Harvard atmosphere, the Yale spirit, both of which are more educative than direct instruction and both of which are community products. In its day, the monastery had an atmosphere and a spirit. These, too, were community products, and it is not unlikely that the effort to recover what was best in monasticism will in course of time lead to the establishment of Protestant communities, each making a divinity school its abode or at least its centre.

Such communities will be loosely organized, if organized at all. They will take no vows, maintain no "rule." Residents will come and go, but many will remain for long periods.

Even now, a divinity school's atmosphere and spirit attract outsiders. Missionaries on furlough come. Clergymen come — to stay for a whole year and study. Retired clergymen take residence close to the divinity school. Occasionally a woman comes — not to acquire a profession, but for sheer love of learning.

Ordinarily, all this develops without special effort on the part of the school. Stimulate the tendency, guide it, give it the charm of precious opportunity, and it will develop further — with results increasingly beneficial to the churches. For, back into the churches will go members of the constantly changing community, carrying with them something of its atmosphere and its spirit and fitted to exert sanely that educative influence which — for better or for worse — all laymen have upon one another.

We shall then witness a growth of Christian graces sorely lacking — in particular, an informed faith and a broad and generous tolerance. Of uninformed faith we have seen the consequences — people lightly abandoning their religion because they were never taught its meaning. Of intolerance we see a superfluity. It is a natural enough by-product of uninformed faith. People seldom fight over religion when they have examined its foundations; commonly they fight over religion because they are afraid to examine. The seminaries as a rule show no such timidity, nor are they scandalized when two men, equally devout, upright and intelligent, draw different conclusions from the same evidence. What the churches need — more than anything else at present — is a lay élite instructed at the seminaries and brigaded with the rank and file.

THOMAS HARDY'S FIFTEEN NOVELS

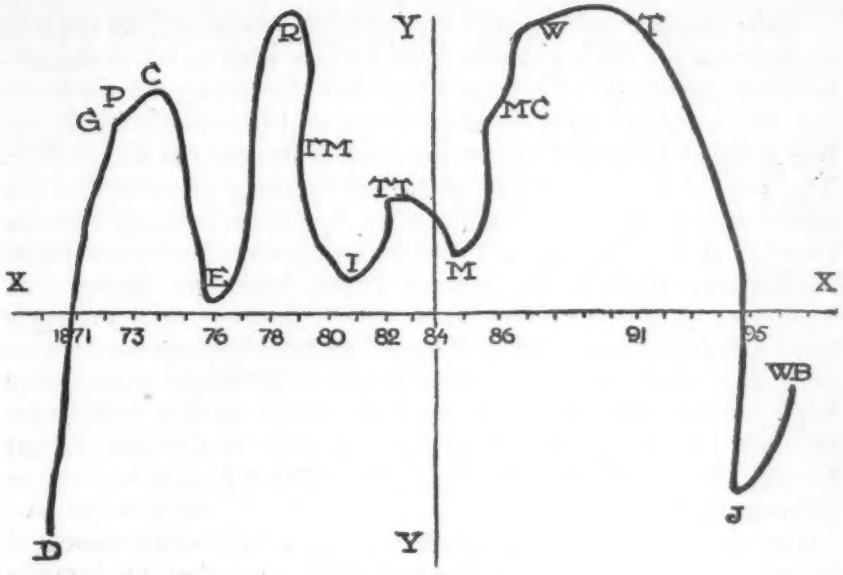
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

SOME time ago I published in the *International Book Review* a graphic-algebra curve which illustrated at a glance my own opinion of the relative merit of the novels of Thomas Hardy. On the x axis is marked off the dates of publication, on the y axis the varying degrees of artistic value. Thus it is apparent that I regard *Desperate Remedies* and *Jude the Obscure* as Hardy's worst novels, and *The Return of the Native* and *Tess* as his best. Like all literary criticisms this is wholly arbitrary, a mere personal impression. Since I gave no reason for my choice at that time, the editor of THE FORUM has suggested that I reprint the diagram, with critical notes.

Thomas Hardy is universally regarded as the most important creative writer among contemporary Englishmen — indeed, during his later years he was the most considerable literary personage in the world. Born in 1840, for years a successful architect, in 1871 he published his first novel, and in 1874 *Far from the Madding Crowd* made him famous. From that day to this, a span of fifty-four years, his fame steadily increased. For a quarter of a century he produced novels; it was not generally known that from earliest youth he had also been writing verse. But the year following his last novel — and he alone knew it would be the last — he published a book called *Wessex Poems* with drawings by his own hand.

Now he has to his credit seven volumes of poetry, also a play, *Queen of Cornwall*, and in addition a monumental epic-drama, *The Dynasts*, the three parts of which appeared in 1904, 1906, and 1908. Regarding only the period of actual publication, his career as a novelist lasted twenty-five years, while his career as a poet has extended thirty years.

Of English ambidextrous writers, he is the most notable. Nearly all the modern great English poets were poets exclusively: we do not think often of the prose of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, and the prose of Coleridge as purely critical. Thomas Hardy reached the first rank as a novelist, composed a verse drama which has the marks of permanence, and produced seven volumes of poems giving him a position among the leading poets of his time.



THE FIFTEEN NOVELS OF THOMAS HARDY

On the x-axis are indicated the dates of publication. Graph on the y-axis indicates Mr. Phelps's personal appraisal.

D. *Desperate Remedies*
G. *Under the Greenwood Tree*
P. *A Pair of Blue Eyes*
C. *Far from the Madding Crowd*
E. *The Hand of Ethelberta*
R. *The Return of the Native*
TM. *The Trumpet Major*
L. *A Laodicean*
TT. *Two on a Tower*
M. *The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid*
MC. *The Mayor of Casterbridge*
W. *The Woodlanders*
T. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*
J. *Jude the Obscure*
WB. *The Well-Beloved*

As he stopped writing novels over thirty years ago, we are able to consider the fifteen novels from his pen with as much detachment as the novels of George Eliot. For the passage of the years has taken something more than weeks and months; a whole age has receded into history. A new era followed the Great War. The second quarter of the twentieth century is so unlike the nineteenth as to make the Victorian Age seem remote. Thomas Hardy lived to be very old and in an epoch when years count double and triple in experience. Those "that are young shall never see so much or live so long." If he ever read his early novels, he must have felt as if they had been written by another man. But there need have been none of the tragic nostalgia of Swift, when that pessimist read the work of his youth; for Hardy's creative powers remained vigorous to the end. In art he was always ahead of his time. To his last breath he was an experimentalist.

Let me say then that in confining this article to his novels, I am not suggesting that he was primarily a novelist, or that his dramas and lyrics may not be to other critics more significant. But as his fifteen novels have among them works of genius and have given him a place in the front rank of England's makers of prose fiction, it may be interesting to pass these books in brief review and attempt to justify the violent leaps and falls in the graphic curve, for it is a different curve from that which would represent the career of Dickens.

1. *Desperate Remedies.* The first and the worst. I have read somewhere that the manuscript was submitted to a publisher who gave it to his professional reader, Mr. George Meredith. In an interview, the reader told the young author that his work was promising, and the two men became lifelong friends. This first novel shows the orderly mind of the architect. Unlike some distinguished writers, Hardy never began a novel without a plan. Here are the bones of a good book; what is lacking is flesh and blood. The characters lack the reality which can come only from complexity, the movement of the story is both stiff and jerky, and the style lacks fluidity.

2. *Under the Greenwood Tree.* Only one year between the publication of Mr. Hardy's first and second novel; but the advance in merit is so great that it seems almost a transformation. *Under the Greenwood Tree* could never be called promising; it is *in fructu.* Furthermore, in spite of certain shadows which forecast the

eclipse of joy in the next book, this is a gay and joyous work, a light-hearted pastoral. The heroine, Fancy Day, is the first of the author's chameleonic women, changeable and unpredictable as the weather, but always fascinating. Hardy's women are always attractive to men — is that why so many feminine readers hate them? Also, in this vernal book we have for the first time those sincere shepherds whom everyone calls Shakespearean — and so they are. No one since Shakespeare has created just such characters, and their humor is like the laughter of Shakespeare, which Carlyle called sunshine on the deep sea.

3. *A Pair of Blue Eyes.* This is the first novel of Hardy that I read, and I read it many years ago, when I knew little of the novelist's philosophy, so that I was quite unprepared for the heartbreaking conclusion. It was the most shattering blow I have received from any novel. I had not believed that any work of fiction could hurt so. I went to bed and stayed there one week. Such was the effect produced on me by a pair of blue eyes. Two heroes and one heroine, all three checkmated. I can never forget the agony of Stephen as he saw Elfrida so happy with his rival — and Henry, that precious, self-satisfied prig, how I wish he had fallen off that cliff, instead of being saved by Elfrida's underclothes! Though at the time I was as anxious for his rescue as was she. Elfrida was a violet by a mossy stone, half-hidden from the eye. She was ripped out by fate and torn ruthlessly to pieces.

4. *Far from the Madding Crowd.* Like most of Mr. Hardy's novels, this was first printed serially. It appeared in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, with no author's name. Many reviewers believed it was by George Eliot, who I think wished it were. This is perhaps the greatest pastoral novel in English literature, and it contains Mr. Hardy's finest male character, the shepherd Gabriel Oak, who is fittingly named, having the purity of an angel and the solidity of a tree. Bathsheba Everdene is an unspeakably lovely woman, who turns proud men into groveling slaves. You can hardly find three men more unlike than Sergeant Troy, Farmer Boldwood, and Gabriel Oak, but they are alike in not being able to get Bathsheba out of their minds. This novel abounds in supreme moments — Gabriel telling time by the stars; the terrific storm, with Gabriel on the stack; Sergeant Troy and his sword practice; his murder by the maddened Boldwood; Gabriel saving Bathsheba's sheep. And although this story has the exceptional happy ending, with a calm marriage, Boldwood

is in prison only for a term; when he obtains his freedom, he will make a claim exceedingly awkward for the woman. I hope she will leave the matter in the capable hands of Oak.

I call Hardy a *sidereal* novelist, because although he deals invariably with a little group of people in a little corner of a little island, they seem as much a part of the universe as the nightly roll of the stars. We are interested in them individually, of course; but instead of thinking of their fortunes and misfortunes as of the Tom, Dick, and Harry we read about in the newspapers, their fate is as momentous as that of the characters in Sophocles, and thrills us with pity and fear. George Calderon said that while English plays were centripetal, the attention of the audience being drawn to a small cluster of persons on the stage, the plays of Chekhov were centrifugal — we look at them and our attention is compellingly turned away from them as individuals to the whole range of humanity; we are even so affected by Hardy's novels; his homespun heroes and heroines are as universal in their import as the protagonists of Greek tragedy, and force us into a contemplation of life in general.

5. *The Hand of Ethelberta.* A glance at the diagram shows a pleasant valley between two mountains. After the production of three works of genius in as many years, the author seems to have amused himself by writing a light social comedy, which diverted him while he was consciously or unconsciously preparing his masterpiece, which was to appear in two years, and is called

6. *The Return of the Native.* I regard this as the greatest work by its author because of its superb construction, which is as beautiful to contemplate as the Parthenon; because of the characters, which are lifelike; because of the style which is adequate; and above all for the temper of the story, which has the severity, the reserve, the dignity of a classical tragedy. It is truly objective. After the first chapter, the author has kept himself out of it, and we have none of those approaches to hysteria that mar a work like *Jude the Obscure.* The opening is like a noble overture, giving out the theme with harmonious melancholy. It introduces the chief character of the story, Egdon Heath, whose vast surface hides sinister secrets. The first dozen words of this novel give the key: "A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight." It is the end of the day, the end of the week, the end of the year. Twilight — and throughout the story the characters seem to live in twilight,

as the characters in Maeterlinck live in a mist. The words that the author uses to describe the Heath may well be applied to this novel. "Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing *majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity.*"

Whether Hardy's pessimistic philosophy is true or not, none of us will know until after death, and if it be true we shall then not know it; but it is not impertinent to express an opinion on the author's estimate of the number who shared his views. He seems to have fathered a thought by a wish when he says in this same opening chapter,

> The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle-gardens of South Europe are to him now; and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand-dunes of Scheveningen.

So far as one can see, this prophecy is wrong in both place and time. Instead of its being true that the general run of mankind are becoming more sombre than they used to be, there has perhaps never been a period in the history of the world when there is so widespread a *joie de vivre* as now. Compare our times with those depicted in Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, or with ancient or even primeval times. Professor Sumner said the savages of Patagonia used to greet every sunrise with wailing, because it ushered in a new day. If we could do that without burlesquing it, I think Hardy would have given us his approval, but can you imagine it? There is a more universal gusto in life in this twentieth century than any previous age can show. We may be dancing on the edge of a precipice; but make no mistake about it — we are dancing!

Nor is he any more fortunate in place than in time. Never was the South of Europe so crowded with tourists; never have so many philosophers, poets, writers, "the more thinking among mankind," been seen there as now. Heidelberg and Baden have been deserted only by those, who, instead of looking for a more solemn spot, are looking for something more gay; and instead of hastening from the Alps, hundreds of thousands, who, when

Hardy wrote this sentence, hastened thither only in summer, now hasten thither during the entire year. As for the sand dunes of Scheveningen, one who goes there can hardly see them because they are crowded by thousands of laughing children, who find them very convenient for that kind of architecture suitable for their tender age; perhaps the only houses built on sand which could not merit Biblical condemnation. And as for Iceland, those who have been there tell us that of all places that remote island is most notable for its evidences of the will to live.

We love to read Hardy because he is a great artist; because his observations of nature are so accurate and so intimate; because he can compose an appealing story with real characters; because his mind was so interesting that everything he wrote has savor. But having all his life drawn sincere and solemn delight from pessimism, he had the common feeling that those of opposite creeds must be lacking in intelligence. He, like so many others, believed what he wished to believe and saw the world going in his direction.

The anticlimax in the heroine's name, Eustacia Vye, was well chosen. It illustrates the stupidity of destiny, the disparity between dream and reality, her enormous appetite for romance, opulence, and beauty, and the circumscription of fact. Yet it is not the tragedy of the particular village beauty that distresses us; it is the woe of humanity. And after we have finished this great work of art, our minds are like the sea after a storm; there is all the terror of a desperate situation, with none of its bracing activity; it is the groundswell of despair.

7. *The Trumpet Major.* There is an interesting allusion to this book in the preface to *The Dynasts.* "When . . . *The Trumpet Major* was printed, more than twenty years ago, I found myself in the tantalizing position of having touched the fringe of a vast international tragedy without being able, through limits of plan, knowledge, and opportunity, to enter further into its events; a restriction that prevailed for many years." Those who are about to reread Mr. Hardy's epic-drama should reread this novel first to get something of the setting and of the atmosphere which may serve as an introduction to that poetic work. Among the fifteen novels, this is the only historical romance. Three of Hardy's predecessors, all realists, had likewise made a similar experiment — *A Tale of Two Cities, Esmond, Romola.* I place this novel half-way down the slope between *The Return of the*

Native and *A Laodicean*, in the huge vale between two masterpieces, the second of which is *The Woodlanders*. It is a fine, well wrought work, the temper of a past age is well sustained, and it abounds in vivid descriptions, of which perhaps the ships going down the Channel is the most impressive; but it is an experiment outside the field where the author seems most successful; it seems to show the traces of conscious effort. It is more like an assigned task creditably accomplished than a work of creative genius.

8. *A Laodicean*. Of all the novels, this is the most melodramatic, most dependent for its interest on plot. Indeed, to know the outcome is to lose much of the pleasure in reading it, which is not true of the greater books. I suspect not many read this twice, whereas some of the others improve upon every reperusal. There are, however, two things which lend to it a special interest. It has more of the facts of the author's life in it than can be found in any other of his works — consider the rivalry of the two architects — and it was largely dictated, being I believe the only one of his novels thus composed. Hardy was very ill at the time, was not at all confident of recovery, and dictated it horizontally. This may account for certain peculiarities in style. It is an exciting narrative and Paula is like his other heroines in her weather vane disposition; but the work as a whole is lacking in distinction. Theatrical effect triumphs over inevitability.

9. *Two on a Tower*. Not so exciting as *A Laodicean*, but a better book, with more complex characters and more subtlety in delineation. Lady Constantine is one of the most lovable of Hardy's women, and like so many of the others, is ill rewarded for her generosity and constancy. The tower itself plays an architectural part in the story, for the reader not only sees it now and then, sometimes unexpectedly, but he *feels* its presence in the landscape. Such a remark will sound foolish only to those who have not attentively read the novel. No one not an architect could have written it.

10. *The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid*. This is the least known of the fifteen, but it is a good story well told. It is too slight in content to count among the masterpieces, but those who have hitherto neglected it will find it better than the best works of lesser men.

