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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Advertisement of Intellectualism

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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A Comparison

MR. BRYAN left the cabinet for high conscientious reasons. Those who continue to speak harshly of him, after the first burst of hysteria is over, accusing him of politics or imbecility, are playing a successful game if their object is to hurt the administration. Largely, however, it is merely a cult. Every eastern editor thinks he has to take a shot at Mr. Bryan about twice a week. Otherwise he would not be a real editor. Mr. Bryan has a whole-hearted desire to help the President, at the same time that he preserves his own point of view and carries out what he conceives to be his own mission. Now it is possible that he elaborates his views in the present crisis more than is necessary. *Harper's Weekly* happens to believe he does. But that is a mere difference of opinion about practical procedure. It is no excuse for assault on motives. Such assaults will be resented by Mr. Bryan's many followers and hence will make Democratic unity more difficult.

The two minds are obviously different. The Wilson type is more frequent in the East, the Bryan type in the West. The President has the mind and habits of the trained student of history and government, accustomed to work out his problems in quiet, profoundly. During the first hour of his administration he let it be known that, when the country's interest required it, he would exclude himself from visitors and give all of his time and strength to its important problems. The value of this method of work was demonstrated when, after Congress adjourned, he went into retirement for two weeks and made himself master of our international situation, with the result of becoming in the minds of many of the best observers the foremost figure in this unhappy world.

Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, was brought up where not so much emphasis is put on exactness. He is wide in his sympathies. His method is to trust common men and to exhort them. He was always accessible while in office, both at his office and his home, at any hour of the day or the night to anyone he might help; not only to the various Ambassadors, Ministers and Secretaries with whom he had official relations, but also to the humblest American from some distant State. With Mr. Bryan the close personal concerns of his constituents are a heart-felt interest.

The partnership between the President and the Secretary of State was, like many other happy friendships, founded on contrasts combined with mutual respect. It was a relationship cemented by profound religious convictions on both sides, and on

both sides also a sincere desire for public service.

It is not necessary now to refer at length to the prolific achievements of the administration. Great as they are in material things, probably the most important one is the purification of political life at Washington. If, as Mr. Taft says, we are now free from the menace of oligarchy, that happy result is more due to this partnership than to any other one element working for political righteousness today.

If he is permitted to do so, Mr. Bryan will continue in the future, as in the past, to be the most effective and sympathetic interpreter of the President's policies to the great mass of Mr. Bryan's devoted followers.

What Is Ignorance?

A STUPID, ill-informed resident of Fifth Avenue has no more right to vote than an illiterate, but possibly thoughtful Polish immigrant. The suggestion that the New York constitutional convention introduce a reading and writing test is both snobbish and unnecessary. It may also have politics in it, along with the reapportionment suggestion. It is perfectly easy to disfranchise the ignorant, without making the absurd assumption that large percentages of the literate are not ignorant. All you need is a ballot with few names and no party designations whatever, in state and city elections. Then nobody, rich or poor, illiterate or merely indifferent, will have any temptation to vote unless he is also willing to acquire a certain amount of information.

Somewhat Different

THE obloquy which the University of Pennsylvania is earning for itself in the Nearing case recalls two episodes in Harvard's recent history. One has already been revealed in *Harper's Weekly*, the other we take the liberty of revealing now.

When President Eliot was still in office, one of the overseers (almost by necessity a reactionary body) tried to bring about the removal of a certain professor because his teaching was deemed not of a nature to strengthen revealed religion. President Eliot remarked that as long as he was president no man would be removed on the mere ground of his philosophical opinions.

When Professor Munsterberg made his futile \$10,000,000 grand stand play, as narrated in *Harper's Weekly* for November 14, 1914, President Lowell said he believed it was generally understood that Harvard did not receive bribes.

The Pennsylvania moral is too obvious to draw.

Aldrich

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EULOGIES inevitably followed the sudden death of former Senator Nelson W. Aldrich. Like most who become rulers by their own powers he had virtues. He was not a hypocrite; he was bold to the point of audacity in standing for the rights of the great capitalists of the country, with whom he was very closely allied, whether in granting the exorbitant profits to the manufacturers in the tariff bills which he framed for their benefit, in promoting the interests of the railroads as against those of the traveling and shipping public, or in his advocacy of a central bank in the form which the masters of finance desired. Aldrich was able to secure, under the threat of punishment in the distribution of pork, whether in the way of tariff favors or appropriations for public buildings or for rivers and harbors, the vote of a Democratic Senator to take the place of each recalcitrant Republican. The Aldrich machine was as perfect in its mechanism as political art could make it; yet it went to pieces when the Republican party had a two-third majority in the Senate. What Aldrich lacked was the ability as floor-leader of the Senate to defend his own policies as against the eloquence of such men as Dolliver, La Follette, Borah, Clapp, and Cummins, on the Republican side, and of Democratic Senators who could not be coerced. He underestimated the effect of the appeal which these men made to the people; and the Republican majority of two-thirds when President Taft took office became a Democratic majority four years later.

For Headline Readers

IT IS often said that we are governed by headlines. In a talk with the newspaper correspondents the President was interrogated as to the relation between the Administration and the Riggs Bank controversy. The headline reader had a liberal choice in the publications following:

Washington Star: President Upholds Controller's Acts—Mr. Wilson Indicates He Is Behind Mr. Williams in Riggs Bank Case—Says Currency Chief's Powers Perfectly Clear.

Washington Times: Riggs Bank Case Is No Wilson Affair—President Denies Controversy With Treasury Touches Administration Policies.

Washington Post: Stands By Williams—President Says Comptroller's Bank Rights Are Clear—Power to Limit In Congress—Chief Executive Holds Proceedings Taken By Riggs Officials Do Not Involve Any Administration Policy, But Will Defend Treasury, As Matter of Course.

Washington Herald: Wilson Drops Riggs Anchor—Political Effect of Case Moves Him to Disclaim Connection With It—Issue Up To Williams—President Regards Question as Being Between Bank and Comptroller.

Who Thinks?

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, redoubtable editor of the *Zukunft*, who has the habit of frankness, says that what the neutral nations lack is not information about Germany; they have the facts; what they lack is the ability to think as the Germans think. That is the gist of the matter. Either the rest of the world has lost its thinking power, or Ger-

many has. The Germans have no doubt which is the case. A well-known form of delusion is the idea that everybody else is crazy. A type of logic very current in Germany just now is shown wherever the question of Belgium comes up. It will be explained in a conversation that as war approached the French army was so much smaller than the German army that it could only plan one offensive, and that one was obviously through Alsace-Lorraine. A few minutes later as excuse for the German invasion of Belgium it will be said that if the Germans had not invaded Belgium the French were about to do it. There are kinds of emotional exaltation that destroy logic. There are fixed, simple ideas that if sufficiently intense have the power to kill the general sanity of thought.

A Great Awakening

IF WE go to war one of the things we shall have to learn is a more relative conception of private right. In that respect the spectacle of England taking a necessary and most important step in May instead of the preceding August may teach us something. Nobody except the Germans realized ahead to what an extent the result would be determined in the work-shop. It seems now obvious enough that if the side with the most explosives wins, the side that has the biggest workshop force manufacturing explosives wins. Germany knew that fact ahead. France learned with surprising quickness, and put the lesson into effect with splendid speed and thoroughness. To England the lesson came very hard, for the individualistic idea of freedom was deep-grained. "Business as usual" was a proud boast earlier in the war. It had to give place to "nothing as usual." Some of the changes in ways of living were obviously wholesome discipline. The Board of Trade requested the public to eat less meat. Racing was stopped. Some steps were taken to lessen the interference of liquor with efficiency, but the Irish and the Tories in the House of Commons prevented any radical action. Strikes were allowed that in Germany, France, or Switzerland (if she were at war) would be put down with the bayonet. An amazing example of British clinging to principle in the midst of a world-quake was when the supply of cartridges was endangered by a prosecution to prevent girls from working over hours, because it was against the law; and this prosecution was by the Home office with the assent of the war office! Then came the final decision—the Defense of the Realm act, which was based on the realisation, as Lloyd-George put it, that "you can't wait in a war until every unreasonable person becomes reasonable, until every intractable person becomes tractable." At the time of his famous budget and of the fight with the House of Lords, Lloyd-George became the leader of the radical democratic movement in the Anglo-Saxon world. Yet he it is who now says: "Public discussion as a preliminary to action, is all right in times of peace; you can't afford it in war. . . . I don't mind the guillotining of ministers or generals if necessary, but until they reach the scene they ought to be obeyed. And above all, don't let them by sniping at them from behind. . . . Don't let individualism has its manifold defects. Don't let the flag be shot down for any man's profit." As to labor, think of its being David Lloyd-George who said,

"We must increase the mobility of labor and we must have greater subordination in labor to the direction and control of the state." Think of its being not a Tory but David Lloyd George who, as an argument for the control of labor in the factories, gave this picture of the control of workmen in the trenches:

The enlisted workman cannot choose his locality of action. He cannot say, "Well, I am quite prepared to fight at Neuve Chapelle, but I won't fight at Festubert, and I am not going near the place they call 'Wipers.'" He cannot say, "Well, I have been in the trenches 10 hours and a half, and my trade union won't allow me to work more than 10 hours." He cannot say, "You have not enough men, and I have been doing the work of two men. My trade union won't allow me to do more than by own share." The veteran who has been seven years at the job, seven years in the Army, cannot say, "Who is this fellow by my side—this mere fledgling? He has only had just a few weeks' training, and it is against my union's regulations, and I am off."

War does immeasurable harm. We can only hope it may sometimes do a corresponding good. The gain to Germany will be in less subordination, less obedient organization. Possibly the gain to England, and to us, will be in precisely the opposite direction.

Why Is Partisanship?

TWO kinds of support are frequently confused. The man who, because he calls himself a Democrat, supports Roger Sullivan, Charles Murphy, or Tom Taggart, or the Republican who stendly follows Barnes, Penrose or Gallinger, has no more initiative than a sheep. On the other hand the man who supported Roosevelt as President against the Aldrich-Cannon system, or Hughes as Governor against Barnes, or who supports Wilson as President, at points where the multifarious assaults are made against his leadership, or Mitchel where his constructive and patient work is threatened either by politicians or by easily fatigued theorists, may not lack critical judgment merely because his support is persistent and intense. It may be with him a matter not of blindness but of perspective. He may feel that the weakness of the American reformer is usually shortness of wind, and inability to stay in the race as steadily as the machine politician. Judgment is that quality of the mind which estimates the relative values of conflicting principles and considerations. Good judgment in an independent voter or publicist does not require him to be indiscriminate in the emphasis he gives to his own opinions on every detail. It requires him to combine candor and freedom of thought with perspective. To be usefully independent does not require one to imitate an aspen leaf.

Much In a Name

THERE ought to be a system by which editors could be prevented from making foolish mistakes. Recently *Harper's Weekly* made one of peculiar atrocity. It confused two Hinmans. It scolded H. D. Hinman for the sins of H. J. Hinman. There is no excuse for us. H. D. Hinman's record is progressive and admirable. To attack him for the doings of a marked reactionary is the limit of irrelevance and stupidity. An apology is small consolation, but H. D. has ours and has it in full.

What Is an Indian?

AMERICANS who hold that Porfirio Diaz was a great President of Mexico, and have never ceased to regret the refusal of the Wilson Administration to recognize Huerta as President, argue that the Mexican Indians, forming a large percentage of the population, are totally unfit for self-government. Diaz was an "Indian" and so is Huerta. The Aztecs and Toltecs had wrought out for themselves a high degree of civilization before the Spanish Conquistadores landed on Mexican soil. But little inferior to these two races is the Mayan type of Indian. The Yaquis, now making trouble again, alone of the Mexican tribes are comparable to the Indians best known to the people of the United States. The Yaquis are the Mexican Apaches. They proved themselves unconquerable until Diaz adopted the expedient of wholesale transportation to Yucatan and their exploitation in a state of slavery by the owners of the hennequen plantations. Oregon made use of the remnant left in Sonora in his first conflicts with the armies of Huerta, and they are still fighting for the right of possession of their own lands. The Mexican middle class, which has formed the backbone of the Mexican Revolution, is really a Mestizo class, the mixture of Spanish with Aztec, Toltec or Mayan strains. The requisite to modern government in Mexico has much less to do with race origin than it has to do with industrial development and popular education.

The Future of Charity

AT THE National Conference of Charities and Correction in Baltimore, the duty seems to have been felt all the more clearly at this time that America should hold high its standards of help and of social reform because of the danger that so much may be lost in the wreck and ruin of war. Perhaps the most significant movement of the Conference was the feeling of the majority that public administration of charity must succeed private agencies. As the vice of private charity has been its inadequacy, and that of public relief has been its inefficiency, the education of the public on efficiency lines by social experts toward the assumption of the whole responsibility by public agencies is the road to progress. There is a growing feeling also that the name "charity" is one soon to be foregone.

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Steering One's Course

SOMEBODY has said—many have said, no doubt—that the way to succeed is to look 20 years ahead. That is the practical point of view, the ordinary acceptance, and the stereotyped biographies of great men, which are all alike, have their heroes choose in youth the final triumph of age. But there is another thing, that some great man said, to the effect that he goes furthest who does not know where he is going. It is a half of the truth, the more imaginative half. Putting the two halves together we decide that for final distinction it is well to have an end in view, but often well not to have one too precise and limited in its nature; to have a direction, but not a literally charted route; to have various possibilities, but all of them akin.

Needed—A Revolution

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

IN AN earlier article of this series I wrote that France was more fundamentally determined than either Germany or England to avoid discussion of peace terms. The reason is that there is something France desires even more than Alsace-Lorraine, and it is something that no terms can give. It is something that can come only from a change in the internal conditions of Germany. What France desires is security. She is paying more, in a human sense, for this war than any other great power, and the one object in her mind, infinitely more important to her than Alsace-Lorraine or than any indemnity, is to see an end of terror. She had really given up, some years ago, any serious revenge ideas. She was reconciled to taking the world as it was, to working out her industrial and intellectual destiny within her present borders. She loves life as she knows life. She desires no intense modern strain. Her children do not commit suicide. She believes herself the most civilized of nations, the one in which thought and manners are most subtle, finished, and agreeable. She does not require violence or change or external accomplishment to make her happy. Existence to her is very pleasant if external forces cease to threaten.

What, then, can give her spiritual security, give her the right to the calm pursuit of comfort, knowledge, and beauty? No treaty, surely. No territory. No money, even. Only, in her opinion, a Germany filled with somewhat similar ideals. As she understands Germany, that country now says that the arrangements of Europe should be modified; that German exuberance requires the infliction of her talents on other nations; and that by the laws of progress those changes may be brought about through force of arms. German war literature before this conflict contained a thousand times the statement that France must be further weakened, must be crushed, as she should have been more thoroughly in 1870, in order that German plans of expansion might have an obstacle the less. The German nation was organized for forcible control as no nation has been organized since Rome. The dream was not unlike a modern version of the Roman dream. The contest was prepared with a business ability never surpassed. The thing that France seeks is the destruction of that dream. She seeks it more lucidly than any other country, because it is aimed at her heart more directly than at the heart of any other principal belligerent. Little Belgium

had something of the same idea when she took the plunge and the thoughts of Holland and Switzerland turn more and more in that direction as the amazing German material forcefulness is made clear. The German-speaking part of Switzerland was very strongly pro-German in August, but is perhaps evenly divided now. But of course these little countries and their ideals are not in the same scale of importance as is the stand of France. The fates of the little countries hang on the fates of the big countries. Among the big countries France is the one whose principal object is the simplest and the least subject to question. Objects, such as Alsace-Lorraine, and an indemnity, may or may not be questioned, but they are far less rooted in the minds either of the statesmen or of the people. There are certain other demands in contemplation, which perhaps I ought to leave for my coming article on atrocities, but I will sketch them here. The French ends think that the fruits of victory will not be complete unless certain principles of the conduct of the war are vindicated. They are they plan to bring it to a successful end, after the war has been fought to a successful end, that punishment shall be inflicted on those German

Paris has few posters. This is one of the favorites.

Le "Chiffon de Papier"

ARTICLE II.

Sa Majesté la Reine du Royaume Uni de la Grande Bretagne et d'Irlande, Sa Majesté l'Empereur d'Autriche, Roi de Hongrie et de Bohême, Sa Majesté le Roi des Français, Sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse, et Sa Majesté l'Empereur de toutes les Russies, déclarent, que les Articles mentionnés dans l'Article qui précède, sont considérés comme ayant la même force et valeur que s'ils étaient insérés textuellement dans le présent Acte; et qu'ils se trouvent ainsi placés sous la garantie de Leurs dites Majestés.

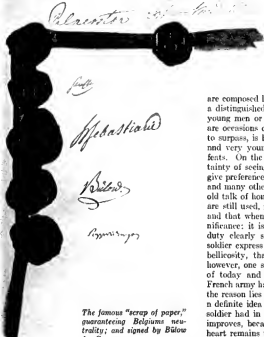
ARTICLE VII.

La Belgique, dans les limites indiquées aux Articles I, II, et IV, formera un Etat indépendant et perpétuellement neutre. Elle sera tenue d'observer cette même neutralité envers tous les autres Etats.

in their staying power. There is no romantic dream, to be shattered if things do not go smoothly. There is the sense of the inevitable, the defense of wives, of country, of future generations, in the calm and settled spirit in which fundamental necessities are accepted. It is to be remembered always that armies nowadays

are composed largely of husbands and fathers. I asked a distinguished French officer who fought the best, the young men or the older ones. "Well," he said, "there are occasions on which youthful enthusiasm, the desire to surpass, is better than the sense of duty. The boys and very young men are therefore better in desperate fights. On the other hand, in lasting spirit, in the certainty of seeing it through to the end, I am inclined to give preference to the fathers of families." I asked him, and many others, about how much there was left of the old talk of honor and glory. All agreed that the words are still used, although much less than in former wars, and that when they are used it is with a changed significance: it is the honor and glory of giving all for a duty clearly seen. Not once have I heard a French soldier express the eat-'em-alive spirit, the self-pleased bellicosity, that are familiar in the past. There is, however, one strong analogy between the French army of today and the armies of the Revolution. If the French army has grown better with every passing month, the reason lies largely in the fact that every soldier has a definite idea of what he is fighting for, just as every soldier had in the Revolution days. This being so, he improves, because technical experience comes, and his heart remains unflagging. He felt inferior to the German in September, man for man. Now he feels that wherever numbers and artillery are equal he wins. Therefore, as he sees numbers and artillery ultimately on his side, he is confident. Perhaps he is too confident, for it is a predominant belief, in striking contrast to what is thought in England, that the war will end with a complete victory for the allies between October and December. This is partly based on careful reasoning and is partly temperamental. The Englishman does his best if he thinks he has a long and arduous task ahead. The French temperament, even in its modified present form, likes to think of being in Berlin before another winter begins.

By a complete victory the Frenchman means especially a victory that will restore individuality to Germany; that will overthrow oligarchic government; that will take the country through some kind of a revolution to



*The famous "scrap of paper,"
guaranteeing Belgium's neu-
trality; and signed by Bulow
for Germany.*

officers who shall be proud to have given orders which are of recognized barbarity. Also they think that, apart from any more general indemnity question, it is clear that Germany should pay for studied destruction of industrial plants in the territory she has over-run, and notably for the machinery she has carried off in enormous amounts to Germany from French as well as from Belgian factories.

Among all the French people I saw, largely soldiers, I did not see one who seemed to enjoy the war. The predominating tone is gravity, necessity, duty. They do not pretend to be gay. They are frankly sad. They wear mourning profusely. The classics crowd farces and musical comedies out of the theatres. That solemn spirit is a reason why the French so thoroughly believe

democratic control. Of course almost nobody is shallow enough to suppose the form of government can be dictated from outside. You do hear a number of Frenchmen insist that Great Britain will never stop the war until she has William the Second in her physical possession, even as she once had the great Napoleon, but this is not the responsible opinion about the nature of the change in Germany's ideals. The change must come because the people want it and they will not want it unless they are so completely beaten in this war that the ideals of the militarist and imperialist class are discredited. If France, last December, rejected secret overtures which were to give her back Alsace and Lorraine it was not merely because she was bound in honor not to make a separate peace. She would have done the same had there been no agreement. Her industry is more crippled by the war than the industry of Germany, England or Russia. The loss in men can be less easily borne by her, than by Germany, or of course Russia, and England has no such loss. Therefore France feels that at bottom it is she among great nations who suffers most. She will not pay the awful price—the oppressing of rich industrial regions, the destruction of cities, the irreparable loss of men—without getting the one thing which will enable her and her children to draw a free breath, and that one thing is the democratization of Germany. That end cannot be brought about by any drawn battle, since a draw, in a fight against the whole world, would merely increase German pride, and lead it to wait for another chance, with better statesmanship. It is not a happy necessity, this need of pounding Germany into democracy and therefore into peace; not happy from any point of view, for France is worried by Russia, just as England is. She hopes Russia will make herself democratic, and thus avoid another great war, half a century hence, but she is none too sure of it. However, the remote future is in the fog of uncertainty. Men can only deal with the immediate. The immediate is that one powerful nation

is organized completely to impose its will on others, and therefore that one nation must be changed. All France believes that Germany will be a tremendous gainer by defeat, whereas defeat for France would deprive her of civilization, of self-realization, of the very soul of tolerance and peace. That is why France is so calm today so brave, so patient, so unlike the ignorant outside conception of her as frothy and unstable. She says proudly that all the world knows she desired peace, but that nobody can expect her to face so terrible a menace more than once. Therefore is it that she will bear of no compromise, no terms that leave German military pride unbroken. Therefore is it that she of all the nations most intensely feels that peace would be nothing but an evil truce unless it were a victory by the peace-loving countries over a thoroughly beaten militarism; a humbling; a demonstration that nothing can any more be accomplished by arms against the opinion of the world. Her government has taken that stand, in all the secret moves toward an understanding, and her government in that respect is absolutely at one with the men and women who are paying the price. I am not expressing any opinion of my own about whether a complete defeat is needed to change the threatening spirit of Germany; I am only reporting the belief of France.

I spoke to a man in Paris about the possibility of Germany's returning to her earlier attitude even if the war ended in a draw. I reminded him of what the German spirit was before Prussia won three wars of aggression, made the modern German empire out of iron, and then planned the present war and marvelously prepared for it. "Yes," he said, "you can talk like that. You have not been bitten by the wild dog. You can converse about what a good dog he used to be. You hope he can be easily taught to sit up again on his hind legs and behave as properly as a baby who says: 'Mama!' and 'Papa!'" But France has been bitten twice. She wants to make perfectly sure he will not bite again. And she will pay all she has in order to make sure."

The Laboring-Man

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

THERE are huge hotels where the fare is fine,
 There are restaurants of a proud pretence,
 There are servitors laden with game and wine,
 And a cabaret fills the sated sense.
 O, the sea is sieved for a ticklesome taste
 And the earth is searched for the belly's gain;
 There is food to spare, there is wine to waste,
 So why should the laboring-man complain?

There are sables and silks in the sumptuous shops,
 There are pearls as pure as a summer morn;
 There are jewels and plumes for the belles and fops,
 There are coats as soft as the lamb's, unborn.
 Every bird and beast has given its life
 And even the worm has spun its skein
 To cover man and bedizen his wife,
 So why should the laboring-man complain.

O, the laboring-man is a stubborn wight,
 He scorns the corn and devours the husk.
 The world is full of beauty and light,
 But he grinds at his task from dawn to dusk.
 He will not ride in the regal yacht,
 He will not drink of the bright champagne;
 He holds to his mean and narrow lot,
 So why should the laboring-man complain?

The Fireworks of Mars

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST



A GERMAN general was comfortably adjusting himself in the seat of his automobile early last spring; leisurely his staff were preparing themselves for the day's duties. Miles away to the front were the trenches and the fighting line. At this headquarters was security; even the artillery of the enemy could not reach it.

Suddenly he erupted up on the seat with the quick, choking cough of a man mortally wounded. He was carried, dying, back into the house that he had taken for his headquarters. On the shoulder of his immaculate war-grey coat, directly above the shoulder-knot, was noticed a little hole; embedded in the cushions of the tressau an orderly picked out a blood-stained pencil of steel, sharp pointed, about six inches long and with four deep grooves cut for three-quarters of its length to serve as did the feathering on the arrows of ancient battles, to keep the point true in its flight, end-on. It had passed the length of the general's body.

Overhead and only to be picked out with glasses was the tiny waspish speck of a French aeroplane. It was from this that the steel arrow had been thrown; for they are simply tossed over and given no initial impetus. Thirty, forty, fifty at a time are thrown overhead in a shower by the aerial observer when he sees a suitable target and from a mile and more above the earth they gather the speed of a rifle bullet.

Curiously enough all of the deadly strides that have been made in the art of war—or rather the implements used therein—has occurred almost in the last fifty years. True before that there was a

progress but it was of a slow, stodgy order in which, following the invention of gunpowder itself, there were centuries before there came the only other basic invention: this was the rifling, or boring the barrel of a gun so that the projectile is made to whirl about its own axis in its flight. It is this alone that has made the high precision of artillery accuracy possible.

Sheer mass or huge size weapons of warfare is of little moment compared with accuracy. In Edinburgh Castle there is still preserved "Mons Meg" a cannon that was dragged to the siege of Dumbarton by James IV in 1489. That is over four hundred years ago. And "Mons Meg" fired a projectile twenty inches in diameter! It was loaded with "a peck of powder and fired a granite ball almost as heavy as a cow."

The great gun of the Germans that shelled Dunkirk is approximately but sixteen inches in diameter and it hurls a half-ton of steel earthquakes twenty miles with the precision of destiny. "Mons Meg" is four inches greater and as inefficient as would be David's sling and a Hebrew pebble.

In Cromwell's time the famous old musket known as "Brown Bess," which had directly succeeded the arquebus, shot a heavy leaden bullet—eight to the pound—with a striking energy of two thousand foot pounds, or forty times heavier than the energy from a baseball thrown by the pitcher to the plate. A man struck by such a bullet of those days was knocked down by the crushing impact. And the "Brown Bess" was deadly at only two hundred yards—as far as a baseball can be thrown—while

at twice that distance its force was spent.

The rifle bullet of today is no bigger than a lead pencil and but little over an inch in length yet it has force enough to kill at three miles and will shoot through eight men placed one behind the other at four hundred yards—the range at which the "Brown Bess" bullet dropped exhausted!

And up to within the last century cannon were but little better; their best range with grape-shot—a variety of projectile that scattered half-pound or heavier balls in a sheaf which spread from the muzzle of the gun—was not over four hundred yards although with a solid shot they could reach a thousand yards with the shot bounding along the ground and kicking up clods of turf or spurts of dust. Even in our Civil War a column of troops would raise the cry of "Gangway! Gangway!" to let some perfectly round visible shot or shell come bounding down the hasty lane. Of course sixteen pounds of iron ball bouncing along like a hot hatted grounder in a league series was no trifling matter; it could crush and mangle. Today the field artillery of the armies in Europe are placing shots three and four miles away at objects which they never see. And there is no more chance of dodging the modern projectiles of invisible speed than in jumping aside from the finger of fate.

A century ago they had shells for the artillery in which were plugs of wood as fuses; each wooden plug was bored with a hole and this was filled with a fine powder. This fuse was ignited by the hot explosion of firing. If the artillery wanted the shell to burst at a shorter range he sawed off the wooden

plug so the fine powder in the tube would not have so long to burn; or else he bored a hole in the wood in order that the fine fuse powder would first ignite through this hole by the blast of flame as the shell was fired and thereby accomplish a similar effect. It was rough and ineffective. Napoleon and Wellington fought each other at Waterloo mainly with solid shot placing great reliance on the bounding balls of cast iron.

Today the great weapon is the explosive shell. There are many varieties, each with its special use. But the time that they shall burst after being fired is a matter of such nice accuracy that such exact instant can be computed to the hundredths of a second! There is one German shell that was evolved in which the instant of bursting was determined by a clockwork inside the shell; when the gun was fired the clockwork was released and at the exact instant for which it had been set this shell would explode. This was a shrapnel shell.

BUT the great reliance in artillery today is on the shrapnel shell. Shrapnel was invented over one hundred years ago by a young English officer of artillery. He had studied the solid shot that could spectacularly damage one man but whose area of effectiveness was too small and the comparative ineffectiveness of the ordinary shell that burst into a few unaimed fragments. This officer filled a shell with bullets and added a charge of powder sufficient to burst the shell. This officer was Colonel Shrapnel and the projectile still carries his name. For years it held but slight esteem; we used it in the Civil War but, unless the burst was exactly timed the effect was slight. But with the burst accurately regulated so that it would occur a trifle above and fifty to sixty yards in front of the enemies' lines it hurled a blast of bullets with deadly effect. Shrapnel does not burst into fragments like common explosive shell, it has merely a sufficient charge of powder to blow its own head off and at the same time throw out the bullets contained in the shell casing. These have, naturally, the velocity of the projectile itself together with the slight additional force of the bursting charge. These bullets scatter in a cone shaped spray like a charge of shot from a shot gun. Properly bursting under all ideal conditions, one three inch in diameter shrapnel from a field gun can disorganize a company of infantry, and two or three, also bursting perfectly, simply annihilate it.

And shrapnel is fired today from all forms of guns. It is used in howitzer fire—the howitzer being a cannon that throws a very heavy projectile a short distance with a light charge of powder. It is dropped upon troops with this high angle howitzer fire, bursting above an army like a shower-bath of leaden death.

In any discussion of the tools of war all that can be told is the bare outlines of the sizes and shapes and properties of the weapons. They cannot be dramatized for the vision except in a field hospital where the shattered and mangled men are brought in. War has been conventionalized; the individual tortures and agonies are lost in the splendor of the liberties which have been achieved through them.

Lyrics do not lend themselves to men

with jaws shot away and dying a ghastly, inarticulate death; or paintings to human beings who have been torn and shredded and whose slaughtered fragments are flung to quiver in the mud. In art men must die gracefully, heroically—and neatly.

But in the actualities of war it is the massed facts of the great and incredible ghastliness of wounds that appal one; there is not a horror contrived by the imagination that the realities do not outstrip it. And these blind factors of blind cruelty that express themselves in jagged steel fragments and quivering human tissue are driven by powers of which we can only vaguely conceive.

Your locomotive is operating under a pressure of steam of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. A steel shell is hurled from a cannon with an energy over one hundred and forty times greater; for each square inch of the interior of the cannon! And that concentrated energy is imparted and held in the projectile till it strikes or bursts.

The one new weapon that this war has brought out is the aero gun, a cannon shooting shrapnel shells that can be handled and sighted by the gunner with an ease and a flexibility of aim almost like a trap shooter at a Saturday afternoon gangluf shoot. One type will fire a shrapnel shell weighing over eight pounds very nearly nineteen thousand feet in the air; a little heavier gun will carry a twelve pound shrapnel over twenty-seven thousand feet high, and a third a shrapnel of over thirty-six pounds more than thirty-four thousand feet above the earth—higher than the highest known balloon ascension!

The Germans have combined the ordinary bursting shell with shrapnel and with a high explosive charge. With this not only is the air filled with the hundreds of bullets but the shell itself bursts with a terrific explosion. And yet another type of shell, ordinary high-explosive 12-inch bursting shell, tested in this country has broken into over seven thousand jagged fragments!

Contrary to a rather popular belief not a single one of these shells becomes deadly or, in fact, can be exploded until after they have been fired from a cannon, and nothing except a shock equal to the violence of that discharge can break or release the mechanism of the fuse. Not only that but the violent shock—and cannon in firing sustain an explosive shock of over thirty-five thousand pounds to the square inch—must come from the rear of the projectile before it can be released and dangerous. The shrapnel fuse is one of the most perfect of mechanical devices. They are quite as safe to handle before firing as so many iron bottles.

There is one weapon that has been revived from several centuries and that is the grenade; a grenade being a small high explosive shell thrown by hand. And the grenade has, moreover, risen to a high plane of effectiveness; often in fact it has become the only possible weapon in this European trench warfare. The justly celebrated British grenadier dates back to the time when they were a special corps used for this purpose alone. They marched into battle with lighted "slow-matches" smoking and glowing while netted pouches slung over their shoulders contained grenades about the

size of small oranges. These grenades they lighted and threw over the enemy's breastworks.

Today, in the battle trenches, the opposing soldiers are doing this very thing. In one place—but let Herbert Corey tell it as he told it a few evenings ago at a dinner after his return from the fields of battle:

"In one place the trenches of the Germans and the Allies are not twenty feet apart—not, in fact, as far apart as the two walls of a decent sized New York brownstone front! All day long the soldiers in these trenches light grenades and hurl them into the other fellows' trench or pick up those hurled at them and throw them back before they can explode. They can hear each other talk. Presently, after some days or even hours, it dies down, for it is very monotonous this dull grind of throwing grenades. Some man calls out 'Hello Dutchy'; or the equivalent in French, and from the other trench comes back a sociable voice 'Hello Frenchy!' This lasts for a little while, these concealed voices talking to each other. There will be an informal truce until the officers come up and drive them again back to the task of lighting of grenades and throwing them over at the sociable voices of a few minutes before. When such a condition is reached, that is to say the men realizing their common humanity and the unutterable dreariness of lighting and throwing grenades at each other it is time to change the troops."

That is the warfare of the grenade. And last, deadliest, and inconceivably cruel come the poisonous gases. Exactly what these gases are has not yet been definitely determined; though it is generally admitted and believed that they are chlorine gas as to their base. It was a German who is closely affiliated with pro-German work in New York who told me that it is liquid air that is used in order to obtain the pressure and density for the gases are in most cases taken into the trenches in steel bottles under high pressures. In addition to this it has been reported that the Germans have laid elaborate pipe systems along the crest of the German trenches from which, at the time when the wind blows toward the Allies, deadly gas can be released and controlled from central reservoirs.

THERE has also been reported at times a fiery liquid but these reports are so far rather indefinite. Yet this may indicate a comparatively new chemical, also a coal-tar derivative and discovered by German chemists shortly before the war broke out.

This is diazomethane.

So far it has only been made with the utmost precautions in laboratories and for laboratory use, but, as the chemist who has studied it in this country said:

"The German chemists, the greatest chemists in the world and it is not improbable that they may have developed this gas to a point where it is practical in warfare. The gas is a light gas and while it would not be useful for flowing over a country, yet in a bomb it would be a most deadly affair, as the slightest trace in the air would have frightful effects upon the tissues of those exposed to it."

This is warfare!

Red Blood

By
GEORGE
CREEL

Caricature by
HERB ROTH



thing else bringing national renown. . . . By war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life."

AFTER quiet months spent with ear pressed tight against the ground, Mr. Roosevelt has decided that Preparedness for War and Ignoble Peace are phrases well suited to the public temper and admirably calculated to restore his former influence.

Having berated the peace-seeking women of the United States as "base," he warns to his campaign in ancient fashion by branding President Wilson's policy of neutrality as "wicked" and "craven."

Proceeding rapidly and enthusiastically, he disposes of all peace advocates with the declaration that they have been "preaching potroonery," and pays his respects to their doctrine in this quite inclusive paragraph:

"The professional pacifists, the professional peace-at-any-price men, who during the last five years have been so active, who have pushed the mischievous all-arbitration treaties at Washington, who have condoned our 'rimsal insensitivity as regards Mexico, and above all, as regards the questions raised by the great world war now raging, and who have applauded our sbject failure to live up to the obligations imposed upon us as a signatory power of the Hague Convention, are at best an unlovely body of men, and taken as a whole, are probably the most undesirable citizens that this country contains."

Nothing is more plain than that Mr. Roosevelt has deliberately chosen Red Blood as a campaign cry. Undoubtedly convinced that President Wilson will be able to hold America back from the abyss that has engulfed Europe, he feels it safe to trade upon the irritations that are inevitably engendered by any policy of non-activity.

Were President Wilson bellucose and militaristic, or had Mr. Bryan not taken such monopolistic control of the Dove of Peace, there is small doubt that Mr. Roosevelt would have decided upon Parifism as an issue.

However, the necessities of the occasion fit nicely into his temper. While he would have foamed just as furiously in support of a peace propaganda, a Bosconian, eat-'em-alive policy is one that will enlist his deepest and most sacred passions, for Red Blood has always been his favorite issue.

Writing as a young man in *Ranch Life*, he found that the Wyoming cowboy's most admirable trait was that he had no "over-wrought fear of shedding blood. He possesses, in fact, few of the emasculated, milk and water moralities admired by the pseudo-philanthropists."

In his speech at Stationer's Hall, London, June 6, 1910, he said: "We must perform a great part in the world, and especially . . . perform those deeds of blood, of valor, which above every-

In his *Strenuous Life*, he declares that "In this world the nation that is trained to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound to go down in the end before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities."

It seems the height of improbability, of course, that such crude braggadocio should have other result than the damnation of its propagandist. Even were its essential facts not disputed at every point by history, there is the causeless tragedy of Europe to make every American thank God for his anti-militaristic civilization and ideals. But it is never safe to prophesy where Mr. Roosevelt is concerned.

More than any other man in public life, he has the gift of making people *thrill* rather than *think*. He is to statesmanship what the "movies" are to the drama. He gives a picture but never a thought. Like a kaleidoscope, his incessant play of color forces forgetfulness of form.

Commercialism has crushed the color out of life and conventions have hobbled imagination, yet that a spark of the old daring still lingers is proved by the popularity of novels and plays in which there are incredible heroes and heroines. It is this spark that Mr. Roosevelt has never failed to fan into flame.

He blazes across the mediocrity of

everyday existence like a meteor, and dull slaves of routine, chained to the treadmill, find a certain vicarious pleasure, a definite satisfaction of romance, in watching his sweep. The strength of Theodore Roosevelt is that he makes his rivals seem colorless and shabby.

It takes time and patience to make people think. The boom of a gun, the roar of fustian, a piece of claptrap sentiment, will make them feel.

As police commissioner, as governor, as rough rider, as president, as assistant secretary of the navy, he never failed to do the startling thing—never failed to minister to the popular love of color.

Nor when he retired from the highest office in the land was he guilty of any such conventionality as the acceptance of a lectureship. He disappeared dramatically into the African jungle—he came out by way of Europe, shaking hands with kings and lecturing nations—a second time he vanished from sight with a resounding splash, and returned from South America with tales in which color more than made up for the lack of data.

Such a man is always dangerous, and doubly so when he appeals to primitive instincts and ancient, wanton lusts. Nor is the time itself less than critical. Since the induction of Woodrow Wilson into office, the people have been thinking, but two years is not long enough to have formed the habit firmly.

It is not meant to charge Mr. Roosevelt with premeditated insincerity. It is simply the case that he lacks deep-seated convictions and runs his race without regard to other than purely personal goals. He lives by impressions and works through impressions, and by virtue of a hugely developed egoism he is able to transmute his daily vagary into an eternal verity.

HIS mastery of the spectacular, as well as the American public's response to it, is not clearly understood until one commences to make a survey of his liberty-gibbet career. No man in political history has turned so many somersaults, and yet such is the force of his amazing personality that he has been able to make people believe that he was standing floatwood even while high in the air.

During his seven years in the presidency, he exhausted epithet in denouncing Socialists and Socialism, yet in 1912, when the Progressive party stole an entire platform from State Socialism, Mr. Roosevelt leaped upon it with a glad shout.

As president he loathed and hated equal suffrage, speaking against it on every occasion, yet when he was the Progressive candidate in 1912, with women voting in ten states, he outdid the most enthusiastic equal suffragist in shouting "votes for women."

As president, possessed of authority and all influence, he refused to entertain criticisms of the judiciary, and appointed to the federal bench many of the judges who have been most responsible for the bitter outcry against judicial tyranny and corruption. As a third term candidate he was vociferous in advocating the recall of judges and even the recall of deicians.

This latter reform originated in Colorado, where it is now a law. A friend from Colorado suggested it one night at

Oyster Bay. Mr. Roosevelt announced it next morning as the ripe fruit of years of patient study of existing abuses.

By swearing that he was a resident of Washington he escaped the payment of taxes in New York. A few weeks later he was a candidate for governor of New York, insisting that he was a resident.

The Dingley tariff bill cursed both of his administrations, and no one can find that he ever said a word against or suggested a single lightning of the burdens that it placed upon the people. As a third-term candidate, he assailed the Payne-Aldrich bill with force and vigor.

Today Mr. Roosevelt feels that "by war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strifes of actual life." A year ago, in his Pittsburgh speech, he denounced competition as "one of the greatest curses of modern civilization."

Since 1912, Mr. Roosevelt has felt that the Trust is a menace, and he pants for a chance to do something with them or to them. When Mr. Roosevelt walked into the presidency in 1901, there were only 149 combinations and trusts in the United States, including railways. Their entire stock and bond issue was about \$3,784,000,000.

When Mr. Roosevelt left the White House in 1908, there were exactly 10,020 of these price-fixing, competition-crushing monopolies, with an aggregate capitalization of \$31,672,000,000 of which 70 per cent was "water."

The criminal provisions of the Sherman anti-trust law placed in President Roosevelt's hands a perfect weapon for destroying these evil growths. He did not use it. When cases were brought against the Harvester Trust, the Southern Pacific and other malignant combinations, he stopped the prosecution.

In this connection, his examination by Mr. Ivins during the progress of the Barnes libel suit is very illuminating. The following brief extract will serve as illustrative of the entire cross-examination:

Ivins: Did you ever cause the Attorney General of the United States to take any action whatsoever against the Steel Corporation?

Roosevelt: I did not.

Ivins: Mr. Friel was a contributor to your campaign fund in 1904?

Roosevelt: He was.

Ivins: Mr. Gary was a contributor?

Roosevelt: He was.

Ivins: Mr. Perkins was a contributor?

Roosevelt: He was.

Ivins: Those gentlemen were connected with the Steel Corporation?

Roosevelt: They were.

Ivins: Did you ever instruct the Attorney General to proceed in any manner whatsoever against the Harvester Company?

Roosevelt: I did not.

Ivins: Was Mr. Perkins a contributor to your campaign in 1904?

Roosevelt: He was.

Ivins: Did you ever instruct the Attorney General to take any action whatsoever against the American Powder Company?

Roosevelt: I did not.

Ivins: Mr. T. Coleman du Pont was a contributor, was he not?

Roosevelt: He was.

He screams today about "unpreparedness." For some time he was an assistant secretary of the navy, and for seven years he was president. One looks in vain through his records for those years for one single intelligent or constructive

suggestion leading to a better national defense. If we are unprepared today, most certainly we were even more grossly unprepared between 1901 and 1908.