11. *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. One of the best known, but not one of the best. In placing it below the level of *The Woodlanders*,

I am quite aware that I am not in harmony with the majority of critics. It is a work of great power, written with smoldering passion. But here for the first time I detect a tendency which appears again in *Tess* and perverts *Jude the Obscure*. When we read light-hearted romances, we laugh at their improbability while enjoying the author's ingenuity; we know it could not so happen in real life. As nearly all religious men become more religious, and skeptical men more skeptical, so our author's twilight view of life deepens into darkness. One can see him planning *The Mayor of Casterbridge* as skillful executioners used to plan ingenious tortures; he is determined to ruin Henchard. In order to accomplish this, he arranged bad luck as the makers of romances arrange good fortune. In *The Return of the Native*, the drama is more objective. One feels that Hardy leaves things alone, and a general ruin — given such clashes of temperament and such environment — is inevitable. Here I think another author might, with equal plausibility, have treated the Mayor more generously. The bad luck is almost too consistent.

12. *The Woodlanders*. The most beautiful and most noble of Hardy's novels. My only reason for placing it third instead of first is because both *The Return of the Native* and *Tess* excel it in dramatic intensity. The love and knowledge of nature, which made up so much of the charm of *Under the Greenwood Tree* develop in this book into an intimacy almost uncanny. Many people love nature; a few have some real knowledge; but I know of no creative writer but Hardy who lives with nature as a man lives with the woman he loves, knowing her every expression and every mood. Natural scenery is in *The Woodlanders* much more than a background. The author and the characters are a part of the animal and vegetable world; the creatures of the wood and the kindly fruits of the earth are an integral part of the book, and Giles is as fragrant of apples as an orchard. In Marty South, Hardy has contrived to give us a woman who combines a hopeless love with rude health and proud independence of soul. Where Giles is not concerned, one feels that Marty would be equal to any situation. Splendid as these two persons are, the trees are more so. I shall always be grateful to this novel and to the author of it because on my first reading I was converted into a lover of trees. Before I had read this work, I looked upon trees as vaguely decorative features of a landscape; but ever after, I have regarded every tree as a separate personality.

13. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* How cruelly Hardy's "good" men hurt their women! No villain could torture a woman more acutely than Henry Knight tortured Elfrida, or than Clym tortured Eustacia. Tess suffered far more from Angel Clare than from Alec. The answer is, of course, that these men are only technically good, good after a conventionally conceived, negative pattern. They are as ignorant of true virtue as a cat is of calculus.

Tess is a masterpiece. It has the ingredients of the perfect novel — plot, characterization, style. It abounds in dramatic moments, in accurate pictures of nature in varying seasons, in passionate intensity of feeling. The reader is so shaken by sympathy and pity, that he reaches a state of exhaustion yet without dullness. One is tired but sensitive. In fact, one is wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that the tragic outcome is almost unbearable. I have known readers who felt they would never "get over it." I finished it on an afternoon when it had rained all day and I felt as if it were going to rain for the next ten thousand years. It left me in a state of depression that lasted for weeks. Feeling as I did, I could only imagine what the creation of such a work must have cost its author. It is clear enough from the title-page that no living man could have loved Tess as he loved her. For he loved her not only as the child of his own brain, but as the representative of all the deceived and slandered and misrepresented and crucified women of the world. Poor, wounded name!

It may be ungracious to attempt to pick flaws in a book that stirs one's emotions so deeply and so permanently; but the tendency, first clearly discernible on a second reading, grows to such proportions in *Tess* that if we were not held in thrall by the sheer dramatic power of the story, it would seriously impair its effect. There are too many accidents. I will mention one. When Tess shoved that letter under the door, it went under the carpet, because a tack was not on duty. Had that letter been received, the tragic conclusion might have been averted. Now who pulled that tack? The author would have us believe it was pulled by the President of the Immortals, but it wasn't. That tack was lifted by Thomas Hardy.

14. *The Well-Beloved.* This was the last of the novels to appear in book form; but it had been published serially in 1892, the year after *Tess.* Apparently the author took a vacation similar to that of 1876 when he wrote *The Hand of Ethelberta* after the

production of *Far From the Madding Crowd*. *The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved*, in any other hands, would have been either a comedy or a farce. As it is, it is remarkable chiefly for its ingenuity, and for some magnificent descriptions of Portland Bill. In the Second Commandment we are told that the Lord visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. Commenting upon this in *Tess*, Hardy said that such morality might be good enough for Divinity, but was scorned by average human nature. Yet even Divinity, I think, would hardly be so mean as to make the same man fall in hopeless love in the first, second, and third generation. This novel is almost negligible; in any other hands, it would have been absurd. It almost seems as if the author had purposely dealt himself the worst possible hand, in order to test his skill in playing it. It is a remarkable *tour de force*.

15. *Jude the Obscure*. It is here that I find myself most at variance with what has now become practically the universal judgment both in Great Britain and in America, hence I suppose I must be grotesquely mistaken. But as criticism consists only in opinion, I cannot change mine simply to join the crowd. This is the last novel of the fifteen, and with the exception of the crude *Desperate Remedies*, I regard it as the worst. In its serial form, it was first called *The Simpletons* and then *Hearts Insurgent*. I wish Hardy had kept the latter title, though he gave lesser novelists a good example — unhappily not heeded — in abandoning it because it had already been used for a book by another writer. So far as I know, Hardy is the only man to show any scruple of that kind — modern novels abound with duplicated titles.

It is unfortunate that many reviewers branded *Tess* as an immoral book. The charge was absurd, but it hurt the author's feelings so much that he, in a new edition, attacked his assailants fiercely, calling them "sworn discouragers of effort." It led him to the Rehoboam scorpion method in *Jude the Obscure*. This work, written in the plenitude of its author's powers, ought to have been a masterpiece; the vast majority of critics say it is. To me it is spoiled, first, by having too much carefully arranged bad luck, and second, by having too much propaganda. It is a pseudo-masterpiece, written not in the glow of artistic creation, but in the heat of anger.

The attack on marriage is almost cheap; the invective against

Oxford is almost peevish; the indictment of God almost hysterical. The solemn splendor of *The Return of the Native* turns into propaganda. I don't in the least mean that I am shocked; I could no more be shocked by Thomas Hardy than I could be shocked by the Matterhorn. One is never shocked by sincerity, and Hardy is always sincere. I mean simply that the book is written in such a key and in such a mood as to be lacking in that serenity which is the final grace of great art.

As a poet and dramatist, Hardy belongs to the twentieth century; as a novelist, he is the last of the Victorians. Such works as *The Return of the Native*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *The Woodlanders*, and *Far from the Madding Crowd* fittingly close an epoch distinguished by Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot.

I know of no novelist in any country to-day who has produced prose fiction equal to the best of Hardy's fifteen novels.

A Wessex Farm

Woodcut by Clare Leighton

WHAT IS GENIUS?

Forum Definitions

MANY curious questions arise when one pauses to consider Genius. Is Genius a gift of the gods — and therefore inexplicable — or is it a mere expression of intelligent and sustained concentration which may, in time, be formulated in terms as precise as the laws of motion? Is Genius inherited like the color of one's eyes, or is it a product of environment, like the accents of one's speech? Is Genius a quantitative measure of intelligence, or does it imply a qualitative difference that raises it above the purely rational processes?

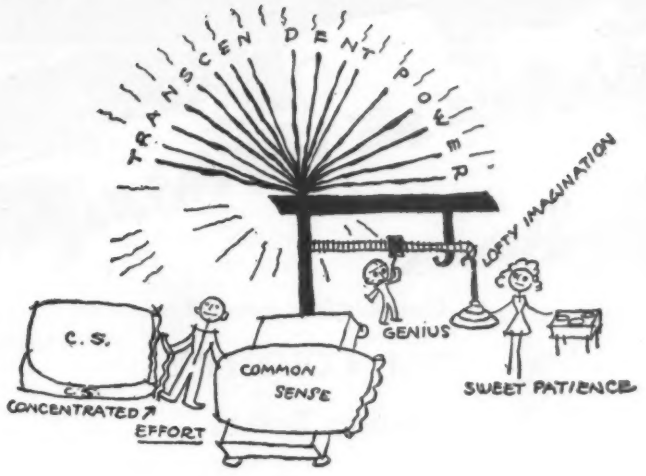
Thomas Gray, in his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," speaks of some "mute, inglorious Milton" who may have mingled his dust with the rustics buried at his feet. This raises another interesting problem. When we speak of Genius, do we refer to some power that may lie dormant in all of us and never come to the surface unless circumstances favor it? Or do we not rather use the term expressly to designate that power in certain men through which they triumph over circumstances, and by such triumph make their power known? If the latter, then Gray's pretty phrase becomes sheer nonsense, since the very essence of a Milton is to be neither mute nor inglorious. All of us have our prejudices, and the Definitions Editor confesses his prejudice in favor of Genius which is articulate.

The essential point in a definition of Genius, therefore, is to illuminate this semi-mysterious power and tell us "of what stuff 'tis made." In this, the following definitions succeeded best and have been awarded prizes, with the palm of honor going to number 4 for its humorous and apt illustration:

1 Genius is the capacity to perceive things which escape the notice of the average man; the mental flashing over far perspectives; the intuitive catching of significances by ten-league jumps across intermediate steps of relationships to correct meanings; coupled with a patient focussing of attention and an indefatigable power of energetic application. (*Stanley Lawrence, Columbus, Ohio*).

2 Genius — a flash of the divine, caught by the mentality of a mortal. (*Anna Gumaer Berg, Middletown, New York*).

3 Genius — the ability to recognize in the great cosmos some hitherto unknown truth, to grasp it and give it expression, or to translate some known truth with greater clearness and beauty. (*Teresa M. Wood, Spokane, Washington*).



4 Genius — the transcendent power received through enlisting Concentrated Effort and Sweet Patience to balance Lofty Imagination with Common Sense. (*Mrs. George V. Robertson, Aberdeen, South Dakota*).

5 Genius is the ability to take the jump from the known to the unknown. It may be an intellectual jump to facts and theories as in science; it may be a spiritual jump to understanding, as in religion and the arts; it may be a practical jump in the field of action, as in politics and war. Or put it another way, since we are all at tether, Genius is possession of a flexible tether. (*Lawrence Martin, Evanston, Illinois*).

6 Genius is, or is the one who has, the innate ability for intense and/or prolonged work leading to preëminent production, or an innate keenness of perception in some line which sees connections not before noticed. In the poet this gives novel metaphors or combinations of words, in the savant, new natural laws. (*Professor Alfred C. Lane, Tufts College, Boston, Massachusetts*).

7 Genius — anciently, the good or evil spirit presiding over persons, places and things; especially that presiding over an individual's destiny from birth. The modern meaning, more complex, at bottom implies that special inborn faculty of an individual, that special aptitude for some particular human activity by which the possessor (also called a Genius) achieves results seemingly impossible to the average individual, or attained only imperfectly and with extreme effort. (*Charles Q. De France, Lincoln, Nebraska*).

Next word to be defined: — IMPORTANT. What is important? Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by March 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in THE FORUM (*value not exceeding $5.00*), *for each winning definition.*

Continued from page 358

HILL COUNTRY

Ramsey Benson

They didn't shirk or hang back. For every Yankee family that got off the train at Gumbo in the spring of 1881 there were ten families of Swedes. In the beginning the feeling of the Yankees toward the Swedes wasn't necessarily unkind. It regarded them as freaks and fit subjects of ridicule, but the laughter, though it showed scant respect, held no bitterness — in the beginning.

Just why their merriment should presently be tempered with doubt and the doubt should give way to distaste and the distaste should amount at length to downright aversion — such a development may not be altogether easy to understand at the distance of half a century.

Very likely a prejudice against foreigners as such played a part. Furthermore, it couldn't be denied that the Swedes on their part gave provocation. They were sewed up in garments that they had worn continuously since the previous fall, and there were grounds for believing that they never took a bath. They gave off smells. So did the goods they brought with them — great, unsightly, bulging bags that the brakemen kicked off the train with scant ceremony. That was the first onlooking inhabitants saw of the immigrants, the trainhands unceremoniously hustling them off with their belongings; and what counted against them almost more than anything else was their meek submission to these indignities. A fighting people may smell bad and still not be looked down on. More likely than not the northmen who anciently had things their own way even to the gates of Rome were sewed up in their garments, yet the native stock in those parts saw fit to step lively in extending them welcome. But these other northmen who were coming to live in Gumbo asserted no such claim to consideration. Being landed in the midst of their bags, they gazed about them with a frightened, apologetic air that as good as invited the contempt so universally bestowed upon them.

Once the train spewed out six families of Swedes, numbering together more than fifty particularly forlorn souls. In the party was a hoary patriarch whose sensitive face testified very especially to his anguish; but he wore wooden shoes and onlookers tittered unfeelingly as he scuffed and clattered over the platform. He made his way to the bags dumped down in a promiscuous heap and from somewhere in the depths he brought forth, after much rummaging, a block of sod — dirt and grass. The dirt was dry and the grass was dead and if they weren't a bit of the soil of Sweden, onlookers didn't know what they were.

Anyhow they saw the patriarch bend over the handful of turf and kiss it, and they saw the tears rain down from his dim, old eyes. He looked like a priest and in the manner of a priest at the altar he held up the block of sod while others of the party crowded about and kissed it and wept over it. Andy Maguffin chanced to be at

the station that day and it fell to him to voice the common thought. "If that's the way they feel, why the hell didn't they stay in Sweden?" he scoffed, harshly.

Though public land near the town had been to some extent picked over before the Swedes came, there was still no end of room farther back; but they did very little homesteading at the start. Free land seemed not to attract them. Railroad land, though they had to pay a price for it, was more to their liking. The railroad land was part of a subsidy voted by Congress to the old St. Paul & Pacific before Jim Hill's day. Hill, as everybody knew, never asked a grant in aid of his enterprises; and when, by the transfer of the property, these millions of acres fell into his hands, he put them on the market at a figure that was hardly more than nominal.

Whether or not it was because they didn't know any better, the Swedes chose to buy their farms; and it was then the Yankees first learned that the foreigners had brought money with them. By all precedents the glitter of their gold ought to have raised the Swedes in the estimation of their neighbors. Instead, it rather pleased them to discover a new reproach in the money which the Swedes had brought. Was not their sordid manner of life more than ever a discredit to them for being a matter of choice and not of necessity?

A Swede's money, in fact, was the cause of action in the first process of law. Pickering Overturf had been elected to be Justice of the Peace and Androscoggin Maguffin, Constable. These functionaries, however, though they duly qualified and gave bond, were not called upon to act in their official capacity till the Swedes came and Christian Hans Hanson, a particularly spiritless specimen of the race, missed his money.

Nearly one hundred and fifty dollars of it — in gold. He had brought it over the ocean, quilted into the lining of his leather coat, and it was enough to have made a first payment on the land he purchased and put him up a shack where he could live, but he had no more than cleverly brought it out of its place of concealment when it was gone. Thinking it might by some chance have been misplaced, he and his people searched high and low but not a trace of it could they find.

Officers of the law knew nothing about the affair until Hanson, or somebody in his behalf, wrote to a lawyer in Alexandria who understood Swedish and was by him instructed to go before a magistrate and lodge a complaint.

Hanson did so without delay. Justice Overturf had been building him a new house of boards and in the unfurnished front room, with some attempt at magisterial ceremony, he received Christian Hans and his countrymen to the number of a dozen or more.

The Swedes could speak but little of the justice's language, and the justice could speak still less of theirs; but they had brought along a letter in English from the lawyer and in it the situation was explained. To his no small consternation and distress Overturf learned that there had been what looked very like a robbery in town. Grand larceny, too, — a felony, a delinquency that could not be condoned and overlooked. He, as a court of first instance, must take steps to bring the guilty party or parties to book.

He contrived to make the Swedes understand that he would do his utmost and when they were gone he sent for Constable Maguffin. Andy was shingling the Widow Larkin's chickenhouse at the moment, but he knocked off and came right over upon being informed what was in the wind. It was the opportunity he had been looking for. More than once since his election, he had been heard to boast — for modesty was not one of his failings — that it would have to be a mighty baffling crime which he couldn't run down and a mighty desperate criminal whom he couldn't round up and land behind the bars.

Overturf was at his wit's end and more distressed every minute; but the constable had no sooner learned the facts than he let it be known that he had a theory. "Leave it to me," he bade the uneasy justice. "I can't talk with the critters but I can keep my eyes open. I got it pooty well figgered out who done the job."

The word job in that connection had a confident, professional sound. Andy talked as if he knew what he was about and, in as much as Pick most certainly did not, he was willing to be led. He told the constable to go ahead. Maguffin spent the most of the day prowling about mysteriously.

Toward night he came back to the justice and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Nels Tillong, another Swede.

Because there was no jail at hand, the officials chose to wait till morning before taking Tillong into custody. But bright and early Constable Maguffin sallied forth, with his badge prominently displayed and the papers buttoned under it. He found Tillong and Hanson working together at some kind of carpentry. Tillong was sawing a board when the constable tapped him on the shoulder.