The war in Mexico is due to the fact that in a country populated by 15,000,000 people, over 75 per cent of the land was owned by less than 15,000 landlords. Schools were denied, and there was no such thing as justice. In case of any industrial disturbance, the Diaz rule was to line so many strikers up against a wall and shoot them.

When 15,000,000 rebelled against poverty and horror and wretchedness, Mr. Roosevelt could see nothing in their rebellion but an outrageous agitation that needed to be put down by a strong hand. That President Wilson did not send the youth of America into Mexico to crash a dream of liberty, and also to guarantee the profits of such foreign investments as were the result of corrupt pacts with Diaz, appeals to Mr. Roosevelt as "criminal inactivity."

His treatment of Colombia may be taken as a fair example of his idea of the "strong hand." While the Colombian senate was discussing the terms of the Hay-Herran treaty, which had already been ratified by the United States senate, there was a "revolution" in one of the six districts of Panama. Although the other five districts were quiet, although the rebellious district was without army, navy, courts, congress, or even any formulated list of grievances, Mr. Roosevelt ordered American troops to prevent the movement of Colombian troops, and in less than two days recognized the independence of Panama.

A nation with which we were at peace was dismembered and robbed, and subsequent developments proved conclusively that the "revolution" was engineered by the Roosevelt administration, working through as disreputable a clique of adventurers as ever cursed a community.

IT IS a list that could be continued indefinitely. Never at any time an instance of independent thinking or original thinking, or even clear thinking along huck-n-key lines! Never at any time an evidence of a passionate conviction or the pursuit of a goal! Always the shouting opportunist, eager for applause, who, having exhausted the emotional possibilities of a thing, drops it in its uncompletion and hurries on to the next "front page story."

The Roosevelt way is thick with overlooked jobs, unfulfilled promises and unfinished tasks. And now, when the perpetrator of his omissions and mistakes is trying patiently and patriotically to wash the nation out of the muck, it is Mr. Roosevelt who is most clamorous in his criticism, obigation and rebuke.

And, as ever, his excessive verbal output is barren of intelligent suggestion. He urges intervention in behalf of the Allies in the same breath that he screams of "unpreparedness." And he parrots the words without explaining how men are to be secured for a trebled navy and army when even the present establishment cannot secure sufficient men.

Of a certainty, it will be interesting to watch the progress of the Red Blood issue. Does the Roosevelt color retain its ancient sorcery, or have the people decided to think?

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



With Apology to Bouguereau.

The Passing of St. Anthony

Anthony Comstock retires from private life.—News Item.

TARGET of many a wanton shaft
Of ridicule, and satire smarting,
We who one time the loudest laughed,
Hold out our hand to speed your parting.

We're sorry you have got the "chuck;"
No hero of Hellenic fable
Did more than you, who cleaned the muck
From Uncle Sam's Augean stable.

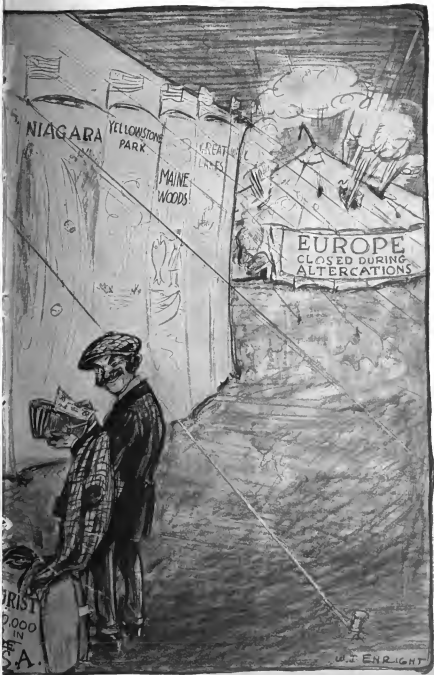
To us you've ever seemed a sort
Of myth creation, altogether
Impersonal—you are in short
An institution—like the weather!

A handy thing to talk about
That always has been—always will.
A thing to eulogize, and flout
And blame for every human ill.

So when we cast you for the gay
Old satyr in the famed tableau
A two-fold compliment we pay,
To you—and Monsieur Bouguereau.

For 'tis no more than fair to say:
Each one of you has played his part—
Each done his best in his own way—
To popularize the Nude in Art.





Fool's Gold

III—The Shadow

This is the third of the series of anonymous sketches telling in intimate vein of one man's emotional experiences—experiences which the writer thinks directed more than all else the current of his life.

MY FATHER died in October, just a week before my seventeenth birthday. It was very sudden; one day he was alive and well—the next, gone outright from our world.

I remember still, most vividly, the night my father died. I had played football that day with devotion and went to bed bruised and tired out. I woke—it seemed but a moment afterward—shaking, a scream ringing in my ears. I was thoroughly frightened, but started to get out of bed, when my mother burst into the room.

"Run," she cried breathlessly, "run for Doctor Whipple! Your father is dying!"

Even then it was too late, had she known it. The gruff old Doctor, a familiar figure to me since boyhood, came with me readily, carrying his worn little leather bag, his calomel pills, his few shiny instruments wrapped in gauze. They were of no use now, alas! He hid his ear to my father's breast, felt his pulse a moment, then straightened up, wearily it seemed. He looked older, somehow, than when he had entered the room; and his eyes, as he gazed across at my mother, were full of pain.

"His heart!" he said, "its given out at last. But he passed peacefully—it is the Lord's will!"

He bent his head as if praying; then quietly, as he had come in, he left the room.

My mother did not speak. Her face grew white and her eyes frightened me. She sat by the bed and would not move. I tried awkwardly at consolation, but she seemed not to hear my voice. I thought suddenly of Alison Gray, the minister's young wife and my best friend, and decided to go for her. If anybody, I thought, could help my mother it was Alison.

She was, as I knew she would be, all tenderness and sympathy. When she saw my mother she went forward softly, and kneeling, laid her head in my mother's lap and took her hand. I left them alone there, for that seemed best, and as I closed the door I heard them weeping. My heart felt lighter then, for I had heard that tears bring kindest aid to suffering.

When I was alone the meaning of this, the first real tragedy of my life, came upon me overpoweringly. I scarcely slept that night at all. I felt small and helpless, unfit for such a test. The utter decisiveness of the event was in itself appalling.

Indeed, I have wondered since if this abrupt facing of death, the physical fact, was not more truly responsible for my emotion than the pure pain of bereavement. For I had never been conscious of any real love, or of affection even, for my father. That sounds unnatural, but I'm not sure that it was. Filial love, I

think, does not just happen, a certain gift of nature like sunset or the sweet nir of dawn; it must grow slowly from the roots, and be well tended, like any other love. My father while he lived had never won my heart. Perhaps if he had lived longer. . . . But he did not, and the truth is as I have written it.

I stood in awe of my father and believed in him, but I never understood him. Never, that is, till years later, when my mother talked to me of him, and told me of his life.

He was a simple man, my father. His passions ran in few but deep channels. In the days before the civil war—we always called it The War—he had loved only my mother. When the South sprang to arms he embraced that new love, her cause, with a faith that burned up all other emotions. He marched with Lee in the first army. When he left, his last words to my mother, she told me, were these:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more."

THE defeat of the Confederacy brought about my father's financial ruin; worse, it shattered his very scheme of existence. He too, was defeated for a time, utterly; but in the end he accepted the fact of the South's lost cause as the will of God, and found peace. And having laid on God's altar what was perhaps the greatest passion of his life, he emphasized his sacrifice by an unvarying devotion thereafter to Religion and to the Church.

He was religious in what we now call an old-fashioned way. To him the Bible was literally the Word of God. Our little frame church was the House of God. And Parson Gray, our minister, was to him clothed with Sanctity and armed with the sword of Divine Authority. He never questioned these things. To do so would be to lack faith, a sinful and dishonorable thing.

I think the word "honor," a word often upon my father's lips, brings him back to me more clearly than anything else. It was the keystone of his character. It gave meaning to the tall, straight figure which moved with a slight limp—a tribute to some unknown Yankee sharpshooter. It filled the thin, aquiline features with a proud, if somber, dignity. It lent sincerity to the deep-set eyes. His honor was the holy vessel which my father guarded night and day throughout his life. And no man could say he did not guard it well.

EVEN in the coffin, set in our darkened front room where his body lay until the funeral, the pale mask which had been his face kept the look we so well knew, a calm, firm look that looked little of being pale.

Visitors came, our village neighbors,

condolent and curious. They wore dark clothes and spoke in half-whispers. There was much sighing and shaking of heads, casting of sidelong glances at my mother and bolder ones, full of pity, at me. I was at first indignant, then depressed. The whole thing seemed indecent, as if we, and my poor father's helpless body, were on show.

I don't suppose I would have minded so much if there had been real comfort in their looks and words, or any wholesome cheer. It would not have harmed my father, and it would have helped my mother and me, God knows. But besides Alison, who let her heart speak always, there was none but brought added gloom into our gloomy house.

I was beginning at this time to speculate more often than formerly about the general truth of religion as I knew it, to try to squeeze its tenets with my reason, and I had found difficulty in doing so. My experience during these days did not help me.

I had come to believe, as the phrase is, in God. I had come, chiefly through talks with Alison, to look upon Him with veneration, if not with love. He was the Father. Yet in this crisis He seemed somehow remote. His followers, our friends and commiserators, with His name constantly on their lips and a spirit wholly alien to that I had conceived of as His in their demeanor, painted Him in colors that seemed false, yet by insistence filled the canvas of my mind. And despite that I had thought of God as a very present help in time of trouble, now trouble was with us I could not but feel that Alison was of vastly more assistance than was He.

THE funeral was not different, I imagine, from any other of the funerals I had witnessed in our village, but it seemed to me an ordeal terrible indeed. We left the house at nine on a beautiful Sunday morning. A dismal procession we made, that should have shamed the gladsome day. The graveyard was half a mile north of town. The grave was dug when we arrived. We stood about incessantly, waiting for Parson Gray to begin.

I shall always remember that scene. I stood on one side of my mother, with Alison on the other. The Parson was across the ugly hole before us and the mourners were grouped about, a few yards back, on each side. The Parson was clad all in black, except for the low white collar which peeped above his coat. He seemed deeply moved. Though he was a younger man than my father they had been close friends for years. They had fought together through The War—an indissoluble bond.

The Parson read the service slowly and impressively, his voice full, but hol-

low and unreal in the open, with the faint twitter of bird calls coming to us in the pauses, the sighing of the breeze through the pine trees, and the distant mournful howling of a chained bound borne across the bare fields to our ears.

The short service was soon over. The Parson began to pray. It was a simple heartfelt tribute to a man whom he had known and honored. He spoke of my father's piety, of his reverence for the Church and for God. He spoke of the grief his going caused. He extended to my mother and to me his sympathy and the sympathy of all those present. In closing he said:

"What Thou hast given, O Lord, that hast Thou also taken away. But we know that Thou art a just God and that Thou hast taken Thy servant to Thy bosom. Have pity upon us, therefore, poor miserable sinners, that we mourn his loss, and lead us also, when we come to go, to the shelter of Thy footstool. And forgive us—for Christ's sake. Amen!"

He ceased and stood with bowed head, while the coffin was lowered into the grave and the first few clods of earth clattered in upon it. The sound of sobbing came from all sides.

I felt utterly forlorn and helpless, as if stuck in a nightmare. And now stronger than at any time before there came over me a wave of impotent exasperation with the whole well-staged ceremonial of lamentation. It seemed so wrong, this raven croaking of ours. If my father was with God, as God's vicar assured us, should it not be our part to rejoice? Why should we, in any case, in the manner of a spectacle thus make public confession of our grief. Half pagan as I was it seemed a thing worse than pagan that we did; it seemed barbarous.

I had not glanced at my mother heretofore; I was too busy with my own poignant thoughts. She was very quiet, not crying even, that one could hear. But in this bitter moment I felt her warm hand take mine. I looked quickly up into her face and my heart thrilled with sudden wonder.

She was smiling!

Tears streaked her cheeks, brimmed over from her eyes, yet she looked at me and smiled down through her tears.

How the writer left home will be told in next week's story: Out Into The World.



"I felt small and helpless, unfit for such a test."

"Sonny," she murmured, softly, "death is not the end. He is with God, where he would be. That is what we must think of—not of ourselves!"

I scarcely heard or heeded her words, so intent was I upon the miracle of her face. She raised her eyes, as if disdainful of the earth and its sad hurdeo, to the far heavens, while on her face grew a look of ecstasy, as if a vision were hers. And she was smiling!

GONE for me on the instant was the bitter grave, the lifeless clay that had never been my father, but his body only; gone was the dolorous sound the mourners made, the sombre cadence of the

parson's voice, the dreariness and the despair.

The birds sang nearer now, the little breeze was singing too, and the sonorous questing of the ancient hound seemed musical. For I saw reflected in my mother's eyes the shining face of God. Not the dour God of Parson Gray, nor the wren God of his whimpering flock, nor even the kindly Father-God of my dreams, but the tender face of a very God of love.

I saw and dimly knew, or felt unknowing, that my mother believed in a God who desired what her heart greatly desired, and that he was therefore good.

Peppers

By MARK HARMON

Those slow and lost and lazy hours
I left in Santa Fe;
Marked off by many a mellow bell—
(One came to know that music well!)—
Each with a dusty tale to tell
Of some dear dusty day
When maids with lips like poppy flowers
Snog down a dusty way:
Yet—best beloved, when said and done—
Gay strings of peppers in the sun.

Festoons of peppers in the sun!
No dull adobe wall
Too poor to flaunt a fleck of flame
Where lack of it were starkest shame.
You laugh, Scour—but, by the Name—
Though it should so befall
That memories fade, of light loves won
And kissed—I must recall—
For si—por no—while swift years run—
The glow of peppers in the sun.

As They See Daniels

These statements by three former secretaries of the Navy are of peculiar interest at this time, when the efficiency of the Navy Department is a topic of active discussion

John D. Long

1897-1902

To Secretary Daniels

I AM very much struck with the great development of the Navy since my day. I think that you are right on the one hand, maintaining the present reasonable program of naval construction, adapted to our ordinary preservation of the peace, but not, on the other hand, getting panic-stricken over the present European condition as if we were in danger of attack by the great nations which will come out of that conflict bankrupt and exhausted and recognizing the vital need of a long peace for their recuperation.

I am glad to see that your steps for promoting the efficiency and morale of the Navy—officers and men by the expulsion of intoxicating liquors from the service is vindicated by the test of experience.

H. A. Herbert

1893-1897

To Secretary Daniels

The old maxim *festino lente* never was more applicable than it is to our naval program now. But the horror of the war in Europe has swept many well-meaning people off of their feet, and there are even those who see political advantage in an attack on the Navy Department, because you have not asked for larger appropriations; but in my opinion you can afford to stand pat where you are. First, because sound public sentiment in this country demands that politics be kept out of naval as well as of foreign affairs; and, secondly, because now is precisely the time when we should keep cool and study carefully the lessons that are being taught by the war in Europe.

Beyond all doubt the orderly progress of the Navy has been quite as rapid under you as it was under any of your predecessors. Under none of them was the Navy any better prepared for immediate war with a great power than now. All this the public will fully understand.

We have already before us several lessons from this war about the efficiency of submarines, of contact mines, of fast fighting ships, of swift commerce destroyers, or long range guns; and we have learned also something about aeroplanes and Zeppelins, but we do not know yet the relative values of all these or what are to be the decisive factors in the great naval war that is now on, and that, before it is ended, will try out to the utmost every implement of destruction that human ingenuity has been able to devise.

Twelve months hence we shall know better how much we should expend for naval construction and what to spend it for.

I have no doubt of the wisdom of your construction program.

Wm. E. Chandler

1882-1885

To Senator Perkins

I venture to advise you to refrain (1) from bringing politics into Naval legislation or administration (2) from making haste in naval construction or expenditure (3) from weakening civilian control in the Navy Department, and (4) I urge you not to forget the duty that is due from Congress to the Tax Payers of the United States.

I

Politics in Dealing with the Navy: Abstinence from any political motives or differences in connection with naval affairs, is as appropriate as when dealing with foreign affairs. Besides, nothing from political complaints will result in Republican advantage.

The Republicans had a reasonably sufficient navy for the civil war. But from 1865 down to 1883 they did practically nothing for the navy. In that last year the available appropriations were \$15,402,120, and the expenditures were \$13,936,294, and at least two millions of the amount were wasted on a discreditable navy yard establishment.

With this record of naval non-construction continued for 18 years you will see that we cannot make political capital out of any democratic delay of naval construction.

II

Reasons for making haste slowly: There is a potent reason for not hurrying present naval construction. Until the present war in Europe is over we cannot be at all certain in what direction large expenditures ought to be made. It is not to be expected that whatever may be revealed big battleships will be no longer built. But such is the terrifically destructive power of Zeppelins and aeroplanes and of submarines that no more large war ships should be built until every possible device is developed for the protection of the ships. One, two or three more protective decks may be required, one, two or three more ships bottoms may be advisable. Who can now tell? It is the height of folly not to study questions like these, before making vast additional expenditures.

III

We should strengthen instead of weakening Civilian Control of the Navy Department: There are in the Navy 3388 commissioned officers, and there are, besides the ordinary clerical force, only two civilians—a Secretary and an assistant Secretary of the Navy. But they represent the civilian President of the United States who is in addition made by the Constitution "Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and of the Militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States."

The Navy of our free republic, to be

governed by the laws of Congress and thus commanded by a President, aided by his Secretary and Assistant Secretary, should not be decorated by many special boards of Naval Officers, and by no such boards except such as are created by the President, and disbanded whenever this is deemed wise by the Commander in Chief. There are established by the law eight bureaus of the Navy Department, and such Bureaus have existed since the beginning of the Government. The chiefs of these Bureaus must be naval officers nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate and their terms end in four years. As a general proposition they are sufficient professional advisers and assistants for the Secretary and President and are all that are needed to keep those two civilians from making mistakes in the exercise of their rightly bestowed power to command the Navy of the republic.

But this is not all. The President and Secretary are under the constant surveillance of the two houses of Congress whose natural course of watching and legislating is aided by regular committees and may be strengthened by the assistance of other members of special capacity and energy not possessed by the regular committees—if there are such superior members, as some members think they are. In view of all these provisions for securing perfect direction of the naval arm of our Government it would be a mistake to embarrass and weaken the present civilian control of the Navy Department.

IV

Be sure and constantly keep in mind the duty that Congress owes to the Tax Payers of the nation: You have heard Senator Hoar say that every laboring man in Europe carries on his back a soldier armed and equipped as the law directs. The French Revolution was caused by the unequal and crushing taxation of the poor peasants and laborers and the evasion of taxation by the rich nobles.

In 1883 we were expending on the navy fifteen millions of dollars annually and when destroying the old worthless ships and guns and beginning a new Navy we at first increased the annual appropriations to only twenty millions. In 1913 our total ordinary expenditures were 682 millions of dollars, 200 millions were military, 153 million were naval and 175 millions were military pensions, making 458 million (or nearly 70 per cent of the 682 millions) used to pay the expenses of our wars and in preparing for future wars; as Representative Tamm repeatedly reminded Congress.

The European War is no excuse for haste in naval appropriations but rather a reason for going slowly until we are quite sure in what way and to what extent our naval construction and preparation are to be modified by the course of existing events.

Making Your Money Work

By HOWARD HALE

I—Pitfalls

YOU have \$1000 saved up. So had I. But I had it in that financial orphanage called savings-bank drawing 3½ per cent interest just as yours is doing now. I did not fancy the idea of my own precious savings turning sarcastic and calling me "that big stiff" or any other names. I had a little spark of ambition too—like you, doubtless—to turn into a musician and donate my surplus funds into the too-much fabled hen that lays many a golden egg.

There was this difference between you and me, though:

You are impatient—as impatient as your idle money. And you know and I know how impatient idle money can be. You are saying to yourself: "I can not afford to let all that money go a-summer-resorting all these weary winters of my discontent." And you are quite as busy in your own business as you are impatient.

I, on the contrary, was neither impatient nor was I busy with my own affairs. I was only curious, very. The plain fact of the matter was I was born a coward and like so many cowards, I was cursed with patience—of the compulsory sort. I who bought my groceries in small paper bagsful, dealt, when it came to that rare and precious virtue called patience, in car-load lots. I didn't have the nerve to plunge; all I had was curiosity and ample leisure. Therefore I made up my mind to do one thing:

To find out just what \$1000 can do for a man—yes, all about it. I went to a stock broker first of all; not because I wished to buy stocks—or sell them short—but because the stock market was the blackest of all my nightmares; because it was the one thing I was more afraid of than anything else, because I wished to get rid of a ghost from the start. Stocks? Why, I would have handed my roll over to a highwayman and paid him for the trouble rather than deal in stocks. Turning your money over to a robber is simple; it does not take an offensively brilliant intellect to do that. Then, too, there is the end of your worry. After robbing you of your wad, the gentlemen of the highway are usually considerate enough not to rob you of your sleep also. Stock market is said to do that and more.

Well, I went into an office looking down on Broad street.

It was padded like a stage for an Arabian love intrigue. The business had been good that day. It was after the market hours. I carried an introduction from a close friend of the broker. And evidently I did not look like a solicitor from the Associated Charities.

"Happy to make your acquaintance; won't you sit down?" said the broker. His voice surprised me; it sounded rather human. I told him how I felt about stocks—about investing in them,

I mean. His answer surprised me even more than has rather unexpectedly human voice. I expected him to turn upon me with: "Why, in the name of sense, did you come to me, then?" There I was ready for him with an answer. What he did say was:

"You are quite right in that. It's certainly a dangerous business." A shrewd broker talking like that against his own business! Why, it sounded to me like the braying of a business ass. His office, all dolled-up with prosperity, did not accuse its master of an aggravated case of idiocy or of lunacy either. I felt uncomfortable; there was something uneasy about it all.

I TOLD him that I was going to take plenty of time before taking a header into any field of investment because all of them were to me almost equally as unmapped as Uganda. He thought it eminently wise.

"Nothing is sure nowadays," said he, in all sincerity. "I am surprised that death and taxes are, honestly!—every time I happen to think of them. And we see so much of that sort of thing right here you know—nothing but post mortems miles and miles around; it's terrible. A few days ago I saw a friend of mine—a professional man, like yourself. He's a very well known writer; very successful—made a lot of money at times, anyway. He is now on one of the big dailies, here . . ."

And the broker went on to tell me this story:

We shall call the writer Sam, for short. One day his old-time friend, Joe, called on him;

"Look here, Sam," said Joe, "Didn't you tell me that you have a few thousand hard salted away somewhere?"

Joe was in the real estate business and was doing very well at it.

Sam looked Joe over very sternly for a minute and said:

"So, you've fallen so dog gone low-down, Joe, that you are sneaking around robbing the friends of your childhood, are you? Why don't you turn into a chorus man and be done with this whole miserable business. What have you got in your nut anyhow?"

"Oh, it's a peach, a pippin, honest, it is," answered Joe with the gush of his erudite oil enthusiasm of a professional real estate salesman. "The chance of your wasted life, Sam. Just listen here . . ."

The writing man might not have listened. But there was one trouble. His money was in a savings bank—hoarding—like yours and mine. What's 3½ per cent? The very thought of it was positively degrading to the self respect of any fund and of Sam himself. Sam was a philosopher, but he had nerves. And then there are some things in this life

which are a little too much even for a Buddha.

Meanwhile, Joe, pulled out a beautifully tinted map of a section of a certain county and another one which was gotten up in a much more sumptuous style showing the new development "just outside of the city limit convenient to all transportation lines etc." and which was no other than the long lost Eldorado right there on the job to accommodate the crying demands of poor New Yorkers. Joe showed how and where the new line was going through that very section. There was tremendous conviction in his blue pencil marks.

Three per cent in a savings bank! Why, here right under the very nose of Sam was the chance of making it *enro* fifty or a hundred per cent! Something more potent than a cheap, young wine mounted the head of Sam. But at the mention of fifty per cent his New England conscience took fright. He put up a sickly little protest. He knew and realized how weak-kneed and pitiful it was before he put it up:

"I simply can't afford to risk it, Joe," said he. "It has taken me ten long weary years to save up that five thousand, you know."

"Risk it!" Hearing Joe one would have supposed that Sam had called him all sorts of names. "Risk it! you poor boob. You know as well as I, an unimproved piece of real estate in a coming section is the safest form of investment. It can't run away from you, can it? It can't huro; nobody can steal it from you—you can't worry about it if you want to."

SAM bought a plot. That year Sam wrote a successful play and forgot all about his real estate venture; he was too busy trying to resign himself to the boreome prospect of exuding money at every pore. A couple of years later, Joe came to Sam and told him that his plot was not quite regular in shape; which the writing man had known at the time he bought it. It was an irregular triangle in shape. Joe thought that it would be a good idea to buy in the rear plot to square the thing off. The owner of the said rear plot was hard up and needed money; it was the finest chance to do business. Sam happened to have the money; he paid \$3000 for the rear property. All this took place about 11 years ago. Since then Sam has paid the taxes and assessments for street improvements, sewer, etc. Being a mere writing man he always had the superstition that it is too hard a job to figure up interest on his investment.

A few months ago, Sam went the way of his artistic ante-Adamic ancestor, the fiddling grasshopper. Financially speaking, he found that it was no trick at all for a man to go up like a rocket and

come down like a stick. He needed money, badly. At the time, Joe was on an automobile tour in Europe. So Sam went to the original owner of the property—the original developer of the suburban section, from whom he had bought the plot. He was willing to take the property back; how much did Sam want for it? With all the magnanimity and contempt for financial details, Sam said:

"WELL, I'm not fussy. Give me back the money I put into it. I'll keep quiet about interest on my investment and taxes and that sort of thing; they give me a headache anyhow every time I think of them."

"Let's see," said the original owner. "You paid \$4500 for the two plots you got, didn't you?"

"I paid what!" Sam's eyes were as big and about as red as a pair of full moons but they were not quite as pleasant to look at.

"At least that's the figure at which I sold them to the man acting for you—what's-his-name, Joe you call him, don't you? Wait a minute . . ."

And the original owner went to the file and dug up the sale contract and the title and offered to exhibit Joe's pencil mark on the map showing the way he wished the owner to cut up the original plot and make two titles for it.

Sam felt sea-sick for a minute. So his childhood friend sold him the two plots for \$8000. For the sake of the said lung syne, Joe pocketed \$3500 of his school chum's money beside, of course, taking regular commission from the original owner.

* * *

"SO YOU see," the broker concluded, "it's an awful ticklish business at its safest—investment is. Oh, of course that was nothing but a common, low-down shell game that the writer's friend played on him, but it shows you that you can never be too careful. No, sir, the stock market is not the only gambling den on earth. There are a lot of places when a man can sprinkle a rainbow's tail with the first thousand he has salted away."

A few days after that I happened to be at my dentist's office. All the magazines on the table of his waiting room were not four months old. The Persian rugs on the hardwood—on the parquet floor, I beg pardon—and the age-mellow, velvety tints of some rare old Japanese prints on the wall tuning up the atmo-

sphere of the office, all seemed to tell a pleasant tale of a yellow harvest pillage up in the doctor's savings bank. I was curious concerning what he did with his surplus funds. By way of an introduction, I told him the story of the writer. My dentist surprised me by saying:

"Oh, that's nothing. He isn't the only victim—no sir! There are others, plenty of them." His tone was bitter; the bitterness seemed to have something personal about it.

"No," I said, "but I think that's about the limit. Here was the dirty skunk who prostituted the fine art of flim-flamming onto the low crude level of robbing the baby, the blind and the maimed. Mind you, doctor, that newspaper fellow trusted his old friend so utterly that he did not take the trouble of looking at the title. I think that's the dirtiest I ever heard."

"LET ME tell you something," said the dentist. "I've had a little experience of my own in the real estate line. I used to know an old deacon; my people are Methodists, you know. I can tell you his name but that would not help this story any or my temper either. The old man was a good friend of my father's and I had known him ever since my Sunday School days. Well one day he came to me—that was some years ago; as well as I remember, it was about two years after I had got out of school. I was just getting on my feet. I had some little money saved up; my practice was beginning to grow like a green hay tree; it seemed to me I could see it grow every day. I was feeling like a colt carrying silks to the post every trip. Well, the old deacon came to me one day and said, "Jim, you are getting along splendid; you must be making a lot of money." I told him that my whaling temperature wasn't much above 300, but I expected to improve. Then he told me that he had had my interest at heart for some time past, that I was young and the world was all rose to me now but the day would come when I'd feel that I had been a bit younger, etc. Then he opened on me and told me of a proposition, strictly and absolutely confidential one, of course; all inside stuff, you know. It was an option on a piece of property—I don't remember now how many hundred acres it was, but it was pretty big—all on Long Island. It was the time when the Long Island potato-patches were being dressed up in all the asphalt trimmings of a city lot. The air was full of the talk of a

tunnel under the East River, you remember the time, don't you? I caught fire right away quick. It sounded like poetry to me. To call that a bargain, the old deacon assured me, was like mistaking a king's ransom for a hobo's cast-off. The old man was terribly emphatic about it. It was simply rubbing the lamp; and the late Mr. Aladdin wasn't in it at all.

"There was a lot of technical details to the thing, which I did not understand. I did not care a rap about them anyway. The main idea was that the old gentleman and his friends were organizing a sort of holding company to buy the option for I don't know how long a time and try to sell the blame thing to a development company at an Arabian price. I remember I ended up by becoming even more emphatic than the old deacon. I had over fifteen hundred dollars in the bank—my first thousand included in the lot, of course. I told the old man that of course he could count me in on it for a thousand and that I was willing to let him have the five hundred if he needed the money on his own account. He took it. We went out to see the property. It was a peach of a day in early June; everything about the place looked like rainbows shooting every which direction out of a perfumery bottle. It was beautiful for miles around. I spent hours end hours at a time worrying myself as to how I'd spend the money which was bound to snow me under.

"WELL, how in thunderation, could I tell that when it rained more than a couple of days at a time, that property had to be sold by the gallon? The joke of it all was that I did not find that out for the longest time. I think I paid about three assessments before I woke up. The deacon got me to put up more money under the plea that they had to extend the option because they were holding on to it for a higher price. I almost had a scrap over the property with one of my patients who joshed me about the frog pond I owned out in Long Island—that was the way he put it. And it was a mild way of putting a harsh fact, too, as I came to find out later on. Well, do you know that old friend of my father's didn't loose a penny in the deal? Quite the contrary; he got away with a fat commission. Now, how is that for an old Methodist deacon? Not so bad, is it? No, sirree! no more watered real estate for mine!"

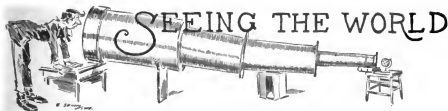
"Well, where do you invest your surplus, then?" I asked.

The further adventures of The Man with a Thousand will be told by Mr. Hale in an early issue.

Birth Control

The eighth article in the MARY ALDEN HOPKINS series will appear in the next issue.

The UNKNOWN BIRTHRATE is the title



We Wish That We Too Could Write

One of the most superb affairs that the citizens of Lexington have witnessed for quite a long while, was brought to bear by the uniting in holy wedlock of Miss Mary Elizabeth Stewart and Mr. Louis Monroe Ford. At the beginning, the day was one of gloom, but late in the morning the clouds became scattered, and at the noon hour the sun peeped out and streamed through the windows of the old historic church, adding cheer and enthusiasm to the superb occasion. Each individual in the bridal party performed his or her part as perfectly as if guided by a guardian angel, and the entire performance was one of rare beauty, portraying all of the accuracy of a piece of well-oiled machinery.

—Lexington (Ky.) News.

Kitchen Easily Found

All the doors leading from the house came from the kitchen, so there was no way of entering the main part of the building save through the window.

—Cherboygan (Wis.) Democrat.

House Saves Its Contents

At noon yesterday the house of Mrs. Lydia Woodhull in the southwest part of the village caught fire, possibly from a stovepipe through the roof and burned, saving about all the contents except a nice lot of canned goods in the cellar.

—Cedar Springs (Mich.) Clipper.

Ben's Intentions

Ben Davis, who devoted many years of his life to inventing an apple, has recently manifested a violent symptoms of a terrible intention to invent a family to eat it. He now wears a bouquet in his buttonhole, parts his hair in the middle and threatens to shave. Ben evidently means business.

—Fourche Valley (Ark.) Herald.

Considerate

Mace Liverwurst borrowed a lawn mower last Monday and took it home, but Mrs. Liverwurst was busy trying to get out several washings she had promised for that day, so Mace returned the

mower to the party from whom he borrowed it and will not ask for it again until his wife has time to use it. Mace says he has won forty-three games of checkers already this week.

—Altoona (Kans.) Tribune.

Excitement Proves Fatal

George Holden, an inmate of the bome, died Monday as the result of excitement, due to a game of checkers.

—Lane (W. Va.) Recorder.

Her Affliction

The bride has been employed for some time as a bookkeeper at the W. E. Frye

The Freedom of the Press

We print what we please and the way we please and the people who think it is worth it, pay \$1 a year, and those who don't are welcome to their opinions and their dollars.

—The Hume (Mo.) Telephone.

Neighbors' Hens Helpful

The future success of the Pioneer Sun is assured. We never heard of, or saw better prospects for any paper than this one has.

We've read many reports where the good people have brought the poor struggling editor *sassafras* roots for his pale complexion, Spring turnips for his digestion, and occasionally old clothes to cover his weary bones. But none of that for this "chile." For we have the best. Our neighbors' chickens come in the back door or this office and make their nests in the rigger box and in the corner where we keep our exchanges. "Oh! when the rooster crows, as everybody knows, there'll be eggs for our breakfast in the morning."

—Drewry (Ore.) Pioneer Sun.

These Things Make the Editor

You can joke a man about his hat or old clothes, and he will do nothing worse than smile, and we take chances on him without a quiver. But let us come out and say that Mrs. So-and-So was down town wearing her 1912 hat retrimmed (and she was) and there wouldn't be enough of our foree left to run the mailing galley next week.

—Smith Co. (Kans.) Pioneer.

Profitable Speculation

Doc Evans, whose dope appears, more or less garbled, on this page, tells a woman who says that her legs are "noticeably bowed" that she can do nothing for it and that if she gets fat it will not show. This makes us wonder if we would be bow-legged if we were thin.

—Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

The Call of the Wild

The most of our people have quit work and gone to fishing.

—Marina (Fla.) Times.

JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER



plumbing shop. She has been an active worker in the Christian church and is afflicted with several social organizations.

—Mt. Victory (O.) Observer.

Getting the War Habit

Mr. Forman has been married twice and was also in the Civil War.

—Mereyville (La.) Banner.

So Do We All

Bennett is still paying cash for poultry, eggs and cream.

—Arnold (Neb.) Sentinel.

We Couldn't Do This

C. E. Rigley fell from his bicycle last night and ran over his hand inflicting painful injuries.

—Owosso (Mich.) Argus.

High Lights in College Baseball

By HERBERT REED

YALE owes her triumph over Princeton on the diamond very largely to high-class defensive baseball by Harry Legore and "Long John" Reilly. While the fans who follow the professional baseball teams are apostles of free hitting, the college element is readily aroused by the handling of the leather in the field. It was the left side of Yale's infield that was the real attraction in the final game of the series at the Polo Grounds. Reilly and Legore formed a combination as good as any I have seen in recent years. They were bold as any professional, chose their plays well and threw with deadly speed and accuracy. A little thing like cutting off men at the plate is a commonplace to Legore, and Reilly's only fault was that he too often sought to play the entire infield. One ball that he stole from Legore made trouble for his team, but he more than squared the account later in the game. So well do these two first-class ball players throw that they can play fairly deep with a man on third and none out, and still have better than an even chance to get their man at the plate on any kind of an infield drive. The Yale first line of defense was weak in the combination between Hunter behind the bat and Milburn at second, but the left side of the infield was a team in itself. The Reilly family was not unknown to fame even before the advent at New Haven of "Long John" who looks the ball player all over even before he gets into action. Barney Reilly was a star at Andover, and although he was not active in the game at Yale he was considered good enough by the professionals to be asked to join the Chicago White Sox. The other brother, "Jim," was one of the best defensive halfbacks ever turned out at Yale, or anywhere else, for that matter.

Yale Players Well Taught

College baseball has had a bad reputation with many of the experts who are interested largely in the professional game, but there were bits of play here and there that would have rounded credit to a professional in the final battle between the Elis and the Tiger. Yale's record for this season is marred by a goodly share of defeats, due partly, I think, to holding some of the Blue's opponents too cheaply, but high-class baseball is being taught by Frank Quinby at New Haven, and the men show it. There is plenty of "inside stuff" in evidence in the field if not at the bat. The Elis have overcome to a large extent that inordinate desire to get rid of the ball that marks most college teams. Legore, indeed, holds it so long that he seldom slips his man by more than inches, but that is good baseball when a man can throw like a rifle shot. It eliminates the necessity for throwing hurriedly from a bad position. The best example is, or used to be—I have not

seen him recently—Hans Wagner of Pittsburg. When Wagner was at his best he took all the time he needed in which to make his throw. Reilly throws much more quickly than Legore, but of course he has to make his heavy clear across the diamond, sometimes from behind third base, and for a big man handling bunts he straightens up and gets the ball away in better fashion than any college third baseman I have seen in many years. The professionals are after Reilly, and should he take up the big league game, high-class work may be expected of him. With Legore at short, Reilly at third, and Watt of Columbia at second, a very snappy infield could be made up, if a first baseman of the same calibre could be found on any of the teams.

Tiger Catcher's Headwork

It was hardly the fault of Bill Clark that Princeton failed to win. His players showed that they had been well taught. One of the best examples of good coaching was Kelleher behind the bat. This young man covered more ground than any Tiger catcher I have seen since Kafer, and upon one occasion he was clear out behind first base backing up an infield hit. He was something of a surprise party, for everybody had been intent on the play, and no one saw him get to the reserve station. It was a very real rescue, for he nipped a bad throw that was headed for the stands, and held the runner on first. That kind of baseball is good enough for anyone, amateur or professional.

Detroit Gets Regan

One of the chief acquisitions to the professional ranks this year will be Regan, of Cornell, who will wear a Detroit uniform. Regan is one of the best pitchers the college game has seen, and it was a pity that he could not fill out the season for the Ithacans. It is not surprising to find him headed for Detroit, for Hughie Jennings is a graduate of the Cornell Law School, and has always kept in touch with Cornell baseball.

Hardwick to Coach Navy

Another of the college baseball stars will keep up his connection with sport after he leaves college. This is Huntington R. Hardwick, of Harvard, who is going to help Jonas Ingram turn out a football team at Annapolis. Hardwick has been one of Percy Houghton's pet pupils, and be should be a distinct addition to the Navy's coaching staff. Next fall's Army-Navy game, therefore, will be something of a battle between two strategists of the same school, Hardwick and Lieut. Charles D. Daly. The Army system, however, is not a copy of Harvard's. The two have much in com-

mon, but in the course of the years a great deal of valuable football "dope" has been amassed at West Point. It will be interesting to see just how radical will be the changes in the Navy system.

Farewell to "Thatboy"

Yale, Harvard and Princeton are to be congratulated on their agreement to play a series of three baseball games hereafter, regardless of the outcome of the first two games. New York gets little enough high-class amateur baseball as it is. College baseball with the "yapping" left out seems to work fairly well. Old timers like Dutch Carter and Jack Highlands will miss the "thatboy" and "you're workin' nice" of the old days. The game is in consequence much more quiet that it used to be, but on the whole I think it is an improvement. Defeat is no longer so hard to stomach, even for the festive undergraduate. Indeed, I think the Yale, Harvard and Princeton graduates who have been out for some years are the hardest losers.

More Record Golf

Golfing wonders never cease. Hardly had the talk over Walter Hagen's remarkable golf both on the Pacific Coast and in the East died down a little, than James Barnes performed if not the impossible at least the improbable at Baltusrol. The Western champion plays a tremendous long game, and this helped him mightily when in an early round of the Open Championship he turned in a card of 71, that, but for two missed putts, would have been a almost unbelievable 69. The homeward journey he made in 33, with three 3s and six 4s, which is terrific going for such a course as Baltusrol. The distance home is 3083 yards, with a par of 37. For for this course is 74, and it takes good, sound, consistent golf to equal that figure.

Princeton's Tennis Triumph

Good coaching was largely responsible for Princeton's final tennis triumph over Cornell, the Tigers winning the Inter-collegiate team honors at Forest Hills in doubles and singles, by making a clean sweep of the Ithacans. Church, the Princeton captain, a player of wide experience, had succeeded in getting the other members of his team to all but duplicate his own superb work at the net. His coaching was plainly in evidence throughout the team. The men took the net at every opportunity, and although the Cornellians did some hard driving, they never had the chance to assume the aggressive. Both teams had come through the college season without defeat, but that the Tigers were so much the superior in the final test can be attributed only to the leadership and coaching of Church.

A By-Product of Justice

By DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

THE air of the close-packed courtroom was stifling. At the erier's desk one of the sheriff's officers fanned himself incessantly with a folded newspaper, occasionally varying the motion of his hand to slap at the flies which buzzed about his bald head. He had ceased, hours before, to snap out "Silence!" at the least motion or whisper among the crowded spectators.

Every seat in the long room was filled, and the swinging doors, locked against invasion, bulged ominously from the pressure of tight-wedged humanity. At intervals rose the voice of another har-

tator had watched the slow change in them. At first they had been rather pleased with themselves, conscious of the crooked dignity of their position. Then, at the beginning of proceedings, they had been very intent, scrupulously absorbed in the questions and answers of the first witnesses. Gradually, they had commenced to show signs of lassitude; they had become thoroughly bored.

And after this the strain had commenced. When the superficial emotions had worn themselves off, the twelve men had for the first time come face to face with the thing they had been put there

to do, and the consciousness had never left them. It had grown stronger with every passing minute, and they had ceased to look at the prisoner, or at each other.

When they finally filed from their places, with the words of lawyers and judge still ringing in their ears, each of them had looked more like a man under the shadow of death than did the prisoner in the dock.

But, with judge and jury gone, there was still much upon which the hungry eyes from the spectators' seats might feed. There was the knot of lawyers

"No, ye can't get in. There sin't a seat left. What d'ye want to get in for? The jury's out and won't be in for hours. Quit pushin' against that door. D'ye want to break the lock?"

Even though the jury was out—had indeed been out for over an hour—and the judge's high seat was vacant, not a spectator had moved to leave the room. Many of them had been sitting on the uncomfortable chairs since nine o'clock in the morning; all of them had been there for at least three hours, yet each held stubbornly to the seat he had worked so hard to secure.

There was indeed much to be seen in the court-room, familiar as every detail had grown to the spectators through the long days and hours of the trial. Only two details were missing. The brown, thin face and trim white moustache of the judge had vanished, and the twelve revolving chairs which had held the jury were now empty, and twisted about at all angles.

The room seemed easier, the very air less tightly-strung with those twelve chairs empty. The jurymen had been so many wriggling and uncomfortable pictures of nervousness. The spec-



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HARPER'S WEEKLY ADVERTISING SECTION

about the prosecutor's table. The prosecutor, Ridgway, short, fat, almost oily, yet with a harsh voice, a keen eye, and a bullying manner that contrasted strangely with his good-natured appearance. Kent, his first assistant, a lean, hairless man forever putting on and taking off his spectacles. Dickson, the younger of the two assistants, fair-haired, ruddy cheeked, who had been throughout the course of the trial a veritable bundle of activity, scribbling incessant notes, whispering in Ridgway's ear a dozen times an hour. According to the papers, young Dickson had made a name for himself during the trial, for it had been his suggestion that had put Ridgway upon that line of questioning which had gone so far toward crumpling the ramparts of the defense.

At the other table Felton, the prisoner's lawyer, was laughingly fencing with two or three of the younger and less experienced reporters who were trying to make him talk. A big man, Felton, big and loose-limbed, yet with clothes which flapped and wrinkled about him for all the bigness of his frame. Above the clustered shoulders of the budgeing pressmen rose his long, wrinkled face and the tousled mop of short, curly hair.

He was grinning at the reporters. He was usually grinning at something, with tight-locked lips, and a million wrinkles at the corners of his sparkling eyes. Yet he could twist that smooth-shaven actor's face into any one of a thousand different expressions, easy to read as the sketch of a clever caricaturist.

In the press-box were half a dozen reporters, bent over flying pencils, handing bundles of copy to boys who darted in and out of the swinging doors.

And there was the prisoner. The spectators never tired of looking at him. John Fleming had sat rigid and almost motionless during all of the trial. The prison pallor had whitened his face, but it had not made him look unhealthy, or greatly changed his appearance. He had always been John Fleming.

Few among the spectators had known him, or had known anything of his life until the details were ruthlessly pried out of him by the unflagging efforts of Ridgway and his assistants. Already the spectators had forgotten most of the details of the past to which Fleming had confessed. They remembered only those things which were connected with his crime.

In their eyes, John Fleming stood only for the thing he had done. There was little question of his guilt in any mind. There had been little question since the revolting details of the murder had first appeared in the papers. As the days had passed, these details had been dinned steadily into the public's ears, and fresh ones had been added. Diagrams of the crime, photographs of the murderer and his victim, and of the important witnesses had appeared every day.

Fleming had come into court with no other word than a curt denial of his guilt. To this he had elung, while Felton, grinning always, had twisted and writhed before the ruthless attacks of the prosecution like an animal in a trap. The net of circumstances had closed inevitably, but the man in the prisoner's

dock had not flinched or weakened. He had hung to his story, and Ridgway could not move him.

And now the jury was out, and the judge had left the bench. Through the open door of the judge's inner office, the crowd in the court-room could see him plainly enough. He was leaning back in a swivel chair, his coat off, the sleeves of his shirt pulled well up on his arms. His feet were on the edge of his desk, and a cigar jutted from the corner of his mouth. The odor of it pervaded the big room beyond the open door. He was talking steadily to someone on the other side of his desk, hidden from view by the angle of the wall.

From time to time the eyes of the spectators turned from contemplation of the reporters, the lawyers and the empty chairs of the jury-box to a big oaken door at the rear of the big room. It was a door of double thickness. So much the spectators knew, because it had stood open all through the trial until it had been closed and locked behind the slow-footed jurors.

On the outside of the door was a black sign bearing in the word "Jury" in gilt letters. Directly beneath the sign was a brass bell which was rung from within. There was no transom over the door. No sound could come through its double thickness. In front of the door stood another of the sheriff's officers, a huge bulk of a man with great shoulders and legs that seemed capable of standing for hours in the same position. He had not moved since he took up his post in front of the closed door.

The windows of the room were open, and the sleepy noises of the streets outside sounded loudly. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon, and the rays of the sun, shooting across the roof of the jail and through the branches of the oaks outside the windows, flooded the room with light and heat. The sheriff's officers made no move to close the wooden shutters. Air was too precious in the stifling room. Blistering sunlight would have to be endured.

The brass bell on the closed door clanged sharply. Every spectator jumped as though the bell had been connected with electric wires running in every seat, jumped, became perfectly still, then broke into an excited mutter of speech. The officer at the sheriff's desk threw down his newspaper-fan, got to his feet and rapped sharply on the marble top of his desk with his wooden gavel.

"Silence in the court!" he bawled.

Through the open doorway Judge Whitney was seen to drop his feet to the floor, throw away his cigar and hustle into his coat. He was on the bench almost before the crier had ceased bawling his order for silence.

The group of reporters surrounding Felton whisked back to their places in the press-box and began writing furiously. Ridgway and his assistants sat back in their chairs and attempted to look unconcerned. The fat clerk was heard clattering up the wooden stairway which led from the court-room to his office on the floor below. Felton stretched, yawned, and grinned amiably at the frescoed ceiling.

Aside from Felton, the sheriff's officer before the locked door was the only person in the room who did not jump at the

clang of the brass bell. He had heard it too many times. Very slowly, he put one hand in his pocket and drew out a bunch of keys. With every eye fixed upon him, he selected one from the bunch, and fitted it into the lock of the door. He disappeared into the jury room and closed the door behind him.

An instant later he appeared at the door and nodded to the judge. The judge nodded back, and the big deputy stalked forward, the twelve jurors filing along behind him.

The room was very silent as they walked back to the three rows of empty chairs. The twelve men looked very solemn, very sober, but the faces were not as strained and drawn as they had been when they left the room. The thing that had been given them to do had been done. The weight of it might remain with them always, but at least the burden of uncertainty had passed.

Judge Whitney had no taste for dramatic effects. He did not allow the tense pause which might have occurred. Hardly had the jury settled into their seats when he fixed the foreman with his eye.

"Have you arrived at a decision?" he asked sharply.

The foreman got rather stiffly to his feet.

"Yes, your honor."

"And that decision is—?"

"Guilty—of murder in the first degree, your honor!"

The gavel of the crier banged loudly, and all three of the sheriff's officers were demanding silence at the same time. Ridgway and his assistants tried to maintain their air of unconcern, but

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they could not forbear looking at each other and smiling. Felton had his hands locked behind his head and was grinning at a corner of the ceiling immediately above John Fleming's chair. The prisoner himself did not move, did not betray any emotion. He maintained the same position—his arms resting on the arms of the chair, one leg crossed over the other, his head bent slightly forward. At their desks the reporters were scribbling madly.

After a moment the confusion in the court-room ceased, and men and women dropped from their tense positions. A few even started to leave, and there was a small rush toward the locked door leading into the corridor.

Judge Whitney got to his feet with unexpected violence.

"The officers will preserve order!" he snapped. "Let no one leave the room!"

While the spectators were being berded back into their seats, Judge Whitney turned toward the press-box.

"If any of you gentlemen wish to send out copy," he said, "please do so at once. I do not want interruption caused by your office boys."

The newspaper men looked up in surprise. This was a deliberate breaking down of one of their inalienable rights. Nevertheless, after one look at the man on the bench, they obeyed his command.

Whitney sat down and waited until the room was perfectly silent. He began to speak as he rose to his feet.

"There is no real need for me to make any comment upon the verdict of the jury," he said, "and I intend to do so only incidentally. Their verdict has been in strict keeping with the preponderance of evidence introduced during the course of the trial, and with my charge to them. I can not imagine that, as normal men, they could have brought their deliberations to any other conclusion.

"In view of their decision, there is but one course left open to me. I shall be obliged to inflict upon the prisoner that punishment made and provided in such cases by the laws of the state. It is not now the time for me to do so, but I shall be guilty of the irregularity of stating that my action will be, and of adding that I shall not entertain

any motion for a new trial upon any grounds whatsoever.

"I am conscious that what I am about to say forms no part of the duties of my position. I am perfectly willing to take upon myself all blame for the irregularity of my conduct.

"The trial which has just come to a close has provided us with the spectacle of justice achieving its ends without any hitch or impediment. A man committed a crime. He was apprehended, committed, brought to trial, and convicted by the verdict of twelve of his fellow men. He has been given every opportunity to establish his innocence, and has conclusively failed to do so. The trial has moved smoothly and without delay. All the demands of justice have been amply satisfied. From the purely legal point of view, the progress of proceedings has been quite flawless.

"From another point of view, I consider that the whole affair has been one

of the most disgraceful manifestations of human activity that I have ever been forced to watch. I have come to my seat here every morning with a feeling of intense disgust. I have left it at the conclusion of every session with a sense of infamie relief.

"My disgust has not been caused by contemplation of the man in the dock, or by having borne in upon my attention by constant discussion the horrid details of his revolting crime. I have not consciously looked at the prisoner save on those occasions when the performance of my duty has necessitated it. I am not even sure that I should recognize him in a crowded street.

"As for his crime, I shall say only that I consider it the work of a diseased mind, even though the prisoner might convince a commission of experts of his complete sanity. I refuse to look upon this murder as the act of a normal human being. While my own opinion regarding the



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mental state of the prisoner will have no bearing whatsoever upon my decision, it does enable me to comprehend the actual commission of the crime. I can understand in a fashion how a mind so diseased as I consider this man's mind to be might impel a human being to an act before which all normal human beings should turn in horror.

"What I can not understand is that this court-room should have been packed during every hour of this trial with men and women who have hung upon every question of the attorneys, every answer of the prisoner and of the various witnesses with the same sort of greediness that a Roman audience might have manifested as they hung over the issue of a gladiatorial combat.

"I say that I have not looked at the prisoner. I have not. I have looked instead at the rows of faces which have confronted me during the days of this trial.

"I have exercised my authority in unusual fashion and kept you here behind locked doors that I might attempt to bring you to some sense of the thing you have done. I could hope that every one of you is either a student of psychology or a criminologist, and that your impressions and recollections of the grim proceedings you have witnessed would either be locked forever in your own

minds or given to the world in a purely academic fashion.

"Unhappily, I know that this is not true. Many of you, I fear, are an idle lot. You could well afford the time you have spent between these four walls. The rest of you have snatched the time from your actual duties. And to what end? To satisfy a curiosity so morbid that it is hideous! It is the fact that the man was on trial for his life, that the proof of his guilt would involve his death that has drawn you. It is my firm belief that every one of you would willingly enter the death chamber of the penitentiary and watch the last writhings of this miserable wretch were you allowed to do so.

"You have come here and turned the solemn spectacle of the workings of justice into a shocking spectacle. A trial which should have made you pass the very building with averted eyes has sent you struggling for admission at these doors like so many animals. You have come here to gloat over the spectacle of a human being in the last extremity, in the most horrible position in which a man can find himself.

"You think, having witnessed the end of the sinister drama, that you may go into the open air and shake off the clinging sensations which must have cut deep into the most callous of you. I assure you that such is not the case. You have coated yourselves with a sort of moral slime which years are not certain to wash off. I consider every one of you less manly or less womanly for having entered these doors, and, finding what lay within, having remained in your seats. Having come once, you will infallibly come again. Were it within my power, I should have every one of those seats ripped out, and these doors double-locked against your coming. I can only feebly tell you what your presence has caused me to think of you.

"But I am aware that something more than innate morbid curiosity has brought you here. It is perfectly possible that not one of you would be here had your knowledge of this crime been no greater than what you might have heard by word of mouth. Had the prisoner been incarcerated, and silence fallen upon him until the moment he was led into court, he might have been tried before empty seats.

"These men—" with a sharp gesture toward the press-box—"have not allowed your better instincts the chance to assert themselves. From the instant the crime was committed, they have bent all their skill and energy toward fanning your curiosity into an insatiable flame. They have iterated and reiterated every ghastly detail of the murder; they have dragged before your eyes the most revolting pictures and descriptions. And they have not paused in their efforts. One broadside of horror was not sufficient; they have not given your natures time to be shocked. Ere you could recoil in natural horror from their first gory pictures, they have hurled others at you. They have fairly desensitized your sensitiveness, given your humane instincts no opportunity to assert themselves. Before your minds have been able to picture the murderer as a fear-inspiring monster, the newspapers have made you familiar with his features, and bred in you a desire to see him. They have

driven you to visit the scene of the crime, and to speculate upon its details.

"Like so many blaring trumpets, they have bounded you with their facts and fancies day after day. They have crowded other and sner news into the obscure corners of their papers, and have piled column upon column of this nauseous stuff into your minds.

"I am not making a personal attack upon the men who sit there beneath me. They have been earning their bread at their chosen business. That it is a disgusting business in certain phases is not their fault. That their articles have been more villainous and harmful than the worst fiction that was ever penned is merely proof that they have learned their trade to perfection.

"God knows where the blame for this sorry business is to be placed. I will not plunge uselessly into the endless circle of cause and effect. I can no more put my finger on the ulcer than can any of you. But I can see that it exists, and so warn you of its presence, and of the sinister danger of its spread—and God pity all of us!"

He stopped abruptly, and stood for an instant, his head bent, his hands gripping the edge of his desk. Then he raised his eyes and nodded to the crier. "Open the doors," he said. "Let them go home!"

The room emptied in silence. There was not even any natural crowding about the narrow exits. Men and women with bent heads and flushed faces waited their turns at the doors.

Fredericks of the Star was the last man to leave the press-box. He had sat still after the others had sneaked out. He got slowly to his feet, picked up the bundle of copy that lay on his desk, thumbed over the hastily written, numbered sheets, then tore them into bits and threw them onto the floor. He looked up to meet Felton's eyes. Felton was not grinning.

"Know where I can get a decent job, Felton?" he asked, "I've just resigned," and he pointed to the litter of torn paper on the floor about his feet.

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A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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What America Stands For

IF, AS now seems impossible, the United States is at any time dragged into the war it will be on this detail or that. Our correspondence with Germany has been carried on with such insight into principle and such skill in presentation that our case has not been allowed to rest on technicalities. We have been patient and tolerant. We have refrained from interference where there could be any impression that it was none of our business, and where our interference might lead us to an impossible role. When, on the other hand, our rights have been interfered with, but only technically, we have protested, but only as a matter of record, for adjustment by negotiation and as a basis for future international agreement. We took no final and menacing attitude until we were confronted with a situation where all three elements were flagrantly combined: the injury to us was direct, established principles were overthrown, and the deepest moral instincts of the world were outraged. It is fair to say that when the ultimate step was taken, and we declared that submarine war on merchantmen must stop, the country was practically solid. Party stops, or should stop, at the water's edge. When the American colonies revolted they took up arms against a tax, but a tax that, little in itself, was the embodiment of an idea. Through her governing class, with increasing dissent, Germany takes the position that her superiority to other peoples gives her the right to trample on established moral codes and on the world's conception of humanity. In her detailed excuses she puts no real heart. It is in her destiny, her right to impose, her superman immunities, that her leading spirits ultimately believe. Apparently we shall keep out of the war, but it is against that idea we shall be fighting, if unhappily we have to fight at last.

Courage

IN A music hall in London the joke that was recently most popular showed an American, held up by a thug with a revolver, exclaiming, "I am too proud to fight."

Another joke, second in popularity in the same show, used the exclamation "let loose the Americans" as who should say, "let loose the lions."

In Paris the most-talked-of cartoon of months, by Forain, showed the symbolic figure of a woman, bowed over a field of slain, saying, "this good Mr. Wilson will come to revenge us."

The foreign offices of the entente powers, however, have been as superior to the rasher newspapers and

the less thoughtful citizens as men in office ought to be superior to others. Their understanding has been full, their expression considerate. In no group anywhere does Mr. Wilson stand higher than among the leading statesmen of the world.

What Neutrals May Yet Do

AT FIRST glimpse it seems strange that Spain should even consider, however doubtfully, entering the fray. What has she to gain?

She has this to gain. She can do her bit toward ending a struggle that has brought her to an industrial crisis.

Switzerland has suffered almost as if she were at war, but she is proud of her neutrality, and with a population speaking German, French, and Italian it would be unsound, in any circumstances except invasion, for her to enter.

Holland, if not too much impressed by Belgium's fate, might conceivably enter for the same reasons that have caused Spain to reflect.

So might Denmark. The complicated situation in the Balkans may to a less extent be influenced by that consideration also.

The neutrals, in course of time, can be conceived as becoming tired of the cost. They may possibly in the end say, "we have paid enough. The world has paid enough. We will take a hand in the job of ending the mess, and we will do it by suppressing the belligerent that began the war and that represents the ancient doctrine of domination by force. When we have given that belligerent a thorough lesson we will then make arrangements by which no country can, with any hope of success, begin a war again."

States of mind just now in Europe are fluid. Such a move is not probable, but it can be conceived. A very great diplomat in any of the entente powers, or among the neutrals most concerned, might be able to crystallize and effectively use that line of argument.

Guess

AT VARIOUS places in Germany, including universities, a favorite thought, finding constant expression, is that after this war there will be three great powers—great in actuality or in prospect. Needless to say Germany will be one. The other two will be the United States and Japan. Then will come another vast war, after which the powers of the first importance will be reduced to two. Naturally Germany will be one. Then still another world war will come, and only one empire will emerge in the first rank. Which will it be? Don't all speak at once.

The Gist of It

FOUR years ago Bernhardt wrote: "France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path." Bernhardt merely echoed bigger men. If there is one great power in Europe that knows exactly why she fights and has an entirely clear case, that country is France.

An Unfinished Editorial

IT WAS a much bigger man than Bernhardt, Prince von Bülow, who made popular by quoting it the saying of Althoff that the Germans are "political asses." The conclusion that Bülow drew was that their votes must not be allowed to count. If there were more social-democratic votes there must not therefore be more social-democratic members of the Reichstag.

A teutonic statesman of distinction said to the writer of this editorial: "Is it not absurd that an ignorant workman should have as much voting as you or I?"

Another German statesman, very famous, and holding a position of much delicacy, maintained, to the present writer also, that what made it impossible for Americans to understand Prussian ethics was the egregious American vanity.

Still another well-known statesman delivered solemnly to the same writer the orthodox argument of the imperialists, that war is a biological necessity.

What are you going to do with such reasoning?

Is it necessary that such extreme technical efficiency as Germany has shown shall destroy sanity of thinking? Sparta was better organized for war than Athens, but Athens could not have been the great source of sweetness and light had she existed for nothing save obedient discipline for purposes of applying force.

Germans and Learning

IN LIMITATION of what is said in the preceding editorial, it must be confessed that the Germans are learning a little about how to spend their money in America. The *New York Evening Mail* is far more astutely edited than the *Fatherland* or the papers printed in German. The money that has gone into the bill-board campaign, ostensibly by women, against our selling munitions has a certain effect on sentimental and not very active minds. Of course anybody who thinks knows that to change the rules of the past, and make it unethical to sell munitions, would simply hand the victory to the nation that prepares for war and chooses its own time. The last great war loan of Germany went into ammunition. If we wish to encourage aggressive militarism the way to do it is to be shocked at the sale of munitions and thus leave the peace countries at a still greater disadvantage.

Shaky Reasons

IN "The European War of 1914," John William Burgess has marshalled his information and has unconsciously reflected: "now let us arrange this in proper form and deduce the necessary theories therefrom to show the righteousness of the German cause and the duplicity of the Allies." In an especially

feeble chapter entitled "American Interests," Professor Burgess refers in exaggerated terms to the well recognized and appreciated aid given to America in the Revolutionary War by such valiant soldiers of fortune as von Steuben and de Kalb. We note, without surprise, that he does not mention the Hessians. But further Professor Burgess affirms that in the critical days at the commencement of the Civil War, the St. Louis Arsenal and the whole State of Missouri was saved from falling to the Confederacy by the "Germans" of St. Louis and that "the German and German-American contingents," in the northern armies, amounting to some five hundred thousand men, turned the scales in favor of the Union. These men risked and gave their lives that the American Union might be preserved. Their names are inscribed in history as Americans and as Americans only. But Professor Burgess' logic cannot run up so steep a hill. Those men did not put us in the debt of German Militarism. How many of them had left Germany to avoid such militarism?

A Suspicious Character

A GENTLEMAN with the name of Ferdinand Hansen writes us a letter. He imports caviar, and there is a picture of himself on the letter, standing on a Russian fish, which we admit prima facie evidence of identity. All passports now have photographs. However, read the letter:

I view with astonishment your radical revision of sentiment as regards the German element. The odium you now evidence in no wise affected your scruples when as Chairman of the Citizens Municipal Committee you permitted contributions to be solicited without protest from descendants of the race that now meets with your rigorous condemnation. Nor was the money returned as undesirable after the hearty and unstinted financial response of those in whose veins German blood flows. Of the total contributions (\$134,388.32) to the campaign fund of 1913 over 30 per cent emanated from those whose ancestral land is being so unjustly reviled by your columns. The German-American gave freely to what he believed would establish the "truth" in politics, and is repaid by your dedicating your publication to the defense of the "lie" directed at the cause which is nearest his heart.

Respectfully,

FERDINAND HANSEN.

The logic is powerful, but the point is this: Can a man who imports Russian caviar during the present war be deemed an honest German?

The Situation in Belgium

A GERMAN-AMERICAN publication, the *Volkszeitung*, of New York, Socialist, is amazed to the extent of about a column because one of Mr. Hapgood's messages from Europe said that Belgium would suffer if the United States went to war. The *Volkszeitung* thinks Belgium is fortunate to be at present under such a socialistic management. As *Harper's Weekly's* sources of information about Belgium are exceptionally good, we can perhaps tell the *Volkszeitung* a few things.

In the first place, the situation has been improved in one important respect. After the article referred to was in print, Mr. Hapgood cabled that definite arrangements have been made between the Commis-

sion for the Relief of Belgium and the German and Dutch authorities, by which an entirely organized Dutch force will take over the elaborate work instantly, if relations are ever severed between the United States and Germany. Whether the Dutch can keep the German military authorities from increasing the oppression of Belgium as successfully as the Americans have done is another story. Also whether Mr. Hoover can be the financial and executive head of the enterprise under such changed conditions. If not, the chance of finding anybody to come anywhere near equalling him is slight. And even with him in charge, Belgium has often been within a month of starvation. It is doubtful, of course, whether Americans will continue to contribute as freely if they are called on for war expenses of their own, although on the other hand it is possible they may imitate in those circumstances the truly magnificent record of the British colonies, which in spite of the war strain on them have given to Belgium far more liberally than have the United States.

Does the *Volkzeitung* know how far the Belgians are from appreciating being taken care of, instead of running themselves in the old "capitalistic" way? They have been frequently so near to serious rioting that the German authorities have requested Mr. Brand Whitlock to show himself conspicuously in the streets of Brussels to quiet the apprehension that he had left. The Germans have no use for Belgian riots. Such riots would increase the number of soldiers who would have to be detached to guard lines of communication. This Commission had to work for months to obtain assurances that the Germans would not seize the approaching harvests away from the Belgians.

Nor is starvation the only Belgian fear. Statesmen of all parties except the Socialists have declared that Germany must be free to annex territory, after the war is victoriously ended, if "the real economic, political, and military interests of the Empire prevail." That conception of Germany's future gives the Belgians a topic of contemplation; also Luxembourg; and also Holland.

For the *Volkzeitung* to draw a socialistic conclusion from the success of the Hoover commission is natural enough. To emphasize that point, however, in all the confused circumstances, would surprise most Belgians. We think a much stronger argument for the Socialists could be found in the recent general record of the German empire. Nearer home an argument could be found in the Panama Canal. After the war, when discussion again takes the place of high explosives, the world will be busy considering how to avoid the evils of over-concentration, as exhibited by Prussia, and the ends of unideal individualism, as discernible in Great Britain and the United States.

Drama and Strain

BOTH in Paris and in Berlin the number of farces, musical comedies, and comic-operas has been diminished, and the number of classics and other plays of serious value increased. The tired business man, or society woman, or school girl, or rounder may need froth in the theatre to ease the awful strain of business or dinner-parties, but countries in a death-struggle find refreshment in material that contains thought or feeling.

A Difference

IT IS becoming the fashion to sing the praises of Elihu Root. Those who hark back like to hark back to him. If he were younger the Republicans would consider him for the Presidency. Before Mr. Lansing was selected to hold his position permanently thousands automatically said, "Would it not be a grand thing if the President would appoint Mr. Root?" Mr. Root was a notable Secretary, but of a kind contradictory to the man who has been in direct charge of our foreign policy since March 4, 1913, namely Woodrow Wilson. The difference is subtle and not over-easy to express. In the notes to Germany there is a something that would not have been there had Mr. Root conceived and executed them. There is something in them far beyond the mere lucid and able presentation of our case. There is a note of moral right that had its echo in Germany and started a change of opinion there. Putting Germany in a hole never could have done that. The President, managing foreign affairs himself, has put skillfully the American case and at the same time expressed a spiritual faith that makes ahead because it is contagious. The faith is contagious because it is sincere. The President, in the upset world, has two jobs to combine. He has to run the nation, as he finds the world developed in this year 1915 of so-called grace, and he has at the same time to press along up the slopes that have already slowly led us from savagery to what civilization we have. He has had to be practical in act, and creative in spirit. He has been both.

Is This Funny?

ONCE in a while in this sad war something occurs so preposterous that wrong overshadows horror. For example, a German paper, organ of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, publishes a correspondence in which the President of the Society complains bitterly of Belgian treatment of animals. That is no doubt a funnier episode than the Germans against Italy for breach of treaty faith.

Honor Where Due

HONORARY degrees are often jokes; it is pleasant, therefore, to see Trinity College selecting Orville Wright for one, and thereby honoring itself far more than him, who needs none of the labels that institutions give. For Wright is one of the few living great. Possibly there are as many as two living Americans whose names will be as highly considered by posterity—possibly. In mechanics and science over the whole world he has any equal, save Marconi and Madame Curie?

If Wright has been robbed, if a fake inventor has worried him for years, that is only the course of history. The inventive mind, the creator, is often forerunner for the material prosperity of some parasitic imitator. Wilbur Wright may well have owed his death to the harassing litigation which occupied most of his time for nearly three years. The Wright patent has been upheld in France, Germany, and America, and acknowledged by the British government. Nevertheless it is hard for Orville Wright to obtain practical justice in this world. No doubt after his death he will be superlatively extolled. No doubt, also, he would appreciate a little business fairness now.



Atrocities

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

A GERMAN general made to a friend the following confession: "We did a lot that was very terrible in Belgium. We had a special reason for it. We were very much afraid Holland would attack us on the flank. We wanted her to know what might happen to her if she did."

Thus the main contention of the Bryce report was justified.

An expert calculated that if Germany had been humane it would have taken a million men to keep the civil population of Belgium and northern France quiet and make railroads, telegraphs, and telephones as safe as they are now.

Nobody, therefore, can be surer than I am that severe punishment is due to the German leaders after the war. Nevertheless it is only fair that the public should understand what a large proportion of the stories against the Germans are false. Therefore I recount some of my own personal investigations in France, especially among soldiers at the front.

Some of the most interesting days I have spent abroad were at the front. Among other contributions to my understanding they helped me toward sympathetic vision of the tendency of the human race to lie. All men lie, not so often because they will as either because they cannot observe and remember or because they are artists, and unconsciously assist the facts toward composing the picture desired. I myself, being critical and unimaginative, probably lie somewhat less than the average.

The line between mendacity and art, where actual events are the material, is extraordinarily difficult. Many

of the best executed and most vivid volumes of eye-witnesses on the war are compact of untruth. The popularity of these highly-touched accounts discourages more exact and conscientious narrators. Several of the best observers told me during my trip that the fakers had ruined the charm of the business by their illicit competition. And yet one of the soundest smilingly read over his account of a dramatic incident we had come across together—all fact except one touch added, and a thoroughly artistic one. I do not envy the future historian of this war. He will, to be sure, have the benefit of many secret documents (I have seen a few of them) which will give him an immeasurably better insight than any writer can have today; but on many a disputed question of detail he will find staggering contradictions of testimony.

A word about my own temptations to make a thrilling article out of experiences at the front. It would be so easy. The truth needs to be helped so little. I was on a hill that was shelled 15 days out of 18, sometimes badly. One shell passed over while I was there. Two others fell near the base. In a number of places we had to walk carefully or motor carefully, to avoid fire. At times the hostile trenches were within half a mile. Flying machines abounded. Some of them were being fired at. I saw the Church at Metz through a telescope. Cavalry were picturesque and thick along the roads. Big holes torn by shells were everywhere. Bullet marks were in the trees. Cannon boomed. It would take extremely little talent to put all these things so as to suggest excitement and danger. It would require only ordinary narrative ability and a willingness to substitute

imagination for the actual unfortunate fact of bad luck as far as striking any trouble was concerned. The strength of the impulse to make wanderings more interesting, however, made me realize how a man feels, not only when he tells of an exciting adventure, but what is more to the present purpose, when he tells of an atrocity.

In one little village, which had been mildly shelled a few moments before, the hospital was pointed out to me. It had been knocked all to pieces some time back. Nearly all the ruin was confined to the hospital and its immediate vicinity. I was assured that the Germans make a specialty of picking out hospitals to bombard. Perhaps they do. I can only tell what happened to me. A little later I was strolling along through the village when I came across the French officer in command of the place.

"Do you think the Germans shot at the hospital intentionally?" I enquired.

"Surely," he replied. "Why not? We had artillery behind it."

One who has been over the country better understands the high mortality among churches. It is one thing to read the explanation. It is another thing to travel and see in how many cases the spire at any distance is the only visible mark of the town's location.

In one little place which was entirely shot to pieces, the head man of the village, the leader of the people, gave in minute detail the story of all that had passed under his eyes. As he described the words and actions of the inhabitants after the French came back, he quoted them as saying, "Is it all right to say the Germans treated us well?" He quoted those words not to prove anything; merely because he was quoting everything. Perhaps he scarcely understood the implication, the instinctive recognition by these villagers that audiences expect atrocities.

One story that gained headway told of three little girls hanged on hooks in a butcher shop. An investigator spent considerable time looking for someone who knew the girls. Finally he found an old woman who knew them personally. Not only that, but she had

actually seen them hanging. He was horrified, of course, but at last convinced. Before passing on he saw the French commander in the recaptured village, and told him the story. "Do you not know," asked the commander, "that that old woman has been crazy for several years?"

A gate in a cemetery was shown to me by an educated Frenchman. It was full of holes. They were, he said, from a machine gun shot from inside the graveyard, while the Germans possessed the town. He added that Germans take a peculiar pleasure in shooting up cemeteries. Actually the holes were made from the opposite direction, and by shrapnel.

We have all read about the Germans driving civilians ahead of them as a screen. Again I say perhaps they do. I know nothing about it. I think Germany has a terrible amount to answer for, in ideals of force, in disregard of treaty obligations, in calculated severity, but it is another matter to believe a brave and proud people has used women, children, and unarmed men as shields. And it is so easy to understand in another way. A street in a French village is very narrow. A German detachment is entering at one end, with a single machine gun. Its orders are to get in contact with a French detachment at the other end. The frightened people fly in confusion down the street ahead of the troops, carts, dogs, donkeys, and people in one panic-stricken mass. How easy does this become a using of the people as a screen!

One of the most accurate correspondents in the world wrote a story about a certain sex atrocity, ordered by a German commander. It was told to him by a woman who was on the spot, who has an established reputation, and with whom he was personally acquainted. Nevertheless, as others present have abundantly proved, to the correspondent's own conviction, the charge was wholly false.

How many times, while in the battle region, did I have occasion to remember those 170,000 Russians who passed through England early in the war, and whom nearly everybody saw!



Ruins illustrating types of atrocities alleged against the Germans and denied or explained by them.

And has not every reader of this article been told circumstantially the story of the message of starvation written under the German stamp, with the name of the person who received the letter? What though the story goes back at least as far as the Civil War?

In this war a favorite story tells of children with their hands cut off. In Paris a large reward was offered for a photograph of one such case, but none came forward to get the money.

A few photographs of the kind familiar in Paris, featuring nude women, were found in possession of a German soldier. At once there was in full travel the story that during the march toward Paris such pictures were distributed by the officers to make the soldiers more eager to reach the town.

Of course a modern conscript army includes criminals and degenerates. It includes everybody, from professors to perverts. There have no doubt been horrid individual crimes. There has no doubt been conduct by German officers that will not be justified by the more democratic nations; that will perhaps even horrify the social-democrats, after the war, in Germany itself. As I have in a preceding article already related, some of the allied statesmen believe that in case of a complete victory one of the most instructive and progressive steps will be the punishment of these officers. The Bryce and Bedier reports are extremely damaging documents. It remains true, however, that many of the apparently well-authenticated cases are lies, and many of the others can be explained away.

The rape cases of course arouse particular interest. They will always be especially difficult to prove or disprove and many of them exist in frightful form. But this point is certain: there are a great many more cases of moral than of legal rape. I mean that when three or four soldiers are quartered in a house, with father and sons away fighting, the girls in that house do not feel very free to choose just how they will receive the advances of the soldiers. But even after making deductions there is no doubt that war makes even decent men less punctilious. Facing death every day they are inclined to be lenient with their consciences about the pleasures of the moment.

ABOUT sniping, the Germans have probably made some errors. They have probably told some lies to cover crimes. We know how capable they are of lying in high circles, from the stories they invented in advance in the attempt to excuse their long planned invasion of Belgium, and the excuses they have prepared ahead for other brutal steps. But in many cases, it is the inhabitants who lie. An officer is leading his men through a village. There are shots from a window and a couple of soldiers fall. The men are furious at their comrades' death, from what to the military mind is grossest treachery. The officer knows he could not control his men. He looks away while they exact punishment. The villagers almost inevitably allege that there was no sniping or that the officer gave the word to fire. That the punishment for sniping or other disobedience is extremely severe is of course true. I gave the reason at the beginning of this article. It is the explanation, from another angle, of the Zabern incident, which so enraged France, and was so resented and ridiculed in England and America. In absence a soldier could strike even a crippled civilian with his sword, for mere lack of deference. But the Germans knew what they were doing when they failed to put down such arrogance. They were preparing for

today. Such military efficiency as theirs would be impossible if the army were not treated as above all things. Lasting power is another story. It is wholly possible that a change of popular spirit may come more abruptly in Germany than in France or Britain. But for the purpose of moulding a nation into a military machine the absolute control, in peace and war, of the militarist idea was deemed a necessity. I saw on a captured German cannon the words "*ultima ratio regis*," "the final argument of a monarch," and I thought it explained a large portion of the war. I did not see one soldier in France whose manners to me, an unknown civilian, were not courteous in the extreme; with a courtesy, indeed, that made me wish I had the gentility to respond with equal grace. So we come back always to the question of autocracy, which is the question of this war. If William the Second had been as modest and as constitutional as his grandfather, Germany would have expanded with less opposition and would not have sought to execute a task impossible in our modern world. Being a despot he fell into the hands of the military, without sufficient civil check. The individual ceased to exist in Germany. The militarist regime forgot even the doctrine of their great text-book, for Clausewitz himself says that the use of absolute force in war must be tempered by expediency.

IT IS just to say, that the fairest witnesses after the war will be the higher officers. From the French officers I have imbibed many of my views of German atrocities. The officer is so occupied with limitless horrors of war itself that he sees the side-issues more coolly. Moreover he knows the facts. The fiercest spirit of credulity is in the talk factories. Nothing is so credulous or so blood-thirsty as an afternoon tea.

Let us be firm, by all means. Let us all hope to end militarism by defeating the great militarist nation. But let us not be more than needlessly cruel in our thoughts, and let us not be unfair. Why do our school text books exult in the destruction by Sherman and Sheridan of the southern food supplies? Did the United States, or did it not, bombard open towns in the Spanish war? How many lies were told about the water-cure?

A lawyer was endeavoring to prove atrocities before an investigating committee "And now," he said at last, "I am going to bring to you the very best of all evidence. I am going to let you hear the story from the lips of the boy's own mother."

What appeal could be more effective, and nevertheless what evidence could be more untrustworthy?

The trouble with excess of atrocity talk is that it merely makes us hate the Germans, which is unfortunate, and does not help us to know what the world is really fighting for, which it is essential to know.

Where atrocities are really proved they are fully provided for by international agreement.

In the last Hague convention, in the section regarding breaches of international agreements as to what acts are legitimate in war, it was agreed:

"A belligerent party which violates the provisions of the said Regulations shall, if the case demands, be liable to pay compensation. It shall be responsible for all acts committed by persons forming part of its armed forces."

Germany signed that. Also Bismarck is the father of the severest doctrine of indemnities. Wherever anything can be truly proved, therefore, the foundation for punishment is most completely laid.

Next week's issue will contain an article by Mr. Hapgood on what he found out in Europe about the Swiss army system that is being so much discussed in the United States at present. Also another article by him about picturesque personal experiences at the front.

True Americanism

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

E PLURIBUS UNUM—out of many one—was the motto adopted by the founders of the Republic when they formed a union of the thirteen states. To these we have added, from time to time thirty-five more. The founders were convinced, as we are, that a strong nation could be built through

federation. They were also convinced, as we are, that in America, under a free government, many peoples would make one nation. Throughout all these years we have admitted to our country and to citizenship immigrants from the diverse lands of Europe. We had faith that thereby we could best serve ourselves and mankind. This faith has been justified. The United States has grown great. The immigrants and their immediate descendants have proved themselves as loyal as any citizens of the country. Liberty has knit us closely together as Americans. Note the common devotion to our country's emblem expressed at the recent Flag Day celebration in New York by boys and girls representing more than twenty different nationalities warring abroad.

On the Nation's birthday it is customary for us to gather together for the purpose of considering how we may better serve our country. This year we are asked to address ourselves to the newcomers and to make this Fourth of July what has been termed Americanization Day.

Americanization

What is Americanization? It manifests itself, in a superficial way, when the immigrant adopts the clothes, the manners and the customs generally prevailing here. Far more important is the manifestation presented when he substituted for his mother tongue, the English language as the common medium of speech. But the adoption of our language, manner and customs is only a small part of the process. To become Americanized, the change wrought must be fundamental. However great his outward conformity, the immigrant is not Americanized unless his interests and affections have become deeply rooted here. And we properly demand of the immigrant even more than this. He must be brought into complete harmony with our ideals and aspirations and cooperate with us for their attainment. Only when this has been done, will he possess the national consciousness of an American.

I say "he must be brought into complete harmony." But let us not forget that many a poor immigrant comes to us from distant lands, ignorant of our language, strange in tattered clothes and with jarring manners, who is already truly American in this most important sense; who has long shared our ideals

IN THE following article Mr. Brandeis tells not only what he thinks the American idea of liberty is, as it regards the individual, but also what the right idea is of liberty as regards nationalities. This question we must all face in the settlement which follows the great European war.

and who, oppressed and persecuted abroad, has yearned for our land of liberty and for the opportunity of aiding in the realization of her aims.

American Ideals

What are the American ideals? They are the development of the individual for his own end and the common good—the development of the individual through liberty and the attainment of the common good through democracy and social justice.

Our form of government, as well as humanity, compels us to strive for the development of the individual man. Under universal suffrage (soon to be extended to women) every voter is a part-ruler of the State. Unless the rulers have, in the main, education and character and are free men, our great experiment in democracy must fail. It devolving upon the State, therefore, to fit its rulers for their task. It must provide not only facilities for development, but the opportunity of using them. It must not only provide opportunity; it must stimulate the desire to avail of it. Thus we are compelled to insist upon observance of what we somewhat vaguely term the American standard of living; we become necessarily our brothers' keepers.

The American Standard of Living

What does this standard imply? In substance, the exercise of those rights which our Constitution guarantees; the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Life, in this connection, means living not existing; liberty, freedom in things industrial as well as political; happiness includes, among other things, that satisfaction which can come only through the full development and utilization of one's faculties. In order that men may live and not merely exist—in order that men may develop their faculties, they must have a reasonable income; they must have health and leisure. High wages will not meet the worker's need unless employment be regular. The best of wages will not compensate for excessively long working hours which undermine health. And working conditions may be so bad as to nullify the good effects of high wages and short hours. The essentials of American citizenship are not satisfied by

supplying merely the material needs or even the wants of the worker.

Every citizen must have education—broad and continuous. This essential of citizenship is not met by an education which ends at the age of 14—or even at 18 or 22. Education must continue throughout life. A country cannot

be governed well by rulers whose education and mental development is limited to their attendance at the common school. Whether the education of the citizen in later years is to be given in classes or from the public platform, or is to be supplied through discussion in the lodges and the trade unions, or is to be gained from the reading of papers, periodicals, and books—in any case freshness of mind is indispensable to its attainment. And to the preservation of freshness of mind a short workday is as essential as adequate food and proper conditions of working and of living. The worker must, in other words, have leisure. But leisure does not imply idleness. It means ability to work not less but more—ability to work at some thing besides breadwinning—ability to work harder while working at breadwinning, and ability to work more years at breadwinning. Leisure, so defined, is an essential of successful democracy.

Furthermore the citizen in a successful democracy must not only have education; he must be free. Men are not free if dependent industrially upon the arbitrary will of another. Industrial liberty on the part of the worker cannot, therefore, exist if there be overweening industrial power. Some curb must be placed upon capitalistic combination. Nor will even this curb be effective unless the workers cooperate, as in trade unions. Control and cooperation are both essentials of industrial liberty.

And if the American is to be fitted for his task as ruler, he must have besides education and industrial liberty, also some degree of financial independence. Our existing industrial system is converting an ever increasing percentage of the population into wage earners; and experience teaches us that a large part of these become at some time financial dependents, by reason of sickness, accident, invalidity, superannuation, unemployment, or premature death of the breadwinner of the family. Contingencies like these which are generally referred to in the individual case as misfortunes, are now recognized as ordinary incidents in the life of the wage earner. The need of providing indemnity against financial losses from such ordinary contingencies in the workman's life, has become apparent, and is already being supplied in other countries. The standard worthy to be called American implies some system of social insurance.