"You're my prisoner!" Andy announced in the accepted style.

Tillong stopped sawing and stared. "Yah, yah!" he faltered, with sagging jaw. He didn't understand a word. Andy got out the warrant and unfolded it.

"Nels Tillong — grand larceny," he read off, pointing to the words.

Nels shook his head. But there was no defiance in the gesture or even denial — only bewilderment. Andy touched his badge significantly, as if to intimate the futility of resistance.

Tillong had his coat off and the constable picked it up and helped him into it. Christian Hans, standing by, spoke a few words in Swedish. He didn't understand either, but he seemed at least to get the idea that Tillong was desired to go somewhere, and so they both went — the constable leading his prisoner in front and Hanson bringing up the rear. Their destination was Overturf's unfinished front room; and now — what with the word flying from lip to lip both in English and in Swedish — there gathered such a crowd as could by no means squeeze in. The justice had a table set out and he took his seat behind it. He was ill at ease. At his right hand lay a thick book in paper binding stamped across the front cover with the title "Procedure".

He read the complaint aloud. It was brief, its technical terms copied from the thick book, and it set forth that Nels Tillong was accused of having wrongfully, feloniously, and with criminal intent purloined a sum of money, to wit one hundred and fifty dollars, more or less, in gold coin, from the pocket of Christian Hans Hanson, "contrary to the statute made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the State of Minnesota."

Justice Overturf was well rehearsed in the established forms. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" he inquired.

Tillong could see that something was expected of him. "Yah, yah!" he answered eagerly, by his manner signifying a wish to do his part.

At least the names mentioned in the complaint were familiar to the Swedes and at the sound of his, Christian Hans Hanson started forward, pushing his way through the throng. By the time the reading was finished, he had struggled out into the open space in front of the table. There, without waiting to get his breath, though it was pretty well spent, he broke into speech, volubly and in a high, shrill key. The Swedes, who greatly outnumbered the Yankees present, were straightway affected by a marked unrest, but whether in response to some appeal in Hanson's words or because of misgivings as to the propriety of what he was doing, did not appear. The justice dealt with the irregularity promptly and sternly.

"Silence in the court!" he thundered with a dark frown.

"Silence in the court!" Constable Androscoggin Maguffin repeated after him, and glared at Hanson.

Silence ensued. Christian Hans hadn't another word to say. But though, by that, the hearing was free to proceed, it did nothing of the sort. It had come to a standstill. Justice Overturf, frowning at the accused across the table, was thoroughly at a loss. So intent were inhabitants of Gumbo on the unusual doings that they forgot about the morning train. It pulled in and pulled out and there was nobody but Clay the station agent to give it a thought or to observe the man who got off — a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, stockily built and with a strong, aggressive jaw. Clay got the idea at once that the stranger's business, whatever it might be, wasn't likely to suffer from any lack of assurance on his part.

He asked a question or two and struck out for Overturf's new house, half a mile distant but in plain sight. He walked briskly and with nervous energy. He arrived at a tense moment and people weren't generally aware of his presence until he had shouldered his way through the crowd and confronted the justice just as he had come, so to speak, to the end of his tether. "If it please the court," the

stranger began, in the usual form of address.

No fault could be found with his English, which was literally perfect. Nevertheless he spoke with an accent that betokened him a foreigner. He was panting after his brisk walk and he didn't go on at once with what he had to say, but the court was very pleased to await his convenience.

In point of fact, it was he who saved the situation. He was none other than the lawyer to whom Christian Hans Hanson, or some other Swede for him, had written about the missing money, — Knute Nelson of Alexandria — a name destined to eminence.

"I am not retained, your honor," he said presently, "but I felt it my duty to come up here and offer my assistance."

Justice Overturf freely confessed his relief. "I reckon you can assist us if you know how to talk with these people."

"They are not my people exactly," returned Nelson. "I am a Norwegian. But the Norwegians and Swedes are cousins by blood and I can talk with them. If your honor will permit I should like to have the opportunity to make some inquiry among them."

His honor's answer to that was to declare a recess of half an hour. Under Constable Maguffin's watchful eye the lawyer took Hanson and Tillong aside and consulted with them. Tillong was seen to shake his head vehemently while Hanson was so worked up that he could scarcely say a word even in his own language. Having finished his conference, Nelson stood forward.

"Your honor," he said, suavely but seriously, "I am persuaded that there has been a mistake here. The wrong which has been done Hans Hanson cannot be righted by doing Nels Tillong another and even greater wrong. It is too bad that an honest man's money should be stolen from him, but it is much worse that an innocent man should be accused.

"The defendant now before the court is not guilty. I can assure your honor of that. Why he has been accused I do not know. I hope it is not for the purpose of shielding the guilty parties. I am not here to point the accusing finger at anybody. I have only to say that Christian Hans Hanson's money was most certainly not stolen by a Swede. Shall I be rightly understood when I express the sincere wish that it had been stolen by a Swede?

"If a Swede had stolen the money it would be just another theft — an everyday affair, as we may say. Since no Swede did it, we have to think of the act as something far more deplorable. We have to think of it, your honor, as an invasion of the common rights of hospitality, such rights as the veriest savages respect.

"These people are strangers in a strange land. If you choose to be less than cordial with them, if you choose to welcome them among you but coldly they perhaps cannot complain. You have a perfect right to your likes and dislikes. But when you are less than just to them you offend against the proprieties in a very especial sense. Need I warn you that you cannot so offend without being the losers by it in the end?

"I am sorry that there should be in your flourishing little town of Gumbo anybody so low and lost to the better instincts of mankind as to steal under any circumstances — doubly sorry that there should be anybody so devoid of the sentiments of neighborly comity as to steal from these Swedes.

"Christian Hanson worked hard and long to amass that little fortune. Wages in Sweden are pitifully small and a part of what he earned had to go to the support of his infirm mother and father, while they lived. Ten years and more he toiled early and late before he had enough saved to pay his passage over and get him established in the new land. He is overwhelmed by what has happened to him. It is like a stunning blow delivered out of the dark. He is broken, unmanned. He knows not which way to turn.

"Is that the kind of welcome you of Gumbo town wish to extend to these simple, inoffensive folk? Your honor, I can't believe that it is, I believe that on sober second thoughts you will wish to make amends.

"What I propose, then, is that an adjournment be taken until to-morrow. I will remain, to assist as far as I may in untangling the snarl — not as anybody's lawyer but rather as a plain citizen with no purpose but to serve the general welfare. Between now and to-morrow, I trust, Christian Hanson's money will be returned to him and there will be no

need to proceed further with the trial."

The money was returned. When, pursuant to adjournment, court convened next morning, Constable Maguffin had the money in his keeping. He handed it to Justice Overturf, Justice Overturf handed it to Knute Nelson, and Knute Nelson handed it — the original gold intact — to Christian Hans Hanson.

Hanson was overjoyed and Tillong likewise, while Nelson, the lawyer, expressed his gratification in a little speech complimenting the justice and the constable and thanking the community at large.

Maguffin didn't say who had handed the money to him and in that he was thought to have acted very properly. In after years, looking back at Andy's various exploits, neighbors might place a different construction on the developments of that day, but for the present it seemed only right to draw the veil of oblivion over the transaction. No sin was imputed to the constable unless it should be an excess of zeal in the performance of his duties, and that could be forgiven.

III

Only a lot of boys and girls?
Only the tiresome spelling, writing,
ciphering classes?
Only a public school?
Ah, more, infinitely more.

The first sawed lumber brought to Gumbo went into the elevator, the second consignment built the schoolhouse. Education was the common concern nearest the hearts of the Yankee settlers.

The material was on the ground and the building well under way before the Swedes became an element in the reckoning — too far along to permit of any substantial alteration in the plans. These plans contemplated a school of forty children or fewer. Forty were as many as a teacher could handle readily and Gumbo district wasn't expected to muster so large an attendance for some time to come.

So that the Swedes, with their big families, gave rise to a problem. But in a way the Swedes who had caused the difficulty were helping to overcome it, for when they had paid the tax of two cents, the effect was to swell the revenues of the district far beyond the sum originally estimated. At least the board had plenty of money, and when it made known that a salary of $100 a month awaited the teacher who qualified for the Gumbo school, it was pretty nearly swamped with applications for the place. Only the very best of the graded schools in the larger towns paid so much.

Sven Opsahl attended the first school for a few weeks. He was a Swede boy unattached, as you might say. That is he belonged to none of the families in Gumbo, though he came with the Ingbretsons and the Severt Olsons. He was not yet sixteen, but a hulking big fellow with a Slavic face, much freckled, and a shock of yellow hair that badly needed cutting.

Neighbors heard, as soon as any sort of communication could be struck up between the two races, that Sven's father, a seafaring man, had been lost with the ship he commanded and that Sven's mother had died of grief soon after. That made the boy out a rather melancholy figure, but he refused to live up to the character. Nobody could be less melancholy; in fact, he was always laughing or singing or whistling. In contrast with his countrymen generally, he was a bold scamp and far from avoiding contact with the scoffing Yankees, he sought them out, ran after them, and tried in every way to scrape acquaintance with them. In still another way, too, he was unlike the majority of the Swedes: the fun poked at him seemed not to hurt his feelings in the least. It might be vanity steeling him — for vanity sometimes has that effect; but if so, it didn't make him any less winsome. You had to be pretty strongly prejudiced against his kind not to conceive a liking for Sven Opsahl. Some of the Yankees were prejudiced to that degree, but more were willing to make an exception in Sven's favor.

He showed up at school the first day, wearing his broadest and most disarming grin. He didn't know enough English as yet to inform the teacher that he wished to be enrolled but inasmuch as he brought a new first reader under his arm, Miss Mallory had no difficulty in guessing. She eyed him rather uncertainly. He was man grown and it was no part of her contract to take men to teach. But of

course, he might not be as old as he looked, and she ended with giving him the benefit of the doubt.

She seated him with the class in the first reader and he bulked bigger than ever in that company. But if he was ill at ease there, it wasn't the incongruity of his position that made him so. He couldn't have minded that part less if he had been wholly unconscious of it, though to the others in the school it caused disturbance enough. Try as Miss Mallory might to check them, as often as Sven stood up or sat down or spoke, the children couldn't be kept from snickering. Even the Swedes snickered, while as for the Yankees, several of them had to be sent out of the room. Weese Overturf had to be sent out twice, though her behavior ordinarily was exemplary.

From morning till night Sven sat ludicrously cramped up at the little desk, but always in good order, and studied his book in perfect serenity or rose unabashed when called on and pronounced the words in a loud, confident manner. The way he pronounced the words provoked more snickering than anything else, he got them so absurdly wrong and was so confident about it. It was only a little while till he fell out, much to Miss Mallory's relief. Somehow he made the teacher feel awkward. She surmised that except for his ignorance of English he knew more about the lessons than she knew. Indeed, she couldn't have much doubt of it after the day she wrote up a baffling problem on the blackboard for some of the sharper wits to wrestle with and Sven, watching her, took the crayon from her hand and indicated an algebraic solution that went into water well beyond her depth. It was no particular reflection upon her, because elementary arithmetic was as far as she was supposed to go in mathematics. Still, Sven's display of learning made her uneasy and glad when, entirely of his own motion and without prompting, he quit school.

It was in these days that J. Cardigan Clewel, a wandering adventurer in the journalistic field, landed in Gumbo with some boxes of worn-out type and a battered hand press and launched the first newspaper between Fergus and the river, *The Gumbo Voice*. The press was a mankiller — Clewel couldn't so much as start it without help, there were other capacities in which a strong and willing apprentice might be useful, and Sven Opsahl, being exactly that kind, he was taken on to do the heavy work and learn the printer's trade.

Nominally he was paid five dollars a week but no actual cash changed hands. When pay day came round, Clewel dug up an order for goods on some merchant who owed a bill for advertising; Sven turned in the credit so obtained to liquidate his board; and, with a profit charged against him at both ends of the deal, his wages were small enough. But he was never heard to complain. Nor, indeed, had he any reason. The newspaper office, though so crude and badly furnished, was the best of schools for him. What he needed most was to pick up English, and nowhere else could he have picked it up so rapidly. He learned to speak the speech of his new country as he set up the words in type and the incidental drudgery was no drawback. He made play of it, — briskly and blithely swung the lever of the old press and was so far from being killed by it that he had plenty of breath left wherewith to sing and whistle and cut an occasional playful caper.

Clewel wasn't unkind. He made Sven get his hair cut and he was a different boy from that day forth, almost as if with his yellow locks he had shed something of his old identity.

Nobody in Gumbo except Weese Overturf ever saw Miss Mallory in tears and Weese only once. It was when the district refused to spend one hundred dollars for a general library. The teacher, who boarded with the Overturfs, came home that day and went right to her room without speaking to anybody; and Weese, scenting that something was wrong, peeked through the keyhole and beheld Miss Mallory crying. She thought a library so important as that — something to cry about when she couldn't have it.

In a way, though, she couldn't blame the district. It was already bonded heavily to build the schoolhouse and taxed heavily to pay the teacher's salary and other necessary expenses. Naturally enough the board and others thought there was no money to spare for frills. When Miss Mallory insisted that a

library was in no sense a frill but an essential part of the garment of education, the skeptics heard her respectfully but they were not persuaded.

Weese knew as much of these negotiations as she could understand and she easily guessed why the teacher was crying up there alone in her room. Of course, it was too bad. If Miss Mallory was going to take it so much to heart as that, certainly something ought to be done about it. Shocked and pained, Weese hastily withdrew her eye from the keyhole, and in that moment a resolution sprang up, full grown, in her mind. It was a bold resolution, but it didn't dismay Weese Overturf. Furthermore she wasn't going to ask anybody's help, not even Miss Mallory's. What Weese proposed to herself was to write a letter and a real letter, such as went and came by mail. She had never written a letter yet; but though she so much needed somebody to show her how, she wasn't going to ask anybody. She was a sensitive soul, with a strong distaste for being caught in a failure, and she was wise enough not to forget that her present purpose might end that way. No, she would play her hand alone, come what might.

She wasn't altogether uninstructed. She knew something of how letters were written. Pick Overturf, her father, being a magistrate and leading citizen, received letters from the outside world now and then, of which he was so proud that he preserved them, tied up in little packets and stowed away in a cupboard. Weese was proud of them, too, so proud that it gave her a thrill to read them; and though nobody had told her she might, nevertheless she often read them secretly. She understood them only in part, but they thrilled her notwithstanding.

There was especially a letter from somebody in Washington, in typescript, addressed to Hon. T. Pickering Overturf. It was short but extremely impressive, for everything about it spoke — to Weese at least — of quality and good form. She was convinced that if she should pattern her letter after it, she couldn't go far wrong.

Here is what she wrote:

Gumbo, Minn.
Nov. 12, 1881.

Hon. Jim Hill,
St. Paul, Minn.
Dear Sir,

You have so much money it would be nice for you to give us $100 to buy books for our library in school. There are so many books I want to read.

I think the Swedes would read the books if they had a chance. They need something like that so they will learn to speak English better.

There are a good many Swedes in Gumbo.

I am going to be twelve next month.

Yours truly,
Louise Overturf

Weese didn't want to ask for a stamp any more than she wanted to ask for advice, and for a like reason — she was afraid somebody might find out what she was about. To tell the plain, unvarnished truth, she filched a stamp out of the drawer of her father's official table; and though she well knew it was stealing, like many another and greater criminal she justified the means by the end.

The hardest part was to get the letter into the mail. If she were to post it by day she would almost certainly be seen; and to make a pretext for going so far from home after dark called for no small strategy. But chance favored her. Miss Mallory forgot some papers at the schoolhouse and had to go back after supper. Weese went along with her to bear her company and in that way the letter was safely sneaked into the iron box in front of the village post office.

It was addressed, in an elaborately feigned hand, to Hon. Jim Hill, St. Paul, Minn.

TO BE CONTINUED

DISRAELI

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A Biography in Six Instalments — VI

TRANSLATED BY HAMISH MILES

Atrocities

IN the month of July, 1875, some peasants of Bosnia and Herzegovina revolted against the Turks, who treated their infidel subjects like dogs. The episode seemed trifling but it grew. The impotence of the Porte was astounding. To collect a couple of thousand men and dispatch them into Bosnia seemed to require a military genius who could not be found, and money too was wanting. In every Balkan village secret committees, organized by the Russian Orthodox brotherhood of Cyril and Methodius, kept up an anti-Turkish agitation. The Russians were prompted by two forces. One was sentimental: they were racial brethren, and in great part religious brethren, of the Bulgars, Serbs, and Roumanians. The other was political: they had need of access to the Mediterranean and were anxious to reach there, either by obtaining the mastery of Constantinople and the Straits, or by emancipating the Bulgars and Serbs, who would then, under Russian protection, form vassal principalities.