And since the child is the father of the man, we must bear constantly in

mind that the American standard of living cannot be attained or preserved unless the child is not only well fed, but well born; unless he lives under conditions wholesome morally as well as physically; unless he is given education adequate both in quantity and in character to fit him for life's work.

The Distinctly American

Such are our ideals and the standard of living we have erected for ourselves. But what is there in these ideals which is peculiarly American? Many nations seek to develop the individual man for himself and for the common good. Some are as liberty-loving as we. Some pride themselves upon institutions more democratic than our own. Still others, less conspicuous for liberty or democracy, claim to be more successful in attaining social justice. And we are not the only nation, which combines love of liberty, with the practice of democracy and a longing for social justice. But there is one feature in our ideals and practices which is peculiarly American. It is inclusive brotherhood.

Other countries, while developing the individual man, have assumed that their common good would be attained only, if the privileges of citizenship in them should be limited practically to natives or to persons of a particular nationality. America, on the other hand, has always declared herself for equality of nationalities, as well as for equality of individuals. She recognized racial equality as an essential of full human liberty and true brotherhood, and that it is the complement of democracy. She has, therefore, given like welcome to all the peoples of Europe.

Democracy rests upon two pillars: One, the principle that all men are equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and the other, the conviction that such equal opportunity will most advance civilization. Aristocracy on the other hand denies both these postulates. It rests upon the principle of the superman. It willingly subordinates the many to the few, and seeks to

justify sacrificing the individual by insisting that civilization will be advanced by such sacrifices.

The struggles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries both in peace and in war were devoted largely to overcoming the aristocratic position as applied to individuals. In establishing the equal right of every person to development, it became clear that equal opportunity for all involves this necessary limitation: Each man may develop himself so far, but only so far, as his doing so will not interfere with the exercise of a like right by all others. Thus liberty came to mean the right to enjoy life, to acquire property, to pursue happiness in such manner and to such extent only as the exercise of the right in each is consistent with the exercise of a like right by every other of our fellow citizens. Liberty thus defined underlies twentieth century democracy. Liberty thus defined exists in a large part of the western world. And even where this equal right of each individual has not yet been accepted as a political right, its ethical claim is gaining recognition.

America, dedicated to liberty and the brotherhood of man rejected the aristocratic principle of the superman as applied to peoples as she rejected it as applied to individuals. America has believed that each race has something of peculiar value which it can contribute to the attainment of those high ideals for which it is striving. America has believed that we must not only give to the immigrant the best that we have, but must preserve for America the good that is in the immigrant and develop in him the best of which he is capable. America has believed that in differentiation, not in uniformity, lies the path of progress. It acted on this belief; it has advanced human happiness, and it has prospered.

War and Peace

On the other hand the aristocratic theory as applied to peoples survived generally throughout Europe. It was there assumed by the stronger countries

that the full development of one people necessarily involved its domination over another, and that only by such domination would civilization advance. Strong nationalities assuming their own superiority came to believe that they possessed the divine right to subject other peoples to their sway; and the belief in the existence of such a right ripened into a conviction that there was also a duty to exercise it. The Russianizing of Finland, the Prussianizing of Poland and Alsace, the Magyarizing of Croatia, the persecution of the Jews in Russia and Rumania are the fruits of this arrogant claim of superiority; and that claim is also the underlying cause of the present war.

The movement of the last century have proved that whole peoples have individuality no less marked than that of the single person; that the individuality of a people is irrepensible, and that the misnamed internationalism which seeks the obliteration of nationalities or peoples is unattainable. The new nationalism adopted by America proclaims that each race of people, like each individual, has the right and duty to develop, and that only through such differentiated development will high civilization be attained. Not until these principles of nationalism, like those of democracy are generally accepted, will liberty be fully attained, and minorities be secure in their rights. Not until then can the foundation be laid for a lasting peace among the nations.

The world longs for an end of this war, and even more for a peace that will endure. It turns anxiously to the United States, the one great neutral country, and bids us point the way. And we are not answer: Go the way of liberty and justice—led by democracy and the new nationalism. Without these—international congresses and supreme courts will prove vain and disarmament "The Great Illusion."

But let us remember the Poor Parson of whom Chaucer says:

"But Criste's loore, and his Apotelles twelve,
He taughte, but first he followed it hymselfe."

Average Humanity

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

TWO men were looking at a pretty telephone operator. One of them could not see anything in her but one more little girl in a very large city. To the other man she summed the modern city, the brief flare-up of color and joy, and then the sure finish of illness and age and failure.

"Why bother with the ones that are snuffed out?" the first man asked. "Why

not select those fortunate few that have the staying stuff in them—the ones that can dance like Genee, and sing like Tetrazzini, and carry on like Marie Dressler?"

"If you can't get your eye trained on the average," retorted the other, "you go through life finding it full of empty spaces. Now, my way fills in the chinks. It is a pity to wander along

forlorn and bored, just because average humanity isn't up to the Bernhard level of fiery competence. Every person you meet is carrying a full-length drama, some of it already acted, a little of it uncoiled in front of you, and the rest ripe to come.

"Successful lives are dull compared with the smothered lives all around you."

The Passing of a Golfing Myth

By HERBERT REED



Jerome Travers, Open Champion of the United States. A sensational stroke on the fourteenth hole.

TO Jerome Dunstan Travers, Open Champion of the United States, the entire golfing world is deeply indebted for his disposal of the ancient myth that because a man was a strong match player he could not, therefore, hope to shine as a medalist. No other than Travers could have accomplished this result by winning the open title from one of the greatest fields ever assembled in this country, for Travers was the myth, and the myth was Travers. Travers beat a great field. That was an incident. But Travers beat himself. That was an event. So, Medalist, when you entertain the "fear thought" that you cannot be a match player, cheer up—and think of Travers. And, Match Player, when you despair in your battle against Bogie or Par as the case may be, take heart—and think of Travers.

America has never produced a better match player than Jerry Travers, the reversals at Sandwich and at Ekwanok to the contrary notwithstanding. So good was he, indeed, that he personified match play. Small wonder then, that that side of his temperament should have been developed at the expense of the other. Success begets success in golf, and failure is father to failure. Nothing extraordinary in Travers' believing that he would never be a medal player of moment, and little difficulty in agreeing with him. It was all very nicely settled. Everybody regretted it, none more than the Montclair man himself.

Then something happened. Came the disaster at Sandwich, followed by the defeat at Ekwanok. The former four-time amateur champion was down with the golfing blues if ever a man was. Right here is to be registered the birth

of an ambition. "I should like some day to finish second in the Open Championship," said Travers. Why second? Well, was not that a pretty large ambition for a man who had hitherto agreed with everybody that he would never shine at medal play? When did this ambition give way to that greater one, the desire to actually win the Open? I think the change came about subconsciously at about the conclusion of the new champion's second round, when he found he was well up with the leaders by virtue of nothing more than workmanlike, sound golf. The psychological moments—uniquely there were two of them—came in the very last round, at the tenth and fourteenth holes on the difficult Baltusrol course; but whether he realized it or not I believe that Travers was definitely out for that championship at the conclusion of his second round. He had done little that was brilliant, while Walter Hagen, Gil Nicholls, Ben Sayers, Tom McNamara and others had performed prodigies at certain holes. There was in Travers' play none of the deadly putting with which he has stormed many a golf gallery in the past. There were no really tremendous drives, no particularly thrilling recoveries. *But he had begun to beat himself*, and he had begun to command medal play. The crowd heard about it, the other golfers got wind of it, and pretty soon, when the time came for one of the most popular players who ever trod the links to complete his conquest of himself, he was followed by thousands, a crowd about equally divided between the faithful and the faithless.

And now the tenth hole, the first psychological moment. He sliced his tee shot out of bounds. Just for a moment he was shaken, for he pulled his second shot from the tee into the rough through

fear of slicing again. The next stroke meant everything or nothing. The odds were heavily against success. Had Travers been at match play the crowd would have looked for a great recovery, but as it was medal play there were few who were prepared for the splendid, tearing, stroke to the green and within six feet of the pin, the ball carrying a menacing water hazard in its flight. In a moment he had holed out for a 4 on a Par 4 hole in spite of two very bad mistakes. Considering the situation, what was at stake, and the odds against him, I consider this the best single shot of the tournament and the best that Travers himself has ever made in his long career.

The fourteenth hole marked the second psychological moment. It was here that word came to Travers that he had to play the last four holes in Par figures in order to win the championship, for McNamara had finished with 298. To the old Travers this would have been an almost impossible task, to the new Travers it was little more than merely difficult, for it was a great medalist who stood upon that fourteenth tee. The champion, hampered as he was by the big gallery that followed him and his partner, Brady, came home in exactly Par, without the semblance of an error, even to the choice of an iron from the last tee, where many of his opponents had been finding trouble with the wood.

Professionals, it will be said, are naturally better medal players than amateurs, and amateurs are perforce better match than medal players. True enough, and the reason is not far to seek. The professional plays for money. In the case of amateurs, who play for fun, it is meet that they should play against each other rather than the game itself, which they are so seldom able to beat—the game being Par.

Fool's Gold

IV—Out Into the World



With a stout soul and an eye single to the gleam of whatever road should show ahead—into the magic world.

THE world for me when I was young was a more restricted, while yet a more spacious place than ever in later years. It was more spacious because I had not lost what we call illusions: the world to me was coextensive with my dreams. But in physical reality my world was limited to the village in which I had always lived, save for occasional stirring glimpses of Richmond, the only city I had ever been to—and a marvel to my eyes.

In my eighteenth year a way was made for me to go out into that greater world I had known only through imagining. The chance came from my Uncle in New York, my Father's brother, a legendary personage who had gone North after the War and prospered, it was said, exceedingly. He and my Father had quarreled years before and did not make up the quarrel during my Father's lifetime. I never heard just what the trouble was; only that there came an awkward family schism of the kind one senses and tacitly accepts, without knowing or desiring to know more.

My Aunt had written to me, from time to time, as far back as I could remember; had sent me books, and kept generally in touch with our lives. But the letter which came now from my Uncle was the first we had received from him in my recollection.

My Mother was reading it when I came in at supper time. She looked up quickly as I entered and I saw that her face was troubled.

"What is it, Mother?" I asked.

She handed me my Uncle's letter, a brief business-like script.

"My Nephew," it said, "must now be eighteen or more. I do not know what you have planned for him, nor what his chances for success are if he remains with you. But I believe he can do much better here in New York with the chance I will be able, and am willing to give him. I would like him to go into the Bank with me and learn the business and shall be glad to have him live with us (you know we have no children) as long as he will. I am convinced that if he takes the venture he will have no cause to regret it."

There was a little more, but this, the gist of the communication, sent a thrill of excitement through me. It was a way of escape from a situation that had been causing me the greatest concern. My Uncle questioned our plans but alas, since my Father's death my Mother and I had had no plans. We had been occupied in solving the daily problems of our existence. There had come to me during this period knowledge of an evil unsuspected before; I had seen and studied at first hand the lean, ill-favored face of poverty.

Poverty in our village, to be sure, was not the pitiless blight of the city. And, too, my Father had left a small property, the husk of his estate, that brought us a tiny revenue. It was not that we lacked for bread, or a roof over our heads, or opportunity to breathe sweet air morn-

ing and night. To me at least, it was rather the hateful discovery that the life I set so much store by, the promises of hope, the winged journeyings of dream, were dependent upon and delimited by a detestable set of rules which I have since learned to group under the adjective "economic." This was what galled during those long days, the consciousness that circumstances, revealed in all their hideous matter-of-factness, left me powerless to prevail against them.

To my Mother our poverty seemed not of great importance. She accepted it, in the way she did everything that came after my Father's death, as subordinate to the vastly greater values of her faith. She was truly unworldly, in the sense that the unseen but unquestioned realities of her heart were to her supreme. She faced the daily task of living with a courage that was almost gay. She would not even hear of my leaving school and going into Richmond to work, as I wished to do.

"You must finish school, Sonny," she said, "first of all. Your Father would have felt as I do, I am sure. And we'll get along, you'll see how well!"

I tried to think so, and to help make it so. I worked my hardest, in and out of school, but my success was qualified at best. Hours of depression would come, as they must to each who leaves the purple realms of fancy for the dusty highway of a work-a-day existence. At such times my Mother would, perhaps,

note my silence, and taking up her worn leather Bible would read our favorite psalm, the Twenty-Third, "The Lord is My Shepherd." And always after this she would pray, and I would be comforted and more content. And somehow we did get along—till my Uncle's letter came.

It seemed to me heaven-sent. The end of the school year was in sight and the chance presented solved brilliantly the question of where and how I would begin my career. I knew that my Mother would be safe with Old Mollie, and as for money—my earnings so far had been something less than the cost of my maintenance. In future I could send home part of the fortune I was to win. It seemed very simple—a stroke of great good-luck.

Suddenly I glanced at my Mother and something in her close regard broke in upon my thoughts and drew them swiftly to her. She read what was in my mind; her eyes met mine bravely and she smiled.

"It seems an opportunity for you, my boy," she said.

A sadness seemed to press upon my spirit.

"It won't be nice for you, in some ways, Mother. Couldn't you—couldn't you go too?"

"Leave here!" she cried in a shocked tone. "It's had enough to have you go, dear, but—leave—home! Oh!"

Her eyes filled with tears and she bent her head forward on her hands and burst into sudden weeping.

I was silent, dismayed. It was, above everything, so unlike my Mother. She had never been demonstrative in her emotions. She had always her own dignity, a gentle but real reserve. And curiously, never did I feel closer to my Mother than now, the first time she had shown weakness since my Father's death. My heart went out to her utterly; I began to cry.

"I didn't know you felt so, Mother," I faltered miserably, "I didn't know. . . I'll not go—I'll stay here with you, always—"

My Mother raised her head quickly with a gesture of pride.

"You will go," she said, "if it seems best. You are a man, and your Father's son. You must do now and always what your conscience and honor tell you to do, without counting the cost to yourself—or to others. It is what your Father would wish; it is how he would act. Promise me now, that you will do that always, with God's help. It is the only promise I will ever ask you to make me!"

I did promise, kneeling there, my head upon her knees; and my Mother bent

and kissed my hair lightly—an accolade, it seemed.

I DECIDED to accept my Uncle's offer and a note conveying the decision was duly sent him. The school term came to a close. A day was set for my departure.

I was full of the adventure. My hopes were high and my determination to succeed was strong. Just what I meant by "succeed" I did not stop to think, nor what my Uncle had meant by it; it was a word in common use. But I think the word it symbolized was most of all just a longing to be free—free from the oppression of events over which I wielded no dominion, free from the dingy grip of circumstance. I did not know—nor did I care—how or by what means success was to be won. Only, in the roots of me I was determined that it would be won, and every nerve and sinew was tightening to keep that thought strong, that resolution unyielding and most firm. I had known fear and suffering this year past, and I was in deadly earnest.

I LEFT at night. My Mother and a few old friends saw me off. Some of my boy comrades were there with Skinny Potter, a young giant now, towering among them like Atlas among elves. Skinny had married and settled down on a small nearby farm, presumably for the remainder of his days. A dull prospect, I thought largely, compared to mine. Then I looked at the group in which my Mother stood with Parson Gray and Alison, his wife, beside him; and I felt kindly toward them but still somewhat aloof, wrapped in the panoply of my hudding destiny.

I saw their faces last as the train pulled slowly out: Dr. Gray's strong features lined and serious as always; Alison with an uncertain, gentle smile hovering about her mouth; my Mother pale and small, her eyes, big in her white face following—following till they were lost in darkness. . . .

Alone in the jolty, rattling little train, the stimulus of action over, I sat on the worn red plush seat and took stock of my crowding thoughts. The train was a familiar fact; I had seen it every day almost for as long as I could remember. Yet now in the yellow glow from the jiggling oil lamp it seemed somehow unreal. I knew the country we were traversing better than a book, yet as I peered from the window, shielding my eyes to see better, the pale, blurred strip of field and pine wood that danced by was desolate as a dream.

I heard the car door slam and looked up to see the conductor, an old friend, swaying slowly down the aisle, clicking

his punch reflectively as he came. I produced my ticket and told him, with some importance, that I was going to New York.

"Thatso?" he vouchsafed, with mild interest, "Well, sir! It's a right long journey, that's a fact."

He went on swaying up the aisle, clicking his punch as he went, and the car door slammed suddenly behind him. And as suddenly my exhilaration ceased away. The prospect which had gleamed so brightly lost something of its lure. Its sharp high colors dimmed. A poignant sense of all that I was leaving burned like an evil thought.

Memories swarmed in upon me thick as bees. Days and incidents stood forth, faces flashed out of the darkness and faded again into the enigmatic night. Days that bore special meaning—days in the woods, or by the James, on the ball-ground, at school. Incidents of my boyhood and of my early youth—softened by time, gleaming in the twilight gardens of remembrance. Faces that I had known and learned to love: the face of Alison, my Mother's face—even Skinny Potter's broad, good-humored countenance bore brought a foolish lump to my throat, a smarting in my eyes.

I did not know that I was only homesick. But "only!" I should take back that word. And "homesick" is itself inadequate. There should be a bitter phrase to tell my misery that night!

I set myself at length to conquer it. I thought of the chance that was mine, and of the need for courage. I thought of my Father, calm and proud and brave: what would he say to this weakening? I thought of my Mother and of her gentleness and faith. I repeated slowly to myself: "The Lord is My Shepherd, I shall not want," to the rhythmic end: "Yet though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. . . . And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." The words and the saying of them comforted me, as always. I thought of God, the loving God my Mother knew, and he seemed strangely present.

My Mother's words came back, "You are a man now, my son." My heart grew big as I repeated the promise I had made her—to live as had my Father, following my conscience and my honor. Well, I would do this! I swore sternly and with a mighty resolution, that I would do this always.

The resolution gave me courage and courage brought hope. And when I slept that night it was with a stout soul and an eye single to the gleam of whatever road should show ahead—into the magic world.

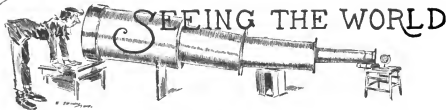
"New Clothes for Old" will be the fifth article of the series of anonymous sketches telling in intimate vein of one man's emotional experiences—experiences which the writer thinks directed more than all else the current of his life.



"Who knows if on the banks of the Seine, the I myself, shall not one day sit on their silent ruin inhabitants, and the memory of their greot"



...mes, or the Zuy-der-Zee if some traveler, like
and weep in solitude over the ashes of their
s!"—Volney, "Ruins of Empires," Chap. II.



Sartorial Puzzle

Bill Handle tore his pants in the rear of the corn crib Sunday morning while chasing a chicken for dinner.

—Pekin (Ind.) *Advance*.

Such is Fame

He closed his talk with a poem on "Columbus" written by Walking Miller, of California.

—Battle Creek (Mich.) *Journal*.

Naming No Names

We have a young man walking around this town who ought to be placed on a rail and taken out in the woods. He is a menace to the public.

—The Portage (Pa.) *Press*.

Hollow and Level

Jake Hollow was the guest of Susan Level Sunday night.

—Pekin (Ind.) *Advance*.

Pleasant Part of the Time

The Morrell sisters played a duet and Charles Herbery played several selections on the graphophone. The remainder of the evening was very pleasant.

—The Lane (W. Va.) *Recorder*.

Cause Enough

Of course, a little old wire mousetrap don't amount to much, but after we go to the trouble to catch a mouse and lay it out to die, and then a bold burglar comes along and steals both the trap and mouse, then we get peeved.

—The Waverley (Mo.) *News*.

Musical Spirit

The choir at the Presbyterian church Sunday was full and the music was excellent.

—The Blairstown (In.) *Banner*.

Foretelling the News

This paper has decided to quit the guessing game and to make no more predictions as to the happenings of the future, as we have found by experience that such predictions oft go wrong.

But this morning the temptation is so strong and the appearances favor the proposition to such an extent that we're going to hazard the prognostication just this once—that our next issue will contain a marriage announcement of more than usual interest, the prospective bride and groom being—look out! We can't tell you who it's going to be, so what's the use of asking us?

—The Green Ridge (Mo.) *Local News*.

Why Pews are Empty

The presiding elder of Zion's Chapel will preach all day Sunday.

—The Amhurst (N. H.) *Recorder*.

A Martyr to the Good Cause



St. Joseph (Mo.) *Evening Press*.

What They Like

We note with pleasure that the Ottawa Chautauque will have among its other attractions—the night after the Swas Bell Ringers and the xylophone artist and the musical mokes, a Brahms' quartet. Ottawa is a great musical center. But it must not be forgotten that the last time a Brahms quartet hit Ottawa, after the performance the boys offered the quartet \$10 to go out and make the noise for a big charivari.

—The Emporia (Kan.) *Gazette*.

Kind Treatment Assured

Wanted—Farmer's son, sixteen to eighteen, to assist master and help milk a few cows. Will be treated as one.

—Adv. in an English Paper.

Halo for Subscribers

We agree with the Crawfordville Advocate-Democrat when it says "If there are any reserved seats in heaven the man who takes his county paper and pays for it in advance ought to get one."

—The Hawkins (Ga.) *News*.

A Brilliant Affair

The hall was tastefully decorated with hundreds of tin cans from the condensery, which reflected the shimmering light of a dozen torches loaned by the Tennyson Marching Club of this town. The grand march in and out amongst the lights, making one of the prettiest scenes in the history of the College Club's dances.

—The Mercy Ville (In.) *Banner*.

Not Knocking

The Men's Annual Banquet at the Methodist Episcopal Church was a big success in every particular. A number of others who had bought tickets were not present, and so this part of the evening was up to our highest anticipations.

—The Hudson (Mich.) *Post*.

An Editor's Lament

Here's what we'd like to know: If the janitor of The Telegraph can come out Sunday in raiment alongside of which the lilies of the field would seem to be wearing hodge-noddy, why is it we have to shy around in trousers which look as though they had been cut down from a mother Hubbard which lagged at the knee?

—The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*.

The Growing Citizen

J. S. Stovall, our popular dry goods man, has grown so he has had to leave the room in the rear of the Farmers' bank.

—The Italy (Tex.) *News*.

A Poser

When a Fellow stops his paper until the editor changes his views on some public question, how in the deuce is he to know when the transformation comes, without stealing that of his neighbors?

—The Lawrence (Ga.) *News*.

Tolstoy and the Movies

By KELLETT CHAMBERS

IT IS pretty safe to say that if Tolstoy were alive and at work today he would be enthusiastically turning our scenarios for "the movies." Abominating all aristocratic tendencies in art, all that makes it a delight to the cultured and a riddle to the multitude, and striving as he did in his later years to produce work of such simplicity in thought and style as to carry its message to the humblest, there need be little doubt that he would have seized upon the moving picture as a God-sent vehicle for the advancement of his doctrines of art and other matters.

On behalf of "the movies" it is much to be lamented that the great Russian evangelist died too soon to become one of the untold thousands (or is it millions?) of plain people who are said to be enriching the midnight department of the Standard Oil Company by their sleepless activity in the concoction of scenarios for the camera. We may be sure that Tolstoy's film-plays would have had a "punch." But the Tolstoy "punch" would probably have borne some resemblance to the cowboy pursuit "punch," or the automobile chase "punch," or the house on fire "punch," or any other merely material "punch" in the surprisingly limited bag of tricks now in use by the honest brotherhood and sisterhood. No; the Tolstoy "punch" would have been one of spiritual implications. We can imagine his producing a deeper emotional reaction with glimpses of a woman setting bread

on a table, a man leading a cow along a highway, a girl at prayer, or a grandmother watching a cradle, than the punchiest of our film-dramatists ever succeeded in evoking with the most exaggerated pile-ups of physical peril and violence.

The more one thinks of it the clearer it becomes that Tolstoy and "the movies" were made for each other, but, by a most unfortunate accident in chronology, just managed to miss each other. For some one, some day, must arise and do for the film drama what Tolstoy, with his genius and his passion, would have done so quickly and well—forged of it a medium for the expression of truth and beauty, established its technique, and promoted it into the family of the arts—in a word, breathed a soul into it.

ONLY great artists can make an art, and the art of "the movies" has yet to be made. Its possibilities are apparent enough. There is every reason why the film should be found capable of shadowing forth the irony of life and all its noblest and tenderest emotions; but such must be expressed in the film's own proper dialect, and that dialect, has not yet been invented. Tolstoy would have invented it because his soul was in labor with a message to mankind—to the folk that flock to "the movies" as well as to the ladies and gentlemen that appreciate the fine arts. Perhaps only such a man with such a message is

capable of becoming the Aeschylus of the silent drama. D'Annunzio has tried his hand at it, but, having no message, he has given us only a hard and glittering melodrama of the antique world, bristling with action like the veriest frootier thriller, with no breathing spaces, no overtones, no intimations of the spirit that dwells in man, even when he has occasion to risk his neck every minute and a half.

In truth, the worst enemy of "the movies" is movement. Action—restless, breathless, blithering action, now the very god invoked by its high priests, its producers and directors, authors and players—in the dragon that must be slain, or at least have its claws manacled and tail trimmed short, by the Aeschylus of the silent drama before that abased young maiden can come into her own as an art. From her rescuer her devotees will learn how to select the significant and eliminate the insignificant, how sometimes to make even the significant action more significant by leaving it to the imagination, and above all how to invoke the supreme significance of repose.

He may, this Aeschylus of a new art, find it difficult to break into the hurly-burly; but if he come to it as Tolstoy would have come to it, with an already-made reputation, with a message to the world, and with an iron determination to deliver that message in his own way and no other, he will make the silent drama speak with a mighty voice.

The Unknown Birth Rate of America

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

NO ONE knows what the birth rate of the United States is, or what it ever has been!

Every European country knows its birth rate and its death rate, because every birth and every death is registered. When the number of births, the number of deaths and the number of the population are all known, it is an easy matter to calculate the rates per thousand. But in the international tables of vital statistics our country's figures are omitted.

Our 1910 census announced that 23 states had "fairly complete" death registration. They recorded about 90 per cent of their deaths. But the birth registration situation was shocking. The New England States, Pennsylvania and Michigan were the only acceptable states. The figures for the cities of Washington, D. C., and New York City passed muster also. The 1910 census birth rate is not yet published, but the 1900 census made shift to figure it out by means of the number of the population's increase and the

death rate. This would be surer if the death rate were not itself an approximate rate. However, the calculated rates were birth rate, 35.1 per 1000 population; death rate 17.4 per 1000; excess of births over deaths 17.7 per 1000.

Comparing these rates with the rates of the European countries for the same decade, we find ourselves near the head of the list for high birth rate, near the foot of the list for low death rate, and increasing faster than any other nation! These figures leave nothing to be desired from an emotional viewpoint. But they leave much to be desired in the way of accuracy.

THE simple method of consulting birth registration returns being impossible because we have such faulty records, the elaborate calculations being unsatisfactory because it is an approximation based upon an approximation, Walter F. Wilcox, of Cornell University, Special Agent for the Census Bureau of 1900 found another way of presenting the

matter. In Census Bulletin 22, he shows the decrease in the number of children born, by comparing the number of children under 5 years with the number of women between 14 and 44 years, for 6 successive decades.

Number of Children under 5 to 1000 females between 14 and 44 years					
1850	1860	1870	1880	1890	1900
696	604	572	559	485	474

According to this table the number of children, in proportion to the number of women of child-bearing age, rose from 1850 to 1860. Since 1860 it has steadily declined.

Two factors complicate this apparently simple statement. First whether the fall in the death rate has acted equally upon the children and the adult women. If it has not, the proportion of women living and of children living will be altered in the different decades.

The second confusing factor is immigration. The immigrants are chiefly adults. Comparatively few babies come in at Ellis Island. Hence immigration

artificially increases the number of women more than it increases the number of five-year-olds and under, the proportions are again thrown out of harmony. We cannot be sure that this table gives the true fall in the number of births.

MUCH more definite information is offered by the 1910 census in Volume 1, Population. From the figures on "Distribution by broad age periods of the population of the United States, 1910, 1900, 1890," page 300, we learn that the proportion of children under five years, of all classes to the whole population of the country was in 1890, 12.2; in 1900 it was 12.1; in 1910 it was 11.6. That is, out of every 100 men, women and children, 12.2 of them were under 5 years of age in 1890. But 10 years later only 12.1 out of every 100 were under 5. At the last census, the number under 5 out of every 100 had dropped to 11.6.

In Europe the proportion of children under 5 is in Germany 13.1; in Austria 13.1; in Netherlands 13.0; in England 11.4; in France 9.2. We rank far lower by these figures than by our calculated but unreliable birth rate. We show an advance over England and Wales of 2 of a child. We are 1.4 child behind Netherlands. (Chorus of Regulationists, "In Netherlands the government encourages the Neo-Malthusian propaganda!") We are still farther behind Germany and Austria. These very tenets should properly be past instead of present for the European war is lowering the birth rate in spite of the alleged increase in illegitimate births.

To sum up what we know about the birth rate for the entire country—The calculation based on the 1910 figures is not yet available. The calculation based on the 1900 figures gives a birth rate of 35.1 per thousand. By comparing the number of young children to the number of women in the country we find that the proportion of children grows less. This does not mean that the population is decreasing, but that the number of children is not increasing increasingly fast. According to the results of the first method, we are far in advance of most of the European countries. According to the results of the second method, we occupy a midway position among them.

URNING to consider returns from the separate states where the records are fairly complete we meet with almost equally discouraging conditions. Although Massachusetts began her attempts at registration way back in colonial days, her statistics are not perfect. Connecticut followed her example in 1644 but as late as 1903 the secretary of the board of health was exasperated to find that records in one town were copied by the children of the town clerk—a delightful example of the usefulness of a

large family, but not conducive to accuracy. Michigan was distressed in 1890 to discover that Detroit had shown "unwarrantable sophistication" in her returns, apparently writing them more in harmony with her desires than with actuality. In 1909 a conscientious Pennsylvania official lamented that while no one succeeded in getting buried without a permit, "children will be born, certificate or no certificate." The increasing birth rates of the following table indicate, probably, an increase in registrations as the years pass, rather than an increase in actual births.

IN ADDITION to our lack of statistics we are confused by the effect of immigration. Immigrants from different countries bring with them their varying birth rates which tend to change rapidly toward the American birth rate. I will take up the contrast between foreign and native birth rates in the next article. Beside the immigration from foreign countries we have the flux among the states. From the eastern states thousands are constantly moving west. Michigan has both an in-coming tide from the east and an outgoing tide toward the west. Correct allowance for all these factors cannot be made because the error of margin is constantly changing.

The following table gives statistics from the nine states that are most worthy of credence. It is taken from a more extended table in the 45th Registration Report of Michigan, pages 5 and 6.

Births per 1000 Population		1906		1907		1908		1909		1910		Deths.	
Conn.	23.5	24.4	25.3	24.8	24.0	24.6	15.4						
Maine				21.1	21.9	21.0	17.1						
Mass.	25.0	26.4	27.5	26.9	25.4	25.7	16.1						
Mich.	18.4	22.7	22.6	22.8	22.6	22.5	13.2						
N. H.				21.7	20.7	21.8	17.3						
N. J.	18.5	19.4	19.9	20.6	20.2	15.8							
Penn.				26.0	25.8	26.3	15.6						
R. I.	26.9	26.9	26.3	25.7	24.3	24.6	17.1						
Vt.				21.8	21.3	20.6	16.0						

These birth rates fall far below that cheerful 35.1 per 1000 which we bestowed upon the entire country in 1900. Although they are fairly accurate, it would be misleading to attempt to compute from them the rate for the entire country, for they cover a small area and special conditions.

If we compare them with the figures for European countries for 1906-10, we find that the birth rates are lower than any except France but that the death rates also run exceptionally low. The European countries record: Hungary births 26.6, deaths 14.7; France births 33.6, deaths 22.3; Netherlands births 29.6, deaths 14.3; England and Wales births 26.6, deaths 4.7; France births 19.7, deaths 19.2. The European countries, except England, are accustomed to include still births, while the United States excludes them. This exclusion sometimes makes as great a difference as 1 per 1000. He who chooses may pause

here to fit each state into its place in these European lists and figure rates of natural increase.

This information on American vital statistics is scrappy. It is contradictory. One can take any one phase of the matter and prove—anything. Or take all we know and prove—nothing. One fact only comes out clearly. Our lack of reliable figures is a statistical scandal.

ONE more exhibit may be introduced into the evidence. A few states have kept their records over a long enough period of time to show alteration in the rate. Here again the evidence is contradictory. The Connecticut rate works up from 22.2 in 1880, to 24.5 in 1910. This is a gain of 2.3 per 1000 in 30 years.

Rhode Island figures also show an increase of births. 1809-1878, 24.8; 1879-1888, 23.7; 1890-1908, 25.9. The gain is slightly greater than appears because before 1895 still births were included.

Connecticut and Rhode Island show a rising birth rate, but Massachusetts next door shows a falling one. The Massachusetts statistics are the best of the boiling and the following table is perhaps the most trustworthy one we possess. It is from the 71st Registration Report of the state. I tuck in beside it the figures of Providence, Rhode Island. For over half a century Providence has published a conscientious, annual report of vital statistics.

Births per 1000 Population		Massachusetts		Providence, R. I.	
1856-60	29.6		32.2		
1861-65	23.2		26.1		
1866-70	26.0		26.7		
1871-75	27.6		26.0		
1876-80	24.2		24.1		
1881-85	25.0		25.4		
1886-90	25.8		24.6		
1891-96	27.6		28.1		
1896-1900	27.0		26.2		
1901-05	25.1		26.1		

Massachusetts and Providence show a decided decline in 50 years.

What deduction shall we draw from this fragmentary data? Every economist who writes on the matter comes to the same conclusion—our birth rate is falling. We are marching with all other civilized countries in this movement. Opinions differ as to whether we advance toward glory or destruction. Opinions differ also as to whether we are in the vanguard or the rear.

DR. JOHN SHAW BILLINGS, who knows a great deal about population, summed up the matter in calm fashion, thus:

"It does not appear to me that this lowering of the birth rate is in itself an evil, or that it will be worth while to attempt to increase the birth rate merely for the sake of maintaining a constant increase in population, because to neither this nor the next generation will such increase be specially beneficial."

These pictures that will frighten the Sea Serpent, we print very small. Look at them and turn away quickly.
—Hearst paper.

THE musty, fusty, moralists who used to deprecate the fads and fashions of their day are sadly out of date.

They never thought when launching at Immodesty a stricture,

To reinforce their eloquence with an immodest picture. Those musty, fusty, moralists were far behind the time—

When we point a moral nowadays, we load it with a crime.

A sermon on morality will never, never pay Unless the subject's treated in a snappy sort of way.

So when we damn a naughty style that brings the blush of shame

To the cheek of innocence, we print a sample of the same,

For the most immodest picture when you label it as such—

If looked at very quickly, will not hurt you very much.

Why stop at fashions, Mr. Hearst? Why not the work extend?

Your theory has moral applications without end— According to your logic, how can forging checks be wrong

If you sign the party's name quite small, and do not wait too long?

To kiss another person's wife is morally O. K. If you snatch a very little kiss, and quickly turn away.

What is there wrong in burglary? In arson where's the crime?

If practiced quickly, turpitude will have its proper time,

And sin its special season—Oh happy Hearstian creed!

Where fastness is a virtue, and salvation lies in speed.

The Retort Pictorial



This two-year-old poodle can add and multiply better than most children five times his age.—"Every Week."



Huh! That's nothing—the father of this family is only one year old—

yards from the dory, was measurably easier than had Harvard been in the van. There is every physical and mental reason why an eight should get out in front in this first hundred yards. The men are fresh, the high stroke takes very little of them, and there is a big psychological advantage in being able to see the other crews without turning one's head. The advice of the good coach should be: "Get out there. Stay out there if you can, but whatever else you do, get out there."

From any race that is won by as much as seven lengths the hasty observer gets the impression that it was a "procession." That is what happened at New London. To those who did not know what the two crews were really doing the race did look like a procession. As a matter of fact it was a boat race every inch of the way. Once out in front you cannot loaf. It is loafing that finds so many eights ripped right at the line. That this New London affair was a real race all the way is amply proved by the shaky condition of Cabot, at 7, Harwood at 4, Morgan at 2, by the break between Middendorf at 5 and Parson at 6, in the Harvard shell, and, after the finish line was crossed, the temporary collapse of Morse at stroke, and Winman at 7, in the Eli boat. In spite of that seven-length lead these men had rowed themselves out. That's racing, whether the victory be by seven lengths or seven inches.

As the race developed it was easy to see that Yale had much more power in the water than Harvard. The Elis had a hard catch that picked up the boat with a wonderful lift long before it had

lost its run, and they kept the power on smoothly clear through to the savage leg drive that gave the boat a smart run while the men were on the recover. It was right in this recovery that a great modification of the typical English university stroke was noticeable. The men did not go far enough back to hurry the low of the shell, as was the case under Gold, nor indeed so far both forward and back as to put a terrific strain on the abdominal muscles, as was the case with Harvard some years ago under Lehmann. The slide was longer than sanctioned by either of these two men. Harvard, on the contrary, did not get their backs on the sweeps at the catch, and so lost power there, albeit Wray has never sought a particularly hard catch. But the men also spoiled the best part of Wray's stroke, which is aft of the rigger, by letting the blades wash out and so losing the advantage of the very effective leg drive that Wray has always taught. This slurring of the Harvard stroke was solely and simply due, I think, to the strain the Crimson was under due to Yale's forcing tactics. The Elis had said they would get a lead right at the start and go well out in front, and they had done so. Discouraging condition for the Crimson.

THE Freshmen rowed their race by moonlight, and only at a mile and a half. I cannot agree with the referee, Mr. Meikleham that the water was too rough for the race at the hour stated, but there is plenty of room for argument. There was an hour's delay in getting the Varsity eights away, and as the Freshman

race was postponed until after this event, there was no opportunity for the crowd to witness it. A broken car added to the delay already made intolerable because of waiting for the surface of the river to subside after it had been churned up by yachts and power craft on their way out to the harbor, with the result that it was too dark to row the full two miles and the shorter distance was adopted by agreement between the crews. The Freshman race was the Varsity contest in miniature, Yale getting the jump, leading all the way, and winning by two lengths. The youngsters rowed the new stroke almost as well as their elders, and so should furnish plenty of material for the Varsity boat another year.

Yale won the race for second crews after a pretty fight by about a quarter of a length. It was the only race of the day in which Harvard was ever in the lead, and then only for a moment. Most of the coxing of this eight had been done by Eugene Giannini, who seems to have been able to pick up Nickalls' methods this year to a remarkable extent. Such was not the case last year. As matters stand, however, Giannini should prove an excellent assistant from this time on. Both the Freshmen and Second eights from Cambridge were made up of powerful men, but in each race there was a great deal more life in the Yale boats. New London is very much on the map once more as a rowing centre, not because Harvard has fallen off appreciably, but because Yale has found herself, and there will be real races on the picturesque course in the future.



At the start.

Next week Mr. Reed will discuss the Poughkeepsie races.

The Germ War

By WALTER C. KIPLINGER

I WAS a mere youngster when the Great European War started in 1914 and all I know about the previous ones I learned from the study of history. It must have been glorious sport in the olden times to charge with heated blood against a body of picked young men from the other side and to give free rein to the old primitive fighting instincts with the women and children all safely out of the way. I envy the heroes of history but it is rather amusing to study the rules and regulations they fought under and note how religiously they observed the ethics of the game they played.

If both sides became tired they rested and called it a truce. If one side became tired, they put up a white flag, rested, and called it a surrender. The losers were merely not allowed to play in that particular game anymore and were called prisoners. From what I can learn the armies of a country were considered separate from what they termed the civilians. These civilians were not allowed to have part in the game and were punished if they did interfere but were protected or ignored at other times.

I can recall the wave of disgust that went over the world when the rules of international warfare were first violated by airships dropping bombs on unfortified places and by the use of submarines against merchant ships. The acts seem trivial now but I can see that they were really the beginning of the entire sordid end.

Retaliatory measures succeeded each other until at the end of the war all the inhabitants of an enemy's country were considered as on the same status as the army. The main rules of the game were still observed but everyone was forced to be a participant.

It was thus when this "last war of wars" was started. I suppose a few knew long before and all of us might have seen it coming if we had not been so blind with our petty affairs but this last war came as unexpected to the masses as I remember the European War came. We had hoped that with the so-called German militarism destroyed we might look for a long period of peace. None of us realized how thoroughly Japan had made China a part of herself since the first definite steps were taken the latter part of 1915, not how the Russians had cultivated the friendship of the Orient since 1916 when England again refused Russia Constantinople.

When Russia, Japan and China suddenly joined together and struck out in all directions they nearly realized all their cherished ambitions and settled all their old grudges before the rest of the world could combine and hold the legions of the East in the deadlock of the former trench warfare.

I was just thirty when I left my little ones and my partner-wife to take my place in the War of Civilizations, as it was called. I was a physician and hence

was made a lieutenant in the combined medical and artillery service, yet even during the first year I did not get any satisfaction out of the war. I remember hearing the officers of the European War complain of war being too impersonal and scientific and that is possibly the reason why I was not stirred at first. I was green, in some ways.

However as invention and invention and discovery after scientific research was used, there did arise among us a desire to utterly exterminate our unseen enemy. But the whole desire was more akin to the frantic fear which we experience when we strike at a scorpion than the true fighting spirit.

I confess that I do not recall which side unchained the final horror. It makes no difference now. An outdoor writer suggested that it was as early as 1914 and I suppose both sides had worked the scheme out in all its devilishness to completion. Our death loss from the very beginning was abnormally large. Whether this was due to our own wretched sanitary conditions due to the position that we were thrown in I cannot in justice say. They accused us and some individual on our side might have been first guilty. Nevertheless on a summer day four years ago one of the tandem monoplanes of the enemy suddenly appeared over our trenches and dropped a number of bombs. Our troops expecting the usual multiple-unit grenade had scattered. They jeered the weak explosions and applauded derisively at the hanging shot from my high-angle gun, which however later winged the aviator, who was killed as the machine fell.

THE monoplane fell gently and landed almost intact near the staff headquarters. The old general came out with the rest of his staff and examined the remains. What we had thought were bombs were merely hermetically sealed glass cylinders. The general looked at them with his mouth open. He belonged to the old school and a thorough sportsman loved the war for the game sake. He seemed in age perceptibly before our eyes and stood gazing with a horrified fascination. Finally the old-war-dog shook himself free from the trance which seemed to hold him.

"I suppose it was inevitable," he sighed. "Where did the two cylinders that he dropped land?"

I told him approximately, being perplexed at his manner and gentle speech.

"You were not there then? Eventually you will be glad that you were not." He turned to the field telephone and called up the reserves and ordered them to start a new line of trenches behind sections 9A and 9B. He then called up the trenches and when they answered, the old general hesitated, his splendid old nerves gave way. He turned to me and said, "You'll have to do it, Doctor. Call the trenches and get Captain Bond on the line. Got him? Tell him that I said to charge. All the men and not

a one to remain. Command the reserves to shoot any that return."

My horror seemed to steady him, and he took new heart.

"I thought that you were aware that those cylinders contain plague germs in a culture medium, Doctor. We have no time for your quarantine and this sacrifice is nothing to what is to come. Be at a staff meeting tonight and bring all the other medical officers with you. Say nothing to anyone, not even the rest of your staff. We must strike our blows first. Yes," he snapped turning to the telephone which rang. "Yes, trenches, 8B, 9A, 9B and 10A. Eight o'clock sharp, Doctor."

I saluted and left.

There was nothing sinister looking or dramatic about the start of the meeting that night. We sat in a well lighted room in a comfortable building, the former residence of a Catholic priest. The word had somehow crept out why we were there and everyone tried to look unconcerned, mask emotions by talking of trivial things or doing unseasonable things. Doctors Barker, George and myself managed to get ourselves quite heated in an argument over the advisability of a closed season for fly-fishing.

The nid general sharpened and re-sharpened a pencil to an ultra-perfect point. Jones and Drake matched pennies as they usually did on every occasion they met. Professor Skiles amused himself by scratching childish pictures on the top of the mahogany table.

Finishing the pencil point, the general broke the point with a snap and looked around the room with the calm and sympathetic glance of a benign and good man. The martial fierceness had gone forever from his glance though he was still grave and stern.

"Gentlemen, attention. It was bound to occur. You are now an ally of ours Dr. Swartz, but I saw this coming when you Germans first began to make war scientific and efficient. My day is gone, gentlemen. You must do your sworn duty with these new weapons as I have tried to do mine. Forget humanity, and—forget God."

The old man looked at the crucifix on the wall and shivered.

"There is no God," he muttered. "I have always said there was no God. Gentlemen. Attention. I command you to strike tomorrow. Dr. Parker what will your part be?"

Parker gave my hand a final squeeze for we had been holding hands like two children. He arose with tears streaming down his face.

"For twenty years I have stood at guard at the Panama Canal. Stegocis, the mosquito that carries yellow fever is abundant in the Orient. Conditions there are favorable to an epidemic. We know, gentlemen, and our little force has labored heroically to keep the first case of yellow fever from getting into the Orient. We did it for love, and now—I know yellow fever; I will use it."

The general nodded with set lips. "It is your duty," he growled. "Jones?" Jones looked up dispiritedly. "Typhoid and typhus," he said laconically.

The general's teeth chattered nervously and ground.

"And you, Drake?"

I had known Drake in college as a sentimentalist. Now as he arose his eyes were hard as impure tantalum. His nostrils flared out and the sides of his lips were drawn back exposing his canine teeth.

"I studied the black plague, black death, and beri-beri in the Orient," he rapped. "I was also a medical missionary."

"Have you anything better, Swartz?"

I had also studied under Swartz and knew him for a kindly man, loved by his family, his students and neighbors. I had known also that he publicly subjected dumb animals to the tortures merely to prove a scientific point and he had not hesitated to experiment on human beings without their knowledge, even inoculating them with deadly diseases. He was immoral but simply unmoral when he was at work. Now he stood as one wrapped in a vision.

"Just before the war," he droned, "I isolated the germ of leprosy. Heretofore infection has always been casual. With scientific and efficient methods of—"

There was a whistling crack from the other end of the table. The old general rose with the foul smelling 25 hi-power automatic, that replaced the old 45 Colt for army use, in his hand. He glanced at the body of Swartz and let the gray muzzle of the automatic travel over us. He hesitated and then shook his head. We stood awestricken.

"I should have died thirty years ago," he whimpered. He brushed us aside and walked with tottering steps to the crucifix.

"Forgive me, oh Christ. Have mercy on my soul," he gasped.

Perhaps it was the second concussion that did it but the figure of the crucifix tottered and fell, protectively across his body and the crown of thorns came off and rolled against the old man's brow.

And I want to say that it was not us that made the cry "unclean" common again. I myself had duplicated Swartz's discovery, but before God I am not guilty of spreading my knowledge. Before we left we swore within that room that we would keep our work within bounds and under control.

As I went out into the night I had a chilling thought. I saw a like meeting on the other side of the battle lines. Would they keep within bounds? Where would they stop?

There is no need to tell of the details of the next year of the treacherous means that were used or the horror of it. We managed to pollute the very antitoxins they used in defense and they struck into the very heart of our country by using half-witted disturbers to spread the infection. Not even the animals were spared. Hog cholera, hoof and mouth disease and the rest of the scourges that veterinarians and zoologists knew devastated the earth and starvation allied itself with the plagues against even the humblest of humanity.

A full half of the population of the

earth died that year until the fury of hate subsided and men began to think. The third year saw the end of all the military governments. The lowest common soldier learned to know the cause of his woes and mobs remnants of the different armies of the world, black and white, yellow and brown surged together in a common brotherhood of misery and destroyed our belated arsenals of disease and their own weapons.

Anarchy reigned but it was an anarchy disciplined and governed by a world of fear. We formed a brotherhood of men of all nations and under the leadership of Professor Skilles and Dr. Takomura organized the corps to save the world from our folly.

Six months ago we seemed to have some hopes of controlling the situation. We had killed off all we could find who had no chance of recovery and had repatriated the rest of the small world population according to the amount of infection present among them. Our work was tremendous but not as impossible as it would seem, for we had to deal with people who were now docile and submissive and who, curious enough, huddled together for the comfort of the numbers.

We still had a few communities where the amount of spreading contagion was relatively small and we tried and hoped to save them at least. Yet who could tell anything of the subtle psychological principles that govern panic. Over night they suddenly got away from us. Our isolation camps broke their bounds and our sanitary police deserted. It was everyone for himself again and infection was scattered anew. We tried our best but finally we had to give up.

Dr. Tokomura committed hari-kari, among the virus of the plague culture plant he had designed. The rest of us wandered waiting the end.

The first night of the new warfare I had sent a letter to my wife telling her without giving any explanation to take our little ones up to our mountain cabin and to have no dealings, absolutely no connection with any one if possible. I reached there last week. Wife had just buried our oldest boy of seven and our girl, 5 years old. Three days later wife died in my arms. Three days after I had laid her to rest, I noticed the blotches on the white of my eyes. My time is about to come and may come before I finish this manuscript.

Yesterday I came down to the laboratory with my baby. He at least had the most painless death known to science. Professor Skilles lies sprawled in the next room with a skull and cross-boned vial in his hand. The flies cover his face.

As to the future, there is no future, no present, all is past. My old zoology professor said that the invertebrates might some day have the world to themselves. It does not seem impossible now. The birds are gone and clouds of insects are moving through this city of dead in pressing masses. The spiders already seem larger and more active.

Who can tell? Who will there be left to tell? I have tried vainly by wireless and by every other means known to the scientific world to communicate with another human being. Still there may be a few scattered people who will come through immune. Maybe Stefansson's blond esquimaux or other isolated

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"vague" people will increase and again in some manner populate this part of the world.

The new races may wonder at our jungle grown cities even as I wondered at the ancient cities I discovered at the equator and in South America.

I have etched the main facts and a sign language key with hydrofluoric acid onto a glass plate which I left in the open National Bank vault. Possibly they may learn what I should have guessed.

Man cannot exist in a closely organized state and hate his neighbor. I also

left a Bible. Should men come before it disintegrate they may possibly give Christianity the fair trial which it has never had. We trusted so much in ourselves and our strength and prated of our mastery over nature. Fool! We called the birds, the forests, the air, the streams, nature. We thought we were masters of Nature, God and the Great Laws of the Universe. So we feared neither, obeyed none.

Now as I sit alone in this "majestic temple of the God Science and gaze over a motionless city, towards a shipless sea things are different. A spider pounces

on the maggot larva of some spineless winged creature and across the way the fires rise in a buzzing cloud and settle back on the Professor's upturned face.

Why should I cover it? The glands of my neck are swelling rapidly, so I must seal this in a glass tube before I must answer.

I WILL not kill myself but oh, God, such an end. The worms, the maggots, and the flies and then what must I face. Oh Christ, not the faces of the children and the women, innocent, not that, oh God.

The New Heroine

By CLARA G. STILLMAN

SEVERAL generations of feminist agitation have so accustomed us to the idea of the New Woman that the announcement that she has finally arrived among us and that she is here to stay must seem to have all the novelty of last week's newspaper. To be sure, the New Woman is an old story. Our mothers belonged to Woman's Rights Clubs before we were born, and were looked upon by our grandmothers as highly improper females, in consequence. It is a long time since the slightest martyrdom attached to the belief in the non-sexual character of a vote, a college or a latch-key; and even those who still profess to be "not at all interested" are so thoroughly entrenched in the enjoyment of benefits procured for them by those who are, that they would consider any suggestion to relinquish them as an infamous attack upon their sacred liberties.

Nevertheless in the sense that she is no longer regarded as an exception, a freak of nature, but indifferently accepted as quite "in the day's work" the New Woman has only very recently been assimilated into our social life; she has only just arrived. It is true that she has been a long time on the way—a hundred years or more if we count her first faltering footsteps. But during all this time to know her, to see her worth, has been the privilege of the few, the few who in every age carry in their hearts the prophetic knowledge of what is to be.

But such recognition, though it fore-

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shadows every great change, is not sufficient in itself to bring the change about. A great idea to be realized must cease to be the cult of the minority; it must become the daily bread of the multitude. And to this rule the New Woman with all that she was to stand for, was no exception. There is a school of philosophy that says things are real only when they are perceived. It was like that with the New Woman. The more she was perceived, the more real she became. She traveled from heart to heart, from brain to brain. At first, very few hearts and brains were open to her, but gradually more people began to see her and still more to hear of her. To some who heard of her only, without perceiving, she often seemed more nightmare than vision, but all the while she was blazing new trails into their consciousness and growing more real with every minute. They thought her an evil and rose to do battle, but this too was recognition. When they actually organized to oppose her, it was an epoch in the evolution of her reality.

Finally so many people perceived her that she became terribly emboldened. She actually made her way into literature. Novel and drama sacred so long to the frail clinger of the home, the meek victim and angelic pardoner, began to show a subtle change in the type of the heroine. Spasmodic and fragmentary were the indications of the new type, often swamped by reversions to the old and well-beloved. So, oddly enough, Jane Eyre, the first greatly drawn modern woman in English fiction was contemporaneous with the insipid little females that so delighted the Mid-Victorian reader.

Dickens, who devoted his divine gifts of pathos and mirth to the championing of the oppressed, never even guessed that women needed a champion. Children and paupers, debtors and slaves, working-men and criminals owe Dickens a debt of gratitude and affection, but not women. He never drew a woman who was both good and capable, wise and charming, or that had thoughts and sympathies beyond the few individuals she personally loved. But what women he did draw! As we think over the list of his heroines the types that present themselves are the frail little Emlys, the

helpless little Doras, the helpless and lachrymose Mrs. Nickleby's. He did not mean them as horrible examples, either; bless you, no, he preferred them that way. It is true there was Agnes who later devoted herself to the remnants of David's heart and digestion, but Agnes, though gentle and kind, and a good housekeeper, is colorless. She is but vaguely drawn—a negative sympathy, not a characterized woman.

Thackeray as well as Dickens displayed towards women "that affectionate and admiring love of sentimental stupidity for its own sake," mentioned somewhere by George Bernard Shaw. When he created a woman with brains, he felt bound, in deference to his immaculate ideal of female inanity, to make her either ridiculous, like Peggy O'Dowd, or an unscrupulous schemer, a false friend and wife. And yet with all the awful wickedness of Becky Sharpe, so harrowingly depicted, how clear cut and real she is, how far more human than the ever virtuous but sniveling and gullible Lauras and Amelias. Becky Sharpe was the first woman in fiction who had brains and used them, who had personal ambitions and worked for them, who had a

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forceful, magnetic, independent personality. It is true her ambitions were not of the noblest and her methods far from admirable. Perhaps it was because there was no precedent for her to follow in this matter of having brains, that she did not devote them to a better cause. Perhaps this unusual possession in one of her sex and years rather went to her head, the natural place for brains to go after all. Perhaps the circumstances of her life were not such as fostered the virtues of artless innocence and affection. But whatever excuses we may find for her Thackeray at least made none. Brains and a will he conceded her, but to show his disapproval, allowed her not the least, infinitesimal vestige of a heart. Becky Sharpe is by no means cited here as a portrait of the modern woman, but by one thread at least, she is related to her none the less. Sociologists tell us that the most daring and resourceful criminals display the very qualities that would under favorable conditions, have developed them into statesmen, diplomats, captains of industry. They are too big for their surroundings and the inevitable explosion ensues. Becky too, was too big for her surroundings. She was a dynamo in a band box, and when she behaved according to the nature of dynamos, there was a great upheaval of cardboard. In Vanity Fair some sixty years ago the good woman's life held no room for the positive qualities that are the glory of womanliness today. The work of these sixty years has been the gradual building of an environment that should enable Becky to have a heart and a conscience and allow Amelia a modicum of common sense.

In the meanwhile the conquest of literature by the New Woman went on apace. She was not of one type, nor was she portrayed for the most part in the spirit of propaganda. And this again was a sign of her growing reality, for she was seen to be human material of the most interesting kind, a secret treasure house, an unexplored country. She ranged all the way from Jane Eyre the ugly little governess who, poor and pale, passionate and repressed, became the heroine of a thrilling romance in which the greatest factors were her independence and strength of will—truly a new fashion in heroines—to the fascinating and impetuous Diana of the Crossways. Suggestions of her appeared in such widely divergent creations as the earnest and devoted heroines of George Eliot and the semi-pagan women of Thomas Hardy, eager, thirsty for life, weak often, but not more so than their brothers: victims, but not to men, rather with men to the impartial blunderings of Chance. As Nora and Magda she appeared finally, definitely drawn consciously in revolt, knowing at last whither she was tending. She was strong or weak, aggressive or shrinking, passionate or peripatetic; but whatever she was, she was in the new way, bringing to the working out of her destiny the vast, fresh power of thought and emotion, the infinitely widened horizon. All the currents of the Nineteenth Century—growing science, dying creed, developing industry—contributed to her being. To those to whom great social developments are the breath of life she was indeed fully real. But even then she had not arrived.

For the great mass of people do not observe causes and developments. They do not trace today from yesterday and if they did, it would not materially increase their pleasure in today. They do not study history or read great literature. George Eliot they know by having parried Silas Marner at school and thus acquired an ineradicable distaste for any further acquaintance with its author; they have vaguely heard of Meredith as the author of Lucille and they think Ibsen morbid. They read current novels and magazines and newspapers—and not until an idea has thoroughly invaded these ultimate strongholds of conservatism does it become real to them. When the "suffragette" began to figure in cartoons and comic supplements a few years ago she was proven to be a live issue. And it is the heroine of the periodical short story of today, that is the most undeniable proof of the incalculable extent, the height and depth of the revolution that has been accomplished in our ideal of womanhood.

One hundred and fifty years ago Fielding gave us in his portrait of Sophia his conception and the general conception of his time of the perfect young woman, and this ideal with a few minor changes has been that of the heroine of popular fiction until within the last decade. "I must use negatives on

this occasion," remarks the great novelist with unconscious irony. And indeed it was only in what she wasn't, in what she didn't know, in the things she refrained from doing, in the qualities she did not possess that his ideal existed. "I never heard anything of pertness, or what is called repartee out of her mouth; no pretence to wit, or to wisdom. . . . Whenever I have seen her in the company of men, she hath been all attention with the modesty of a learner. . . . Indeed she always shewed the highest deference to the understanding of men; a quality absolutely essential to the making of a good wife."

Of course the magazine heroine who delighted our youth—if we have reached years of discretion at the present time—had acquired a good deal of that "pertness" which Fielding so sincerely deprecated, but her saucy charm only made her inevitable surrender to the masculine will, the masculine intellect and the masculine strong arm, the more piquant. She was still an intensely young, ornamental and useless creature of frills and furbelows, much given to "cute" feminine idiocies, complete helplessness in situations that would not baffle a child of ten, the discreet display of slender ankles in sequestered hammocks and being sowed from infuriated bulls by coincidental and appropriate young be-

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rees. Sometimes, in moments of aberration from the mentality she did not possess, she prattled of a career, but if she was mad enough to undertake it she was either starved back into her lover's arms—she always had a lover upon whose bosom she could unresentfully subside after being a failure at everything else—or he treated her opinions with such brutal contempt that she immediately saw the error of her ways and decided to be "just a woman" if he would only forgive her and deign to love her again. There is no denying that these heroines were womanly and charming in their way.

Oddly enough the new type of heroine who is beginning to invade the magazines is womanly and charming too—in quite a different way. She is not always young, not even always surpassingly beautiful; she grows ever less ignorant and more interesting. She has personality, charm, ideas—but not in these alone lies her distinction. Her newness consists in the great spirit of adventure that permeates her life. She has discovered the earth and the fullness thereof, and she sees it, no longer mistily through barred and curtained windows, but clearly and joyously because she is in it and of it. The world belongs to her as much as to anyone—she has made this vast and fascinating discovery. She has a right to everything that anyone else has, she hasn't a doubt of it. To use a cleverly coined phrase, she has "broken into the human race." Nothing human is foreign to her now—there are no veils, no locked doors. To many the new woman is merely she who clamors on the corner for votes, and this is indeed an important symptom of newness, but by no means all of it. The new woman may or may not clamor for votes—this is incidental to our present argument. Her newness consists in the general recognition of her human character as something larger than her mere femininity, in the falling away of the ancient barriers intended to keep her womanliness forever undefiled and separate from the contact of the world. Today at last women are beginning to be judged for what they are, not for what they aren't.

And they are getting the chance to be everything that their natures prompt them to be. The new heroine no longer exemplifies merely the passive virtues of obedience, patience, resignation and "the highest deference to the understandings of men." We should find her distinctly tiresome if she had no more than this to offer. The qualities we ask of her today are strength, courage, breadth of judgment, wide sympathies, self control—everything in short that we have been wont to ask of men. And is the new woman just like a man then? To answer this, only look at her. There was an old preacher once who used to pray on a Sunday morning that the young men of his congregation should be pure and the young women strong. "That the boys should be strong and the girls pure is what you meant, doubtless," said someone to him afterward, but he shook his head, smiling. "Nature has attended to that already," he answered. "I meant just what I said." He was a wise old man, but we have become even wiser. We know now that if boys can be pure and girls strong, it is not because they have conquered nature but because they

have at last set Nature free. And in this new freedom woman is seen to have lost no really valuable or beautiful attribute or charm, no glamor that was hers by right. She is still tender, faithful, loving, beautiful—but her tenderness is born of understanding, her faith the splendid loyalty of an equal, her love is based on knowledge and sympathy. Undoubtedly she often blunders in the process of finding herself, but this is her great opportunity. The old time heroine must not blunder—she must do nothing in order to do nothing wrong, she must be nothing in order to be nothing undesirable. When lovely woman stooped to folly in those days, whether her folly was born of weakness or strength, whether it was due to ignorance or passion or nobility of soul or strength of will—for there are follies that only the strong commit—her life was ended; if not her actual physical life, certainly her life as a human being entitled to any consideration or respect. Today very often this is just the moment when she really begins to live. She may be weak and go under. She may be stronger than ever—and it is strength that we are demanding of her today in life and in fiction—but whatever she does she has the chance to see, to choose, to do, herself. The biggest step the new woman has taken towards her ultimate, complete reality, the greatest guerdon won in her struggle of a hundred years in this mark of the free human being, the right to make mistakes. The unquestioning acceptance of the new heroine by the great magazine-reading public unconscious, for the most part, of the epochal significance of its attitude, marks the transition of this revolutionary right to the status of a common household necessity. The greatest revolutions are accomplished almost imperceptibly to the mass who benefit by them—and none more so than the arrival of the New Woman.

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The Leader

By W. Y. WARD, M.D.

IT HAS happened. The long expected rupture between the Peerless Leader and the Captain of the Team is now material for history.

What of it? Allowing for all that is noble and good in the character of William Jennings Bryan, we must not forget that he is a chronic aspirant for presidential honors. Every contact with his chief during the two years past has but increased his hunger for the long-coveted chair.

Proof? Yes, verily. Else why "take to the people" an issue of such gravity at a time so inopportune? If he must go, why not in the grandeur of silence, without the blowing of trumpets and the flourish of lengthy statements?

Too plain. An issue must be found. It has been a difficult task. This chance looked good, notwithstanding the critical issues involved.

The outcome? Woodrow Wilson is yet Captain of the Team. He is Leader of the American people, not of the Democratic party merely. Behind him, massed in trembling millions, stand the people of the United States, who demand their rights on the sea and refuse to accept wordy dissertations carried on through indefinite time as a sufficient answer to the murder of American citizens and the attack upon the American flag.

Hyphenated America cannot deliver the presidential chair upon a golden platter. The coveted piece of furniture has forever been pushed beyond his reach by William J. Bryan himself.

Ivanhoe, Texas.

Christ and Fifth Avenue

By E. MARINER

IT WAS Thursday of Holy Week and, with others who sought a quiet hour for meditation and worship, I entered one of the churches on Fifth Avenue. To all who come, actuated by a desire for prayerful worship it is a hallowed spot, and its hospitable and ancient doors are seldom closed. Here, one who enters with a spirit of contrite devotion, desirous of spiritual help, will never fail to receive a blessing.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

All sittings were free; all visitors welcome; and I, a stranger, was seated about half way from the pulpit on the centre aisle.

Occupying the same pew was a young man, who, because of his sincerely devout and earnest attention, attracted my notice.

The service was that observed every afternoon during Holy Week, and the

address appropriate for the day was delivered by the Assistant Pastor. It was followed on this particular day by the Communion Service, to which a broad and general invitation was given by the Pastor of the church, who assisted in all of the Holy Week services.

In response to this hearty invitation of the Pastor, we, with practically the entire congregation, remained, to unite in that wondrous service in commemoration of our Lord and Master, who nearly 2000 years ago said: "This do in remembrance of Me." In that church it is the custom for the congregation to remain seated during the Communion Service, certain officers of the church assisting the minister, or pastor, in the distribution of the Blessed Sacrament.

Throughout the entire service the man beside me sat with head bowed upon folded hands.

It was my privilege to offer to him the Sacred and Symbolic Elements, of which he declined to partake. As I watched him my heart went out to him in sympathetic interest, feeling that he was actuated by some profound emotion prompted possibly by deep sorrow, or trouble.

At the close of the service impelled by the Holy Spirit of the hour, I grasped his hand, ready to offer such comfort or assistance as it might be my privilege to give. After a few preliminary words he said in reply to my eager questioning, "I too am a stranger here. I arrived in New York City this afternoon from Vancouver, B. C. A native of the British Isles, I sail tomorrow for England, to join the regiment, in which I have enlisted. I am on my way home, in response to the call of my King, and my Country. I belong to the Church of England, and this hour of worship has been of wonderful solemnity and beauty to me, and although not joining in the entire service, it has been a time of sincere Communion of Spirit; an hour never to be forgotten."

The open church door, and the invitation to enter had been that for which his soul had hungered, and, like the knights of old, he had come to the house of God to consecrate his life to Him; to his King; and to his native land.

At the conclusion of the service, we went forward together to the front of the pulpit, where the pastor stood ready to welcome with words of hearty greeting all who wished to take him by the hand. With a few words of explanation, I presented my companion, and then withdrew leaving them alone.

These words, spoken by the Pastor, reached me as I turned away:

"It is a splendid thing for a man to be ready to respond to his country's call, and to seek God's blessing as he starts forth on his journey."

At the church door we parted; hands were clasped and gracious words spoken. But on a distant battlefield, and here in a land blessed by peace and prosperity, are two who thank God for that afternoon in Holy Week, when in a church filled with the Divine presence of Him who died that men might live, they were permitted to renew their vows of allegiance to Him, and to consecrate themselves anew to His service. Several years ago I stood beside the altar in that little Sanctuary in the heart of London, where the Knights Templars were wont to pass the night before setting forth on the journey to the Holy Land. Filled with religious zeal they knelt throughout the night, bowed over the newly acquired helmet and sword, and every man consecrated his life to the service of the Cross. When a Christian soldier goes forth to the defense of his country how fine it is that he should spend some of the time before his departure in prayer, and consecration!

Centuries have passed and men have grown sordid and forgetful of Him who glorified that Cross. But His life, and His death were not in vain, and religion has not failed. Those who truly seek Him desiring to serve, will find Him.

Philadelphia.

Prophetic

By JOS. E. MOONHEAD

I HAVE a deep and lasting admiration for advanced thinkers in any field and I have been wondering these late days if HAFNER's is not the organ of a New Thought toward Germany. I cannot believe that even the indefensible acts of the Potsdam suzerainty up to this time have justified your pronounced antipathy for the present government of Germany but I am beginning to believe that you are sounding a note which will be fully harmonized with the chords of action in future months.

Now while we are waiting for the German reply I cannot help but feel that your frequent and continual denunciations, somewhat unjustified at the time, were strangely prophetic and prepared us well for the barbarous position into which Germany, as a government, has recently thrust herself.

At this writing it seems that little short of a severance of diplomatic relations can result if Germany fails to meet every essential demand in the American note.

Therefore, for your advanced position on Germany, the American people have you to thank for you have expressed in weeks ahead the national thought upon a government which has forced herself without the pale of civilization by militarism made mad.

Grand Junction, Colo.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization



Edited by **NORMAN HAPGOOD**

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The Morgan Shooting

NEXT week there will be an account, in a special article by Mr. Hapgood, on the censorships in Europe, and how they affect freedom and efficiency.

Should American cities allow German secret money to plaster the walls with statements that Americans will be "upholding the hands of the President" if they agitate against freedom to export munitions? It is not an easy question, but we think the situation in the United States is not yet serious enough to justify censoring such asinities. A radical step, however, will be required instantly if we go to war with a great power. The disgraces of journalism in the Spanish war could never be allowed in an affair more serious.

Almost nobody in Germany today has ever seen Servia's reply to Austria. The government told the people it was "insolent," and let it go at that. What would the German people have said if it had been published in the German newspapers? Or if the British, Belgian, and French official accounts of the origin of the war had been freely circulated? Or even if the German government had not cut out the Czar's last telegram when it published the Georgie-Willy-Nickie series? What will they think when they realize that they have been steadily fed with official lies, from before the invasion of Belgium to the recent promulgations about the number of Germans killed by American shells—before the American shells were shipped?

Unless a war is actually upon us, it is far better to submit even to such stuff as "The Fatherland" is putting out, as when it accuses Mr. Wilson himself of guilt for carnage and demands (lovely German logic) a suppression "of pro-ally war propoganda in the newspapers or in the cabinet"! It is far better to have irrational and unfair agitation by Germans carried on in this country than to give color to the idea that opinion is suppressed or any class of persons persecuted. Better almost anything than that. Let us not Prussianise ourselves. How does the person who writes these words, decorated with the editorial "we," know that his views on ammunition are the last word of wisdom, firmly as he believes them to be right? Surely then let us bold to one of the dearest advantages of peace, appropriate only to peace, which is the fullest expression of everybody's opinion. It is better that Mr. Morgan or other American citizens should be shot at than that we should start toward despotism in opinion. But we might as well realize that if we are dragged into the war there will be a limit to the license which an individual is to enjoy merely because he happens to

own a printing press. A democracy is necessarily much less efficient than an autocracy when it comes to waging war, and if every newspaper is allowed to raise every kind of trouble that it knows how to raise democratic inefficiency becomes intolerable.

It Must Be

THOSE organizations and newspapers that are agitating for a repeal of the La Follette bill might as well make up their minds to a few principles

1—The United States means to have more shipping facilities, wherever they are needed; notably at present for the trade of South America.

2—Private capital announces through its spokesmen in shipping circles, Chambers of Commerce, and the press that it cannot build and run ships if the American standard of living is maintained among seamen.

3—If private capital cannot build and run ships without degrading American labor the United States government will do so. It will give the American people a chance to see for themselves how much such a step costs. It will not leave them to accept the mere guess of those whose money is invested in the business. It has already demonstrated certain truths in Panama, in Alaska, in western reclamation. It faced the same kind of talk when it stopped rebates, introduced commissions, limited combinations.

Is it not the Koran that says: "Change is innovation. Innovation is the road to hell"? Whoever said it, it is a principle we have with us always. Some think human institutions should never be changed. They sorrow ever for the so-called good old times. Others, like Mr. Hobbes, see force and fraud as the characteristics of early human society, in which the life of man is "nasty, brutish, and short."

Americans, contrary to their impression of themselves, are not very progressive, except in mechanics, but they are progressive enough so that a victory like that embodied in the La Follette bill cannot be snatched away, without a trial, by beneficiaries, with a howl that is familiar and is heard greeting every change. Apparently the shipping interests, with their powerful allies, are going to put up a tremendous fight to capture back the ground they lost at the last session. Turning back the clock, however, is a difficult matter. We shall be surprised if they succeed in regaining the lost ground; and we shall also be surprised if before long further ground is not gained by the introduction of shipping lines in which the government is a stockholder.

Ideas and Images

J. R. SEELEY is comparatively little read in America, but there are not many modern historians who are his equals in clear thinking. "A single mind," says he, "may hold a vast variety of images, but not many ideas." Seeley himself has more ideas than most men, sounder knowledge, but he is hard reading because he does not express himself in images, and because he is too compact to be read without labor on the readers' part. A very few ideas, or rather preferably a very few sentiments and no ideas with plenty of pictures, is what makes for popularity.

Kultur

IT WAS at least as far back as 1868 that Seeley used that much abused word, Culture, in reference to politics, as the Germans use it themselves. He had quoted About as saying that in the Catholic countries "faith, hope, and charity are cultivated, but agriculture and commerce are neglected." He had explained the 18th century English view of freedom, in which government is supposed to concern itself only with material happiness, preservation of life and property, and encouragement of trade. He then added: "we find also the Culturstaat of the Germans, where the cultivation and intellectual improvement of the people is made the principal effect, and where the state tends to merge itself in a university as at Rome it merges itself in a Church When a man has been made as free as possible to do what he pleases, it is important also, we begin to think, that he should know what it is best to do. We begin to hanker after the Culturstaat."

Those words were written before the war of 1870, when Bismarck and the first William were in control. They describe a noble idea. The disaster is that later leaders, with megalomania and without genius, have so interpreted the idea as to endanger its very life.

Poverty After the War

THE most essential cause of ancient Greek decay was that the population did not increase. Rome's fall was due mainly also to lack of Romans, either to fight or to till the soil. Laws had to be passed making bachelorhood expensive, and even in spite of expense men preferred a state that allowed false freedom, freedom from virtue and responsibility. As the needed number of actual Romans failed, through self-indulgence, so through increasing luxury did taxation increase. The burden of payments discouraged accumulation.

What of a world which is now seeing the most expensive of all wars? The population question, on the aspect of loss of males, will take care of itself completely in about 50 years. On the side of relative strength of nations all conditions are changed by the modern habit of alliances; otherwise Germany could have carried out her dream of imposing another great empire by force. If the population question assumes an overwhelming importance in the future it will be if in some distant time western Europe is in conflict with Russia or with Asia.

The closest analogy we are tempted to draw to the Roman downfall is economic. Will the burden of taxation be so great that industry will become discouraged? Will repudiation be general as less unfair

than the industrial strangling of generations? Will taxation, endeavoring to meet the unheard-of interest, take away everything from the well-to-do, and so increase a cynical lack of effort? Or will the state endeavor to substitute its own initiative for that of its citizens and a great experiment in Socialism begin?

There is another possibility, of course. The modern world controls the limitless and mysterious forces of nature, before which the ancient world could only bow in fright. Steam and electricity harnessed to a multitude of engines do an undreamed-of volume of labor. With such Arabian-nights implements in his hands will man be able to scoff at the vast destruction, raise material prosperity anew, and do it with fibre stiffened by the tragic sacrifice?

A Few Dreadnoughts Shy

LOOKING over an old file of *Harper's Weekly*, under its former management, we found this editorial appreciation, introducing a full-page account of honors paid a North Carolina citizen:

They have a high opinion of Josephus Daniels down in Raleigh, N. C., as they have indeed throughout the South and wherever else true Democracy and loyal service to the commonwealth are appreciated.

That was early in 1911, when Editor Harvey and Editor Daniels were working together to bring about the nomination for the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson. Col. Harvey as editor of the *North American Review* considers the present Secretary of the Navy as worse than an "industrious ass," being an "indefatigable" one, a "huccolic statesman."

Change of opinion is inevitable, especially when the subject of it has a different job, but how about matters of fact and of record? For example:

Be it said, however, to his credit that when the Congress, aroused by the indignation of the country, made provision for four new battleships, he felicitated both the President and the people. Indeed, he went further and smugly took to himself the honor, regardless of the fact that Congress had rejected his own proposal of two dreadnoughts and had adopted the recommendation of the General Board for the construction of twice that number.

The General Board, whose annual recommendations were published for the first time by Secretary Daniels, recommended four dreadnoughts in 1913 and four in 1914. Secretary Daniels recommended three in 1913 (counting the dreadnought secured by letting Greece have two of the old battleships) and two in 1914, five in all, which Congress agreed to. Instead of the General Board's recommending four, it recommended eight. The 63d Congress authorized five dreadnoughts as against two authorized by the 62d Congress, 26 submarines as against 12, and appropriated \$87,000,000 toward the construction of new vessels as against \$56,000,000.

Cheer Up—It Can Be Done

IN HIS brilliant essay, on moral equivalents of war, William James, high among America's thinkers, speaks of Greek history as all about war and as "horrible reading, because of the irrationality of it all. . . . The history is that of the

utter ruin of a civilization in intellectual respects perhaps the highest the earth has ever seen. Those wars were purely piratical. Pride, gold, women, slaves, excitement, were their only motives."

Most of those motives have vanished. It now costs more to fight a great war, in the opinion of most sane men, than any resulting trade advantages. We don't capture wives or slaves. Excitement has mostly given place to horror. Pride remains, and its daughter fear.

James is a pacifist, yet he declares that violent death is the soul of all romance, and that militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood. Consequently he thinks pacifism impossible unless it includes severity, discipline, intrepidity, contempt for softness, surrender of private interest. He therefore favors conscription for peace—for a certain number of years all youth, rich and poor, to be treated to life's discipline. "To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off." The martial type of character can be bred without war if only man becomes proud and ashamed for the most significant reasons instead of in his present childish way. The change in our ideals necessary to bring the new standards about is less than the progress from the cannibal's ideals to those of the militarist of our day. Therefore is progress not altogether a futile dream.

A Picture of Life

THE advertising columns often offer a picture of life. Picking up the *London Times* we glance down a column headed "personal." What do we find? Many reflections of the war, of course. For example:

"Will anyone lend field glasses to clergyman's son who is shortly going to the front?"

"Will anyone let newly young officer have binoculars, sword, compass, or revolver cheaply?"

"Officer in dire need wants immediate loan of £50, which will be carried by insurance in case of death; only support of old folks."

"Will patriotic gentlewoman take charge of two children, three and one years, during war? Nominal payment."

Inquiries for news of the latest glimpses of the Lusitania's dead are mixed in with the ordinary concerns of every day life, and the fact that the world still turns around is proved by the first three insertions:

"C. P.—Forget me—Betty."

"I quite believe, yet still repeat my message—'Be happy and forget.'—P. P. C."

"Effie—One word of explanation and your doubts will assuredly vanish as a cloud in the sun. Our happiness is at stake."

The pains and hopes of love cease for no war. The everlasting familiar elements of life are forever the most important, and their interest is the deepest.

A Pleasant Term

"RAZOR-EDGE fragmentation" is one of the most alluring descriptions of the qualities of a shell. What words, and what a picture they raise!

Customary Black

GERMANY refuses to allow any woman to wear heavy mourning unless she has lost a husband or a son. In France slighter losses are more freely reflected in solemn black. The Frenchman sees no value in suppression of human feeling. It is part of the same quality that makes him combine heroism in standing wounds with frank admission of pain. Neither in Germany nor in France, however, is there much color in clothing. The German woman, forbidden mourning, takes refuge in a black skirt and white waist, and in Paris an American finds it difficult to obtain a colored dress. In France there are many smiles, in Germany almost none. The two nations differ in feeling how sorrow is most satisfactorily expressed, but they are fully in accord in believing that frivolity has lost its savor. Cheapness of amusement, or shallowness of gaiety, rings hollow. Tragedy is the great outstanding fact, but the German thinks tragedy inconsistent with geniality, while the Frenchman likes to have a courteous smile hang over even sorrow and destruction.

Gone

THE death of Porfirio Diaz marks the burial place of a method now outgrown. Mexico is not like Oregon. What she most needs is not a government sensitively responsive in detail to majority opinion. She needs order and industry more than that. But on the other hand she has passed beyond Diazism. The so-called strong man, wholly regardless of mass desires, will not come again, either by Mexican choice or foreign pressure. There will be a system between anarchy and despotism. It will be a compromise, like everything else that works in any government. To imagine Mexicans as freely governed as Switzerland is to imagine a vain thing. To imagine them, on the other hand, governed as cattle, by the iron hand of a class-chosen or self-chosen despot, is a thing as vain.

A Break

AN EXTRAORDINARILY inaccurate editorial called "Between Bites" crept into *Harper's Weekly* in its issue of June 26th. The Pennsylvania Railroad has issued no stock dividend of any kind for some time and therefore to criticize the supposed dividend of 33 1-3 per cent as a "melon" was obviously unfair as well as silly. The further comment on the dining-car service is a matter of opinion and not of fact, but we do not think in a case where the service is so generally liked that one individual's opinion ought to have been editorially expressed.

The Throw of the Dice

THERE are a few whom a fortunate fate leads gently through the broil, lifts to an eminent station, surrounds with love and laughter, and dismisses in peace. They have talent, but no larger talent than their sorrowful peers in the background. Rubens feasts in the palaces and is sleek in the patronage of Kings; Rembrandt suffers in a garret. The Brownings spanned a happy experience. The Carlyles, with greater genius, suffered in life, and in death they were divided.



How does this sign look to you? Reasonable? The Human Audit traces trouble to it. Why? Because those who are late may be late for GOOD excuse and the sign is an insulting as well as an unjust flash of authority. It is out of keeping with the "spirit of the hive." It is rank with the assumption of adverse interest between employer and employee. The Human Auditor recommends that in this large establishment those who are late should report to a special person who will deal with each individual case of tardiness quietly and justly.

The Human Audit

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

LET us see. What about *Men*? The average employer claims justly, a large measure of knowledge of equipment and machinery, of manufacturing and selling methods, of financing, costs, and inventories.

The average investor buying or owning securities asks for a description of the property, for a statement of financial condition, and when necessary, for the opinion of a firm of attorneys on the legal standing of a corporation.

Engineers appraise industrial properties. Experts in production management are engaged to increase output. Cost accounting service is required. Advertising and sales experts sell their specialized knowledge to business and manufacturing houses. Auditors keep track of merchandise and cash, assets and liabilities, income and expense, profits and loss.

The marvel of modern American business is the attention which it gives to materials, manufacture and markets.

What about *Men*?

The condition of business, from the point of view of employer or investor is thought to be known after there has been an audit of things.

Who ever heard of a Human Audit?

Is it not true that we have gone forward content to develop the science and procure the information of one-half of industry—that half dealing with Matter? And content to neglect the scientific accounting and direction of the other half without which matter would have no usefulness—the half which may be called Labor?

If a real audit were taken—an audit covering the whole condition of the business, the stock on hand would not be as important among the assets as the health of employees; the bills payable would not be as large a liability as misfit workers; interest charges and taxes might be a smaller item of expense than human discontent, and loss by a temporary business depression insignificant as compared with a steady loss brought about by uneven employment and the wrong methods of pay.

Above all, a human audit—the audit which the employer cannot make himself one-half as well as he might make a financial audit and which the investor and stockholder, until now have been too blind to require as a safeguard to their interests—is the key to the undeveloped side of American industry. That undeveloped side is the scientific knowledge of human beings.

And yet until three years ago, when Robert G. Val-

entire, formerly Indian Commissioner of the United States, became the pioneer, the profession of labor auditing was unknown.

The new human auditor is not a man who goes into an industrial plant to look about with a sentimental eye and deliver him-elf of advice on "welfare work," or to devise methods by which the employer may etherize employees with any sad, sweet soothing syrup of the industrial papa. On the contrary, his first function is to present the facts as they are. This the expert conducting the human audit does upon the supposition that to receive facts as they are, whether they be financial facts, as uncovered by accountants, or facts of labor conditions, as uncovered by investigation of a trained specialist, is the desire of any captain of industry seeking healthy industrial growth and profit, and the necessity of any investor seeking ownership in corporations whose business is safe and sound.

"What can you, an outsider, find here, that we do not know?" asked a doubting Massachusetts employer. "Nevertheless, I have sent for you. So go ahead with your audit."

The trained man went to work with the same degree of system in inquiry that a financial audit would require—a course of inquiry tending to disclose any unsound spots in the human side of the business. The extent of the inquiry, in itself would be a revelation to most employers.

The report showed to the astonished client, a complete checking of his organization charts and an analysis of the varied work performed by the human units of production and the qualifications required. The permanence and the regularity of work was shown by careful statistics. The safety of employees and the sanitary and living conditions surrounding their lives both in and out of the plant were analyzed. The report showed the methods used to employ workers and in addition, the means of assigning work to those fitted for the task; it disclosed the absence of educational work to create a higher efficiency. It included an exact finding upon employers and employees' associations, including unions; it uncovered the facts bearing upon possible joint relations between employer and employee such as arbitration boards. It gathered labor laws and court decisions and checked the observance by the corporation of such regulations. In the report a section was devoted to consideration of the relation of men to their machines and tools, of workers to their foremen, of methods of payment for work to the needs of production.

The question to be answered is this: Does the plant under investigation show a state of health upon the human side of its industrial life?

If the combined facts under the different headings in the audit confirms an answer in the affirmative, the specialist who has conducted the human audit may well issue a certificate just as a financial auditor issues a certified statement of financial soundness.