There was nothing in the world which Disraeli dreaded more than to see the Russians in the Mediterranean. The first axiom of British policy for him had been the maintenance of free communications with India and Australia. Now, overland, these communications were possible only through a friendly Turkey; by sea, they had to be made through the Suez Canal, a highly vulnerable point if the Turkish Asiatic provinces were in the hands of a hostile nation. The part played by the Russians in this affair seemed highly suspicious; their designs might well be widespreading and dangerous. It was important to keep one's eyes open from the start. Disraeli had very exact recollections of the outbreak of the Crimean War, on which occasion he had seen how a pacific man, as Lord Aberdeen was, had let himself be driven into war by his very dread of war. The true means of safeguarding peace seemed to be to draw the precise line beyond which one would not withdraw.

Bulgaria followed Bosnia in revolt; and when Russia, Germany, and Austria, having drawn up a stern memorandum to be addressed to Turkey, requested England to sign it along with themselves, the Prime Minister refused. Was it England's duty to collaborate in the destruction of a power in whose preservation her own interest lay, and join hands in doing so with Gorchakov, an avowed enemy, and Bismarck, a doubtful friend? An openly stated attitude was preferable. "Whatever happens," he wrote to Lady Bradford, "we shall certainly not drift into war, but go to war if we do, because we intend it and have a purpose we mean to accomplish. I hope, however, that Russia, at the bottom of the whole affair, will be sensible, and then we shall have peace."

The Government's firm policy was on the whole generally approved, and the Liberal opposition itself had been silent until the *Daily News*, a very well informed newspaper and devoted to Gladstone, published an article, filled with horrible details of the atrocities committed by the Turks in Bulgaria. Children massacred, women violated, young girls

sold as slaves, ten thousand Christians imprisoned — such was the work of the friends and allies of the Prime Minister. Disraeli read this terrible recital with ironic mistrust. He had received no report from his ambassador, he saw what interest Gladstone and his friends had in magnifying facts, and, what is more, in principle, he did not readily believe in the atrocities. Already during the Indian Mutiny, with great courage and against the tide of public feeling, he had appealed to the sense of proportion and refused to be angry without proper inquiry. A kindly man, with no powerful passions except ambition, he could not easily imagine voluntary cruelty or Sadism. He had traveled in Turkey and dined with the pashas, smoking narghiles with them, and he could not see these amiable gentlemen butchering little children. Some bands of irregular troops might possibly have committed excesses, but no doubt the insurgents themselves had not been particularly gentle. He had a horror of "movements of opinion." It was enough for him to hear talk of oppressed populations: instantly he scented some hypocrisy and felt oppressed himself.

The question being raised in the House of Commons, he replied that he hoped, for the honor of human nature, that more exact information would show the exaggeration of this news. "I cannot doubt that atrocities have been committed in Bulgaria; but that girls were sold into slavery, or that more than ten thousand persons have been imprisoned, I doubt. In fact, I doubt whether there is prison accommodation for so many, or that torture has been practised on a great scale among an Oriental people who seldom, I believe, resort to torture, but generally terminate their connection with culprits in a more expeditious manner."

For once, unfortunately, Dizzy's experience was faulty, and the story was true. The ambassador, suddenly roused by the outcry in England, obtained information, was obliged to confirm the facts, and public opinion took flame. Could it allow the Prime Minister to brush aside these victims with a few light phrases? Disraeli cursed the Foreign Office for their defective information and hoped that the storm would blow over. It was very regrettable that Bulgarian villages should have been fired and young girls violated, but was that a reason for renouncing a policy both reasonable and of old standing?

Gladstone at this time was at Hawarden. Since writing to his dear Granville that at the age of seventy, and after fifty years of public life, he had a right to retiral, "he had frequently returned from the isle of Elba." At every turn on his path, Disraeli met him, rearing his head like a dragon breathing fire. Not that he was insincere in his wish for repose, but the fact of the Wicked One's being in power drew him back in spite of all his vows. In vain did he strive to divert his thoughts from this intolerable scandal by theological and Homeric studies. The more he pondered, the more he felt that the great evil of these times was the loss of the sense of sin! "Ah!" he used slowly to say, "the sense of sin, there is the great want in modern life." Among the writers whom he was then reading through once more, was there a single one who had given a sufficiently forcible expression to the detestation of vice? Sir Walter Scott had actually been friendly with a Byron! A youthful visitor nervously pointed out that a professional novelist is obliged to have knowledge of everything, and reminded him of Mme. de Staël's saying, "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*," but Mr. Gladstone shook his head, saying, "Do not blunt your sense of sin."

His own was far from blunted. With the description of the Bulgarian atrocities before him, he felt, in the flood of anger mounting within him against the Turks, the Janizaries, and the new Lord Beaconsfield, that here, ready to his hand, was an admirable theme for righteous indignation. What subject could be better contrived for his inspiration? Peoples enchained, Christians the victims of infidels, and, in the depths of this darkling intrigue, the Great Infidel himself, the tragic comedian, the man who had demoralized public opinion and cynically excited the egotism of the nation for the satisfaction of his own. Parliament was in recess, lumbago kept Gladstone in his bed, his ax reposed in idleness in the courtyard: he turned to the composition of a pamphlet. The violence of its language was remarkable: fell satanic orgies . . . the Turks, the one great antihuman

specimen of humanity . . . there was not a criminal in a European jail, nor a cannibal in the South Sea Islands, whose indignation would not rise at the recital of what had been done. . . . The remedy was to force the Turks "to carry away their abuses in the only possible manner, namely by carrying away themselves. Their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yuzbashis, their Kaimakams and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned."

The pamphlet had an immense success. Forty thousand copies were sold in a few days. All up and down England meetings were held, clamoring for the expulsion of the Turks, and subscriptions were opened on behalf of the crusade. At Liverpool, *Othello* was being played, and at the phrase, "the Turks are drowned," the whole audience rose and cheered. A cyclone of virtue swept across England. Gladstone rode the storm everywhere, with speeches and with writings. He suspected the government of wishing to annex Egypt. Dizzy, he said, was upholding Turkey because he thought that she would break down, and his fleet was at Besika Bay so as to be ready, without a doubt, to lay hold of Egypt at the first opportunity. Perhaps they might yet see Disraeli Duke of Memphis. He thought no more of the Bulgars. Numerous anti-Turk visitors made the pilgrimage to Hawarden. They found Gladstone in his shirt-sleeves and offered the gifts which they had brought, a rustic walking stick or a carved ax handle, and then Mr. Gladstone spoke to them of the Bulgars. They set off again, stoked up with enthusiasm: no, England should not fight beside the miscreants! "No matter how the Prime Minister may finger the hilt of the sword, the nation will take care that it never leaves the scabbard."

Beaconsfield had read the pamphlet. He had judged it passionate, vindictive, and ill written—"of course"—and of all Bulgarian atrocities, the worst. In his letters to Lady Bradford, Gladstone was often referred to as "the Tartufe," and as the voluntary victim of every lie that could bring him into power. To Lord Derby he wrote: "Posterity will do justice to that unprincipled maniac Gladstone—extraordinary mixture of envy, vindictiveness, hypocrisy and superstition: and with one commanding characteristic—whether Prime Minister or Leader of Opposition, whether preaching or praying, speechifying or scribbling—never a gentleman!"

Come what might, Lord Beaconsfield had definitely decided not to yield to public opinion. When the country goes out of its mind, one must bide one's time. The crisis would pass, and men could talk reason again. And in any case, what was this bellicose pacifist driving at? Declaring war on the Turks? Avenging Bulgarian atrocities by a world-wide butchery? Hatred of crime was not the monopoly of a party. To judge from the cries of the malcontents, anyone might have thought that Lord Beaconsfield was the Sultan and Lord Derby the Grand Vizier. In reality, he felt no responsibility on himself. He did not support the Turks. What he feared losing was the unity of the Empire and the future of England.

Never had Dizzy shown more clearly his detestation of hypocrisy. He knew that a few sentimental phrases would have made his task easier, but nevertheless he wrote to Derby that he laid great emphasis on the Foreign Secretary's taking no step which might make it appear that he was acting under pressure of public opinion. And another day: "You can't be too firm. What the public meetings want is nonsense, not politics: something quite shadowy, speculative, and not practical." And at the Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day: "Although the policy of England is peace, there is no country so well prepared for war as our own. If she enters into conflict in a righteous cause—if the contest is one which concerns her liberty, her independence, or her empire, her resources, I feel, are inexhaustible. She is not a country that, when she enters on a campaign, has to ask herself whether she can support a second or a third campaign. She enters into a campaign which she will not terminate till right is done."

War?

In *Punch*, Britannia was shown as being conducted by a guide with Disraelian features up to the edge of a precipice, at the bottom of which one read "War." "Just a *leetle* nearer the edge." — "Not

an inch further; I'm a good deal nearer than is pleasant already." It was true that Britannia was in terror of falling. Lord Beaconsfield's policy was to alarm Russia by the threat of a war which he had no wish to make, but it was legitimate to believe that, in walking too often on the verge of the abyss, there was grave danger from loose stones.

While the Cabinet applied the brake, the Sovereign pushed at the wheels. The Queen had always had scant love for Russia.

Albert had always said that the danger would come from that quarter. She regarded herself as responsible for the integrity of the Empire and the security of the highway to India. She blamed both Gladstone and Lord Derby. She could not understand the weakness of so many men while she, a woman, would have been ready to march on the foe. She bombarded her Premier with bellicose notes. The organizers of pro-Russian meetings ought to be prosecuted. Why the delay in taking arms?

"The Queen is feeling terribly anxious lest delay should cause us to be too late and lose our prestige forever! It worries her night and day."—"The Queen appeals to the feelings of patriotism which she knows animate her Government, and is certain that every member of it will feel the absolute necessity of showing a bold and united front to the enemy in the country as well as outside it. . . . It is not the question of upholding Turkey; it is the question of Russian or British supremacy in the world!"

Even the Princesses joined in. When the Prime Minister happened to be seated at table beside Princess Mary of Cambridge, she said to him, "I cannot imagine what you are waiting for!"

"Potatoes, at this moment, Madam," said Lord Beaconsfield.

Hitherto he had been able to navigate without mishap the narrow channel betwixt the Queen and Lord Derby, but could he always do so? And he would also have to avoid that third reef of danger, the Liberals, exasperated by the phrase, "the interests of England." "An egoistic policy," they said. "As egoistic as patriotism," said the old cynic. And, very calmly measuring with his eye the depth of the precipice, he felt glad that he was not subject to giddiness.

Russia declared war on Turkey. The Tsar sent General Ignatiev on a special mission to England to secure a promise of neutrality. Fashionable London gave dinner-parties for the Ignatievs. His wife was fair, pretty, and drank no heeltaps. She made a great hit. The Marchioness of Londonderry and she had a contest of diamonds. The Englishwoman won. Lord Beaconsfield warned Russia that he would not remain neutral unless the Tsar respected the three points indispensable to the preserving of the Empire: the Suez Canal, the Dardanelles, Constantinople. Gorchakov promised. What did he risk? His informants reassured him. Public opinion was far from being united behind Lord Beaconsfield. Many Englishmen laughed at his menaces. *Punch* showed "Benjamin the Bully" and the British Lion saying to the Sphinx: "Look here, I don't understand you, but it's right you should understand me! I don't fight to uphold what's going on yonder." Shuvalov, an admirable ambassador who had managed to become "Shu" to everybody who counted for anything in London, and had realized that the key to the political world is to be found in the world of fashion, was so well informed that he was able to telegraph to St. Petersburg the names of the English ministers opposing the Premier's design. Gorchakov was reassured and played a double game. To the English he declared, "We recognize that the question of Constantinople can only be settled by an agreement between the Powers."

To the Grand Duke Nicholas, chief of the armies, he gave the order, "Objective — Constantinople." Victory would clear up everything. When the Russian armies occupied the city, who would dare to dislodge them?

The Grand Duke entered Bulgaria. The Queen grew more and more agitated. Albert had always foreseen what was now coming to pass. Was she to stand by, a powerless Cassandra, watching the ruin of the Empire? "The Faery writes every day and telegraphs every hour." She at least did not believe in Russian promises. She wanted pledges to be taken, that *something* at any rate should be done.

"The reports which the Queen saw yesterday are very alarming! Surely Lord Derby cannot be indifferent to the dangers expressed therein? Warning after warning arrives and he seems to take it all without saying a word! Such a Foreign Minister the Queen really never remembers! — The Russians will be before Constantinople in no time! Then the Government will be fearfully blamed and the Queen so humiliated that she thinks she would abdicate at once. Be bold! — But if this is not done and done quickly . . . the Opposition will be the first to turn round on you, and delay of weeks or days only may be — mark the Queen's words — fatal! *Pray act* quickly! — The Queen is distressed not to see anything acted upon which Lord Beaconsfield tells her is to be done. He told her on Tuesday that in 3 days 5000 men could be sent to increase the garrisons, and that every effort should be made to be prepared, even for Gallipoli if the Russians did not make a dash for Constantinople. But she hears of no troops moving or going, and becomes more and more alarmed. The Queen always feels hopeful and encouraged when she sees Lord Beaconsfield, but somehow or other, whether intentionally or through want of energy on the part of those under him or at the offices, nothing material is done! It alarms her seriously. — And the language — the insulting language — used by the Russians against us! It makes the Queen's blood boil! What has become of the feeling of many in this country!"

Endlessly she threatened to lay down this crown of thorns, and Derby on his side offered his resignation on every occasion, and the old Premier, gouty and short of breath, and sad too at not seeing the dear orange-tinted eyes of Lady Bradford, wrote to her: "I am very ill. If I could only face the scene which would occur at headquarters if I resigned, I would do so at once. But I never could bear scenes. . . . "

A brief stand on the part of the Turks gave some hope. The army was good, and the Sultan had said to his troops: "Your sabers, the sabers of believers, will open for you the gates of Paradise." It was learned that the Russian army, checked before Plevna, had fifty thousand dead, and counted thirty thousand wounded, who, ill tended in improvised hospitals, would probably all die. In the month of August, the Russians were held to be as good as beaten. Marshal Moltke believed it. England is fond of strong peoples; public sentiment became pro-Turkish. In the streets of London, the song was heard:

> We don't want to fight,
> But, by Jingo! if we do,
> We've got the ships,
> We've got the men,
> We've got the money too!

The fashion now was to go on Sundays and boo Gladstone at his house and fling stones at his windows. The grandfathers of these demonstrators had submitted the Duke of Wellington's windows to the same treatment.

The Houses of Parliament rose for the recess. Beaconsfield went to rest at Hughenden. He had great difficulty with his breathing and could no longer walk. To go to church, he had to take Mary Anne's little pony trap. The peacocks annoyed him. He almost desired, he said, to commit a kind of atrocity there and massacre them. Returning to London, he consulted Dr. Kidd, a homeopathic physician who had been strongly recommended to him. Kidd examined this old body, stripped as if for the examination of a recruit. He found in it asthma, bronchitis, and Bright's disease — fit for holding the rampart on the highway to India.

The game of bluff only demands an impenetrable coolness, and this was the Premier's ruling quality. But how was he to bluff, with two partners, one of them calling the bluff at every round, and the other disliking the game so much that he insisted on laying his cards on the table. The Queen in particular was terrible. She was too fond of her Prime Minister. She counted on none but him. Like herself, although for different reasons, he alone possessed that concentrated patriotism which sweeps away all other feelings. She clung to him. She would have liked to load him with honors. She offered to make him a Knight of the Garter, but he declined, judging the moment inopportune. She went to visit him at Hughenden, a favor she had shown to nobody since Lord Melbourne. She authorized him, in writ-

ing to her, to drop the official formulas, and he could now begin his letter with "Madam and Most Beloved Sovereign." She herself replied "My dear Lord Beaconsfield," and concluded "Believe me, with sincerest regards, yours affectionately — Victoria, R. I."

And yet she really annoyed him by her unqualified tenacity. There was this difference between them, that Beaconsfield was resolved to avoid war, and almost certain of doing so, while the Queen, far more passionate, had reached the point of desiring war. When the Russians, having at last captured Plevna, reached the heights commanding Constantinople, she naïvely reminded him of the promises that had been made. Yes or no, had Lord Beaconsfield said that in such an event he would declare war? What was he waiting for? Already, without consulting Europe, the Russians were negotiating a secret treaty with the Turks. Soon one would be faced with a *fait accompli*. Ah! Lord Beaconsfield was no better than the rest of them. All men were cowards. She alone, poor woman, had to give life to everything.