If, however, the condition of the business will not warrant an affirmative answer, the facts set forth in the audit will be sufficient to direct the attention of the management to the presence of dangers to industrial efficiency and industrial peace.

"Why not conduct the human audit from inside the organization?" asked a mill superintendent.

The reply to this question ninety-nine times out of a



What's wrong with this picture? It represents a typical case which the Human Auditor uncovers. Everything in this corner "passes" the auditor's inspection—light, ventilation convenience. But there is something—something which has escaped the employer's attention—something which may be fatal. The employee is a casting-room operator in a print shop. He should not be allowed to EAT in the room.

hundred will be that only the executives at the top are in a position to bring together all the data for such an audit. Just as it is necessary to go to them for any complete summing up of all the financial facts, and the shaping of a financial policy, so also is it necessary to go to them for any complete human audit and the shaping of any general human policy. The executive might do it, but he does not. He has neither the time nor the clear vision; he has looked at the human side of his organization so long, that he cannot see it as it is.

Not long ago, a board of directors were in a deadlock on a question of labor policy. At last, a meeting came, at which a human audit ordered by the manager was presented. The action of the members of the board on this old vexing question was unanimous because, instead of stumbling as before upon a difference of opinion, they were now, at last, acting upon a set of facts.

"I suppose that at one time or another, I have known almost all the facts shown in that audit," says the president of the company. "But neither the manager or I have had time to bring them all together."

In another case, the human audit disclosed the fact that in an industrial plant largely unionized, and in which the union men worked fifty-four hours a week, the crew of men in the boiler rooms were working on two shifts, one night and one day, so that each man worked eighty-four hours, from Sunday to Sunday. The human audit brought forth the fact that this non-union crew of workers for years had been looked upon by all the other workers as an example of the conditions from which only the union had saved them. It had been a source of feeling among the workers of an antagonistic attitude; the conditions of the one non-union crew had been a constant subject for mention whenever the relations of the employer and employees were discussed by the workmen.

"It had never occurred to me," said the employer,

who lives in a city far removed from the plant. "The moment it was brought to my attention by the audit, we put in three shifts of men instead of two shifts, making an eight-hour day or fifty-six hours a week, paying the same wages for the fifty-six hours we had paid for the eighty-four hours. The change must have increased the whole efficiency and cooperative spirit in our plant. It was worth ten times what it cost us. We made money by the change. And one of the men—an old fellow—who hadn't known anything for years but the boiler room, the path across the fields to his house, and sleep, came to me when I was visiting the factory and tried to tell me how it felt to have a Sunday at home. He couldn't. He gagged and the tears came . . . I felt I had just got back from a long vacation."

In another instance, an audit uncovered the fact that workers were always put to work without sufficient instructions in their tasks. Aside from the loss of time, arising from this fact, the human audit showed that the lack of instruction had been directly responsible for the discharge of over two hundred new workers during the year. The audit showed that the expense of a proper system of instruction to new operatives, by stopping the wastes of "changing help," would have saved many times its cost.

"I thought I had given a good deal of attention toward keeping my shops sanitary. I had talked the matter over with the State factory inspector, too," testified a manager. "But the human audit proved by tests the fact that in a certain room the air was not fresh. Our half hundred girls worked there. We used to wonder why girls had so many headaches. Now we have found out and a slight change in the ventilating system saves it—total cost every week in increased production for us and increased health for the girls. Probably that change, alone, justified the making of the human audit."

Cases in which the practice has been to fill all jobs from the outside, have been changed by the human audit, to cases where jobs are filled by promotion. The injustice and shortcomings of foremen have been exposed before their effort upon the workers has reached the stage of secret or open warfare. The audit often shows the need of some machinery by which employees may make an appeal to correct their real or fancied wrongs and bring their grievances to the management without prejudice to their own interests. Sometimes, it brings into play the unused opportunity to invite from the workers cooperation in management and suggestions for preventing waste in processes of production.

Not long ago, a manufacturer of specialties made from stiff paper, who had been induced to ask for suggestions from the workers was astonished when one of the men working on the paper-making machines came to him and pointed out the window at nearly an acre of ground covered with waste left after the specialties had been cut out with the dies.

"Much of that waste could be saved if, instead of making our paper in one width, we changed our machines so that we could make it in three different widths," said the worker.

There was one of the cooperative dollar-hard suggestions which the human audit can be credited for making possible.

At the present time, the human audit has not included in its professional scope the conduct of scientific experiments for the purpose of adding to an analysis of the facts, proof of the value of changes recommended.

I prophesy that the next step in industrial efficiency, following the present epoch of time studies and task and bonus systems and the other phases of production management, will be human research. This next step will be experiments carried on in industrial plants with experiment squads of workers. These tests will be made to determine the temperature at which the health and the production of workers are at top-notch, to find out the number of hours which represent the best length of working-day, to prove for the benefit of both employers and employees the effects of drinking and smoking and of eating certain foods, and to prove the adaptability of classes of workers to certain tasks according to their sex, their racial characteristics and their age. Such investigations will require and receive the cooperation of the employees, for the research will be into that realm of human values toward which the workers themselves have been trying to attract attention.

The new profession of the human auditor points the way, for the moment it is enough if the pioneers of human auditing are able, to make employers see that at least one-half of industry and its efficiency is human, and to enuse investors to realize that in most industries the continued earning power is not guaranteed so thoroughly by a financial audit as by an audit of labor conditions, which discloses no dangers of the disturbance of industrial peace or uncovers the presence of human wastes.

Here fortunately, in the prevention of human wastes, the invested dollar and the working-man have a common ground of interest.

Mammy's Gingerbread

By J. M. HARRISON

YOU kin talk about yo' ice cream
An' yo' angil cake an' sich,
Ao' all yo' hi' toned entin',
Dat's enjoyed by de rib;
Ah knows ef dis coon had his ch'ice
He'd nebber 'fuse ter take—
Er piece ob dat er gingahbread
What mammy uster make.

How we chilluns would be happy
Piekin' chips up foh de fish,
Lips a smackin', wood a erackin'
Er de flames leap'd red an' hiah.
Wid 'spectashun, we'd be luffin'
'Tell our bery sides would ake—
Jes er waitin' foh dat gingahbread
Dat mammy uster make.

Folks jes passin' by de cabin
Uster sniff de asustufere
An' stop ez ef er sayin' "dere's
Good t'ings cookin' dere."
W'ile mammy's face wuz beamin'
W'en de fish she'd poke and rake—
We'd be settin' dere a waitin' fob
De gingahbread she'd make.

But times hab chang'd sence den
Kase mammy's jined de angil's ban'
An' I reckons now ents angil cake
Right 'on de angil's han'.
Mony times we set huh cryin'
Lak oumb henbts will sholy break—
W'en we t'inks ob mammy's goodness an'
De gingahbread she'd make.

The Swiss Army Lesson

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

WHY is it that the British, with several hundred thousand soldiers on the continent, have been holding only about 35 miles of the line and not doing over-well even with so short a strip? Shortage of certain forms of ammunition we all know about, but there are other reasons. They have almost no artillery officers. Also they have practically no general staff officers. The soldiers themselves are all right and young Oxford and Cambridge boys make lieutenants who at least know how to die, even if they know nothing else. Knowing how to die is a very small part of the job of a colonel, to say nothing of a general.

Of course England's record in some respects since the war began is magnificent. Her command of the sea has been better than the Germans thought it could be. Her purse is open to all the allies and her credit is unshaken. The feat of creating an army of two or three million men in a year, out of volunteers, is unparalleled. But not even Kitchener can create higher officers. When the ammunition is ready this shortage of officers will still be felt. An additional handicap is in their class system. In France there is no obstacle whatever to the promotion of the ablest and most experienced men. Even in autocratic Germany the feeling is less strong than in Britain. The British plebeian will follow the aristocrat to death where he would not follow a member of his own class. Moreover, he cannot conceive of himself as giving orders to aristocrats. Of course the United States, if it undertook a similar sudden feat in army-raising, would have all the troubles that have faced Kitchener, except class, most of them in a worse degree. General Wood might raise and train plenty of soldiers in a year but he would have no officers, and soldiers without officers and without plenty of artillery

experts, as well as ammunition, are nothing indeed but food for powder. Everybody understands by now that a trench taken by a difference in mere seconds between the time the artillery has ceased bombarding it and the time the troops enter it. If calculation is not precise to

Switzerland is the country whose example is constantly held before us. I have been impressed by the warning frequently given to me by French and Swiss officers that our country should not rely too much on the Swiss idea. "Nearly every country in Europe" they said, "has indulged in that Swiss-system talk, but the system has never worked except in Switzerland." The military-tradition reason, I do not believe is really important. However, since some give it, let us consider it. For centuries the word Swiss was a synonym for expert soldiers fighting in the armies of the larger powers. For a few instances among hundreds, look at these and notice the resemblance to today:

"Before Arras, August 18 (1640!) Marshal Chaulnes attacked the enemy's position at three points with three companies of Swiss guards." Hand grenades were used. "The enemy was driven from his first entrenchments and we gained 200 feet. Our losses were inconceivable."

"The Swiss regiments of d'Estavisyé and Wattville, after having repelled a night attack, . . . captured the important post of la Bassée by a well-managed counter-attack. The explosion of a mine destroyed the road for a distance of 30 feet."

"Before Dunkirk, during the night of June 5-6, (1658!) the Swiss guards maintained themselves in the trenches in spite of a lively musketry fire and grenade attack."

These picturesque resemblances are recalled merely to decorate the point that Switzerland knows warfare from the

cradle, by tradition, almost by instinct. Take that reason for what it is worth. Others put stress on the details of her plan. Her system of reserves would give us soldiers more quickly, it is true. We can no doubt learn from her about the vital question of officers and of expert artillerymen. She shows what efficiency



the second the trench is not taken and the attacking troops are slaughtered by their own artillery or by the enemy's machine guns. The superiority of the Germans over the Russians has, it is true, been in large part in ammunition, but it has been also largely in number of available higher officers and in artillerymen.

is consistent with democracy. Switzerland has less than four million inhabitants. She completed her mobilization before either France or Germany. In the first week of August she put over a quarter of a million of thoroughly drilled men on her frontiers as a hint in support of her scrap of paper. She means to keep inviolate that paper. Since then she has been having her fighting men take turns in the army, returning to their private work between. Her army of half a million is absolutely ready. Its percentage of officers is high. Efficiency in every preparation probably equals Germany. When it looked as if the entrance of Italy into the war might cause disrespect for the neutrality of Switzerland the government was ready to destroy routes through passes by explosion, if need be, at an hour's notice. Nothing has been left to chance. For this high degree of efficiency Switzerland does not pay the moral price of German militarism. As to money price, she pays in taxes for all defense purposes \$2.20 per inhabitant per annum. The United States pays over \$4 per inhabitant and gets nothing. But there is broader aspect to it than these specific difficulties, hints, or solutions. They amount to nothing in comparison. The Swiss system



works wonderfully, not because of the system itself, but because of the spirit that the people put into the system. If the Swiss had no more sense of public duty, of what private sacrifice

was reasonable in the individual, the system would not work at all. Germany is perfectly organized because of a national enthusiasm imposed by a class. Switzerland is perfectly organized because of a national enthusiasm that for some mysterious reason emanates from the people without compulsion. Can you imagine Americans working all their most active lives, off and on, obscurely, from a sense of national duty, for nothing? The Swiss not only has his set times for service. He is expected to practice rifle-shooting between times and report to his government regularly his score. He does it. The result in workmanship is represented by a story, no doubt apocryphal, of Emperor William's visit to Switzerland in 1911.

"You have an active army of 300,000 men?" he said to a soldier.

"Yes, your majesty."

"And suppose I should send 600,000 men against you?"

"We should have to load twice."

The Swiss soldier's responsibility for his equipment is more complete than anywhere else. It is known to a piece of thread what was put in his possession, and with everything from thread to rifle he must be ready at any moment. Hence the amazing rapidity of mobilization.

Now the point I wish to make is this. The Swiss lesson is not a lesson in technique. It is a lesson in citizenship. We cannot imitate the Swiss army unless we imitate the Swiss spirit. If we are to continue to do things as individuals, only because they are profitable, or make us conspicuous, or get votes, there is little use talking about Switzerland. We can make an army sufficient to prevent invasion, if we wish to, under our present ideals, by paying highly enough in money for it; but we cannot have the Swiss army, or anything remotely resembling it, until we have Swiss sense of citizenship, Swiss respect for law, Swiss integrity in politics; until, in short, we are an intense political democracy, at a constant white heat of civic feeling. That is what we need to learn from Switzerland.

Buffalo Bill and the Trapper

By SAMUEL J. LEWIS

WILLIAM F. CODY one day engaged in a spirited talkfest with a white haired, gray bearded trapper, who was by way of being the greatest and most unsuccessful liar in the locality.

"Sbo, Cody; that there h'ar story o' yours ain't puppy high to a little seance I had with a o' she-grizzly back some twenty year ago. I come on that pizen critter at th' mouth of a canyon. Bing! I plops a shot 'om my ol' muzzle loader into her, but she don't even tarry. On she comes 'bout givin' me nary chanst 't load. I th'ows th' gun at her, hits her

on th' snoot, an' takes out up th' canyon, with th' old gal, plum' mad, pitty-pattin' after me. We runs fer 'bout a mile, she paddin' along behind an' gainin' a hit. Them canyon walls kep' gettin' higher an' smoother an' narrower 'ntil they was about a thousan' feet up an' I c'd most touch each side. I couldn't a'clim 'em if I'd tried, an' that she-varmint wasn't givin' me no chanst. All of a suddint th' path got still narrerer till me an' the h'ar had to 'most squeeze through, an' then I come slap into a straight-up wall in front o' me. There I was; slick-as-glass walls on three sides

and th' mad h'ar pitty-pattin' ten feet in m' rear. Couldn't go ahead, turn 'round, ner go stright up!"

The trapper paused, enjoying the deep silence of the crowd.

"Yes; but what did your bear do?" asked Cody.

The old man's face began to take on the purplish hue of pent emotion. His features strained and twitched as his brain sought a way out of his own mendacious cul-de-sac. Looking helplessly around and meeting no friendly glance from the audience, he finally blurted out.

"By gum, she killed me!"

Moloch

A Play About War

HOLBROOK BLINN and his company have recently produced in Chicago, and will present in September in New York, this play by Beulah M. Dix. A year ago we would have considered it as a thrilling melo-dramatic representation of war, rather exaggerated. Today it becomes poignantly real. The suffering, the horrors, the losses, can be visualized in Belgium, in France or in Poland. It opens for us possibilities in our own homes which we dare not think on. This play, written with deep understanding, well constructed and admirably acted, should exercise a notable influence against war.

Where the economic arguments of such a peace exponent as August Schvan are not understood, where the propaganda of Jane Addams and The Woman's Peace Party is denounced as silly and futile, or where the beauty and lyric quality of the *Trojan Women* is lost to many audiences *Moloch* will take hold.

The prologue opens at a quiet country house, where the members of a happy normal family of the upper class, are busy with their customary vocations. A young foreign doctor is received as a friend in this household, has saved the life of the little son, and has won the love of the daughter of the house. Alarms of war are in the air, but are disregarded. "It is not possible, war cannot happen," they say. Here we recognize our own attitude before the catastrophe of August 4th. Suddenly word is brought that war is declared. Strange words which we did not know until last August, spring into the mouths of all. Friendship for the young "foreigners" is dissolved.

The next act finds us in a town house, with all the excitement—almost joyous excitement—that attends the marching off of the troops. Young girls are making nosegays to scatter from the windows. There are leave-takings between mother and son, husband and wife. The peace and security of the home are shattered, but the true realization of war has not yet come.

Seven months later, we see again this same home. The invading enemy is marching

through the streets under the windows, that enemy whose quick defeat had been so surely predicted in the previous act, and as we hear the tramp of feet, we think not of some remote and indefinite place and time, but of the German entry into Brussels, of that great flood of grey uniformed men which for three days and nights rolled through the streets until it became no longer human, but "like a force of nature." Through this and the following act blow falls upon blow, culminating in a truly terrific climax, when to the agony of death and brutality is added the roar of cannon, the scream of shrapnel, the crash of falling walls, and the sharp rattle of the machine gun. The unleashing of brute passions, the demoralization of de-

Paul Gordon who plays with distinction and with fine force and restraint the important role of Philip, the "foreigner," in "*Moloch*." Mr. Gordon is a young actor who in less than three years on the stage has had the distinction of serving in the companies of *Winthrop Ames*, *Emanuel Reicher* and *Holbrook Blinn*. He should go for if he can weather the dangers of quick success and the temptation to do the conventional and striking, rather than the real and great.

spair and exhaustion work their inevitable ends. We see the sufferings of

the invader as well as of the invaded. A young lieutenant comes to the house. His manner, at first harsh, is explained and justified by the treatment he has previously received. Met with kindness and dignity, he quickly responds. "You are the first woman," he says, "like those I have known at my mother's, who has said a kind word to me in four weeks." He goes to rest and in the sleep of exhaustion his throat is cut by the maddened woman servant, whose sister and little nieces have been killed by the invader. "Your sister was killed in the North?" demands the commanding officer. "Yes," she replies, "And this boy was 300 miles away," he answers. The servant is shot against a wall, the family turned into the street, the house given to the flames on three minutes notice, the little child dies of exposure. So we see the fruits of war, horror upon horror, atrocity upon atrocity, following in logical sequence.

In the epilogue, we are back again at the country house, now destitute of all refinement, of all that makes life gracious. The orchard is cut down, the ruins of the old church, and the bare limbs of the dead trees, stand stark against the evening sky. The young doctor, the "foreigner," is dead. In the previous act we have seen him tortured by the drunken head of the house. The



Holbrook Blinn as Robert and Lillian Albertson as Katherine.

younger son has returned, crippled, tied for life to his wheel chair. The husband and brother enters. Drink, to which the privations and strain of the trenches first forced him, has now taken firm hold. Between him and his sister stands the figure of her dead lover. He attempts to justify his actions and in the code of war we are now all learning, his justification seems good. "The long way you have come, you three big kind men, who stood here," says his wife. We wonder if we have come a long way, if our kindness is scared, if our standards are

lowered. News comes that war is again imminent, this time with the old allies as the enemy and the "foreigner" as ally. "They were not half bad, mother," says the cripple. From the camp below the house the bugle calls, the sound of marching feet is heard again. War is declared. The young and the strong are off. The cripple and the drunkard remain behind. "We cannot bear it," cry the women. "As long as men are men, there will be fighting," is the reply.

The spiritual quality of war, the belief that it is fought for great principles,

the self-sacrifice and devotion which it engenders, are not considered in this play. We have seen men and women giving their all, and ready to die for what they believe to be right, but the inspiration, the greatness, of this, is not developed, and therefore the depression which the play creates is unrelieved. It is on a hopeless outlook that the audience is released. And as one reaches the street the newboys are crying that new nations are on the threshold of war, that the suffering and the waste are to be multiplied.

G. F. P.

A Story for the Palate

By CHARLES WHITTAKER

IT HAS been left to the *Saturday Evening Post* to discover the short story of the Digestive Apparatus. Its creator is Mr. W. B. Trites; the story is called "War;" and if Mr. Trites does not receive in the near future from the Soda Mint Trust, some handsome emolument, ingratitude will have done its worst.

There are three chief characters in the story, and they all eat. Heavens, how they eat! There is more food to the square inch in "War" than in any known work of fiction. There is even a plot in the story of "War," but you must pick it out rather as a roach man picks the small fishbone from his mouth—otherwise you may get it down amongst the food without noticing it. May Houghton, the American heiress has two aspirants for her hand: Captain Nugent, an English army officer, and Foster Todd, a genius, an English man of letters. The latter

had a bushy moustache and a bright and tired eye.

He ought to have had a "bright and tired" stomach, too. Here is his menu, a dietary to make dyspeptic millionaires green with envy. This is one day's work:

His breakfast comprised porridge, a kipper, bacon and eggs, toast, marmalade and coffee.

A newspaper propped before him, he lunched on cold ham and chicken, boiled potatoes and boiled greens, suet pudding, rich Gorgonzola, and potent, ink-black stout.

A maid entered with his tea, and, his mind now fixed on white slavery in its relation to race suicide, he consumed three cheering cups, a plate of bread and butter, a half dozen jam sandwiches, a crumpet and a large toasted sconce.

The club dinner was not bad at three-and-six. He ate, while pondering race suicide and white slavery again, a thick soup, a cut of salmon with sliced cucumber, ptarmigan vol-au-vent, boiled leg of mutton with boiled greens and boiled potatoes, a plate of mustard and stewed fruit, and some anchovy paste on toast by way of savory.

Yet we are not told what he had to eat at supper—no doubt by oversight.

Mr. Trite takes us to English country life, at Captain Nugent's ancestral home. The hero, entering the breakfast room

looked into the covered dishes under the silver warmer on the sideboard. There were bacon, sausages, kidneys, truffled eggs. But amongst the cold dishes a ham took his eye. He cut a small pink slice. From an enormous bunch he clipped a half dozen hothouse grapes as big as plums. A very old man-servant, straight and thin and ruddy, brought in a silver pot of coffee and a rack of fresh toast.

The heroine also eats, but with much refinement:

She took up on her fork a tiny morsel of sausage; she lifted it with great deliberation to her mouth, and, scarcely opened her lips to receive it, she chewed it very slowly—her jaw hardly moved.

Her father eats, heartily:

The ice king pushed his plate toward her. "Just fill that up again with sausage and eggs and bacon, will you?"

We are relieved to read, ten lines later: The ice king stopped eating.

Alas, not Fortified by a rest of twenty-two lines, the ice king's dreadful meal goes on:

"Give me some of that cold ham."

Mr. Trites feeds his characters as if they were Strasburg geese. His hospitality is boundless. On the same day:

They lunched at Barnstaple, a Devon burgh—herring fresh from the sea, a Devon chicken with liver, the seaweed vegetable, and an apple-tart with Devonshire cream.

This is on an automobile trip, and the happy, happy party arrives home towards evening. The hero and heroine dismount from the car, to carry a basket of fruit—more food—to a cottager. As they stroll through the park the pheasants

uttered their sardonic gong-like call.

It must have reminded the hero of something, probably the dinner-gong for he bit his lip

Twenty-three lines later:

A pheasant in the distance uttered its gong-like, wild and mocking cry. The young man bit his lip angrily.

Was it because there was nothing else to bite? Or because the gong-like pheasant was uncooked?

Even the similes are not free from food. In Flanders, for example:

Captain Nugent reached his trench. In it, like crabs in a basket, prostrate men in khaki struggled with prostrate men in grey.

Mr. Trites' descriptive writing has a merit all its own:

When he got out of the bath his hard, slim, wet figure smoked like a warm horse in cold weather.

He took his place at the wheel, May Houghton sat beside him, while in the rear Lady Bland and the ice king reclined. For the car was very fashionably cut, as in a bed.

They spent the day in the soft, cold, pure air. They glided smoothly and swiftly along the edge of precipices high above the clear and crinkled sea. In the green slopes of the downs sheep fed in white herds.

And now, let us turn to the shy heroine. Absorbed though she is by Mr. Trites' meals, she has girlish intervals, as a Clarence F. Underwood girl might be expected to have:

She crossed her knees so as to show her beautiful shoe and beautiful ankle. The shoe glanced down. Did it show enough, all that shimmering white loveliness? Well—no. And stirring in her chair, she pretended modestly to lower her cobweb skirt heavy with brocades; but in reality she raised it a little—raised it three or four or, perhaps, five inches. At the same time she gave the two men a shy look, a dazzling smile; she seemed to blush; and, shamed by her girlish innocence, they averted their enraptured eyes.

We have taken expert opinion on the movement; and an elderly maiden aunt assures us that the above performance is quite possible—if one wears a crinoline. The heroine is unique. In Part I, she has violet eyes. On the next page

May Houghton wore a homespun Norfolk suit of blue-and-white check. The blue, he noticed, matched her eyes.

Captain Nugent, invalided home, tells us how when wounded, he was saved from death by a German soldier. The food problem again confronts the author, for the German was

"Head waiter at the Troc, by Jove!"

And when the heroine heard this, we are not surprised to learn that

She bit her lip.

She was not eating at the time, and it seemed the only thing to do.

Little Touches of Humanity

By NORMAN HAPGOOD



IN ORDINARY speech one now seldom hears the word "Allemand" for "German" in France. It is always the derivative word "Boch," as an American might say "you dirty Dutchman." But go to a battle field, and ask the soldiers about the graves, and they will speak of an unknown German with the serious word, and with lowered voices, and they will work a long time to carve a cross to mark the spot where lies an enemy whose name shall never again be known. He, the single unknown, in his private grave, is better off, according to the strange sentiments of our humanity, than those who, on more crowded slaughter-fields, are buried dozens in a single ditch. Many of the graves are scattered through beautiful forests; other graves are near the lilacs and the cherry blossoms; and the lark sings always. One doesn't like war in the smiling fields of France. The fields in the fought-over districts are full of bombs. The bombs have to be sought out carefully lest the plowshare, which begins its work as soon as the enemy retreats, strike an unexploded one, and send the husbandman to Heaven, to join the soldiers.

The French love flowers. I was looking at two rows of trenches, a few yards apart, one line French and one line German. Between was a garden. An officer friend told me that nearly every night the French soldiers go into the garden to get flowers for the officers in the trench. He said that no order would restrain them, however considerable the risk. Officers put their arms about the men. They seem to love and trust one another. A duke rode on the train that I was on. He was a captain. He was in a regiment of which the colonel had formerly been the duke's ebf. The duke thought it was all right. I asked if I ought to fee the chauffeur with whom I had been riding for three days and was informed that French military chauffeurs are more than likely to be able to buy out the persons whom they drive. But their manners give no hint. I asked a prince, serving as a captain, if it was true that the old nobility were held back for fear that distinguished service might lead to some royalist agitation. "No," he said, "the authorities and the people are only too glad when any of that crowd shows industry or ability."

When I was in Bordeaux there was a war movie there. One scene depicted soldiers about to go into battle. Every soldier was fondling a baby. Gentleness and kindness were what the people

wished to see celebrated. What they will do if they invade Germany. Heaven only knows, but at any rate they seem now to celebrate nothing but the humanities. One proud boast is that there will be no German babies with French fathers. The French are fighting well. It is pleasant at least to think that physical courage is not lessened, in a great crisis, by gentility.

Among one group of trenches some baby thrushes were being raised. On posts within the trenches moss had been carefully planted. Alongside of a hidden machine gun was a photograph of a little chapel in the village whence the gunner came.

Of course not all the human suggestions that the soldiers arrange for themselves have to do with sentiment. Many are humor, the average commonplace humor that seems almost the same the world around. A pig-sty is christened the Crown Prince. Over the entrance to a trench in Lorraine is printed:

LAUNDRY — PALACE HOTEL
TELEPHONE — LIFT
ENGLISH SPOKEN

And there are those inevitable verses that illustrate the universal interest in indecency.

Every incident takes on a special significance amid the mighty organized destruction of all the emotions, joys, and ideals we have been so laboriously building up. Amid the ruins of a beautiful chateau, for centuries the residence of a famous family, I noticed peasant children passing away the day as best they could. They were playing at war! Of course they were. In a ruined church I noticed exactly the same play.

In some respects it is these little touches, these painful passing details that make the strongest impression. The titanic bonfire of civilization is too big to be taken in by the imagination in its larger lines, or in its future meanings. When, however, I hear a French officer invite a stranger to talk German if it happens to be an easier language for him than French, I remember that particular fact. Again it is striking when a mother tesses her little girl for "loving the Dutchmen," and does it with great gentility. I see a most decrepit old couple, struggling hopelessly with a horse, or a child of four leading a cow, and the lack of able-bodied men is solidified in a picture. I pick my way through barbed wire entanglements. The wire is made in America. It in no way changes

my opinion, but it helps me to imagine how the Germans feel when they are caught in it. A sentry is stopping our automobile. He is not raising his gun in the ordinary way. He is seizing it in the middle with both hands and raising it horizontal above his head. I ask the reason. It is because other motorists have been shot for not understanding the signal and this is a device for making it more distinct. Thus the sense of death is realized in a trifle. Posters in village streets telling what may be charged for bread, other posters saying that inhabitants will be shot if they go out at night, houses and churches looking as if they had been run as long as those of Rome, children and old people who have crawled back to what was left of their homes—all these things are more within the reach of the human mind and heart than are the hundreds of miles of fighting lines, the millions of tons of explosives, the economic waste, the hundreds of thousands of young women who on account of the war can never find husbands. And if I were to focus my mind on the question of responsibility for all this, it also would come to me in the shape of an incident.

Our motor was going very fast indeed. The chauffeur thought we had very good reason to go so fast. Little dangers were nothing compared to the larger purpose. A dog flew across the road. It was not his fault. He did not see us. It was because of our terrific speed. Swerving at that pace was impossible. We passed over the dog, and the chauffeur laughed. He was a kindly man, but he laughed. The ridiculousness of it in the general scale made him laugh. I looked back at the swiftly vanishing scene. The dog was lying in the middle of the road; his head was turned, his mouth reaching for his broken back, as if, poor fool, his teeth could set the bone. It was nobody's fault. It was a necessary consequence of a necessary speed. I have seen grossly wounded men; corpses also; orphans, widows, broken homes; but my mind seeks an illustration within its scope, and I shall never forget the wriggling dog. And so, in the larger theatre, it all seems to come back not to this or that consequence, but to a general cause. Why did it all begin? And hence it can never be too often remembered what it is we seek. We can never too often repeat that the great object of the war is democracy in Germany. Unless we gain that from the war, we gain nothing.

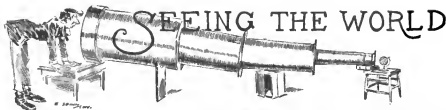


UNCLE SAM: "WHO'S RUN

Illustration by Charles Dana Gibson



ING THIS CAR ANYHOW?"



A Versatile Taxidermist

C. H. Hobbs is certainly some taxidermist. He has mounted a fine deer head on his granary. Not content with that, he has put in a bathtub in his residence.

—The Chautauquy (N. Y.) Record.

A Cautious Reporter

The bride is a daughter of the late Patrick Brendley, and is one of Darlington's most beautiful young ladies—we would say the most beautiful if we knew which one it was, because she has a twin sister that none but themselves can tell one from the other, and as Mammie has gone and Mattie remains with us, it probably would be discreet to say that next to her twin sister there never was a more beautiful girl.

—The Darlington (Wia.) Journal.

The Shock Absorber

Lightning struck the home of Fred Klemm of near Duran Falls on the Sunday morning storm and was destroyed.

—The McConnellville (O.) Herald.

The New Woman Perhaps

Samuel Baldwin and wife are the proud parents of a boy daughter.

—The Waverly (O.) Watchmen.

She Was Worth It

The leather medal for nerve would seem to belong by unanimous consent to the superintendent of the Maple Hill high school who invited Gov. Capper to deliver the commencement address and failed to tell him until he arrived, after driving thirty miles through mud, that the "graduating class" consisted of one girl!—Iola Register. If Charley Scott knew that "one girl," he would not have made these remarks, for she is worth all the trouble the governor took.

—The Alma (Kana.) Enterprise.

What Makes the Man

Sixty-one years old, lived within one mile of present home all his life, never bought a turn of corn or meal, a pound of meat or lard, never was arrested or

had a lawsuit, and always voted the Democratic ticket straight is the very unique record of I. J. Hunter of Choctaw Township. Yes, and another redeeming quality is that he has always supported his county paper and pays for it in advance.

—The Van Buren County (Ark.) Democrat.

Stork Reduces Cost of Living

Born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Robert McGill, near Bee Creek, a girl weighing six pounds, clothing and all.

The Harrison (Ark.) Republican

Physician Called for the Horse

While returning home from Will Lynch's sale Claude Beery's horse ran away and ran into Fred Herman, throwing him in some way from his wagon. Fred was quite badly hurt. Dr. Maxfield of Tama was called to see the horse Friday.

—The Tama (Ill.) Herald.

The Audience's Escape

A small but appreciative audience witnessed the play "A Little Detective" at the Ittemck Saturday night. It was owing to a mistake in the printing of the bills that the last act was omitted. However, it was no fault of the company, and had the audience remained they would have finished the play.

—The Clinton (Ill.) Public.

The Flat Dweller Who Wanted a Big Yard



St. Joseph (Mo.) Exam-Press.

Paul's Progress

Mr. Paul Moseman, deliveryman and clerk in the Price grocery at New Straitsville, was in our vicinity one day last week. We are glad to learn of Paul's industrious and loving disposition and goodly prospect in his future life, as he has not only secured a good position but has also secured the privilege of escorting one of the most charming young ladies of New Straitsville about town.

—Mt. Carmel Item in the Logan (O.) Journal.

An Audible Shiver

Don't fail to hear Miss Hattie Shiver in the Sacred Concert at Zion Baptist Church Sunday night.

—The Xenia (O.) Gazette.

From Gay to Grave

The best in dental service, always at home giving careful attention to business (except on special funeral occasions).

DR. C. A. HERR.

—Adv. in the Osborn (O.) Local.

Where Poetry Still Lives

Hahn stationed himself at an upstairs window and waited. Two hours sloped by.

—The Battle Creek (Mich.) Engineer.

The Band Played On

The bad boys did well at the theater last night. They played Number 9 in the red book without a slip-up.

—The Elton (La.) Eagle.

When the Curtain Was Lifted

A well known Girard county citizen drove up in front of Coomer & Nave's salubment this week and bought a

Wheo the curtain was lifted a bumpy bed an old hen was found sitting on fourteen eggs. The gentleman gave the hen, chicken and eggs to John Nave, and he now has a handsome flock of young fowls.

—The Danville (Ky.) Advocate.

Fool's Gold

V—New Clothes for Old

MY TWENTY-FIRST birthday was made memorable by a dinner dance my Aunt gave in honor of the day. It was a small affair but of great moment to me, for Laura Manning was among the hidden guests and Laura Manning was the girl I wished to marry.

I dressed with especial care that evening, tugging great pains with my hair which had a way of standing stubbornly on end despite the most heroic use of brush and comb. I finally compromised with my ideal and descended to the library where sat my Aunt and Uncle, reading. I stood for a moment in the doorway, holding the portieres apart with both hands. The pose seemed to me effective.

"Come in, dear!" said my Aunt, glancing up. "Let us see how you look—since you've attained to man's estate."

Her voice swung thin but clear across the large room. Her small features, warm in the lamplight, seemed as usual expressionless except for the faint smile playing about her mouth and a certain weary look which seldom left her eyes. I went over quickly and kissed her, and her eyes lighted. She had no children of her own and was very fond of me. She pushed me off at arm's length and surveyed me, gently critical.

"Your tie," she said after a moment, "it might be . . . and your hair . . . but no, it suits you to be a little careless in such details. Your features are striking—you cannot afford to be foppish. What do you think, Orton?"

My Uncle, sitting in his big leather chair beyond the reading table gazed at me, his head bent forward, peering over his glasses. His face shone in the lamplight, thin and clean-shaven but for the two little tufts of white whisker beneath his ears, that lent him so dignified a look. His heavy white eyebrows were drawn together in his habitual frown of concentration, but his eyes twinkled as he gazed. He rattled his paper nervously, a trick he had.

"He looks a Randall," he said, "that's enough for anyone."

He winked swiftly and ducked back to his paper. My Aunt glanced at me musingly.

"Yes, he's a Randall," she murmured half to herself, "and looks it, as you say.

Three years have done wonders for him."

I knew what she meant, and agreed with her. The thought lingered in my mind as I sat idly turning the pages of a magazine, waiting for our guests to come.

I had changed greatly since entering this new life—been made over, quite. I

ence smiling upon me—I could not know then that it was also at me—with welcome in his eyes. I was glad of the expression in his eyes; the voice was quick and sharp, so different from our soft, slurring speech.

My Uncle grasped my hand and looked me up and down.

"You have the Randall features—I'd know you in a minute. I'm glad to see you, boy!"

A grateful warmth stole through me. Here was a friend. I had no thought of the possible oddness of my appearance, nor that it might be cause for the twinkle in his eye. My blue store suit, a little short at wrists and ankles, for I was long of limb; my stout brown boots, oiled faithfully and well to silence the telltale squeak of newness; my stiff white shirt magnificently starched (with much self-gratulation on old Mollie's part); the black satin four-in-hand my Father had once worn, donned at my Mother's wish, its undoubted elegance a trifle dimmed in my eyes by reason of its predilection for crawling upward on the high poke collar that kept my head perforce erect; the grey soft hat, wide of brim and high of crown—a round smooth crown as yet undeviated by the deprecation of dents; could one be more gallantly accented for entry in the lists of life?

How could I dream I might be ludicrous? How could I dream, either, that as my clothes were misfit, even so was I? That the doings of my youth and my early life of dreams and the simplicity of our village ways were to be of no value in this new life save as meat for ridicule from the untactful, or a little too great kindness from the well-disposed?

I remembered, as details came thronging back, how full of eager promise had been that first rapt night. Dinner over, I had sought my room—to my wonder, large as our whole first floor at home—and had written my mother of the marvels I had met.

The rare exotic luxuries, the opulence everywhere, the power and graciousness of my Uncle, the dainty perfection of my Aunt, the whole dazzling complex of new sensations, of sights and sounds and tastes and odors struck instant response from a chord within which I felt had thrilled to but feeble stimuli before. It



"I was Aladdin with his genie at call"

was a man of the world now, seasoned and sophisticated. And in three years, this miracle!

I thought amusedly, with a pitying yet tolerant smile, of the figure I had cut the day I arrived in New York. The scene came back to me, its every incident sharp and clear. I saw myself, a tall slim youth of the build inelegantly known as "gangling," step from the train and stand for a moment on the station platform dazed by the rush and clamor, clutching my grip tight and wondering what next to do, as futile in my gasping inattention as a fish jerked incontinent from his familiar placid pool.

From the vantage point of my tower of experience I looked back and laughed. It was delicious—in memory. I recalled the start of fear I made when a hand was pressed upon my shoulder and a voice rang out.

"My nephew," I do believe, the voice had said, as I turned to face a silk-hatted gentleman of unbelievable pres-

was my world of dreams come real—O more than real! The chilling fear of poverty, the oppressive sense of impotence that had been mine since my Father's death were vanished. The shackles of circumstance were stricken off. I was Aladdin with his genii at call. Ambition soared. I saw the time (not far off, hope whispered) when I would go back like the Prince in the Fairy Tale to stun my village friends with my splendor, to clothe my Mother in gold and fine raiment, to lay the trophies of my prowess at her feet. That was how I felt about it.

Something of this hope I hinted at in the letter to my mother.

"It won't be long," I wrote, "till I can give you everything you could wish for. I will make you proud of me."

Her answer, which came a few days later, did not share this enthusiasm.

"Do not, my son," she wrote, "be blinded by the bright hues of luxury. Remember that in comparison to the things of the spirit material treasures are but toys. I do not need them—nor do you. It is still true that man cannot serve two masters—God and the flesh. If you wish me to be happy make God your guide and be true to the memory of your father, as you promised. That is all I ask and all that I pray for."

As I read these words, so at variance with my new vision, it seemed as if a stone had dropped on my high mood and dulled its flashing edge. I was uneasy and, for the moment, abashed; but the feeling soon wore off. My Mother, good soul, was limited by the strictness of her life! My Aunt and Uncle and their friends had keener sight, born of wider experiences. They moved in a larger world—the world. I was fully determined to keep the promise to my Mother, yet I knew that I must also somehow attain to that mysterious "success" that so subtly colored the windows of my mind, that seemed here in the city to fill the air, that I could even feel brought honor.

THE doorbell rang sharply, breaking my reverie. Guests were beginning to arrive. Most of them I knew well, though there were a few unfamiliar faces.

A slender girl in white caught my eye. I was sure I had not met her, but something in her face and carriage stirred remembrance. She drew near and stopped to speak to my Aunt. I was glad to hear her voice, low and rich; it seemed in keeping with the grace of her person. Her face was pale and a little thin, demure in expression though I thought a smile lurked about the corners of her mouth. The feeling that she was no stranger grew strong. It was as if I heard an old song, once loved, or caught

again the fragrance of flowers dead many years ago. Surely I must have known her—surely!

My Aunt was presenting me.

"Miss Carol Boyd—" I heard—and the girl lifted her eyes to mine.

I cannot describe my emotion then, nor give a reason for it. But the room and the people in it, my Aunt standing by, even the girl herself seemed to fade away and leave only her eyes. I was conscious only of them. They seemed to open a little wider in that instant, and to vibrate strangely. And there seemed much space—unfathomable space, behind them. And it seemed that something rose from the space and spoke to me, in a language without words or sound, yet that set my heart to beating wildly.

Just for a moment. Then the girl's eyes left mine, her murmured "How do you do!" fell on my ears, and she had turned away. I shook myself, as if I had been asleep, and looked about me. Laura Manning had entered the room and was walking toward us, her eyes fixed upon me. I pulled myself together.

Laura spoke to my Aunt briefly, and turned to me. We moved toward an alcove, talking casually. I tried to interest myself in what she was saying. I kept my eyes riveted upon her face and told myself over and over that she was the one girl for me, that my happiness lay in her hands. Yet try as I might I could not shake off the spell of a voice that had spoken to my heart, a soundless, wordless voice from beyond the curtain that shuts in conscious life.

Throughout the dinner I caught myself constantly falling into fits of absent-mindedness. I was distraught and ill at ease. I set myself to avoid glancing at Miss Boyd, who sat almost opposite, across the table, yet I could not help but look in her direction now and again. She seemed happy, laughing and talking with an apparent unconsciousness of my existence. This, while it doubtless should have helped me, did not.

Laura noticed my abstraction.

"Anything wrong?" she asked lightly, though I felt her direct gaze upon me. "No—! . . . That is," I added upon impulse, "I'll tell you after supper—as soon as a chance comes."

We said little more, though I could feel that my companion was still watching me closely. I was more than before careful where my glances rested. The dinner came to an end and the dance began. I had the first with Laura. I knew now what I was going to do, but oddly I could not seem to frame the question I had made up my mind to ask.

The fifth was a waltz. I had been in

the library during the last dance, steeling resolution. I entered the ball room and glanced about, seeking Laura. Beside the door, not twenty feet away, Miss Boyd was sitting—alone. She looked up at me and, utterly without thought, I walked straight toward her.

"May I have this?" I asked.

Her eyes grew warm as she smiled. She rose and held out her arms. A voice sounded, close by.

"Are you forgetting—this is our waltz, I think?"

Laura stood beside me, a slight flush on her cheeks, a gleam in her eyes.

For a second I looked at her, and in that second I was aware that my decision, forgotten for the moment, had been remade and finally. I turned to Miss Boyd.

"I'm afraid—may I have one a little later?" I said.

She did not speak, but nodded slowly and sat down. And into her eyes crept a puzzled, hurt look like a child's who has been struck.

We danced a few times around the room, Laura and I. Then I looked at her and said evenly:

"Laura, will you marry me? I love you!"

A light sprang into her eyes and her hand pressed my arm. I could just hear the "Yes!" with which she answered me. This was the moment and the event which my decision had brought into being.

THAT night there was rejoicing in our household. I had long known that my Aunt looked with favor upon my suit for Laura's hand. And my Uncle, whose business relations with Hugh Manning, Laura's father, were of the closest, was overjoyed. As for me, I was exultant. I was to marry Laura—and this had been my dream.

Sleep was long in coming. I was making new dreams. I was thinking of my Mother and how happy she would be. I would write her in the morning. She would love Laura, her who'someness, her beauty, her triumphant youth. She would visit us, and—yes, we would go to my village, the far village of my boyhood . . . the Prince in the Fairy Tale and his Princess . . . roseate dreams . . . shining dreams . . .

I woke just before dawn. In the drowsy twilight of consciousness an eerie thing occurred. Suddenly from nowhere came two eyes, dark, softly glowing, gazing at me with mournful intensity. As I gazed back, spellbound, a look crept into them that stung my soul, a puzzled, hurt look like a child's who has been struck. And I sat bolt upright in bed, while a ripple of fear ran swiftly to my heart.

"Seven League Boots" will be the sixth article of this series of sketches telling in intimate vein of one man's emotional experiences.

Two Races in One

By HERBERT REED

POUGHKEEPSIE'S problem is markedly different from New London's.

On the Thames there is only one crew to beat, and coach, coxswain and stroke are letter perfect in their knowledge of that crew. They have to decide simply how they will go about beating that crew. At Poughkeepsie coach, coxswain and stroke have to decide which is the most dangerous eight, plan to beat it in the first two miles of the race, and save enough power and skill to defeat any challenger in the last two miles. The race is not really a four-mile affair, but two two-mile races. The generalship for the first two miles can usually be planned in advance, but the general-

ship of the actual race and delay the tribute that is coming to Collyer and his crew, and to Maurer and his remarkable eight from Palo Alto let us discuss Courtney. In the last few years there has been a deal of criticism of him and his methods that has savored of meanness. Where it started I do not pretend to know. Nor do I care. But this I do know, that when Yale was experimenting with the English university stroke as taught by Harcourt Gold it was Courtney who pointed out the faults of that stroke most succinctly. Courtney knows rowing, and he knows what for lack of a better term I shall call "racing rowing." He has his hobbies, like all men who are

set up until the small hours of the morning pondering the problem, and about three o'clock went down to the boat-house, lantern in hand. Right there and then he won the race. He changed the rigging in one seat, and next day the Cornell crew was faster a length to the mile.

The race, now. Let us consider the crews as they went to the mark. Cornell's eight was perhaps not as "pretty" a crew as others that have come down from Ithaca. There was, however, evidence of power. There was more emphasis on the catch than is usual. The backs were on the sweeps the moment they gripped the water. The blade work



At the finish of the Varsity race.

ship for the last two is frequently a product of racing conditions. This was the case in the race which Cornell won after a bitter fight, first with Syracuse, and later with Leland Stanford Jr. University.

Probably Collyer, the Cornell stroke, rowed his race under instructions, but there can hardly be a doubt that these instructions were fairly elastic this year. Some years ago Cornell won a race by waiting and putting on the spurt in the last mile, nipping Columbia at the finish. The weather conditions on that day probably affected Charles E. Courtney's plan of campaign. His men rowed a waiting race because there was a rather brisk wind that was likely to prove troublesome for the first three miles. Cornell, in the outside course, was certain of the shelter of the yachts in the last mile and so could conserve energy until that particular stretch of water was reached. In other years the Cornellians have felt sure enough of themselves to go into the lead at the Poughkeepsie Bridge, the three-mile mark. After all, the point is that Courtney, and the men he teaches, know racing as distinguished from rowing.

To digress a moment from the story

worth while, but these hobbies do not seem to impair his efficiency.

Much of the recent criticism of Courtney has been directed at his judgment of men. Like all criticism that is based on meanness—whether conscious or unconscious I do not know—his strongest point has been singled out for attack. Granting Courtney his knowledge of rowing and of racing one has to go further for the secret of his success. It is that same judgment of men. There is no other coach in this country who dares take from his Varsity boat oarsmen who approach perfection. There was not a coach on the Hudson who would not gladly have taken over Cornell's second crew. What Courtney wanted was a crew temperamentally fitted to win this year's race. He got it, and by the usual process, his judgment of men.

Just a little story about the "Old Man" and I shall turn to the crews. One year at Poughkeepsie Courtney was dissatisfied with his eight because there was one man in it who was too good to turn down, and yet whose actual work in the boat was not up to the standard. The coach figured that the fault was his, not the oarsmen's, and he was worried. The trouble must be with the rigging. He

seemed a trifle ragged until the day of the race. Columbia turned out a smooth crew that was a delight to the eye. But even boasted in the best shell on the river the Morningside men were not impressive. Rice had done what he could with the material at hand but I doubt if he was at any time satisfied with his eight. The prestige of victory last year was, I think, Columbia's principal asset. Syracuse presented the annual problem. The Salt City men are secretive like their coach, James Ten Eyck. They seldom row in practice as they race. I doubt, however, if any Cornell crew goes to the mark without a warning against Syracuse. Pennsylvania was not dangerous. The men could not get together, and Vivian Nickalls admitted it. Men who were close to coach and crew did not expect much of the eight, and frankly said so. Remains, then, Stanford, perhaps the finest body of men physically that ever came to Poughkeepsie. Their oarsmanship was not above reproach, but in the race it was much better than most of the critics, myself included, had been led to expect. Stanford, like all aggregations of husky, brainy men, was dangerous.

It was Syracuse that made the first

two-mile race that Collyer won, and Stanford that made the second two-mile race that Collyer won. Collyer and Cornell were prepared for Syracuse, and while I do not think they were specifically prepared for Stanford, I do think they were prepared for any crew that sought to make a race of it in the second two miles. Nothing else explains the handling of Syracuse. It was in the neighborhood of the two-mile mark that Osman, the Syracuse stroke, made his effort. Ordinarily the Cornell stroke would have gone up to meet the spurt. Not Collyer, however. He would not let Syracuse get away too far, but he would not be teased into "killing" himself and his crew. A little more power and Cornell held Syracuse safe. Now came the pretty piece of headwork. The moment Syracuse finished its spurt Collyer sent up the beat a notch, putting on his spurt where it would do the most good. That settled Syracuse. Thereafter Cornell began to stow away energy, dropping the stroke to 30 to the minute. Some Cornell crews go through the race at 32, some at 34, but few get down to 30 in the third mile. At 30 the Ithacans were rowing as smoothly as any Cornell crew I have ever seen, and they

seemed to have the race in hand.

But along came lion-hearted Stanford, rowing in far better form than anything they had shown in practice, and in infinitely better form than they showed in their race on the Pacific Coast. They had achieved command of their slides, their blade work was clean, and but for the dropping of the hands at the finish there was not a great deal of fault to find. The Far Westerners had dashed away from the dory much better than anyone had been led to expect, had kept up with the procession while Cornell and Syracuse were having their duel, and were within striking distance at the critical point, the bridge. Any crew that is up with the leaders at this point, and does not "crack" right here, is a factor in the last mile of racing.

Stanford went into the lead a quarter of a mile from the finish, and there is no one to blame for their defeat after the gamest kind of a race but Collyer, Cornell, and Courtney. That combination, intent upon winning the second two-mile race, was a shade too good. It has been said that Cornell "lasted" long enough to win. As a matter of cold fact Cornell put on a spurt right at the line,

and this ability to spurt to victory was due to keen judgment and finished oarsmanship at a low beat after Syracuse had been disposed of.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Stanford will be a regular entry in the Hudson regatta. The Palo Alto men are distinct additions to the river life, and they should be asked by the Stewards to compete whether or no they win the Coast championship. Sportsmen such as these should always be welcome. There is fault to find with their technique, plenty of ground for legitimate criticism. But the more Mr. Guereau, their young coach, delves into the problems of racing and rowing the less there will be of criticism. I think. An open-minded coach working with such material as Stanford gets into a shell is hard to beat. The visitors were against a crew that knew the racing game.

It has been said that the Poughkeepsie crews were below the average. Two of them undoubtedly were—Pennsylvania and Columbus. But to say, as one critic did, that the last eight last year could have beaten the first eight this year is to confess prejudice if not ignorance. The race, not the time, is the thing.

Talk

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

FREE speech is a joy. The English have great fun with their Hyde Park in London on a Sunday afternoon. They take a large grass-green area, and devote a couple of acres of it to free speech. Any man can arise on that verdure and speak his mind. Instead of smothering the irritated and revolutionary elements, they let them talk.

Yonder is a learned Buddhist, whose thoughts have retired so deeply into his skull, that his eyes are heavy and the lids almost in possession of them. He looks as if he has just arisen from a trance, with the thick visions still netting him.

"There are four categories of the non-existent," he says. "The thing that was but is not, like the sunshine of yesterday. The thing that will be, but is not, like tomorrow's wind in the trees. The thing that never was and never will be, like the griffin of golden claws and eagle's beak. And finally—"

"Answer me this," interrupts a deep-voiced sombre man, who carries a graveyard gloom in his dress and manner, "Does Nirvanah mean annihilation? Answer yes or no."

"You ask me how to go to Chicago. I tell you first to go to the local station, then to choose not the first train but the correct train. You refuse to listen. You say 'Quick, Quick, Chicago. Yes or no.' How can I answer yes or no? I can take you only to the entrances of the eight-fold road to peace."

Swing round the circle. Don't tarry in any one group too long. For over here we have a tall handsome girl, with tennis-tanned face, and ringing contralto voice. She believes that the oppression

of woman should cease. Folks who come to scream remain to hooty. She has a way with her, a winning way.

But the pride of the Park is Parton, the Patent Medicines Expert. He is short and lean, like a piece of wire, a little string of a man, always in motion. It is good to see his tiny figure of energy perked up aloft on a chair or table, well over the heads of his contemporaries, and raining down upon them his discharge of sarcasm and exposure. He has a slow racy drawl, redolent of concealed weapons of cleverness. What a busy atom he is, like a pin-point of radium, tearing his way through trash.

See him at work on a crowded afternoon, standing tiptoe on his chair, his snowy-white hammer stretched taut behind him, with the blood-red six-inch letters stretched upon it—

"Parton, Expert in Patent Medicines. Analyses free gratis of the dope that strains your system and drains your purse. Exposes of the Venerable Quacks from Olivia Spankum to Purple Pills for Pale, Yellow, and Green People."

Hear him as he draws his message: "First and foremost, here we have the good old friend of the household—Mrs. Tattersall's Teething Compound. Every baby cries for it.' Babies cry for anything. Because your baby cries for this old opium fraud is no sign that you should pour the stuff down its misguided little gullet. Let the baby cry. Better stick pins in it or calm it with a horsewhip than soothe its stomach away with these slops."

He held up another package. "First we remove the overcoat." He took off the pasteboard. "Then the underclothes," he unrolled

a bundle of descriptive literature. "And here, lost in the shrubbery, is this tiny bottle of tasty fluid, a bottle of the size of your pinky finger nail. Its contents hardly enough to coat your tongue. Price three bob at the village drugstore. Friends, don't do it. Save your money for the Great White City. Give it to the Salvation Army. For see, all you need to do is to go to the same druggist's, and pass him in this prescription."

He recited the chemicals that composed the famous compound. "Here's what he'll give you—" He held up a bottle a foot and a half in height.

"You can have a bath in it, you and the kiddies. You can splash it out of the window on the noisy group below, and still have enough left to cool your head and calm your system. And how much will it cost you? Twenty-five cents."

"And here's a precious ointment—precious little of it—two dabs with a knife blade and the supply has run out. Your eye would overlook it if you sneezed. Now then, go and buy it. But don't buy the patent secret sealed pot. Buy the prescription that makes the same stuff. Here's the prescription—Red Mercuric Oxide, Beeswax, Lard, Japan Wax and Coconut oil. There you have it. Not a virtue omitted. And for the same money, one-half crown, you'll get enough to smear all over yourself, and make the family gresny, and will the supply will hold out. You'll use it for your lifetime, and leave it to your boy. It'll be an heirloom. They'll say Granddaddy bought it, back in the reign of King George."

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



THE SEE SERPENT

Snaphotticus Horridus

This terrible reptile is frequently met with at fashionable seaside resorts and bathing beaches. Its favorite food is the Young Lady Bather. Possessed of extraordinary power of fascination it surprises its victims as they sun themselves on the sand or emerge from the water, and as they stand (or sit) spell-bound snaps them up with incredible rapidity.

Pro Patria

By GEORGE CREEL

AT EVERY sound, each creak of wall or floor, Dolorman sprang erect and stood ready with his salute. For an hour he had been left alone in the hush of the dingy room, and the strain of suspense was fast becoming a torment. Not knowing what to think, he had thought everything.

What was it they wanted of him? Certainly it was not an usual thing for young lieutenants to be summoned post haste to the gloomy building where sat the gray masters of the War Machine. It could not be punishment, for no later than yesterday his colonel had been almost warm in praise.

Outside the city shook with the excitement of the Asturian advance on Sarhia. All knew that an ultimatum, demanding neutrality, had been sent to the Bear, and its rejection was deemed a certainty. At breakfast, even the grim old Major, who delighted in pricking the bubbles of youthful enthusiasm, had admitted the probability of a world war. Could it be that in this tremendous moment Opportunity had remembered his name? That there would be chance for him to clear the slow stages of promotion in one splendid bound?

A door opened in the recesses of the building, there was the sound of a painful, limping approach, and before the knob turned, Dolorman knew whom it was that came. How many, many times he had felt the sweep of those heavy-lidded eyes, and dreamed of the day when that cold, impersonal glance might warm into recognition.

The Chief of the Great General Staff seated himself slowly behind the hattered desk, and leaned forward upon his elbows, to the young lieutenant, that fixed, inscrutable gaze was a scalpel that bared heart and soul.

"You were attached to the legion in Frisia this last year." It was an assertion, not a question, and the interruption of an answer was forbidden by an impatient wave of the clawlike hand. "During your stay you fell in love with a young woman of the court. You became engaged. Your lack of assurance for the future prevents marriage."

The voice, hoarse as from disuse, gave the effect of finding consecutive sentences an effort. A sense of chill made itself felt through Dolorman's bewilderment. What was there in his love affair to concern the War Office?

"Devote yourself to paying closest attention," rasped the General, noting instantly the shadow of speculation. "You will understand presently. Until then answers will not be required. Also bear in mind that what I am about to say will admit you to the very secret chamber of the Empire. Any boasting—any of these mysterious nods and winks with which young fools like to impress their associates—will mean your ruin. Do not forget!"

The thin fingers drummed upon the desk, and even as Dolorman stared, the sombre eyes caught fire, and the voice

that spoke was strong, ardent and imperious.

"Our country," it cried, "is to be given the trial by fire. Those that hate us may be denied no longer. The Bear, taking the Asturian invasion of Sarhia as a pretext, will spring at our throat. The Eagle, long anxious for the opportunity to avenge the latter humiliations of the past, may be counted upon to join in the attack of the Bear. Seeing us thus beset so sorely, it is a certainty that the Lion will make an attempt to snatch the commerce that has been hidden by our wisdom and ability.

"But we are ready. A quick and victorious resistance to these forces of envy and hatred is no more than the pressing of a button." The old General half rose in his passion, and drove a curved thumb hard into the desk. "Preparedness shall be our salvation. While the Eagle struts and preens, we will strike. We will have their cities, forts and arsenals before the wretched boosters can even grasp the fet of war."

"So!" he boomed, cutting a vicious sweep with his arm. "Our armies will swing back at a gallop, and we'll slaughter the Bear before that sluggish beast has commenced to gather itself together. Then are we ready to turn resolute face to our ancient enemy, the Lion. Sarhia, that assassin kingdom, will have been taught its lesson, and we can count upon the full strength of the Asturian forces."

The Chief of the Great General Staff sank back into his chair and let the battle light fade from his face. When he resumed, it was in his usual croaking tones.

"SPEED," he said, "is the all essential requisite. The descent upon the Eagle must be the thunderbolt—the movement against the Bear a tornado. A week's delay, aye, even the loss of a day, may mean the difference between overwhelming victory and utter disaster. Paralyzing velocity! Undreamt rapidity! It is in this need, young sir, that opens for you a short cut to those heights that are the goal of the true soldier."

Throughout the recital of the program of conquest, Dolorman's heart had leaped no less than that of the General. All that was in him of patriotism blazed in answer to the flame of the veteran. With the next words, however, he experienced a return of his first chill fears.

"Frisia is the key. The Eagle, trusting to the guarantee of that bird seed country's neutrality, has not troubled to fortify the Frisian border to any great extent. All else is a wall of steel. Therefore, it is through Frisia that we must march upon the Eagle."

At sight of Dolorman's nervously moving lips, the Chief threw a hasty, even if angry, emphasis into his words.

"We are well aware that such proceeding will give Frisia good ground for justifiable protest. The law of self-preservation, however, demands that it be set aside. Every assurance, too, shall

be given of our intent to respect her independence, and fullest compensation will be guaranteed. There is only this one shadow on our plans"—the General halted impressively—"those pompous little shopkeepers of Frisians may take it into their fool heads to resist."

He leaned forward, and his face, contracting, grew menacing and projectile.

"As you know," he said, "your sweetheart's father is the commander-in-chief of the Frisian forces. We must learn the condition and equipment of the twelve forts that bar our way of Lejme. The girl can tell you."

"MY GOD!" Dolorman's voice cracked and broke. "Why, I—I—it's impossible! Surely you cannot expect—the thing is—is—base!"

"Stop!" The old General hurled himself across the desk. "It is your country that you are accusing."

The two locked eyes, both faces quivering with passion. The Chief of the Great General Staff was the first to gain control of himself, and assumed a tone of persuasiveness.

"It is a pardonable error, after all," he continued, essaying a smile. "You were not born until after the last great struggle. War, my young sir, has its own standards. Things ignoble in times of peace become noble when demanded by patriotism. Individual honor gives way to the national honor, and the great word duty robs love and friendship of all importance."

"No, no," Dolorman threw his hands wide in despairing protest. "I can't. I tell you I can't. Anything else—my life—my—"

"You—"

For one tense moment it seemed that the hooked fingers of the veteran would sink themselves into the soldier's throat. As quickly as it came, however, the angry purple faded from the old face, and the look of cold, implacable determination returned.

"We shall see," he muttered. Swinging suddenly on his heel, he limped swiftly from the room.

Would they courtmartial him, or take him straightaway before a firing squad, Dolorman wondered dully. His suspense was of small duration. The door opened with a crash, and a splendid and terrible figure charged furiously into the room. Glistening orders flashed and jangled against the breast of a field-marshal's uniform, and from the rolling eyes there flamed the wild anger of one totally unaccustomed to dissent or question.

"What is this we hear?" The high-pitched voice broke in a discordant screech, and a light foam flecked the quivering lips. "A subject defying his divinely appointed lord? A soldier flouting the order of his superior officer. Wretched, wretched man!" The long arm shot out and the pointing finger impaled the cowering lieutenant. "Will you be guilty of sacrilege as well as trea-

son? Will you spit on both God and king?"

As if driven by some inner fury that would not permit halt or rest, the nerve-racked form hurled itself up and down the narrow confines of the room, yet never for one instant did the passionate denunciation of the glance leave the young lieutenant's face, or the torrent of words cease tossing its terrifying spray.

"An envious world gathers to drag us from the high place to which we were called by the Lord of Hosts. Satan is riding the whirlwind, setting fire to malice and hatred, but our royal soul is steeled against fear and base alarms. Though the earth launch its envy and greed against us, we accept the challenge in all serenity, for our faith and strong reliance is in the Almighty who has ever been with us, guiding and championing. The powers of wickedness shall not prevail. Our throne is builded on the strong rock."

The authority heeded by years of habit weighed upon the soldier until he felt himself sinking. From the figure that fronted him flashed a conviction of divine omnipotence that shattered his resolution.

"For years we have seen this cloud of menace forming," shrieked the zealot voice. "Unto this day have we pointed every effort, and now are they that think to crush delivered into our hands. Answer, thou foolish and rebellious one! Answer again the order that has been given? The white light of a great need is beaming full on the manhood of the country, and cursed forever be he who fails to meet the test. The shame of the present, the loathing of posterity!"

As though they stood before him, Dolorman saw his father, brothers and fellow officers, and on every face hatred and aversion were stamped.

"Great is our charity, large indeed our comprehension of the frailties of men." The screaming voice had not stopped. "Let your answer yield obedience to Christ and country, and in that assent shall be found your forgiveness."

With a strange, hysterical half-sob in his throat, the young lieutenant found himself mumbling words of abject apology, he felt a light touch on his

shoulder, and when he raised his eyes, they met only the screeching malignant face of the Chief of the Great General Staff.

"You will leave tonight," the veteran rasped. "A monoplane and aviator have been placed at your service. Here are complete instructions." He held out a slip of paper. "You should make their country place at dawn. Tomorrow night, well before twelve, the return will be made for you."

A gesture of dismissal, and Dolorman found himself again in the sun and roar of the streets.

II

AS THE great machine climbed the ladder of stars, the young lieutenant commenced to experience a certain relief from the heavy wretchedness that had enveloped him. The wine of the adventure mounted to his head, and the huge-

ness of the affairs that hung upon his mission slowly exercised a satisfying stimulation.

After all, what was it that had been asked of him? It was sheer nonsense to assume that Frisia, in any event, could play other than a pawn's part in this combat of giants. Surely Emilie would see, and understand that their intent, in its essence, was pacific and honorable. As a matter of fact, was he not going to her as one bearing a message of reassurance and protection?

How fast the man drove! The stars merged and the moon was a blur! Of a verity, never again would he laugh at the aerial corps when they claimed speed of more than one hundred miles an hour. Below him a beloved river unwound like a roll of silver ribbon, and he saw the lights of the town where he had spent his boyhood.

What divine sudacity in the plan! First the Eagle, then the Bear, and after



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that the Lion! Against the wall of his eyelids, he saw cities suppliant and great buildings in flames. Certainly his service, so vital a contribution to success, would not go unrewarded. Why, there was no telling what might be asked and given. And Emilie, rose of the world, at his side forever and ever.

Far beneath, where lights glowed like a carelessly scooped handful of jewels, had been the home of those old Frankish kings who roared through Europe like some mighty storm. Love—ah, who would be without it—but war—that was the man's game!

Another river crossed, and a wide, ever-reaching plain tossed in the moonlight, billowing like some restless sea. A thrill shot through him as he stared, for up from those lonely stretches came a vast murmuring as if they lived again the ghastly hours that had left them soaked with blood and the tears of a terrible despair. It was only the blare of trumpets and the shout of victors that enchanted the ear of the young soldier. No cry reached him from the blasted orchard's heathen or the horror of the sunken road where maddened cuirassiers crossed to the attack over the screaming faces of doomed comrades.

A sudden silencing of the engines, and the voice of the chauffeur, calling for directions, waked Dolorman from his dream of glory. The city of his destination lay below. With swift precision, the southern edge was skirted, and a final volplane made to the open lawn that stretched from a forest's edge to the rear of a great house. A few words, a

wave of the hand, and Dolorman was alone in the wood that had known his happiest hours.

Dawn stirred in the east, and the nearby lake turned from chilled steel to a soft and wonderful rose. Water fowl splashed in the sedge, birds tested their morning notes, smoke began to roll sluggishly from the kitchen chimneys, and domestics, knocking sleepy eyes, opened doors and windows.

Stretched at full length amid the ferns and grasses, Dolorman waited as patiently as he might. Would she be coming forth on her early ride as usual? If not, the matter of reaching her would take on complications. At last an exclamation of relief burst from him. While the dew still sparkled, he saw her swing into the woodland path that led down to the lake.

She rode so slowly that Cosette was able to snatch mouthfuls of clover now and then, and even at the distance, the soldier perceived a tired, dispirited droop of the young shoulders. How very fine and beautiful she was! As it had been from the first. Dolorman thrilled with a sense of her delicate rareness, and felt all the old consciousness that there was much for him to do before he could attain to any appreciable degree of worthiness. She did not scream or even start as he stepped out into the path, but her face went suddenly ill and haggard.

"You?" she cried, leaping swiftly down and running to his arms. "What has happened? Is anything wrong?"

"What could be wrong now?" He held her close and kissed her eyes, the soft waves of sunny hair and the fragrant lips. "I love you," the soldier whispered. "Your face is like the heart of a rose."

"Why are you here?" she insisted. "Hiding in the wood?"

"Duty." Dolorman threw the bridle's loop over a jagged tree limb, and led the girl to the rustic bench that encircled a great oak. "Listen, Emilie," he said, taking her hands, "my chance—the chance for which you have waited no less than I—is here at last. Your help is all I need. Will you give it?"

"Foolish one," she murmured. "How can you ask?"

"It may be more difficult than you think," he answered gravely. In rapid fashion he sketched the situation that the Chief of the Great General Staff had painted for him, and outlined the prodigious plans by which his royal master would become the Alexander of the modern world.

"No, No!" she cried as he told of the intent to use Frisia as a military highway. "You cannot mean what you are saying. The nations are bound in sacred honor not to violate our neutrality."

"It is not a violation of neutrality," he urged. "Only a detail of strategy. Your independence will be safeguarded as our own, and full and generous compensation awarded for every damage, whether real or imagined."

"How can a nation be paid in money for its humiliation? For the shame of a hostile army's tread across the face of our honor?" She faced him squarely now, a faint, determined red chasing the pallor from her face.

"Where is there any question of humiliation or lost honor?" the soldier exclaimed impatiently. "A world war

threatens, and for all your patriotism you must admit that Frisia is too small and weak to stand alone. We march across your country as one uses a toll road, paying not only in money but in friendship and protection. Surely you ought to be able to see that, Emilie?"

"And you wish me," she asked slowly. "to tell you whether my country will resist, and, if so, just how far the twelve forts at Lejane may be depended upon to make that resistance effective? What I myself know, and what I can find out from my father? Is that it?"

"For God's sake, look at the thing in the right light!" he implored. "My mission is really a friendly one when you come right down to it. Through Frisia we have got to go. You must see that. And it isn't as if you were a powerful nation, able to fight with some expectation of victory."

"Yes," she said, "I see that."

Once again he recited the Alexandrian plans, dilated upon the supreme necessity of a thunderbolt advance, and gave fresh assurances of the respect in which Frisia's independence would be protected. As he talked, Dolorman visioned marching armies, the mad challenge of hules filled his ears, and the lover sank out of sight in the soldier.

"Is it an honorable thing for you to ask, for me to do?" she interrupted, putting her hands to his two shoulders so that she might see his eyes.

"Honor has nothing to do with it, sweetheart." Glibly passionately, Dolorman repeated the arguments with which the Chief of Staff had assailed him. "I thought just as you are thinking at first, and I faced my general, yes, and my king, too, and told them I would not go. But they made me understand, just as you must understand, that war takes no account of the conventions of peace. Love friendship, family—all are subordinated—and the only dishonor lies in failing to meet every demand made by one's country."

"One's country," she repeated softly. "I suppose women cannot understand it," he continued. "With a man and a soldier it is different. We take it in with the air we breathe—it is in our blood—our very lives are built on it."

"Does that make it right?" the girl insisted.

"What one is taught must be right," the soldier answered simply.

"There is nothing, then, that one's country may not demand. The things



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Please write for my printed matter.

that crush, terrify, betray—all these are sanctified by patriotism!"

There was poignant yearning in her voice, but the soldier discerned as more than an admission of his argument.

"Yes," he cried. Feeling himself on firm ground, he threw out his words with absolute certainty. "There is no sacrifice too great to make for one's country."

"I will return at dusk," she said. He walked with her to the pawing mare and helped her to mount. It was not until she was gone that he realized there had been no parting.

Dolorman, slipping into the deeper wood, slept the forenoon away. Awakening, he ate the chocolate and pea meal sausage that were in his pockets, and drank at one of the springs that fed the lake. An intoxicating complacency surged through him, for in convincing Emilie he had convinced himself.

She came as she had promised, riding white and slim through the twilight. He would have aided her to dismount, but she shook her head in dissent.

"I have only a moment," she said. "Father will be leaving for Lejane in half an hour, and I go with him." Her face was in the shadow, and her voice had the tremulous quality of tears. "Frisia will not give her consent to the estranee and passage of your armies."

"Great God!" the soldier cried. "What madness!"

"You do not understand," the girl replied. "We must protect ourselves against the charge of collusion."

"Ah!" Dolorman nodded delightedly. "I see."

"The forts at Lejane are in no condition to offer resistance. The equipment is old and very inadequate. A few shots, and a demand for surrender can be made and accepted."

"Splendid!" The soldier reached up his arms in a transport of love and gratitude. "Do you know what this means, flower face?"

"What does it mean to you?" she asked, bending low.

"Promotion, fame, fortune—the things we have been waiting for!" He laughed happily, excitedly, and as he threw back his head, the girl saw the bonfires of ambition blaze high in his eyes. With an abrupt movement she threw her horse around, putting herself beyond his reach.

"I must go," she said. But for the dusk he could have seen her eyes brim with slow, painful tears, and the young lips press hard together to keep back the sob.

"Wait," he exclaimed, catching at the reins. "Emilie!"

"Goodbye," she called, and above the galloping the farewell came back to him like the wail of some minor chord amid the drums.

For a while the strange behavior clouded his joy, but the successful luster of his errand was too buoyant for melancholy. Women were peculiar always, and doubtless the sudden shock of war had been too much for her nerves. With this soothing thought he put Emilie out of his mind, and gave himself over to a day dream of preferment that pictured him receiving the royal thanks, promotion, a decoration, and, perhaps, even a title.

Concerned only with his own part in the great drama about to be played, the hours passed rapidly. At midnight there came the deep-throated purring for which he waited, and the monoplane, strongly like some great bird out of the Arabian nights with its curved wings and fish-shaped tail, dropped to the ground, and waddled clumsily along to its final stop.

III

NEVER was there such a morning! The sun danced like mad on bayonet, belt buckle and sword hilt, and a gay young wind, fresh from play in the wheat, tossed every plume and banner. Regiments laughed and sang, the horses of the Uhlans pranced and neighed, and their riders threw lances high into the air with the swagger of drum majors. Officers, so far from repressing the general joyousness, called gaily to one another, and exchanged invitations to dinner.

Dolorman, detached from his company, rode with the general in command. It was one of the many marks of honor that had been shown him. As his eyes swept the mighty host, he told himself

that all these men were following a path that he had blazed, and his soul exulted. No Landwehr here, but the very flower of the army!

The gray shapes of the Lejane forts took form in the best haze ahead, and the great mass halted and stood fixed and quivering like a beast that scents its prey. Orders rang out, and across the wintry face of the General there flickered a dawning interest and excitement.

A white cloud wisped above the nearest fort, and with the coming of the sound, a shell screamed high above the invaders and was gone. A shout of derision shook the army, and Dolorman smiled happily at the son of the Chief of the Great General Staff who was riding at his side. That sickly report and the absurd marksmanship confirmed his statements to the utmost.

The charge was made in mass formation, a piece of premeditated braggadocio decided upon by the General Staff itself in view of the flimsy resistance that might be expected, and the added fact that it was a first battle. As those shrewd psychologists figured, to take the forts by storm, and with practically no loss, would hearten every man immen-



FRAMES OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U. S. A. NO. 2

The Pinckneys—"Fathers of the Republic"

PERHAPS South Carolina's best gift to this Free Republic was the splendid services of her two great sons—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Charles Pinckney. It can truthfully be said of the Pinckneys that their love of honor was greater than their love of power, and deeper than their love of self. One played an important part in the "Louisiana Purchase"—the other, while an envoy to France, was told that the use of money would end war, and to this replied: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Both devoted their eminent abilities toward framing our National Law, The Constitution of the United States, as it stands to-day, was built upon the framework of a plan first proposed by Charles Pinckney. It was he who demanded that it contain freedom of religion, freedom of the press, habeas corpus and trial by jury. In political faith only did these two great men differ. Charles Pinckney was an ardent Democrat, and Charles C. Pinckney a loyal Federalist, and was twice a candidate for President. It is easy to imagine the honor that

these two great lovers of Personal Liberty would have expressed if shown the proposed Prohibition Laws of to-day. It is needless to say that if alive they would VOTE NO to such tyrannous encroachments upon the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN. The Pinckneys both believed in the modern use of light wines and barley beers. They also believed in legislation which encouraged the Brewing Industry because they knew that honest Barley Beer makes for true temperance. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewers of honest Barley-Malt and Sazer Hop beers—the kind the Pinckneys knew to be good for mankind. Today their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness, and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles; 7500 people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for BUDWEISER.

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umably for the sterner struggles that were to come.

The General, glasses in hand, viewed the attack with a certain amused tolerance as though it were a moving picture drama that he watched. Faster and faster they sprang to the fight, filling the wedge-shaped space between the first two forts. Bagles shrilled their promises of glory, a great shouting rose above the roar of the guns, and then—

The earth that was solid now rocked to the very heavens. Terrific explosions, loud and unremitting as the roll of some Titanic drum, juggled men, horses and shattered caissons high in the air. Scarcely an inch of the plain but seemed to be mined.

The gray lengths of the forts burst into a sheet of flame, and shot and shrapnel, moving with frightful precision, laid windrows of dead and dying. Earth and sky trembled with the shock of guns and mines, and a vast anguish found expression in one frightful scream that rose and would not cease.

Dolorman tore at his eyes with madman hands. The thing was as incredible as it was hideous. Had Emilie not said—nearby a boy, legs blown away, stared vacantly at the dripping ends, and screamed meaningless obscenities from his blood-drained lips. From beneath a mangled horse, the twisting face of the son of the Chief of the Great General Staff raised from the dirt and fell again.

And still the army charged. Barbed wire, hidden in the grasses, tore stumbling feet, steadily exploding mines blew horrid gaps and the deadly cross-fire from the forts was more than ever like a giant reaper blade, yet the close-

packed mass plunged onward. About the monstrous advance there was an effect of mechanism that stripped away all heroism. Gripped in a nightmare of obedience the wretched thousands gave themselves to death without a backward look. Years of drilling had sapped initiative, and atrophied even the instinct of self-preservation. As in a derailment, where coach piles upon coach, the divisions telescoped and shattered.

Out of the ghastly twilight of dust and smoke, a terrible form took shape before the young lieutenant's straining eyes. The General, sword in hand, grimed, bleeding, was tearing a way to him. All the passions of defeat, disgrace and heartbreak gathered to make the incredible hate that writhed in his face.

"You liar!" he cried. "You traitor!" Dolorman tried to speak. Only a faint earking bubbled from his lips. He threw out his hands in some vagueness of protest, explanation, appeal. The hurtling sabre split him from crown to chin.

At the sound of the first gun the girl had thrown herself upon the floor, pressing her arms against ears that could not be denied. When her father came to her with the news of victory she had not moved. He spoke of the gratitude of the king, the thanks of a country, and tried to lift up the shaking, pitiful figure, but she shrank away.

"Don't talk to me of king and country," she said, the voice as lifeless as the windrows of the stricken field. "I loved him."

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finally gave up and slipping a new ball in his trousers he cautiously let it drop out by his foot and picked it up quickly with a cry of delight.

"Oh, here it is!" he said.
"You're a liar!" said his companion, morosely, "I've been standing on it for ten minutes!"

A Born Salesman

"You are wasting your time painting pictures, old chap."

"But I sell my pictures."
"That proves what I said. It shows you could sell anything; so why not take up something with money in it?"

The Sentimentalist

"Do you think only of me?" murmured the bride.

"Tell me that you think only of me!"
"It's this way," exclaimed the groom. "Now, and then I have to think of the furnace, my dear."

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Doubtless

The young author, reading a fake animal story to the attentive editor, said: "Whereupon the woodchuck laughed softly to himself."
"Ah," remarked the editor, I suppose he indulged in a woodchuckle."

Libellous

"What views of the hotel would you advise me to have published?" asked the proprietor.
"Not mine," murmured the guest.
"My views wouldn't be fit for publication."

Tough for Him

"In strained circumstances, is he not?"
"Yes. He confesses that it is about all he can do to keep the wolf out of the garage."

When Greek Meets Greek

Two business men famous for their acumen and keenness in the marts of trade were wont to meet on the golf links every Saturday afternoon in friendly rivalry. It was known that they did not discard professional ethics in playing the game and they watched one another closely for infractions of the rules. A ball was driven out of bounds, and the driver after searching for it earnestly

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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War and Peace

A STRONG man has seldom been more needed. Fortunately we have a strong man. It may be best for us to enter the war, or to stay out. All depends on Germany. In any case few Americans, and those either partisans or grown-up boys, will wish us to enter in any except the gravest and most careful mood. The country will stand to the limit behind such an undertaking. It would be luke-warm behind a fire-eater or grand-stand player.

The leaders of the opposition are making what trouble they dare. Mr. Hearst is trying to hold his German readers and advertisers without losing those who sympathize with the allies, and of course his bitter hatred of the President influences all he says. Congressman Mann, the Republican leader, has barked because the President was in his opinion too aggressive. Col. Roosevelt, the Bull Moose leader, declares on the other hand that Mr. Wilson is a second Buchanan! The country understands, and will stand firm behind the government.

No partisan can convince the nation that the President is anything but powerful in thought, principle, and will. The likeness to Buchanan would make an owl laugh. Some strong men require no noise to support their strength. Matthew Arnold said:

Calm is not life's crown, though calm is well.

In times of turmoil and temptation calm is a necessary part of the crown. In management during a world-conflagration, possession of oneself is in the ruler a quality second to none.

He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding;
but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.

Courage and brains are twin necessities, but without calm there is no leadership.

Harper's Weekly is not for peace at any price. Far from it. We are for peace as long as that peace can be founded on spiritual strength. We are against peace the minute maintaining it means that the United States would act against her conscience in order to escape her share of the bill. We are for pacifism, but not for fat and cowardly pacifism. For reasons in which the United States has no part Europe is now in a struggle of unexampled dreadfulness. As to the desirable outcome of that struggle we have no doubt. The triumph of the organized, calculated force of Germany over the rest of the world's acceptance of the status quo is something we simply cannot contemplate. The sinking of the *Lusitania* and of the smaller ships is not to be seen apart from

the invasion of Belgium, the initiation of the plan of sowing floating mines on the high seas, the bombardment of unfortified towns, the attempt to keep Belgium cowed and Holland timid by medieval frightfulness. It is all a consequence of the theorem that it is right for Germany to do what she deems likely to promote her welfare. It is an idea to which the United States cannot possibly assent without losing spiritual strength instead of gaining it. We are part of the world. Civilization in the United States and in the principal countries of Europe will sink or rise, almost as a unit. The question of exactly what in detail is right or wrong in such a crisis was determined when the first American note to Germany on the *Lusitania* was sent. The question now is not whether or not we should have taken that position. *Harper's Weekly* happens to think it was a valuable principle on which to take our stand. The point, however, is that having taken that position we have assumed an obligation. A government is not free, as an individual in casual conversation is free, to take up and drop conclusions at will. The German answer puts nothing whatever except arguments that our government had already fully considered and rejected. If we should change that position, therefore, it would not be reflection but instability that caused the change. We cannot announce to the whole world that humanity and principle put on the United States a certain burden and then, when challenged, throw that burden down.

We do not expect Mr. Bryan to agree in this reasoning, since Mr. Bryan is rather an evangelist than a responsible statesman. We do not expect German-American newspapers to agree to it, since they take their leads from Germany. We expect some of the more partisan leaders of the opposition parties to attack the government policy from one angle or the other. But from the American people we do expect just exactly what we expect from the American government, patience but firmness, courtesy but determination, impartiality but persistence and courage. We expect them to joy in carrying out, for the benefit of humanity, at whatever cost to ourselves, a policy which represents careful, prolonged consideration of what our mighty nation owes to itself and to the world. Other countries may have entered the struggle in haste, from pride, the desire of gain, or fear. We should not enter for any other reason than because we have been ordered to do so by unselfish principles, fully under-tood and completely explained. If so ordered, it would be wretched to avoid the issue. If we are forced to act, there is but one way to act, and that is with all devotion, with all power. We must give ourselves altogether to plowing the furrow to the end.

Unity in Germany

THAT Germany, since Prussia took control, has been taught to think almost as one man we all now understand. Picturesque illustrations of the process comes to light almost wherever one reads in modern German history. Professor Ewald was a famous and brilliant biblical scholar of the nineteenth century. On account of his views of Prussia's absorption of Hanover he lost his chair in Göttingen and also the right to teach in any Prussian University. Here is a part of a letter he wrote in 1869 to an English friend:

Prussia not only treats all the best Germans as pure slaves, but it suppresses also all and every kind of Liberty, even that of the press. If you wish to know this more closely, you will see something more detailed in my own writings on the one hand, and in my fate on the other. Is it possible that in England that condition of things is praised which is as like that of England under Jeffries and James II, as described by Macaulay, as one egg is like another? Our condition is, when more closely looked at, much more appalling than that in the England referred to. What could then stir me up, in the 66th year of my age, to exhibit, if that were possible all the fire of my youth, if it is not that I see before my eyes the very deadly danger in which now the whole German population and at the same time all true Christianity lies?

With this letter might well go some words used by the famous Danish writer, George Brandes in a letter to Clemenceau. Brandes is neutral, being considerably disgusted with all the great powers. He says:

The unity of which Germany is so proud has come about through the elimination of individuality, which is so dear to me, and next, through force, owing to which Danes, Frenchmen, and Poles are compelled to fight and die for a flag which is the badge of their unwilling subjugation.

Germany has been made into the greatest machine ever seen; but she has been made into a machine.