There was another great player who up to that moment had only observed the moves, but was awaiting the moment to enter the contest. That was Prince Bismarck. Abruptly, on February 19, he slammed down his cards with a great speech in the Reichstag, a speech that was intentionally obscure and so very clear. Obliged to choose between Austria and Russia, and full of rancor against Gorchakov since the incidents of 1875, Bismarck sided against Russia. He avowed his disinterestedness. The Eastern question was of small import to Germany. Constantinople was not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier. What Germany desired was to avoid a conflict. Her rôle, amidst opposing interests, would be that of "the honest broker." Naturally the treaty in course of elaboration between Turks and Russians would have to be submitted to the approval of the other European Powers in a Conference, or Congress, which would be held, if they were so willing, at Berlin. This was all set out in a vein of the utmost courtesy and loftiness of thought, but in a couple of hours Bismarck had razed the whole edifice reared by Gorchakov in as many years. Already threatened by England, Russia could not brave Germany too. She immediately accepted the principle of the Congress, but accepted it with formulas involving the communication, and not the submission, of the treaty to the Powers.

At last this treaty was published. It was read by the English people with stupefaction. To all outward appearance, Gorchakov respected the promise given: Constantinople, Suez, and the Dardanelles remained free, but all these positions were hemmed about. Turkey lost all her European provinces. The Russians set up a Bulgaria which would be their vassal and afford them access to the Mediterranean. In Armenia they occupied Kars and Batum, thus taking a stride toward India and closing in Asiatic Turkey from the rear. With one of those fine sweeping movements of opinion which unite her in the face of danger, England ranged herself behind the Premier: she would not go to the Congress to discuss such a document.

Lord Beaconsfield remained very cool. He considered the treaty as impossible of acceptance, and informed Shuvalov that he would attend the Congress only after a direct Anglo-Russian agreement on the gravest points. His conditions were twofold: no Greater Bulgaria and no Russian Armenia. The ambassador leaped up: "This was depriving Russia of all the fruits of war." That might be. In any case the Premier let him understand that if England did not receive satisfaction, she would compel Russia to leave the contested territories, even by force. Shuvalov went away, perturbed but skeptical. Lord Beaconsfield was not England. A cabinet meeting. The Prime Minister was anxious to prepare for war. "If we are firm and determined, we shall have peace and we shall dictate its terms to Europe." But readiness there must be. He proposed the calling up of the reserve, a vote of credit, the dispatch of the fleet to Constantinople, and above all, since the question was that of defending the route to India, he desired that the Empire should participate in its own defense, and that troops of the Indian Army should be sent into the Mediterranean to occupy positions commanding the Russian communications, that is, Cyprus and

Alexandretta. The Cabinet approved its chief, all except Lord Derby, who resigned. He considered those measures only fit to bring on war, and declined the responsibility. Lord Beaconsfield was not without regrets in parting with an old friend, and a Derby, but accepted his resignation.

This time Shuvalov took fright. Derby's departure was a sign. At no price did Russia want war with England. She was much enfeebled by her campaigns. She had no fleet. And furthermore she much preferred an understanding with Beaconsfield to one with Bismarck. The ambassador returned with concessions. Gorchakov yielded on the Greater Bulgaria question, reducing it to half its size and dropping the access to the sea, but he stood firm for a Russian Armenia. Beaconsfield was inflexible. So it was war — unless a guarantee could be given to England in the shape of a Gibraltar in the eastern Mediterranean. At that moment a bombshell fell — news that troops secretly brought from India had begun to disembark. That was the final blow. Russia accepted everything. A secret convention was signed with the Sultan, who agreed to cede the island of Cyprus to England, while in return England would assure him defensive alliance in the event of Russia's pushing beyond Kars and Batum in Armenia. Gorchakov consented to go to the Congress to approve the treaty as thus modified. Turkey remained a European power. The Slav advance was checked. The game was won, completely won, and without the loss of a single man, without a single rifle shot. The guide brought his sightseers back to the shore, unscathed and happy, but a little tired. "A good guide," thought Britannia, "but reckless."

In Beaconsfield's eyes, the most enchanting point in the affair was the acquisition of Cyprus. Thirty years earlier, in *Tancred*, he had made clear announcement of this. It pleased him thus to pass his romances and his dreams into history. What's more, Cyprus was the Isle of Venus. Richard Cœur de Lion had given it to Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, he who had become Count of Paphos. And now the city of Aphrodite and the romantic kingdom of the Crusaders would be joined with Gibraltar and Malta to round off the English Mediterranean. It was a great day for the old artist, who took pleasure in these secular games.

The day the English made public the agreement regarding Cyprus British opinion was enthusiastic. It was delighted by this parade ground in the Levant, this English Mediterranean. Even abroad the altogether Disraelian boldness of this coup was extolled. "The traditions of England," wrote the *Journal des Débats*, "are not altogether dead; they survive in the hearts of a woman and an aged statesman."

London arranged a magnificent welcome for the return of the negotiators from the Congress of Berlin. Charing Cross Station had been decorated with the flags of all the nations of the Congress. Palms and masses of geraniums adorned its platforms and approaches. Garlands of roses were twined around the pillars. An enormous crowd was waiting. When the Prime Minister stepped out of his carriage, he was greeted by the Dukes of Northumberland, Sutherland, Abercorn, and Bedford, and by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London. John Manners was there too, and Sir Robert Peel, the son of the great minister. Leaning on Lord Salisbury's arm, the old man moved painfully along between a double line of peers and peeresses and members of Parliament.

On emerging from the station, the cheers were tremendous. Trafalgar Square was a carpet of faces. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and women threw flowers into the carriage. At Downing Street, Lord Beaconsfield found an immense sheaf of flowers sent by the Queen. As the cheering went on and on, he had to appear with Lord Salisbury on the balcony. He said to the crowd: "We have brought you back, I think, peace with honor."

A few days later, at Osborne, kneeling before the enraptured Queen, he received from her hands the Insignia of the Order of the Garter.

Afghans, Zulus, Floods

If Lord Beaconsfield had held a general election on the morrow of the Congress of Berlin, he could have assured himself six more years of power. But Parliament had still two years of life, it was faithful, and

the Cabinet resolved to let it die a natural death.

This was showing too much trust in the favors of destiny. A country soon tires of the glories it has wrought; it should be consulted at the hour when one is smiled upon.

A few weeks after the triumph, the distant sky grew somewhat overcast. The Russians had long been carrying on a flirtation with the Emir of Afghanistan, whose mountainous domains command the northern gateways of India. In full accord with the Emir, they had dispatched a mission to his capital, Kabul, a success which roused the jealousy of Lord Lytton, the Viceroy of India. For this post the Prime Minister had chosen the son of his friend, Bulwer, as a man of imagination, ambition, and strong will. Events showed that he had rather too much of all these qualities. Against the advice of the chief, who strove hard to obtain by friendly negotiations the withdrawal of the mission, he took it on his own initiative to send an English mission up to Kabul. The Emir stopped Lytton's envoys at the entry to Afghan territory, and Beaconsfield suddenly found himself forced either to bow shamefacedly before a small, barbarian potentate, or to wage a dangerous war.

He was very much irritated; "When a viceroy or a commander-in-chief disobey orders, they ought at least to be certain of success." Once again Gladstone and his friends raised the cry of an unjust war, protesting against the deliberately aggressive policy of Beaconsfield, and this time astute observers warned the latter that the country was echoing the cry.

Would he have to disavow Lytton, and prove the innocence of the Government at the expense of a subordinate? It was contrary to all the Prime Minister's principles. Lytton was blamed, but upheld. General Roberts routed the Emir's troops. The opposition vanished, as it always does in the hour of victory, and the country recovered its confidence.

In administering this immense Empire, the devil of the business was that at any moment serious annoyances might spring up in the farthest corners of the earth. Afghanistan was still smoldering when South Africa burst into flames. There, three hostile powers had long been living side by side: the English at the Cape, the Dutch Boers in the Transvaal, and the natives in Zululand. The Colonial Minister, Lord Carnarvon, who had succeeded in the federation of the rival provinces of Canada into a single dominion, was convinced, like all men who have had a success, that his prescription was efficacious for all ills. He believed himself capable of federating the universe. With a view to the federation of South Africa, he annexed the Transvaal. This action suppressed the favorite adversary of the Zulus, who now turned against the English. Lord Chelmsford, in command of the troops, erred through overconfidence, and suddenly there descended on a totally unprepared public opinion the news of a disaster. Lord Chelmsford's headquarters had been surrounded, and the Zulus had taken or killed nearly fifteen hundred men. This time the country was indignant. So long as the Conservative Ministry had brought it "peace with honor," the country had applauded. But when John Bull found himself engaged in ridiculous and difficult wars in all the four corners of the globe, he began to think that Gladstone was perhaps right in his talk of the danger of the colonies and the insane policy of his rival.

To crown the catastrophe, the young Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III, wanted to go off and fight in South Africa. Beaconsfield did all he could to prevent him, but the Queen and the Empress Eugénie were so insistent that he had to yield. "What is one to do against two obstinate women?" Early in June, 1879, the Prince was killed by Zulus in an outpost skirmish. The Queen had been very fond of him and was profoundly grieved. Feeling herself in part responsible for this death, she wanted to sooth her conscience by giving the fallen Prince a solemn funeral. The Prime Minister protested. What would the republican Government of France say if the honors due only to sovereigns were paid to a Bonaparte? The Queen was annoyed. Ah! Everything was going wrong! Beaconsfield was annoyed, and cursed the Faëry, Lord Chelmsford, and the Zulus. "What a wonderful people!" he remarked bitterly. "They beat our generals, they convert our bishops, and they write 'finis' to a

French dynasty." He tried to smile, but the Queen sulked. She received him now only with an official coldness. This pained him. "My nature demands perfect solitude, or perfect sympathy." He wrote to the Marchioness of Ely, a lady in waiting, a bold and sincere letter, which he knew would be shown to the Queen. "I am grieved, and greatly, that anything I should say, or do, should be displeasing to Her Majesty. I love the Queen — perhaps the only person in this world left to me that I do love; and therefore you can understand how much it worries and disquiets me, when there is a cloud between us."

A telegram bade him to Windsor. The Faëry was gentle and gracious, and said no more of her grievances. She had evidently read the letter. It was not altogether useless to have been a novelist. But it was true none the less — he did love the Queen.

At last, about the month of August, 1879, everything seemed to be settling down. Not a single Russian trooper now remained in the dominions of the Sultan; in the East, an English mission had been received at Kabul; in South Africa, Wolseley had captured the chief of the Zulus. The sole danger for the Ministry now was bad weather, which neither Roberts nor Wolseley could vanquish. A fifth bad harvest was threatening. At Hughenden it rained, day in, day out. Beaconsfield walked out in the downpour, slipping about in thick mud and asking his farmers whether the dove had left the ark yet. The peacocks, almost swallowed up, had lost nearly all their plumage, and persisted in strutting vaingloriously up and down, proud of a vanished beauty.

There, suddenly, the Prime Minister received a terrible piece of news: the whole of the British mission at Kabul had been assassinated. The stars in their courses were indeed fighting against him.

Once again there was at least one man in England who did not regard these murders, these reverses, and this deluge, as inevitable troughs of the waves of time, but saw in them the chastisement sent of the Lord God of Hosts, because His people had kindled His wrath by offering up sacrifice to a strange god. In the eyes of Gladstone, Beaconsfieldism was a terrible heresy which had sullied the soul of the English people, led it to battle against all the nations of the earth, and drawn down upon that people a just retribution. And now the country was beginning to understand that it had been following a false prophet. Many signs and tokens gave grounds for hope that at the forthcoming elections it would show its regret. And would not Gladstone's duty then be to take over the helm again and 'bout ship? Countless correspondents were giving expression to the wish. A Scottish professor used to copy out maxims of Goethe for his benefit: "How may a man attain to self-knowledge? By Contemplation? Certainly not: but by Action. Try to do your Duty and you will find what you are fit for. But what is your Duty? The Demand of the Hour." Another wrote that his children called Mr. Gladstone "St. William." Yes, he had no doubt about it: his mission was to become Prime Minister once more. But how? He had declared in emphatic fashion that he was leaving the leadership of the party. He had been rash enough to say so, and repeat it, to the Queen, who without a doubt had taken careful note of it. He had left Hartington and Granville in occupation of the foremost places. How was he to turn them out in the moment of success without making fools of them? And in any case, did he really want all this? Had he not desired retirement in order to prepare for death? But already his restless and subtle mind was catching glimpses of devious yet certain paths.

To put forward his case, he had chosen a Scottish constituency, that of Midlothian; and in 1879, although no election had been proclaimed, he went there to make a tour. It was a triumphal procession. In stations where his train stopped, people came in their thousands from distant villages to have a glimpse of the Grand Old Man. On snow covered hillsides, hosts of listeners were to be seen moving. In the towns, fifty thousand applications were received for halls that could hold only six thousand. Gladstone delivered three, four, five speeches every day. It seemed as if the continuous ribbon of his long, obscure, musical sentences unrolled ceaselessly from morning till night. The people listened entranced. He told them that the question now was not

of approving this or that political measure, but of choosing between two moralities. For five years they had heard nothing but talk of the interests of the British Empire, of scientific frontiers, of new Gibraltars: and what was the result? Russia aggrandized and hostile, Europe troubled, India at war, in Africa a broad stain of blood. And why? Because there are other things in the world than political necessities: there are moral necessities. "Remember that the sanctity of life in the hill villages of Afghanistan, among the winter snows, is as inviolable in the eye of Almighty God as can be your own."

The handsome features, like those of a bird of prey, the strong, piercing eyes, the voice whose continued vigor seemed a miracle, the lofty and religious morality, combined to fill the Scottish villagers, godly men that they were, with an almost awestruck admiration. It seemed as if they were hearkening to the divine Word and looking upon a prophet.

The Midlothian campaign stirred the whole country. Gladstone's titanic speeches filled columns of the newspapers. The whole of the powerful Puritan section of England followed this pilgrimage of passion. The issue seemed now and henceforth to lie between Midlothian and Machiavelli, between Gladstone and Satan. The Conservatives rallied. One of them calculated that Mr. Gladstone had already uttered eighty-five thousand eight hundred and forty words. As for the Lord of Darkness, he was in London painfully accomplishing his daily duties as Prime Minister. The fogs and frosts of December left him bent double with his troubles. All this noise Gladstone was making, this moral affectation, this impious and conceited claim to represent the divine will, was all very fatiguing to Beaconsfield. He was annoyed by the physical health of his rival, and the pitiless strength of that voice. When it was over, he wrote to one of his ministers: "It certainly is a relief that this drenching rhetoric has at length ceased: but I have never read a word of it. *Satis eloquentiae, sapientiae parum.*"

When he himself had the opportunity of speaking, it was at the annual Lord Mayor's banquet, where the City merchants have the right, consecrated by long tradition, of receiving, after turtle soup, the confidences of the Prime Minister. There he proudly maintained the excellence of his policy: "So long as the power and advice of England are felt in the councils of Europe, peace, I believe, will be maintained, and maintained for a long period. Without their presence, war, as has happened before, and too frequently of late, seems to me to be inevitable. I speak on this subject with confidence to the citizens of London, because I know that they are men who are not ashamed of the Empire which their ancestors created; because I know that they are not ashamed of the noblest of human sentiments, now decried by philosophers—the sentiment of patriotism; because I know they will not be beguiled into believing that in maintaining their Empire they may forfeit their liberties. One of the greatest of Romans, when asked what were his politics, replied, '*Imperium et Libertas.*' That would not make a bad programme for a British Ministry. It is one from which Her Majesty's advisers do not shrink."

The Outer World

"What is earnest is not always the truth," Beaconsfield had once written to the Queen; and willingly would he have added: "What appears to be moral is not always moral." But the Englishman is both earnest and moral, and the man who can lay a question of fact before him as a question of conscience will secure his vote, in the provinces at any rate.

The elections were no more than a dual between Beaconsfield and Gladstone. In London Beaconsfield was the more popular of the two. Not only Tories, but moderate Liberals too, declared their confidence in him and their horror of Gladstone. To the common folk of the capital he had become an institution. When he took a cab, the cabman said to him, "I know who you are, sir, and I've read all your books." He would come back from the House of Lords, leaning on the arm of his faithful Corry, his overcoat, with its astrakhan collar, floating loosely round his emaciated limbs; and slowly walking across the Park, he would stop now and then for breath, the passers-by recognizing him and marveling at the courage of this half-dead old man who still could pass his sad and

kindly eyes over the scene of life. Sometimes a little prostitute, hunting in the golden fog, would come up, attracted by the fur collar, and murmur her humble and tragic offers. Painfully the old Minister brought his hand up to his hat, and answered with the utmost politeness, "Not to-night, my dear, not to-night." In almost all classes of society, women were for him. At a supper-party of Gaiety girls the question was asked, "Which would you like to marry, Gladstone or Disraeli?" All these pretty girls chose Disraeli. Only one said "Gladstone," and the others booed her. "Wait a minute," she said, "I'd like to marry Gladstone and get Disraeli to run away with me, just to see Gladstone's face!" A young nobleman who was present at the supper reported the saying to Lord Beaconsfield, and congratulated him on the extent of his popularity. "You ought to be pleased," he said to him. "Yesterday I saw the Queen, who regards you as the greatest man in her kingdom, and the dancing-girls, who adore you." The immobile face lit up slightly. "Of course I am pleased," he replied. "You know my tender sentiments for all women." But when he told this story at the end of a Cabinet meeting, the ministers were cold, and exchanged glances.

But the Queen and the dancers were not electors. In the Scottish villages men did not hesitate an instant between the Prophet of Midlothian and the Magician of Downing Street. The first results made it clear that the Conservative defeat would be even more startling than the Liberal defeat of six years before. The country, passing at once through an agricultural and a financial crisis, was in distress; and like all invalids, it kept turning over, in the hope of feeling better on the other side.

The Conservatives were wiped out. "All our heads," wrote Mr. Gladstone, "are still in a whirl from the great events of the last fortnight, which have given joy, I am convinced, to the large majority of the civilized world." The woodman was now about to slash down all the exotic and unhealthy vegetation that had grown up in six years, spreading its deadly umbrage over the virtuous English meadows. Already he was rolling up his sleeves over his still vigorous arms.

Beaconsfield accepted defeat with equanimity. So he was going to have a little time of rest among his trees and his books before death should come. His sole regret was at abandoning to other hands, in a difficult hour, the conduct of foreign affairs, and, above all, at leaving the Queen.

The Faëry was at Baden, and could not believe the news. As soon as the result of the general election was certain, she telegraphed: "Nothing more than trouble and trial await me. I consider it a great public misfortune." Lord Beaconsfield replied that it went to his heart too, to have to forego those conversations in the course of which Her Majesty had deigned to mingle domestic confidences with Imperial confidences, and which, for him, had had an inexpressible charm. She made him promise that he would not altogether desert her, that he would continue to advise her on private concerns, and even, unknown to anyone, on public affairs, so that even in Opposition he might keep watch and ward over the destinies of England.

Both of them, Queen and Minister, had a somewhat disingenuous hope of avoiding Gladstone. After all, the official leaders of the Liberal party were Granville and Hartington. It was only logical that the Queen should call upon one of the two, and preferably "Harty-Tarty," who had been perfect in Opposition. Disraeli had always liked Hartington from the day when he had seen him, a young member, yawn during his own maiden speech. But Gladstone upset these oversimple plans with inexorable humility. After an obscure, but only too enlightening, conversation with him, Granville and Hartington were brought to realize that he would oppose any ministry of which he was not the head. And to this the Queen had to resign herself.

So here was the end of that gentle political intimacy. The farewell audience was a sad affair. The Queen presented her old friend with her statuette in bronze and a plaster cast of her pony. Beaconsfield kissed the Queen's hand. She made him promise to write often and to come and see her. She would have liked to give him some enduring token of her gratitude, to make him at least a duke, but he con-

sidered that in the face of his reverse at the hands of the nation, this would be a mistake. He asked only one favor: a peerage for Montagu Corry. And so the latter became Lord Rowton, an unprecedented honor for a private secretary. "There has been nothing like it," said the jealous, "since the Emperor Caligula made his horse a consul!"

Beaconsfield kept his word and came from time to time to see the Queen. The first time that he dined at Windsor, a few weeks after quitting office, she said to him, "I feel so happy that I think what has happened is only a horrid dream." He found her animated, charming, and even pretty, and realized once again that he was very fond of her. She continued to write to him. Sometimes it was only to say a pleasant word to him: "I often think of you — indeed constantly — and rejoice to see you looking down from the *wall* after dinner." Sometimes, despite the Constitution, she talked to him of national affairs. Concerning these his discretion was perfect, and the Queen suffered no unpleasantness.

Throughout his whole life he had passed, in regular rhythm, from action to creation, and even now, in spite of old age, he felt the desire to create. "When I want to read a novel," he said, "I write one." Who, indeed, could have written for him the novels he loved? Once again an ambitious hero had to become Prime Minister on the last page, and mysterious and royal influences had to be able to exercise themselves in his favor. *Endymion* was the story of a young politician whose success was brought about by female friendships. In the opening pages there appeared a perfect sister, in whom was vaguely reborn the shade of poor Sa, and, from beginning to end of the book, a crew of fair conspiratresses pushed the feeble Endymion in the direction of Downing Street. The book was not without faults, but what was charming was to find in it, so strong and unspoilt, the zest of this old man for youth.

Lord Rowton shouldered the task of selling the author's rights, and got ten thousand pounds for them. The sum allowed a new house in London to be furnished for Lord Beaconsfield, who took a lease for nine years. "It will see me out." The novel was greeted with curiosity, but had less success than *Lothair*. The publisher told Beaconsfield that he was losing money, and at once the author generously offered to annul the contract. But Longman refused, and a popular edition brought in the sum that was wanting.

Beaconsfield was seventy-seven years old. The pursuit of power had lost its attraction for him; he had no further thought of it: "I have known, in my life, something of what action is, — it is a life of false hopes and wasted energies." If he let his spirit glean the field of memory, he could garner a rich harvest of lessons in modesty. He had seen the Whigs in a frenzy to pass a Reform Bill, the first effect of which had been to keep them out of power, and the Tories hailing as a triumph the extension of this detested Reform. He had seen Peel emancipate the Catholics after bringing Canning to ruin, Disraeli drop protection after overturning Peel; and now he beheld Gladstone in the act of threatening Russia, after heaping maledictions upon Beaconsfield. He had seen the mob acclaim Wellington and then boo him; acclaiming, booing, then again adoring Gladstone. He had seen the most pacific of ministers adopt the most bellicose of politics, and the most Germanophile of Queens take delight in thwarting Bismarck. And what, in fifty years, would be the consequences of his own Berlin policy? In his own heart he was well aware that Germany and Austria had been the true victors.

For his own part, he had remained astonishingly faithful to his ideas of youth, and his programme of 1880 might well have been signed by Coningsby. But whereas in Coningsby's day he believed in the almost boundless potency of an individual genius, he now recognized the immense strength of the outer world. Not that he was discouraged, or discouraging either, but he was modest, infinitely modest. Under the leafy shades of Deepdene, Smythe and Manners and Dizzy had thought that a great man, supported by the Church and the young nobility, could refashion England. In old age Beaconsfield saw in the Church first and foremost a body of jealous dignitaries, of seekers after bishoprics, of rival sects, and if he had found friends among the young nobility, he had never found

there that great school of natural leaders of the race, as he had so lovingly depicted them. His desire had been to give to a whole nation an intellectual and romantic ideal; he had failed. And he had failed precisely because he was an aristocrat of the spirit, whereas the character of England is essentially that of its middle classes.

But the defeat was only relative. Nothing would have been more distasteful to him than to find it interpreted as a pathetic intellectual disaster. He had pieced together the fragments of a great party. He had reëstablished the balance between the historic forces and the forces of transition and change. Thanks to him, England would be able to know the healthy rhythm of alternation. His life had not been wasted. There was only this, that more and more he mistrusted words and sought far beneath them for the real; and more and more did he find the real in individuals only, and in a supreme degree in nations, which are states so highly evolved as to attain to individuality. Certain political philosophers claimed that in this closing phase of his life he had become a Whig, and the most liberal of them all. The truth was that it was only loyalty that held him to any party. He would willingly have replied like Solon, to one who asked what is the best form of constitution: "For whom? And at what time?"

Otherwise he had lost nothing of his relish for the marvelous adventure of life. He had not ceased to believe in the efficacy of action, but he wanted that to be mapped and limited. It was only in designs on the grand scale that he had lost confidence. He was that unique but pleasing phenomenon, an old romantic who is no longer duped by fanciful illusion but none the less can still delight in it, a cynic, but an ardent one. In certain respects his old age was even happier than his youth. "In youth everything appears grave and irremediable; in old age one knows that everything arranges itself, more or less ill." He remained inquisitive, loving to surround himself with new faces, and going to many pains to attract the young intellectuals toward the Conservative party. "A party is lost," he used to say, "if it has not a constant reinforcement of young and energetic men."

In 1881 Mr. Hyndman, one of the first English socialists, requested an interview with Lord Beaconsfield. Paradoxical as it may appear he had hopes of winning him over and obtaining through him Conservative support for certain projected industrial laws. He had read *Sybil*, and felt drawn toward the old chief by reason of the latter's sympathy with the common people. He was received, and shown into a drawing-room with red and gold walls; and its chairs, too heavily gilt, upholstered in scarlet damask. For a moment Hyndman waited, and then the door opened and a strange figure was outlined against the light. An old man clad in a long red dressing gown, with a red fez on his head, which drooped forward over his chest, one eye quite closed, the other only half open. From under the fez projected the gleaming, varnished curve of the last black ringlet. The impression of ruin and fatigue was such that the young man at first despaired. "Ah," he thought, "I have come too late. Shall I even manage to lift those eyelids? Will he answer me except with some weary and sarcastic epigram?"

The old man sat down and remained silent, in rigid immobility. He waited, but it is not easy to address one's words to a statue. "Lord Beaconsfield," said Hyndman shyly, "peace with honor was a dead formula. Peace with comfort was what the people would have liked to hear." One eyelid rose. "Peace with comfort is not a bad phrase." He opened both eyes and smiled.

"You have some ideas on this subject, I suppose, Mr. Hyndman? What do you mean by comfort, eh?"

"Plenty to eat, enough to drink, good clothes, pleasant homes, a thorough education, and sufficient leisure for all."

"Utopia to order? A fine dream, yes . . . and you think you have some chance of realizing this policy? Not with the Conservative party, I assure you. The moment you wish to act, you will find yourself beset by a phalanx of great families, men and especially women, who will put you to rout every time. . . . This England, mark you, Mr. Hyndman, is a very difficult country to move. . . . A country in which one must expect more disappointments than successes. . . . One can make it do this —" and Lord Bea-

consfield's hands, at first pressed one against the other, were separated half an inch, very painfully, as if the old minister, to force them apart, had had to lift a whole world — "and then this —" and he managed one more half inch, "but never this —"

And the fleshless hands of the mummy, after one last vain effort to open further apart, fell back upon his knees.

"His Favourite Flower"

Hughenden, solitude, books, memories. "I have not spoken to a soul for a fortnight," he wrote to the Duchess of Rutland. He found there a deep repose. "I have not exchanged a word with a human being for three weeks, but the joys of living in the country in summer are always fresh to me. There are half-a-dozen peacocks now basking at full length on the lawn, motionless. They are silent as well as motionless, and that's something. In the morning they strut about, and scream, and make love or war." He too was fond of warming his old limbs in the sun and strolling in the evening under the stars, at the Shakesperean hour when the bats begin their gray and gliding dance. He continued to surround himself with flowers, from violets and primroses to the gardenia and the orchid. After flowers, his preference was for lovely faces, musical voices, and that unreal and untamed grace which children and women sometimes have. In youth he had desired life to be one long and glorious procession — and so it had been. But now, weary of the glittering file, he desired nothing more than motionless warmth. When a pressing debate had called him to the House of Lords, he took the evening train home once more. "I cannot resist the fascination of the sultry note of the cuckoo, the cooing of the woodpigeons, and the blaze of the rosy may."

The Christmas of 1880 he spent alone at Hughenden. He brought a book to table and read for ten minutes after each course. Often it was the history of the Venetian Republic, a favorite subject for sixty years now, sometimes a classic, Lucian, Horace, Theocritus, Virgil, of whom he grew more and more fond. Opposite him in the oak paneled dining room, was the portrait of the Queen by von Angeli. In it the Faëry looked a little dry, a little hard. He went to sit down by the fire in his library, read a little more, closed his eyes, and dreamed. The cry of an owl in the old cypresses had evoked Mary Anne's drawn features, so tired, so dear. He fancied he could hear the gay chatter which she had bravely kept up to the very end. A log slipped down. The old man poked, and there was a shower of sparks: a brief, gleaming image of life. It was nearly fifty years since, in a tiny drawing-room with white muslin curtains, he had seen smiling around him those ravishing faces of the Sheridans. Caroline Norton — how lovely she had been, with her black tresses and her violet eyes. She had been so to the end. "Yes, I shall be beautiful even in my coffin." In that coffin she had now been for three years, after a life of many trials. "Love," she used to say toward the end, "love in life. . . . It always reminds me of the old landlady at Brighton who used to say to me, 'You live in the house, you know, but everything else is an extra . . . ! Yes, love is an extra in life . . . and extras have to be paid for." Old ladies caught glimpses of truth. The Queen herself said that the older she grew, the less she could understand the world. She could not understand its pettinesses. The sight of all this frivolity made her think that we must all be a little mad. We were all a little mad, eh? He himself, for example, had spent all his life in seeking — what? What was there that had given him true happiness? Some grateful glances of Mary Anne's, the fine friendships of Manners and Bentinck, the confidence of old Derby, and that of the Queen, and some smiles of Lady Bradford's. A young secretary surprised him poking the fire, breathing with difficulty, and murmuring to himself under his breath, "Dreams, dreams."

He went up to his room. He had taken pleasure in decorating the hall and staircase with the portraits of all who had adorned his own life. The Gallery of Friendship, he called it. Climbing the stairway, slowly and painfully, he could stop for a moment before each picture. Here were the long curls that framed Lady Bradford's tiny face. Good night, Selina, gay and lovable. The dreamy eyes

and heavy features of Louis Napoleon. Byron, whom Dizzy had not known but who, nevertheless had formed Dizzy. Here was Tita, with his long mustachios, like a Gaul's. Lyndhurst's clear-cut features, painted by d'Orsay. And d'Orsay himself, with a fringe of black beard. "Ha, ha, my friend!" Bradford, Mary Derby, the last step.

On the last day of December he returned to London. "I wish to see many people and to use myself to the human face divine. It is no easy thing to step out of the profound solitude in which I live — often not speaking to a human being the whole day — and walk into the House of Lords and make a speech on a falling Empire." His difficulty in speaking was the greater as he was now hardly ever free from asthma.

Whenever he was a little better, he went into society. There he charmed people by the melancholy turn of his old epigrams and the old-fashioned grace of his courtesy. The brevity of his phrases became as famous as had been their brilliance in his youth. To a young woman who held out a bare arm, he murmured one word only: "Canova!"

On other days he would remain silent throughout a whole meal, his body and face so completely motionless that one might have thought of a mummy, some Pharoah embalmed by pious hands and buried among the objects he had loved, the crystal, the silver dishes, the flowers.

In spite of the electoral reverse, he maintained his prestige. At the Conservatives' club his portrait was to be seen in the place of honor, the monstrous fixity of its gaze compelling the eyes of all. On the frame was carved a line of Homer: "He alone is wise, the rest are fleeting shades." In his own heart there was no bitterness, nor any regret. Visiting the studio of Sir John Millais, he looked for a long time at a sketch of Gladstone. "Would you care to have it?" asked the painter. "I did not dare to offer it to you." "Ah! I should be delighted to have it. Do not imagine that I have ever hated William Gladstone. No, my only difficulty with him has been that I have never been able to understand him."

That month of January, 1881, was icy. The cold plunged Lord Beaconsfield into a kind of stupor which forced him to remain for whole days stretched on a sofa.

His breathing was troublesome. When the Queen received letters from him painfully scrawled in pencil, she grew anxious and asked who was attending him. It was still Dr. Kidd, the homeopathist. The Queen suggested a consultation, but medical rules forebade any doctor to associate himself with a homeopathist. In the end the Royal will overcame professional hatreds; the diagnosis was bronchitis, with spasmodic asthma.

At first the doctors had hopes, but the sick man said: "I shall never survive this attack. I feel it is quite impossible." In days gone by he had written that a man must go proudly up to face death. Insistently he asked to be told whether he was dying and added: "I should prefer to live, but I am not afraid of dying." He watched his own agony with the detachment of an artist. Never had his patience been greater — it charmed all those who surrounded him. Lying stretched out there, he corrected with difficulty the proofs of his last speech: "I will not go down to posterity talking bad grammar." To the last he retained his hatred for prosaic comfort. A nurse wanted to give him support by putting an air cushion behind his back: "No, no," he murmured, "take away that emblem of mortality."

Anxiously the Queen followed the sickness of her old friend. Several times she proposed to come and see him, but the doctors had fears that the visit would excite the patient overmuch. She wired from Windsor every day for news: "I send some Osborne primroses and I meant to pay you a little visit this week but I thought it better you should be quite quiet and not speak. And I beg you will be very good and obey the doctors and commit no imprudence." She saw to it that the sick-room was always provided with primroses and violets. The invalid's eyes fell with pleasure on these lovely bunches with their pure tints. When Victoria was setting off for the Isle of Wight, she sent a messenger, again with flowers, and a letter. Beaconsfield was too feeble to read this himself; he turned it over in his hands in embarrassment, reflected a moment, and said, "This letter ought to be read to me by Lord Barrington, a Privy Councillor." He had always

liked traditions. The Privy Councillor was sent for: "Dearest Lord Beaconsfield, I send you a few of your favourite spring flowers. . . . " How apt it was, this blend of solemnity and pastoral poetry, to the bedside of the dying Disraeli!

In the street outside, the crowd waited for news. A gentleman had sent an offer of his blood. People could hardly bring themselves to believe that this strange wizard, who had become so curiously national, could disappear like a common mortal. The unforeseen was expected, even in death. Queer stories went the rounds. It was said that he had sent for a Jesuit confessor. But the truth was that Lord Beaconsfield "was no more mysterious than anyone else," and that he sank quietly into the final torpor. On April 19, about two in the morning, Dr. Kidd saw that the end was drawing near. Lord Rowton was there, holding the right hand of the motionless body. Suddenly the dying man slowly straightened up his head and shoulders, throwing back the shoulders with a movement which the astonished bystanders recognized as that familiar to him when, rising in the House, he was about to speak. His lips moved. His friends leaned over him, but could catch no word. He fell back, and did not emerge again from his sleep.

Gladstone, in the name of the Government, offered a public funeral and a tomb in Westminster Abbey, but the testamentary executors considered that Lord Beaconsfield would have wished to rest at Hughenden, near his wife, in the little graveyard beside the church. The burial accordingly took place with all simplicity, in the park, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and a few friends. On the coffin were two wreaths from the Queen: one, of fresh primroses, bore the inscription, "His favourite flower"; and on the other the Queen had written in her own hand: "A token of true affection, friendship, and respect."

At that moment she was at Osborne, too far off to be able to attend the ceremony, but on her return she at once made a point of visiting the grave, following on foot the very path from the Manor down which the funeral procession had passed. In the church she caused a monument to be put up at her own expense; on it one saw, under the arms of the peer, the marble profile of Lord Beaconsfield, with the inscription underneath:

To
THE DEAR AND HONOURED MEMORY
OF
BENJAMIN EARL OF BEACONSFIELD
THIS MEMORIAL IS PLACED BY
HIS GRATEFUL SOVEREIGN AND FRIEND
VICTORIA R. I.
Kings love him that speaketh right
Proverbs XVI: 13

There was much discussion as to the royal inscription, "His favourite flower." Primroses — the simplicity of such a choice was troublesome to certain overconstant adversaries. Gladstone, seated at table beside Lady Dorothy Nevill, told her that he had grave doubts of Beaconsfield's taste for these flowers: "Tell me, Lady Dorothy, on your honour now, did you ever hear Lord Beaconsfield express particular admiration for primroses? The glorious lily, I think, was much more to his taste."

But in the following year, as the anniversary of his death on April 19 drew near, many of his disciples and friends ordered "Beaconsfield buttonholes" to be prepared at the London florists', made up of a few fresh primroses. When the day came round, the pavements of the West End saw certain passers-by wearing flowers. Year by year the custom spread. A great Conservative league was founded, with the title of the Primrose League. In Parliament Square, every springtime, Disraeli's statue is visited by countless of the faithful, come to deck it with "his favourite flower."

Some years after Disraeli's death, Lord Eustace Cecil was accosted at the Carlton Club by Dr. Bell. "Do you remember," Bell asked him, "the conversations we used to have here in the library, in the days when we were indignant with our leaders and called them 'the Jew and the Jockey'? And now this very morning when I was passing up by Westminster, I saw the statue of Mr. Disraeli all covered with flowers. . . . Yes, yes! They have canonized him as a saint!"

As a saint? No, Disraeli was very far from being a saint. But perhaps as some old Spirit of Spring, ever vanquished and ever alive, and as a symbol of what can be accomplished, in a cold and hostile universe, by a long youthfulness of heart.

THE END

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

André Maurois

"Disraeli" draws to a close in this issue of the magazine. No serial THE FORUM *has ever published, with the possible exception of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Little French Girl" has been more cordially received. The following tributes by the French Ambassador, M. Claudel, and by America's foremost essayist, Agnes Repplier, were paid M. Maurois at a dinner given in his honor by* THE FORUM.

I could have no better opportunity to make acquaintance with my friends of THE FORUM than this welcome which they tender a great French writer and in which they kindly invited me to take part.

THE FORUM has just published a translation of a splendid book of M. Maurois on Disraeli, who was a great diplomat and a rather poor novelist. Humanity cannot live without dreams, and the business of both novelists and statesmen is to supply them. In fact all great periods in which the history of the world was changed were preceded by periods of intense novel writing. Diplomacy, like love, feeds on the future; indeed like love and hope it can be called the substance of things to come. As a diplomat I feel very glad to extend a brotherly hand to a friend and countryman whose calling in life is very near my own.

You know postprandial speeches are a great opportunity for what we call "*clichés*" and what I think you call "tags." One of the worst tags of our international opportunities is "better understanding between nations." Anything from poisonous gases to shooting competitions is supposed to promote better understanding between nations. I do not know that nations will ever better understand each other, but I am sure they know precious little of each other. English poetry for instance is almost *terra incognita* for France. M. Maurois is one of the few men who really know the things about which they write. He writes about English life and English literature and he has mastered the difficult art of presenting them to the French public in such interesting fashion that they can be both understood and liked. M. Maurois will find in America many things which are worth admiring and depicting, and I feel confident he will bring about in France love for America with the same good work he has done in England.

PAUL CLAUDEL

Washington, D. C.

It might be well for me to emulate *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble* rather than add my little word of welcome to the distinguished guest whose books are all the more delightful to us because they treat of subjects with which we like to fancy ourselves familiar. Shelley and Disraeli belong to us by virtue of our priceless heritage of the English tongue. Therefore are we the better pleased to meet them through M. Maurois's priceless heritage of French. He has said that the charm of culture is that it humanizes love; but I am by way of thinking that the charm of culture is that it humanizes social relations, and gives a recreation ground to friendship.

For France is the country which, above all other countries, has produced the agreeable things of life; and the most agreeable of all these things is the ability to approach

one another with mental ease. Therefore is she the beacon light about which rally the undefeated thinkers of the world. These are the men to whom intelligence is the highest form of vitality, who know that, without the critical faculty, the creative faculty would run amuck through art and letters, and who refrain from pleading a moral preoccupation — which Americans have been accused of doing — as an excuse for intellectual sins. "Without the glow that France has thrown around the world," says Mr. Owen Wister, "how dim the world would be!"

This does not for a moment imply the accord of nations. Nations have never been known to approach one another with mental ease. Men who deal with tariffs and international debts belong to an arid and powerful world which presses hard upon us, but in which we have no part. I cannot remember what Frenchman it was who said "*Les nations n'ont pas de cousins*"; but he knew whereof he spoke. As well expect potter to love potter, or poet to love poet, as nation to love nation. Washington was far from being a cynic; he did not in the least resemble Richelieu or Talleyrand; but he knew and he said that the motives which dominate, and must always dominate national life are self-interest and self-love.

The cousinly tie, however, is no great asset or loss. It is one of the things that makes family life a species of bondage. The society of friends is free. Between them ever and always the waters of life flow on a level. Rational thought is theirs, and the pleasures of unprejudiced speech. The wisdom they learn from one another is the wisdom of which they stand in need. It is the wisdom I learned quite casually one day from M. Maurois himself when he said, speaking through one of his characters (he will doubtless remember): "Why should I pay twelve francs for an umbrella when I can buy a beer for six sous?"

AGNES REPPLIER

Philadelphia, Pa.

For Mercies Received

For all loud-voiced apostles of our day,
Lord, we will thank Thine infinite mercy, when
From this disordered world that grieves them, they
Have Thy permission to depart. Amen.

R. J. B.

Kew Gardens, N. Y.

Old Age

THE FORUM, *though only forty-two years old itself, is taking up the cudgels for those passing the half-century mark.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am very much interested in the article by Mr. Epstein in your February issue, "You After Forty," which forms a fitting sequel to my own contribution, "Is Life Worth Prolonging?" in the January issue. The problem of age disability is becoming acute in this country and is the underlying cause of much social unrest. It will have to be faced by the Government itself if other means cannot be found to afford some kind of solution. In my article I tried to show not only that life could be prolonged but that efficiency does not end at such an early period as many have been led to suppose. I think a preliminary effort must be made to prevent this idea becoming fixed into a social tradition. THE FORUM is wise and public-spirited in taking up this important and pressing question.

HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN

New York City

Easy Idealism

"*Did we take the Philippines for sugar, or to set the Filipino free?*" *asks Rose Wilder Lane apropos of a recent* FORUM *debate,* "*Is the United States Imperialistic?*"

Editor of THE FORUM:

When I see the leading intellectual journal dealing with foreign and domestic political questions for American readers, responding to their demands — and more than adequately fulfilling their utmost expectations — by a debate as to whether a great modern industrial nation is, or is not, imperialistic, I am annoyed. I am more annoyed by my realization that no doubt the greater number of your readers will feel themselves intellectually fearless and daring in even considering the possibility that the question might be answered in the affirmative.

Here I sit, in the brewing centre of the next world war, surrounded by representatives of ten European nations in the capital of an eleventh, and daily observing the perfect understanding among them

all. Now and then I make a little trip, talking along the way with Balkan and European peoples. They all understand each other. The difference of opinion among them as to the necessity and the desirability of imperialism is completely non-existent; the difference of opinion as to the next world war is purely a question of dates, some expecting it to begin at any moment, and some doubting whether either side will be ready before 1930. And now and then I meet an American who walks cheerfully through all this, blind and happy and sure that the French love us and that the English are our blood-brothers and that America is leading the world to universal peace. Quite sure also, of course, that the United States is not, can never be imperialistic, for didn't we refuse the mandate of Armenia, and withdraw from the cockpit of Geneva? Yes, I *am* exasperated!

There was once a Montenegrin interpreter who was employed by my friend, the director of the A. R. C. in Montenegro. He was a most excellent interpreter. My friend was enthusiastic about his ability, loyalty, punctuality, until one day she had a most important interview with a Serbian member of the cabinet, and the interpreter did not appear. She was very much annoyed with him. The next morning she received the following letter:

"Dear Honorable Miss Benedict, I am very sorry I could not come yesterday. My wife has run away with another man. My God, I am annoyed."

ROSE WILDER LANE

Tirana, Albania

Judge Lindsey's Plan

Miss Wald is Head Worker of the Henry Street Settlement House.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am interested of course in anything that Judge Lindsey proposes, but I cannot see the possibility of getting his plan into action with any assurance of eliminating political control unless the plan is as practically organized as I judge Governor Smith's to be. Of course the judge and jury ought not to pass upon the treatment of the "patients" who come before them. There are too many elements involved beyond their knowledge or their experience. Any training for the treatment of a maladjusted person mentally and morally should be as serious as for physical therapeutics.

LILLIAN D. WALD

New York City

"W. O. S."

The magic initials "W. O. S." *stand for* "*what others say.*"

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have been studying THE FORUM rather carefully and have much enjoyed in my own mind the task of trying to analyze your plane of cleavage! It would seem to me that THE FORUM is rather out of the *Atlantic Monthly* by *Harper*, so to speak, with perhaps a most interesting bar sinister by way of the *New Yorker* — which gives it mayhap the touch of genius.

ANNE PIERCE

New York City

Editor of THE FORUM:

I believe there is ample room for a magazine of controversy. Some of us older folk, who are supposed to have acquired settled opinions, sometimes find it difficult to feel sure of our decisions. Justice and tolerance are both commendable, but who is wise enough always to know when to emphasize the one rather than the other?

J. C. QUIGLEY

Minneapolis, Minn.

Lynchings Last Year

All of us need to know these facts.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I send you the following statistics concerning lynchings for the past year as compiled by Tuskegee Institute in the Department of Records and Research. I find there were sixteen persons lynched in 1927. This is fourteen less than the number thirty for 1926, one less than the number seventeen for 1925, the same number sixteen as for 1924 and seventeen less than the number thirty-three for 1923. Twelve of the persons lynched were taken from the hands of the law, six from jails, and six from officers of the law outside of jails. Four of the persons were burned to

death, two were put to death and then their bodies burned.

There were forty-two instances in which officers of the law prevented lynchings. Eight of these were in Northern states and thirty-four in Southern states. In twenty-four of the cases the prisoners were removed or the guards augmented or other precautions taken. In eighteen other instances, armed force was used to repel the would-be lynchers. Sixty-eight persons, fifteen Whites and fifty-three Negroes were thus saved from death at the hands of mobs.

All of the persons lynched were Negroes. The offenses charged were: murder, seven; attempted murder, two; rape, two; attempted rape, three; improper conduct, one; charge not reported, one.

The states in which lynchings occurred and the number in each state are as follows: Arkansas, three; Kentucky, one; Louisiana, one; Mississippi, seven; Missouri, one; Tennessee, two; Texas, one.

ROBERT R. MOTON

(Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute)
Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

Good Old Days!

Life, this gentleman intimates, is not worth prolonging, in view — of a number of things.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I can remember — when hens were twenty-five cents apiece; eggs, three dozen for twenty-five cents, butter, ten cents a pound, milk was five cents a quart; the butcher gave away liver and treated the kids with bologna; the hired girl received two dollars a week and did the washing. Women did not powder and paint (in public), smoke, vote, or play bridge. Men wore whiskers and boots, chewed tobacco, spit on the sidewalk, and cussed. Good beer was five cents and the lunch was free. A kerosene hanging lamp and a stereoscope in the parlor were luxuries.

No one was ever operated on for appendicitis or bought glands. Microbes were unheard of; folks lived to a good old age and every year walked miles to wish their friends, "A Merry Christmas."

To-day, you know, everybody rides in automobiles or flies, plays golf, plays the piano with his feet, goes to the movies, smokes cigarettes, drinks Rukus Juice, blames the H. C. of L. on his neighbors, never goes to bed the same day he gets up, and thinks he is having a damn good time. These are the days of suffragetting, profiteering, excess taxation, and prohibition. If you think life is worth prolonging, I wish you, "A Happy New Year."

WILLIAM B. FISHER

Louisville, Ky.

"Divine Right"

A frank letter in appreciation of an extraordinarily frank article.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just finished reading "The Citizenship of the Pope" by Gino Speranza in the January number. The article is so entirely timely that it should be placed in the hands of every American citizen regardless of his religious beliefs. The author gets the fodder low enough for the calves. It makes the Roman question clear to the understanding of the ordinary citizen. Government by the consent of the governed cannot exist side by side with government by divine right. No ecclesiastic in this country can be permitted, directly or indirectly, to exercise political authority. The priest with a red hat is entitled to no greater consideration than the preacher with a red head. No man should be permitted to take the oath of office in this country who owes his allegiance to any foreign potentate. The fact that a cardinal has been promoted to be a prince of the church does not affect his citizenship no matter what claims his ecclesiastical superiors may make for him and no matter how he may regard himself. THE FORUM is to be congratulated upon the publication of this article. It can offend no Catholic but it does propound the question bluntly, "Is the State subservient to the church or independent of it?" It raises a simple question about which people want to know. It also marks a possible line of cleavage in the church of Rome about which people want to know the world over.

BURWELL FOX

Ironton, Mo.

Watts vs. Watts

Veritable "come-backs from controversy."

Editor of THE FORUM:

Is every criticism of the bourgeois-oligarchy a "jeremiad," to be held up to the scorn of the elect and exclusive Rotarians *et hoc genus omne?* Two contributors in the January FORUM employ this newly-listed word in the armory of the hired ballyhooists for the glorification of trade: Harvey Maitland Watts (who ought to know better), and Roy S. Durstine, who is loyal to his tribe. Re Watts: I recently spent many leisure hours searching Twin City furniture stores for an honest-to-God armchair in which I might read the persiflage of Watts, Barton, Garrett, Durstine *et al.* at least without physical discomfort. I looked over a flock of Mr. Watts's beautiful Michigan furniture from Grand Rapids. I found only gorgeously bedecked horrors, like the beclowned flappers, with no real arms or legs, and backs that offered no rest for the head of a midget. They were designed, presumably, for apartmental cubbyholes where abide persons who use chairs only for changing their shoes between automobile raids upon the populace, during which 27,000 are killed annually and more than 100,000 injured.

I recalled, to allay my disappointment, that a few months ago eighty of the greatest Michigan horror factories were hauled on the federal trade carpet because, not satisfied with their huge profits, they had to cheat the public with veneered stuff posing as genuine.

Veneered! It is the keystone of the bourgeois-oligarchy. Everything is veneered, from the President's foreign policy to the Baptist parson who commits murder "in Christ," to get rid of a tax-collector.

Is not cheating the sum and substance of business, anyhow? Mr. Durstine's army of salesmen and advertisement writers accounts for part of the huge profits, and dodging the federal surplus profits tax accounts for much of the advertising. No wonder the "standard of living" is high. Mr. Hoover officially reports that "the highest standard of living ever attained in the history of the world" beamed upon us last year. I don't know and I am convinced that the able mining engineer does not know what he is talking about; neither do eighty-five per cent of the American people.

What fundamental difference is there between the Arab selling fake pearls in Suez, the immigrant Hebrew selling rotten shoe laces in Manhattan, the gold-digging sirens of Broadway, and the high-powered salesmen and advertising boosters of Mr. Durstine? Are they not of a class: seeking money without earning it, playing on vanity and human weakness, substituting blather for labor?

Mr. Durstine admires Bruce Barton's book, *The Man Nobody Knows*. The author fished his title from the depths of his own incomprehension, and if "hundreds of thousands of sober citizens" read this book, that only shows that even cheaters like to fool themselves, and that some of the conscience-stricken seek solace, no matter how futile.

ARTHUR V. WATTS

Minneapolis, Minn.

The Pedestrian in Politics

"Cow on the Track," the Pedestrian's paper in February, has evoked this reply from Mr. Morris, Philadelphia lawyer, prominent Democrat, and Ambassador to Japan under President Wilson.

My dear Mr. Hinchman:

I have read with interest the statement of your smoking car companion and like so many statements made during an informal discussion, it is partly true and partly false. It seems to me idle to argue that government policies do not affect economic and business interests. For instance, during the past six or seven years we have had a prosperity in part due to the constructive legislative achievements of the Wilson administration, which included such vital measures as the Federal Reserve Act, the Farm Loan Act, and the Clayton Act, etc. What happened was just what Mr. Wilson then predicted. This constructive legislation did much to free American business and permitted it to take advantage of the opportunities offered since the close of the Great War. It is quite possible and in my judgment very likely that the narrow foreign policies of the present administration accompanied

by inaction in domestic problems will result in quite a serious disturbance of business during the next three or four years. Under such circumstances it is likely that a Democratic president and Congress will again apply the remedies.

ROLAND S. MORRIS
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Point to Pins

The wit in letters we have received from Virginia Woolf assures us that she will be the first to read this criticism with a twinkle in her eye.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Virginia Woolf's short story, "Slater's Pins Have No Points," reminds me of a short poem on Henry James, which appeared in the *Metropolitan Magazine* some years ago. To my notion it characterizes the author with sufficient nearness. Slightly changed, it is as follows:

If I were Virgie Woolf, I tell you what,
I'd write a tale that hadn't any plot;
And none should know if in it aught befell,
For, being Virgie Woolf, I wouldn't tell.

The workings of my mind I would record
As on a great terrestrial checkerboard;
I'd move the pieces with abundant care,
And see that none of them got anywhere.

I'd deal in indirection all the while,
And ladle in psychology and style,
Till all my rivals cried with envious urge,
"Oh! would that I could sling the ink like Virg!"

Wordsworth and Browning had to create their vogue. Maybe Virginia Woolf will; but I suspect that the kernel in the Woolfian nut has not the nutritive qualities to pay a person for the exertion of using a bucksaw and a sledge hammer, or for the time expended in attempting with more artistic instruments to get the delectable nucleus. I have taught psychology for many years, but I have read it in vain if Mrs. Woolf knows the pedagogy of handling such material. To take for granted that all minds make the associations that hers does is a literary defect of the first quality. Shakespeare could put himself in any situation and mirror its universal elements of feeling; but I doubt the power of Mrs. Woolf to abstract that component of a complex situation, much less to communicate it. Life is too short to get her.

J. A. L. DERBY
Springfield, Mass.

Balancing the Budget

Editor of THE FORUM:

In your December issue, Mr. George Whitney Martin in his article, "Education or Anodyne," devotes nearly eight printed pages to the pointing out of one defect in our educational system; namely, mass production. In the same issue of THE FORUM Judge Lindsey, another lawyer, says:

"Consider the fine delicacy of touch shown by the court which sent that man to prison. As an agency for correcting evil and wrong-doing and for safeguarding society from such thefts and forgeries, it acted with about as much discrimination and delicacy and respect for human rights as the operating officials in a mediæval torture chamber."

Alongside the quotation from Judge Lindsey I should like to lay another quotation:

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

"Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

Judge Lindsey is a lawyer and perceives the beam in the eye of his own profession. Moreover, his criticism is a constructive one in that he not only calls attention to the beam but also tells how it may be pulled out. In spite of the arraignment of the legal machinery set forth in Judge Lindsey's article, few educators would have the temerity to suggest that "the whole matter, even from the point of view of those in charge, is sheer guesswork and surmise, barren of data or facts, and highly colored by old hates and affections," and yet this is the statement which Mr. Martin makes in his criticism of present day educational methods.

We teachers are not in favor of mass production in education but you voters

tell us who shall attend school and how much money shall be used in his training. We take the limited means in one hand and the mass of pupils in the other, and try to balance the budget. The result is that a teacher paid less than a bricklayer tries to teach forty or fifty children. In consequence, the pupil, the teacher, the parent, and the public, including the legal profession which enforces the educational laws, are all universally dissatisfied.

But now, Mr. Martin, what are you going to do about it? You and the general public? Educators knew the problem long before the November issue of THE FORUM, and we shall welcome any and all constructive criticisms.

FRED E. AYER

Akron, O.

A Testimonial

As an editor remarked in the "New York Times," commenting on the January debate, "Is Advertising Ethical," there must be sheep and goats in the business since both debaters, Mr. Stuart Chase and Mr. Roy S. Durstine, seem to be right. Mr. Claude C. Hopkins "adds a pearl."

Editor of THE FORUM:

I testify as an advertising man with thirty-seven years of very active experience. I have lived through an era in advertising which we blush to remember now. But it was no worse than the average business of that day. Both were reformed from inside. The senior John Powers led the campaign for truth in advertising. He taught us to realize that success depended on faith. John Powers's truth was often brutal. When a buyer asked him to advertise some rotten mackintoshes he called them rotten mackintoshes. When a firm told him that they were bankrupt, and gave that as a reason for low prices, he headed the ad, "We are bankrupt."

Advertising is to-day the most truthful matter which appears in print. We always have some doubts about a news item. It is almost never quite correct. But we never have question about an ad which appears in high-class magazines. Most large advertisers employ censors. Often they are technical men who are very exacting. My constant complaint is that they are too exacting. They lean backward. I quarrel with them all the time, though I strongly stand for truth.

The magazines have other censors, and each has his idiosyncrasies. The censor for *Good Housekeeping*, for instance, is Dr. Harvey Wiley. Anybody who knows about his enforcement of the Pure Food and Drug Law will never question a statement which gets by him. But I have had ads accepted by *Good Housekeeping* and refused by *Ladies' Home Journal.*

One great difficulty in the ad-writing line is that we must always keep near a telephone. We dare not play a game of golf, for fear that some publisher will demand a last-minute correction.

On a certain tooth paste I have written some thousands of ads. All have been censored by two authorities, one a college professor, one an ex-assistant to Dr. Wiley in the Bureau of Chemistry. Our general claims have been censored by other authorities — by savants, not salesmen. But to this day I am unable to write an ad which goes through uncorrected. Some phrase may be liable to double construction.

Then we have the Federal Trade Commission. They have spent weeks in checking up some lines of my advertising, much to my annoyance. Any competitor may make a complaint if he thinks any statement exaggerated.

We have the Better Business Bureaus. We have the Associated Advertising Clubs with its Vigilance Committee, spending large sums yearly to enforce truth in advertising. Heaven pity the ad-writer in these days who tries to misrepresent.

When I tell a dinner story my wife always makes corrections. I find that few things happen which are very interesting unless exaggerated a bit. So in salesmanship and advertising. I feel that truth might well be gilded a little, but I can't get by in print.

I advertised a material as "rubber-coated." That was the regular commercial term. A publisher analyzed the material and changed my description to "gum-coated."

I advertised a dentrifice which contained elements of five fruits. The headline was "Fruit on Teeth," but I could not get by the censors. They insisted that such a headline required the use of all the

elements of the fruits, including the seeds and peel.

As I say, I have written advertising for thirty-seven years — $100,000,000 of it. But no man has greater faith than I have in advertising statements. Living in the country, much of our purchasing is done by mail. I buy in absolute confidence when I see an ad in reputable publications. I always check up on a salesman. He has latitude. But I never question a statement in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Do you ever question a statement made by John Wanamaker or Marshall Field & Co? It is unthinkable. Do the millions who buy from Sears, Roebuck & Co., or Montgomery Ward & Co., ever question a description? Not if they know.

The advertising pendulum, in my opinion, has swung too far toward righteousness. Advertising is salesmanship. It would be hard for a canvasser, under our censorship, to sell a housewife anything. I stand for truth and fairness, but we should be permitted to put our best foot forward when we do no injury. All salesmen are permitted to do that.

As for testimonials, I do not believe in them. I have never used one in all my experience. I want no layman to tell my story for me. I ask nobody to confirm what I say. That to me would be humiliation.

As for raving against "Mothers' Day," and other incentives for spending money, we might as well rave against Christmas.

The life of Christ can be ridiculed. Marriage is denounced. Give me any question, pro or con, and as an advertising man I might upset convictions. The Sermon on the Mount, treated in the attitude of Stuart Chase, could be made to seem bombastic.

But advertising, as a general thing, is the most honest factor which we have today in business. Leave it to us, whose living depends on confidence, to correct the faults. We in this line are the chief enemies of deception.

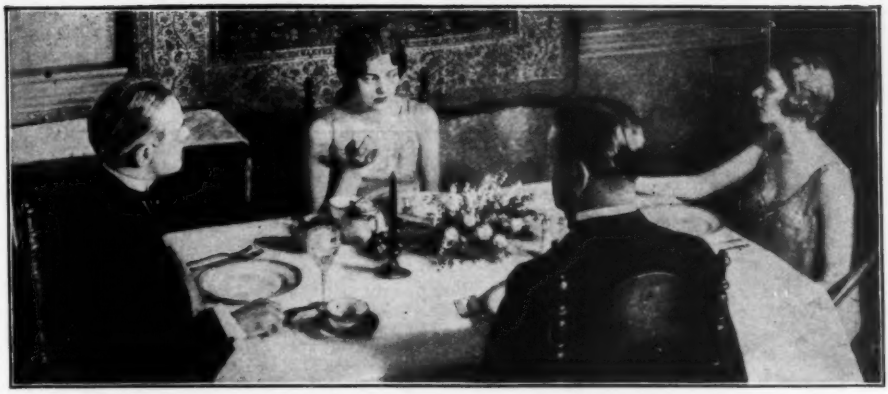
CLAUDE C. HOPKINS

New York City

On Walking

Take a stroll and people greet
You pleadingly on every street
With, "Kindly give a contribution.
Save the Slovaks from pollution."
"Don't you want to furnish dinners
For decrepit erstwhile sinners?"
"Buy tuberculosis seals."
"Just consider how it feels
To suffer from a raging river.
Jesus loves a cheerful giver.
Save some worthy sons and daughters
From the scourge of muddy waters."
"Help us in this worthy drive
To clean up every Newark dive."
— And thus, I've sworn for reasons divers
To encourage taxi-drivers,
For I've learned from loss extensive
Walking's getting too expensive.

— PARKE CUMMINGS



Are you embarrassed by mistakes in pronunciation?

Nothing reveals your culture—or lack of it—so surely

YOUR speech identifies you. It is inescapable. Correct speech is the first mark of education, of culture. Some mistakes are minor offenses; others are ridiculous. Some people can recognize their own errors; many are blissfully unconscious.

A Serious Social and Business Handicap

People judge you largely by the way you talk. Many intelligent men and women are seriously hampered in social and business contacts by faulty pronunciation.

Perhaps you have been embarrassed, disconcerted by lack of confidence in the use and pronunciation of words. If so, you have probably avoided any but the most ordinary words—you have rendered your speech meagre and barren. You are cheating yourself of a tremendously effective social and commercial asset. *And it is no longer necessary.*

How many of these words *dare* you use in conversation?

Beethoven	verbosity
hors d'oeuvre	pianist
exquisite	incongruous
impious	cuisine
Buenos Aires	rodeo
psychiatry	Calles
entente cordiale	faux pas
irrevocably	naive
Fascism	bona fide
courtesan	piquant
Aphrodite	
incognito	
Renee Adoree	
table d'hote	
Tito Schipa	
dishabille	
Versailles	
cognoscenti	
intricate	
Thais	
chic	
Aida	
demise	
canape	
surreptitiously	
gauche	
supple	

Now—learn by ear

Learning pronunciation through print is slow, tedious, uninviting. And uncertain. So much depends on shades of accent, on precisely the right voice inflection that printed marks fail to give a feeling of security.

"It is almost impossible for one person to express to another by printed *signs* the sound of any word," says Richard Grant White, celebrated philologist.

"Some day," predicted John Mantle Clapp, Secretary of the Committee on American Speech, "we shall have exact records for the ear on the phonograph." Now, at last, we have it. Now a *new* easy way is available to you—the Pronunciphone Method of Teaching Speech-Sounds. Using talking machine records, it teaches *through the ear* instead of the eye.

Developed by Authorities

The Pronunciphone Method has been developed by a group of educators, writers and speakers under the direction of Professor Edward H. Gardner, for 18 years a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, and E. Ray Skinner, Phonetician of the Department of Speech of the same University. The instruction is absolutely authoritative.

The course consists of seven double records (fourteen records in all) and a book "Good Taste in Speech." Two thousand words are covered. Each word is pronounced slowly and distinctly on the records—and correctly. There is no possibility of mistake.

In addition to hundreds of words of general use, there are included words used by cultured persons in discussing music, art, literature, history, biography, science and geography. There are also many popular foreign words (French, Spanish, Latin, etc.) that are now an essential part of the educated American's vocabulary.

The Prounciphone Instruction Manual—"Good Taste in Speech" is unique—nothing like it has heretofore been published. Words are listed in the order they occur on the record. Each word is defined and pronunciation indicated by diacritical marks and by phonetic symbols.

Learning pronunciation by the Pronunciphone Method is so easy, so simple, that you will enjoy every minute of it.

SEND NO MONEY

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

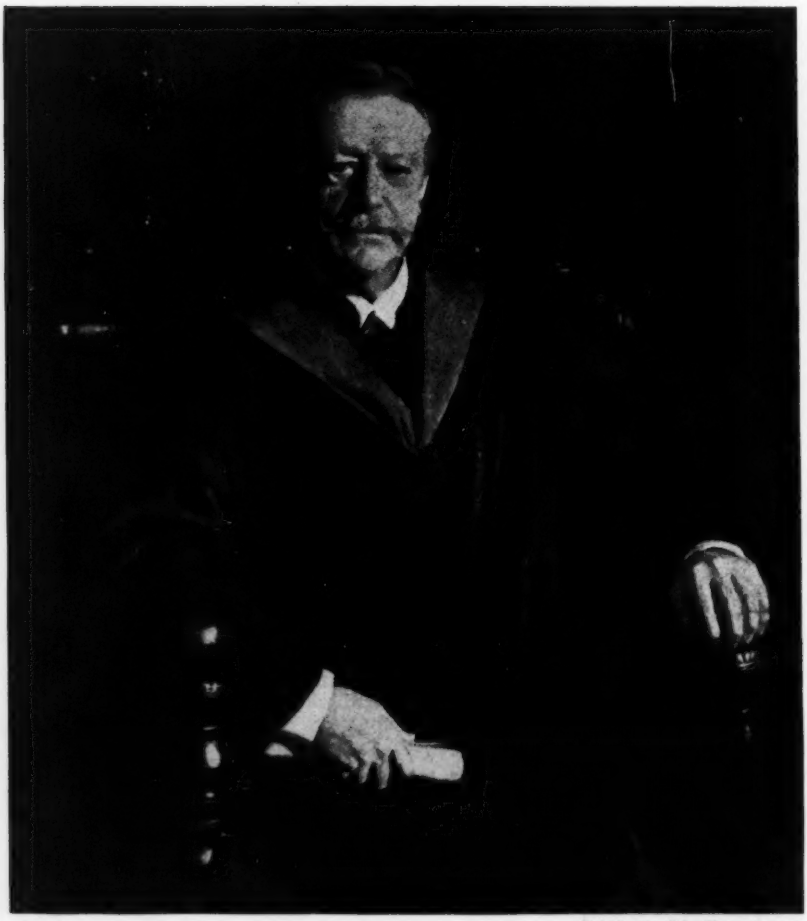
The Pronunciphone Company
770 Wrigley Building
Chicago, Ill.

You may send me the Pronunciphone Course. Within five days I will remit $3.85 as first payment and $4.00 a month for two months ($11.85 in all).

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



Painting by John Singer Sargent

ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

President of Harvard University

(*See page 519*)

Portrait by Hoppé, London

ZONA GALE

American artist in fiction

(*See page 490*)

Drawing by Ivan Opffer

Henry Ford

Who, in the second of four authorized interviews in The Forum, *reveals his theories and principles of industry and his philosophy of life*