Strength and Taste

LORD ACTON was a great scholar. Lord Roseberry is a man distinguished in many respects, not least in literary taste. Lord Acton wrote to Mary Gladstone:

My own quarrel with Roseberry is for spoiling my favorite story. I very well remember Macaulay telling me Pitt's last speech. He had it from Sturges Bourne, and was so much struck that he had him repeat the words. They were these: "England has saved herself by her own energy, and I hope that after having saved herself by her own energy, she will save Europe by her example." Roseberry mimes the resounding repetition which caught the ear of Macaulay. I suppose he takes it from his uncle, who also had it from Macaulay, but without the point.

Now what is Roseberry's version, thus condemned by Acton? It is:

England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example.

decided good enough for Shakespeare. Acton is interesting, through his knowledge and his firm Tory thought, but his style is heavy, his books are labor. Roseberry, on the other hand, writes with charm, grace, color. His sentences have yeast. In the particular matter in dispute it seems to be Acton who

fails to understand the felicity of the rival version. His reading is much more commonplace. "Energy" has less "fringe," less personality, less freshness, than "exertions" and the repetition has a strong family resemblance to well-worked oratorical methods. We give heavy odds that the Roseberry version will hold the field.

Webster on Europe

GREAT men often say things that the future finds more apt than its own current speeches. The most famous funeral oration in the world is working very hard these days, and even in translation Pericles holds the field against all comers. We were rather struck the other day with those words of Daniel Webster:

Unhappy Europe! the judgment of God rests hard upon it. Thy sufferings would deserve an angel's pity if an angel's tears could wipe away thy crimes! The Eastern Continent seems trembling on the brink of some great catastrophe. Convulsions shake and terrors alarm it. Ancient systems are falling; works reared by ages are crumbling into atoms. Let us humbly implore Heaven that the wide-spreading desolation may never reach the shores of our native land, but let us devoutly make up our minds to do our duty in events that may happen to us. Let us cherish genuine patriotism. Is that there is a sort of inspiration that gives strength and energy almost more than human.

Webster spoke of the Europe of 1802. His words are eloquent, but perhaps they are only grandiose, where those of Pericles are grand.

What of Asia?

COUNT OKUMA, Premier of Japan, speaking before the Indo-Japanese Association is quoted as saying that when Germany is defeated "there will be given a splendid chance to the races of the east to achieve success in all departments of life and to overtake the west in the race for progress." One of the most extensive facts just ahead of us is that Asia will become more conscious of herself, more of a unity, more determined to be treated as an equal, and to allow no more privileges than are granted to her. Any so-called "rights" of western nations in China will have to be kept satisfactory to China or they will be of short duration. Japan's power will depend on her ability to gain China's confidence, which she now lacks. England's hardest test ahead is to repeat in India the success in adapting government to conditions that she has shown in Canada, Australia, and South Africa. It is her severest problem, but she may well accomplish it. After South Africa nothing seems possible.

In Old Virginia

IN ALL times the world must be fed and the farms must be kept geared up. We do not happen to know of a more useful service than is being accomplished just now in Virginia through the demonstration and extensive work of her Agricultural College, the Virginia Polytechnic, in cooperation with the Federal Agricultural Department. From national, state and county treasuries a hundred thousand dollars is being expended this year. Sixty-eight agricultural agents in as many counties are demon-

strating to the farmers what can be accomplished by putting into effect the principles of scientific agriculture, while specialists in hog cholera, dairying, live stock, poultry, horticulture, and land drainage, are at the beck and call of those needing expert advice along particular lines. President Eggleston, of the Agricultural College, is for the present the Director of this demonstration work and is fast communicating his enthusiasm to the whole rural population. One new feature of this service to the people is the help given to farmers who are thinking of buying land in the state. They do not have to depend upon the prospectuses of real estate agents but are put in communication with the county demonstration agents as to the kind of farm needed for their particular plans, are given needed advice as to the peculiarities of soil and climate with which they will have to contend, in addition to which expert help is freely given in special lines. As Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Eggleston gave an impetus to agricultural education in the rural schools, and now under his direction, the College is turning out a large class of trained men every year, who on their own farms, or in work for the state, will help to make the Old Dominion a new land of opportunity.

Drink

IT WOULD be interesting to know what the great prophet of philosophic jingoism in Germany would think of the temperance movement initiated in Russia, France, and England by the war. Says Treitschke: "England has no wine, and wine is unquestionably an important element in making a genial and free civilization."

After the war a most interesting study could be made by a competent person on the part played by drink. In England the government's attempt to deal with it firmly, as in Russia and France, was partly thwarted because Irish members of Parliament took orders from the brewers and distillers at once and Tory leaders also took their orders after two weeks' reluctance. The drink question in France is not a question of prohibition. Practically nobody has proposed that, or anything approaching Russia's sweeping vodka move. France drinks beer and light wine as freely as before the war, but stops absinthe. People often ask abroad why it is that, with prohibition gaining in so many districts of the United States, the per capita consumption of alcohol increases. If told that it is due to the fact that women now drink in large numbers, for the first time in American history; they look rather serious. Increasing drink among the more conservative half of the race, and bringing the effects still closer to the child, naturally arouses much question. The whole problem of human stimulation is one not to be dismissed in a moment. The craving for cigarettes at the front is intense, and however one might feel about the ultimate value of a world with or without tobacco he would certainly not endeavor to keep it away from the soldiers in the present struggle, with their habits and their need of excitement already formed. The world is moving against Treitschke's views, on stimulants as on government and international morals, but it is moving with lingering doubt. It hopes there is no conflict between steady sense and morality, on the one hand, and impulse, inspiration, and genius on the other; it hopes, but is not sure.

Prussian Leadership

THE fact that Germany has to do the hard work not only for herself but for Turkey and Austria finds many expressions in current jest. An Austrian is reported as saying: "Austria is more lucky than Germany, for Austria has a strong ally." An Austrian and a Prussian officer meet and salute, and the Austrian gives the usual greeting: "*Hobe die Ehre*, —I have the honor." The German replies: "*Hobe die Arbeit*—I have the work."

There are many signs that in the long run Germany expects England to be the leader on the other side. This idea finds expression not only in such feelings as are represented by the ever-present "May God punish England," but in such jests as this about the school-child who, on greeting her teacher in the morning, made a mistake and said, "May God punish Russia." The teacher corrected her. "We can do that ourselves," she said; invented, very likely, but representative not the less of German thought.

Let Him Run

THE Honorable James Robert Mann of Illinois, Republican leader in the House, is a candidate for the Presidency. If the Democrats were likely to put up a reactionary or a two-spot we should be sorry to see Mann nominated by the Republicans. It would then be better to have a wholly different stamp of Republican, as enlightened, strong, and progressive as might be. But as Mr. Wilson is to be the Democratic candidate, we think Congressman Mann is an excellent person for the Republicans to put up. It is well to have a definite choice, to have parties clearly represent opposing tendencies, and to have candidates embody those opposing tendencies. Mann would splendidly fill the need of contrast.

Style

VOLTAIRE said, "The adjective is the greatest enemy of the noun, even where it agrees with it in gender, number, and case." *Harper's Weekly* wishes every contributor would paste that quotation in his hat. If he has really understood what Voltaire meant he will have grasped one of the foundation principles of a pure and strong prose style. There is no better model than Voltaire. In English there is none better than Fielding, Swift, and Newman.

The New

DUTY to others, as a criterion of conduct, is ceasing to be interpreted narrowly. It is seen to include fidelity to one's own needs. The right to oneself is a stern gospel, demanding courage. It is easier to let one's life sink into a routine of so-called duty, accepting the decisions of relatives and friends and dependents, making no choices of our own, than it is to strike out on our own untried plan, daring new enterprise, offending well-wishers, attempting large things. It is easier to please one's family than to be true to oneself. It is easier to satisfy their idea of what we should be than it is to satisfy our own inner impulse. It is easier to sacrifice oneself than it is to create. It is easier to age under patient endurance than it is to remain young with driving initiative.

How Fighting Governments Suppress Opinion

By NORMAN HAPGOOD



LIVING in the fighting countries, seeing the mighty struggle, forces one to think about freedom from unaccustomed angles. The Jeffersonian tradition has always appealed to my taste more than the Hamiltonian. The world, however, is not guided by my taste. The world is a place in which vast corporate desires are in conflict. It has become a place in which the discovery of steam, the invention of machinery, and the rapidity of communication have brought about a close and complex organization. We may regret this. We may doubt whether the planet will ever see again such bursts of genius as it has seen in the past, in Greece, in Galilee, in Italy, in Britain. But we face a fact. Such choice as is left to us is limited by conditions clearly marked and overwhelming. Even Jefferson, our apostle of intellectual liberty, with all his dread of rule, bent his theory and acquired a vast territory by inconsistency. England is now giving up some of her most cherished theories. She has a lurking suspicion she may be better for the amputation. Switzerland and France and Italy, all democratic, control expression in this crisis without compunction. For the governments of Russia and Germany the problem scarcely existed. They were used to strict censorship in time of peace.

Germany is now presenting the most powerful and terrifying example of power through organization the modern world has seen. Modern, I say, because in the ancient world organization was not usually in conflict with light. Sometimes it was in conflict, as in the defeat of Athens by Sparta, of free genius by high concentration, but usually wars were between civilization and barbarism. The last recent threat, before this one, that concentrated ability and purpose could impose itself on alien and reluctant equals was dependent on the genius of one man, and as that man's genius was not limitless Napoleon fell.

I called this latest modern threat the most terrifying. Perhaps the word should be withdrawn, for awesome as are the blows being struck by the German war machine, it is incredible that England, Russia, and France, whatever their allies, shall yield before they have brought themselves to a state where they can restore the world to some sort of quiet. It is impossible, in spite of the fearful cost, for them to stop until they are convinced that the civilization of the future is not to be without rest and without assurance. They will not be

ruled against their will, and they will demonstrate that organization, which can do so much, is inadequate today to control the world by force.

The German imperialists, when they set out on this grandiose undertaking, did not overlook the organization of opinion. With comprehensive thoroughness they realized that political, military, factory, railroad control was not enough. Opinion likewise absolutely must be mobilized. Everything became government, and a professor had no more chance of eminence if he thought rebelliously than had a statesman, a business man, or a judge. Think of Professor Delbrück, Treitschke's successor, calmly stating that when the expected war arrived Italy would stand by the alliance because she would be recompensed with concessions of territory out of Southern France. On such views depended Delbrück's position. Hence the obscurity of any leader of thought who did not conform. A violent and fearless journalist might as a freak speak out, as Harden did, in spite of his prison punishment, but he had an amazing and exceptional scandal for ammunition. Socialistic papers of necessity existed, but the whole study of the ruling classes was to keep the real power, and the approach of war showed how thoroughly they had kept it.

The German censorship is of three kinds, differing in closeness and severity, according to the editing and the audiences. The Socialist and radical papers are subject to the strictest survey, because they are most likely to speak heterodoxy and because their audiences need most careful cultivation. The official and semi-official press need only instructions, and the newspapers between the two extremes need nothing worse than an occasional rap. It is to be noticed that the punishment of stoppage inflicted on Count von Reventlow's paper, the *Tageszeitung*, was very brief, that his criticism of the United States continued, and that all that stopped was his criticism of the Chancellor. The military like to see the civilian officials insulted, but apparently the Kaiser doesn't. At any rate it is probable that various gentle pats by the government are Pickwickian. They are understood by the victims and are inflicted for the sake of trying out opinion or dramatically creating an impression. It is impossible to tell whether the peace talk put forth by the *Vorwärts* and stopped by the government was done in collusion with the government or not. So close is the supervision of that paper, however, that

think they know best how to run the government. The most powerful of all editors is allowed to flout his vanities and celebrate his personal friendships. Whatever criticisms may be launched against the British government and the British nation, it is flagrantly obvious that they have endeavored to go through this mighty struggle with as little suppression of opinion as possible; and I have a hidden and shamed suspicion that the verdict of history will support the wisdom of the government, and not those who, like myself, would have liked to see some of the Northcliffe papers put out of existence.

The Northcliffe case is so much like what must arise for us in any big war that it is worth analyzing in various particulars. To do it the more clearly let us first say something about the censorship as it exists in France. That country, like England and Russia, although not to the same extent, found herself unprepared when war was sprung on her in August. It was a death-thrust at her and she collected her forces with energy and speed. Her censorship has offered comparatively unimportant difficulties because the provisional press receives nearly all of its news from Paris and because, in Paris, the papers, with very slight exceptions, approve of the government's military and general policy. The exceptions represent individuals rather than factions or movements, and arouse little interest. The real task of the censorship, therefore, has had to do with the French disposition. It has treated it to a steady but temperate optimism. It has not allowed the German bulletins in the French papers, although it allows the *Journal de Genève* to come in, printed in French, and on sale everywhere in Paris, giving the German bulletins, and it allows the British papers, which are widely sold and which include the violent pessimism of the London *Daily Mail* and *Times*. The two features of the French censorship which are especially significant for those Americans who are regarding the possibility of a serious war for ourselves are these:

1. Sensationalism in manner is forbidden. We reproduce at the head of this article the strongest effect permitted. It is from the first page of the most popular paper in France and probably in the world. It is on a day of much excitement. It, like all other papers, is not permitted to decorate the news with scare-words, gymnastic headings, or spiky interpretations. It is compelled to make its statements in sober language and with a sober appearance.

2. The war news must not feature individual generals under Joffre. When an officer falls in France he is quietly put out of the way, without discussion. Many a general has thus peaceably made his exit since the war began. General Joffre, I am informed on authority that I trust, has put some of his best friends to sleep in this way. France doesn't desire a bunch of newspaper-made heroes to quarrel over every time she makes a change.

NOW, ye Americans who talk about a free press, consider the contrast in England. Lord Northcliffe's ample supply of money enables him to run about 40 newspapers. He is very vain, ambitious, eager for recognition. When the war began he most of all clamored to have Kitchener put in full power. To his amazement Kitchener devoted himself to his work and paid no attention to Northcliffe. So did Asquith. Northcliffe instinctively looked about for revenge. He began a crusade against Asquith personally, on the ground that the cabinet should be ruled by one man, more strictly than Asquith ruled it. He also began a campaign against Kitchener, because Kitchener followed the plan, working so well in France, of not booming individual subordinates. Northcliffe said this was because Kitchener desired the limelight for himself. Sir John French made much of Northcliffe, who became convinced rapidly that Kitchener was not a modern soldier, and he boomed Sir John French with furious enthusiasm. Just now he is engaged in attacking the new coalition cabinet. He says

it still contains men whom he would not himself select for office and therefore he demands their removal.

ANOTHER member of the British cabinet who fails to conciliate the newspapers is Mr. Churchill. It was largely due to him that the British fleet was so ready to take full command of the sea when the war broke out. He makes foolish speeches now and then, but his driving brilliancy is fully appreciated by his colleagues. The Northcliffe papers, however, decided he was an "amateur" and "a civilian." What they themselves are they did not say. Northcliffe knew nothing whatever about the plans agreed upon, for months ahead, between Joffre and the Grand Duke, but he felt none the less free to assault Kitchener every time his moves failed to follow the opinion of the *Times* or *Daily Mail*. Their so-called experts made one idiotic military prophecy after another without ever dimming their confidence that they were as well equipped to run the war as Napoleon and Nelson combined. In their all-wisdom they decided that the spot where Sir John French was fighting was the only important spot. The attack on the Dardanelles, therefore, they attributed wholly to Mr. Churchill, a perfectly silly interpretation, but one which nearly all England accepts, such is the influence of newspaper suggestion. The attack on the Dardanelles was decided upon by the cabinet as an entity, with Sir Edward Grey strongly urging it after M. Delcassé had most earnestly requested it. Delcassé and Grey knew what was likely to happen to Russia if they did not break through. They knew that Italy, Greece, Bulgaria, and Roumania needed a decisive exhibition of the intention of the allies to settle the near eastern question. They had a good chance to rush the scheme through. Although accidental developments in Greece prevented, even the present situation is far better for the morale of Russia and for the state of mind of the Balkan states than an ignoring of Constantinople would have been. And Italy might not have come in without the move. But Lord Northcliffe, and perhaps his two friends, Sir John French and Lord Fisher, do not think so, and Lord Northcliffe is allowed to do his worst. They allowed him first to agitate Prince Louis of Battenburg out of his command, then to attack the later command of the navy; first to agitate against Lord Haldane and force Lord Kitchener into command and then attack Kitchener for non-compliance; to force a coalition cabinet and then try to get it out. Probably in the long run this patience is right, but if the power were mine I should be much inclined to do what France, Switzerland, or Italy would do, and put Lord Northcliffe in cold storage until the war is over. Mr. Henst offered us a similar problem when we fought Spain and he and others will do it again if we are pulled into another war.

Switzerland's problem when the war broke out differed, of course, from that of belligerents. She adapted her censorship to her people and her situation with her characteristic political tact. She put forth a rule, for example, that no newspapers should take sides.

"Well," I said to a Swiss officer, "I don't know how much that means. I have been reading the articles in the *Journal de Genève* urging the allies to give to Roumania and Bulgaria what is necessary to get them in."

"Yes," he replied, "the papers printed in France have been allowed to print things that would not have been allowed in the German Swiss papers. The French are in the minority and are afraid of being discriminated against, so we lean the other way. Also we avoid occasions to stir up the excitable Gallic nature." Which illustrates the unity, self-knowledge, and instinct for government of that little country.

If we go to war, infinite tact will be required, but nevertheless a firm censorship will also be required. The advantages of free speech must not be forgotten, but neither must newspaper owners conduct the war.

The War and America

VIII—What We Need

By LINDLEY M. GARRISON

Secretary of War.

IT IS perfectly apparent to any one who approaches the matter with an unprejudiced mind that every nation must have an adequate force to protect itself from domestic insurrections, to enforce its laws and to repel invasions. The government is charged with the duty to preserve and defend the interests of the people. The government must exercise for the nation the precautionary, defensive and preservative measures necessary to that end. To accomplish these purposes the government must have military force.

Just how strong numerically this force should be is the question that is being widely agitated these days. It is manifestly impossible to enter into such a discussion or analyze the merits of a big army or a little army in an article of this sort. Furthermore, my annual report presents a digest that covers every phase of the army, and the report has been made public. But one fact remains clear, however, and that is that we should adopt some one or more of the methods which have been suggested for the training of more civilians to become officers in case of necessity and for the preparation of a reserve.

For some years the Army War College section of the General Staff and officers generally throughout the service had been planning with great earnestness some scheme by which there could be drawn from all walks of civil life an increasingly larger number of men with a sufficient military training to make them better prepared for the service of their country should the call ever need to be made.

This military training for civilians is a military necessity, but it has concomitant advantages which should not be overlooked. Inquiry among those who have employed men who have been dis-

college and university graduates in military matters—so that in case of emergency they could become commissioned officers in charge of the reserves or volunteers—were highly successful.

Two camps were held in 1913, four in 1914 and four will be held this year.

The object of these camps is to offer a post-graduate course, if I may so term it, in discipline and self-control. Their greatest advantage lies in the ease with which candidates meeting the requirements can join. They are vocational, educational and economical.

Their success has been so pronounced that it has been decided to make them, at least for the present, a regular part of the department's work. The opportunity to participate in these camps—which I commend to every young man—has been thrown open to all students over seventeen years of age who are physically qualified and properly recommended. The instruction and military exercises—which last for a period of five weeks in the early part of the summer—include the practical application of the proper precautions of health, care of the person, camping and marching, instructions in military policy and in the actual handling of troops in the field under simulated battle conditions, and in rifle shooting on the target range. The camps are in charge of selected regular army officers, and students are on a cadet status. Though they are treated with the courtesy due prospective officers, they are subject to all the rules and regulations of the camp and disciplinary measures for all infractions of orders. At the present time officers of



Students of target practice; a general view of the permanent camp site.

charged with good records from the army shows that they esteem them as among their very best employees. Yet the present legislation with respect to a reserve has proven utterly useless for the purpose, it having produced in two years only 16 men, and there is little hope that it will ever properly accomplish its purpose.

But if the reserve net has not brought desired results, the military camps established by the War Department in 1913, for the purpose of training high school,



Student in shelter tent camp; instruction is given in digging trenches; the knack of loading wagons is taught by practice

the General Staff are discussing the plan of issuing temporary commissions as second lieutenant or cadet in the regular army to all graduates of the camps.

During the present summer four camps will be conducted, one at Chickamauga Park, Ga.; one at or near Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.; one at Ludington, Mich.; and one at or near the Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

These camps have received the indorsement of the heads of many colleges and universities, who commend them to the attention of all educational authorities as a most important adjunct to the educational system of this country. This endorsement bears the signature of the advisory committee of "The Society of the National Reserve Corps of the United States"—whose members are graduates of former camps—the committee consisting of the following educators: John G. Hibben, President of Princeton University; A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University; Arthur Twining Hadley, President of Yale University; John H. Finley, President of the College of the City of New York; H. B. Hutchins, President of the University of Michigan; E. W. Nichols, Superintendent, Virginia Military Institute; George H. Denny, President of the University of Alabama; Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, and Henry Sturgis Drinker, President of Lehigh University.

President Wilson had this to say about the camps:

I am very much interested in the successful working out of the idea of these college camps. I believe the students attending will derive not only a great deal of physical benefit from the healthful, open-air life, but also that they will benefit from the discipline, habits of regularity, and the knowledge of personal and camp sanitation which the experience in camp will give them.

The camps will also tend to disseminate sound information concerning our military history and the present policy of the government in military matters, in addition to giving the young men themselves a very considerable amount of practical military instruction, which would be useful to them in case their services should ever be required.

The result sought is not militarism, but to make provision in some degree to meet a vital need to the end that peace and prosperity may be preserved through the only safe precaution—more thorough preparation and equipment to resist any effort to break such peace. As a military asset they are of great value, since they afford the means of materially increasing the military reserve of the United States by instructing a class of educated men from which, in time of emergency, would probably be drawn a large proportion of the volunteer commissioned officers, upon whose judgment and training at such a time the safety and even the lives of many of their fellow countrymen will largely depend.

The country at large, too, benefits by the establishment of these camps, because they foster a patriotic spirit, without which a nation soon loses its virility and falls into decay; they spread among the citizens of the country a more thorough knowledge of military history, military policy and military needs, all necessary to the well-rounded education of the citizen, in order that he may form just and true opinions on the military requirements of his own country.

Briefly speaking, applicants must be citizens of the United States, between eighteen and thirty years of age, of good moral character, physically qualified, and students in, or recent graduates of, universities, colleges or high schools. Those who attend must pay transportation to and from the camp, and the government will furnish for \$17.50 wholesome, healthful and simple meals for the entire period. These meals will be prepared by trained army cooks and will under the constant personal supervision of an officer. The only other expenditure is the sum of about \$10 for a uniform.

The government, on its part, furnishes cots, blankets, tentage, a complete infantry equipment for each man, and all necessary articles of quartermaster and ordnance property, to be turned in at the time the camp disbands. The government also furnishes all other required and necessary facilities, personnel for instruction, organization and maintenance of camps, hospital care, such troops of the regular army as may be necessary to cooperate in the military instruction and in the different field maneuvers, exercises and demonstrations.

THE studies include theoretical principles of tactics, including advance and rear guards, patrols, outposts and combats; military mapmaking and road-sketching; proper handling of rifle by means of gallery and target-range; physical drills, marching, camping, tenting, making and breaking camp, loading and unloading wagons, camp expeditions, field cooking, camp sanitation, first aid to the injured, personal hygiene and care of the troops; a practice march of several days' duration in which as nearly as possible such actual campaign conditions of march, bivouac and combat as the assumed situation would exact will be followed, and other subjects.

Rising at the call of the bugle at 5:15 in the morning, the students first have open air gymnastics, under the leadership of an officer, after which they are served with a wholesome breakfast. A short rest is followed by several hours of instruction in various open-air duties, ending with a lecture from one of the officers in charge of field fortification, including laying out, construction and use of trenches, military bridge building, use of explosives, demolitions, installation and operation of field lines of electrical information and the use of buzzers, field telephones and radiotelegraphic apparatus; signal flags, heliographs and acetylene lanterns used by the Signal Corps in the field; and such other topics as have been scheduled.

The afternoons and evenings are devoted to voluntary exercises or to sports, at the option of the students. But there have been instances where the students' keenness for voluntary cavalry drill, fencing, broadsword practice and artillery drill was such that the commandant has been obliged to give stringent directions to the officers in charge to lessen the amount of this voluntary work and force the men to rest and recreation for a change.

One of the best features of this camp plan is that the students attend voluntarily and incur a nominal expense to do so. This self-imposed discipline has advantages that cannot be minimized. Among young men there are, in the opin-

ion of many, especially two classes to whom such an experience would be most valuable—those coming from well-to-do indulgent parents and those who, lacking parental control, have developed an independence of action not consistent in all respects with the proper conventions of life. Judging by the success that the War Department has encountered in two years, I feel sure that eventually an unusual attendance, perhaps running into the thousands, will be the rule.

At present two difficulties exist with respect to these camps; placing them at such a central location so as to obviate any unnecessary long distances—and therefore unnecessary expense—to prospective students, and the limited number of officers that are at the department's disposal for such purpose. A great deal, too, depends upon the proper dissemination of information about these camps, but unless the department is enabled, by Congressional legislation, to obtain the full quota of officers on the basis recommended, it will be impossible to make provision for any large number of camps or even of very many students at any one camp.

The graduates of these camps, in case of national emergency, would become commissioned officers in charge of the reserves or volunteers, so that any plan looking to the establishment of a reserve, or providing for volunteer, or both, would be interrelated.

Personally I am very much pleased with the increased interest in the military preparation and needs of our country taken by the students of the country's leading universities and colleges. The subjects of military policy, military organization, and the true military history of our country should be included in the university and college curriculum. This is necessary to the complete education of a well-equipped citizen in order that he may form just and true opinions on military subjects and be able to judge for himself just what is necessary in this respect for the proper safeguarding of the nation and the means to effect the same.

Students from Harvard had this to say about one of the camps:

Having attended the military instruction camp at Gettysburg, we strongly recommend it and urge all Harvard men to make every effort to attend the one to be organized this summer. We take this opportunity of recounting some of the benefits which we derived from our summer's stay at Gettysburg. In the first place, we saw army life at first hand, and by mingling with the soldiers we learned to appreciate and understand the wonderfully efficient organization of the United States Army. Being privileged to meet and become acquainted with the officers, we found them to be men of the highest standards and efficiency, whom we were very sorry to leave on breaking camp. In the second place there was the broadening influence derived from close acquaintance with men from other colleges, particularly those from the south, whose ideas we found affected our own somewhat prejudiced opinions to a very great extent. In the third place, the physical and mental training was splendid.

Looking back over the results achieved during the last two years, when several hundred young men passed a very happy vacation period at a minimum of expense and a maximum of pleasure, there is every reason to believe that the General Staff of the Army has devised a way to prepare a reserve of future officers

that deserves the highest praise, and no little of this praise comes from the students themselves.

The first step giving proper recognition to these possible future officers has already been taken. Senator George E. Chamberlain of Oregon, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, has introduced a bill to increase the efficiency of the Army of the United States by creating a reserve of officers, and for other purposes.

The bill provides for an organization to be known as the "Officers Reserve Corps of the United States Army," and

further provides "That the President of the United States is authorized to commission as officers of the Officers Reserve Corps of the United States Army, not above the grade of colonel, such citizens of the United States as may qualify, under rules and regulations prescribed by the Secretary of War, for service as officers in the said Officers Reserve Corps. Commissions issued under the provision of this section shall be for such periods as the President may determine, and shall be renewable under such conditions and regulations as he may prescribe."

The bill does not entitle such officers to retirement or retirement pay, or pensions except for physical disability incurred in line of duty during periods of actual service, but it specifies that such officers are entitled to take rank in their respective grades according to the dates of their commissions and next after all officers of like grade in the Regular Army and officers of the United States Volunteers of like grade mustered into service to the calling of the Officers Reserve Corps of the United States Army to active duty.

Kultur and the Russian Conscience

By JOHN COUNOS

THE Germans consider the Russians barbarians; from the point of view of German Kultur the Russians are barbarians. At the same time many a simple Russian peasant knows that the devil is a clever fellow, and that some devils can quote scripture in thirty languages. With amazingly simple logic the peasant will argue that there is evil in a man who can talk too convincingly against God—for he knows that "to fear God," as the phrase goes, is to have a conscience.

The Russian mind is essentially religious and mystical even when it has doubts about the existence of God; and its attitude is one of humility before the great mystery of existence. The true Russian believer views with astonishment that arrogance of Kultur so coolly sure of itself that, in the person of the German Emperor, it calls upon divine help in terms of expectation and of demand.

The gulf that lies between German Kultur and the Russian conscience, is, however, even much wider and much deeper than would appear on first reflection. The most respectable definition we have of Kultur is that it stands for efficiency and thoroughness; though

others say that it stands for something thoroughly bad. The word "thoroughness" is an innocent word, but it is the key to the situation; and by analysing first the systematic and soulless thoroughness of the Germans we may find it possible to approach the psychology of the profound antagonism between the Teuton and the Slav.

For, after all, the efficiency and the thoroughness of which the German is proud are based upon materialism. A man may live in a scientifically built house, have all the comforts which science can give, have his shirts scoured

by a machine, marry and live according to eugenic principles, and still lack a soul. He may even accumulate a few more facts about philology (like the man that Heine speaks of "who studied night and day as though he feared the worms might find a few ideas missing in his head"), or he may add a new and learned commentary on the English Shakespeare, and still miss the essence of life.

Compared with the Germans, the Russians are a careless, indolent, easy-going people. Not that the Russian cares less for comforts—he generally lets the German take care of that for him—but he is so passionately absorbed in the

problem of life, the one thing in which he is thorough, and sees such urgent need for its simplification, that he takes good care that his mind is not swamped under the inessential detail. His method is indeed the opposite of the German. He strips the truth of everything that prevents it from being seen, instead of accumulating details and facts that serve to obscure it.

Judged by this German standard of thoroughness and mechanical efficiency, the Russian is a barbarian. Has he not permitted the foreigner to capture his industries? Has he not neglected to



German soldiers and baggage cars at the Russian village, Berzniki; the Russian town Szwiele after occupation by the Germans.

build a network of railroads for military purposes in Poland, such as the Germans have built on their side, as well as on the frontiers of Belgium? His railways are slow, his roads are bad, many farms lack modern improvements, and the majority of the inhabitants still fail to tuck their shirts inside their trousers, thereby remaining charming fellows—to paraphrase Kipling.

Indeed, from *Muzhichok*, or "Ivan the Little Muzhik," as all Russia calls the peasant, is a simple chap who will have none of German Kultur, because it would take away more than it could give him. He is really an antidote to the *Kulturmesch*. He is as strong in humility as the German in arrogance. He knows he is imperfect, and he is quite anxious about his soul. "God preserve us sinners" is a common enough observation that shows what his relation with God is.

The best cultivated Russian has also this habit of thinking with his blouse flapping outside his trousers. Writers like Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and Gorky knew the value of Kultur and denied it. The newer authors, especially Remizov, who think in the normal Russian way, take the same attitude with regard to the Russian conscience. Sometimes this conscience is asleep, but the day inevitably comes when it awakens. The Russian pilgrim is an eloquent evidence of this in actual life, and may be regarded as a kind of barometer of the spirituality of Russia. The pilgrim is nearly always an ordinary peasant who has suddenly "seen the light." Whether he be a good man or a sinner, the same impulse drives him to forsake his home and his comforts, and sometimes his riches, which he distributes among the poor, and to go on a pilgrimage to the holy places. He has felt and sensed this danger of thoroughness, or of accumulation, and the contentedness of the spirit that goes with it. Nothing will illustrate what I mean better than "The

Guest," a little tale by Aleksei Remizov, one of Russia's great living writers. It is by no means a new theme in Russian literature. The poet Nekrasov has treated it in his poem "Vlass," and Tolstoy in his short story "Where Love is, There God Is"—but Remizov has recreated it in his own fashion, in a volume of legends of the country.

The story tells of a very rich man who had everything that a man can want: wealth, a jewel of a wife, and clever children. This rich man would have nothing to do with the poor. "He simply wouldn't look at his poor brother." At the same time there lived in his house his sick aunt, whom he kept because she prayed for his soul. "In short, he did not neglect his soul. . . . What more could anyone want?" He wanted just one more thing: he wanted God to visit him as his guest. And so he went to church, said a prayer, and spread carpets from the church straight to his house, carpets for God to walk on. Then he sat down at the window to wait for God. But no one came. In the meantime his aunt died. On the day of the aunt's funeral, in the evening, a little old beggar came to the door, and asked for a night's lodging, and for something to eat. He was refused first, later the rich man relented and let him in. The beggar was given a poor bone to gnaw, and a bed in the stuffy little room where the old woman had died. Next morning the beggar thanked his host and went his way. And still the rich man continued to sit at the window, and to await God as his guest. That night his dead aunt appeared to him in a dream. She accented him for treating the beggar so badly, and she told him that the poor beggar was none other than God himself. The story ends:

The rich man awoke, he felt miserable and he began to weep, because he had so meagrely treated his guest. There was but one thing to do; he must pursue the old man, he must turn the old man back, and mend his mistake.

And so the rich man went forth to seek out the beggar—his guest. He asked everyone that he saw: did he meet such and such a one?

"No, we haven't met him," they replied.

No one had met the beggar. But the rich man would not rest. He went farther, and still farther away from home, he kept on asking about his guest. And in this way he forgot his house, his family and his wealth; and his house saw him no more.

This little tale has a peculiar application just now. Emperor William sits, as it were, at his palace window, waiting to receive God as his guest. He has spread carpets to the church, and has planted 17-inch howitzers on both sides to give God, his guest, a military salute. He does not know that God does not come in that way.

But the simple Russian pilgrim knows better; and he is by no means a rare phenomenon. As a small boy I lived in a village in Russia, and I could see in the sun the glittering, golden spires of Kiev, one of the holy cities, some fifteen versts away. Every day I saw little armies of these straggling, ragged *Bogomoltsi*, some of whom had come hundreds of miles, penniless, begging their way, and living on crusts, all for the sake of Christ (*Rodi Khrista*). There are impressive patriarchs among the pilgrims, and women whose spiritual earnestness is expressed in lines as simple and as elemental as in any Holbein drawing. They come—in the words of the poet Nekrasov—from the depths of Russia, far from the turmoil of cities, where no orators thunder, and where eternal silence reigns. Somewhere in this great silence beats the heart of the Russian people, a heart that sometimes wakes with ecstasy, and, growing restless with a new-born impulse, moves to the measure of it, until the soul is eased. All this is of the Russian conscience, which in a man like Tolstoy or Dostoyevsky becomes a spiritual force in which the world shares.

The Future

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

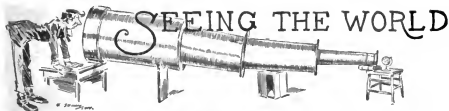
ALL about us, we see a new continent rising out of the welter. It is formless and bleak as yet. There are few of the kindly relationships of the old order. It is all very lonely. But we must believe in the new. Whatever lesser hope gives up its buoyancy, and collapses like a spent balloon, we must cherish the one large hope that our time is on its way to a fulfillment. It is imperative for us to believe, else we shall die down in effort. And it is imperative, too, for the cause of things that we believe. Unless men, like ourselves, can feed an inner fire to the future, the future will go stale and commercial, as scenes of futures have done, cooling down into a dull present, and eking over into a forgotten past.

Sometimes, as value after value is thrown into the melting-pot, as standard

after standard goes gliding down the tide, we grow homesick for a moment for some one fixed point in the universal change. Is there not one established thing that can undergo analysis without crumbling? But in the fire that burns them and the tide that sweeps them, we put our trust. It is belief that matters, belief that creates. Belief in objects has never been for long, for the objects were always blocks of wood and stone. Is there danger to an established institution? Then the institution must go. If it is not rooted in the immovable, the stones of its structure are only of service for rebuilding.

In this faith, the anxious faces of our young contemporaries take on a new light. These puzzled workers are not less idealistic, than youth has always been. They have more faith than the

generation that preceded them. It is a faith vague in the outlines, but intense in its activity. It looks briefly to the making of a new earth. Not one of them is willing to accept life on its own conditions of compromise and suffering. For the first time, in working groups, in large numbers, they are challenging life, as only the occasional dreamer, like Shelley and Tolstoy, had ever challenged it before. They refuse to put up with poverty, with prostitution, with time-eroded wrongs. They have vitality enough to front the most sordid facts of experience, to reveal the horror that underlies a decorous surface. They are testing their inheritance with a rigor from which comfortable people everywhere have shrunk. What faith these youngsters have in life, to believe that it can endure their searching scrutiny,



This is Nice

With a heart as pure as dewdrops trembling in violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment like the lovely home of her girlhood, where the heavy-toned harp of marriage with its love striking chords of devotion and fond endearments sent forth the sweetest strains that ever thrilled senses with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture.

—The Farmington (Mo.) Times.

The Lassie and the Lass-o!

It was thought that Miss Gladys Barfield had caught a nice young beau last Sunday. She started to take him home with her but when he got to the gate he became frightened and ran. Gladys, bring a rope next time.

—The Bradley (Ark.) Eagle.

Former Lady Falls

Mrs. W. O. Powell will leave Tuesday for Milestone, Canada, where she has been called by an accident to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Horace Woodward. Mrs. Woodward is a former lady and recently had the misfortune to fall and break one of her limbs.

—The Monmouth (Ill.) Atlas.

Not Birds of Peace

Will some expert nature faker please explain why a blackbird would chase a squirrel all over creation, and why the squirrel won't fight? This morning two of those vicious birds ran a squirrel out of a tree, across the road, and all over a lot two or three times, and he was making a hundred miles an hour when last seen.

—The Great Bend (Kans.) Tribune.

Again We Say Where

One hundred and nine probationers were received into full membership. The women were all dressed in white, while the men, who comprised more than one half of the class, wore white roses.

The Christian Advocate, New York City.

Progressive Citizen

As we stuntered up Church street the other day we noticed that George Shel-

don is nailing up the hog holes in his back fence and cutting down the burdocks. George believes in progress.

—The Homestown (Pa.) Banner.

Indeed, He is a Base Gink

The most inexcusable kind of a base deceiver is the gink who delights in seeing a small child run its little legs off trying to put salt on a hirdie's tail.

—The Youngstown (O.) Telegram.

Eyes But They See Not

E. S. Merrill, instructor in horticulture, leaves today to visit the potatoes along the Kaw bottoms.

—The Kansas State Collegian.

Train a Joy Rider

"The train bearing a number of guests for Miss Clark's wedding was wrecked near the Speaker's home today, but finished the journey in automobiles."

—Washington (D. C.) Star.

Yet They Want the Vote

If a man went down town with his head dolled up in a three-cornered dingus with turrets and euryeyes and a cat's tail and a chicken head pinned on one side and a young whisk broom and a bunch of spring onions on the other side, and two strips of red flannel hanging down in the rear, he would be arrested and slammed in the hooley hatch.

But a woman can do it and get away with it.

—The Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel.

Another Submarine Tragedy is Averted



St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press.

The Private Life of a Lady Contortionist

The eloquent young theologian pictured in glowing words the selfishness of men who spent their evenings at the club leaving their wives in loneliness at home.

"Thank, my hearers," said he, "of a poor, neglected wife, all alone in the great, dreary house rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot and wiping away her tears with the other."

—The Newburgh (N. Y.) Journal.

Leisure, Labor and Pleasure

Perry Leisure had a brush cutting one day last week and a hop at night.

—The Waverly (O.) Watchman.

Genial Gus

Gus Levin has gone to the Crescent City to be absent about a week. When asked about the extension of his stay, he smiled. It was afterwards learned that he was to bring back with him a party who would preside over his household. We congratulate Gus on his new move and believe that the presence of a handsome wife will redound the benefit of his business. Gus is as "good as they make them."

—Pleasant Hill note in the Bogalusa (La.) American.

Court Muzzles Music

Mr. Peterson failed to appear for trial Wednesday and Judge Steel

awarded the music box to Mr. Bojarski. The only restriction made by the judge is that Sam is not to play the thing while a funeral is going on, or on the Sabbath day, on week days, at night or on holidays. Sam has already broken the court's order twice that we know of, but since he played his own composition, the judge ought to overlook it.

—Court note in the Uniontown (Kans.) Citizen.

Something Wrong With Her

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Neale of Upper Lehigh have sent out investigations announcing the approaching marriage of their daughter Miss Gertrude to George B. Markle 3d., of Hazleton.

—The Wilkesbarre (Pa.) News.



A DAINTY MOE

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EL, BUT---

Uncle Sam—Business Man

By W. P. LAWSON



Surveyors on a National Forest cutting log lengths from felled Western yellow pine.

MANY shortsighted citizens—and many farsighted reactionaries also—contend that for certain occult reasons known only to the initiate Uncle Sam must not and cannot assume the rôle of a Business Man. Such people are in one respect like the lawyer who earnestly assured his client—through the bars of the latter's cell—that they simply couldn't jail him. That is to say the fact that the National Government is at present engaged in a number of very important and extensive businesses is apparently overlooked.

Not least among these businesses is the administration of the National Forests (conducted by the United States Forest Service) which in certain of its phases has grown into an enterprise yielding a yearly revenue of about two million and a half dollars. It is true that the Forest Service expended five millions during the past fiscal year, but this is no sin, as some would have it, that



Burro cordwood carrier resting. Estimating board feet in standing timber.

extravagance or inefficiency mark its management. Nor is it a sign that the business of the National Forests is not a paying business.

It all depends upon how you look at it and what you consider dividends. For the administration of the forests differs from other huge businesses chiefly in this particular: that its entire aim and incentive is not money profits, but that it strives also for profit to its owners, the people, in ways that may be conveniently grouped under the head of "service."

Which in turn may be defined as the fullest and fairest use of forest resources by the present generation consistent with a proper regard for the rights of generations yet to come. The policy held is that while posterity has, as has often been pointed out, done nothing for us, still it will probably do something to us—or to our memory—if we allow either deserving or undeserving individuals

or interests to acquire and "develop" for their present financial profit the heritage of woods and range and water we hold in trust for all time.

The functions of the Forest Service are various and diverse. It protects the forests from fire and other destructive agencies; it builds roads, trails, telephone lines and bridges to make the wilder woods more accessible; it conducts the sale and oversees the cutting of mature timber in accordance with recognized forestry principles; it regulates the grazing of live stock in a way to improve the National Forest range and protect the settler and home-builder from unfair competition in its use; it issues permits for the development of water-power and for the construction of hotels, dwellings, stores, factories, telephone lines, conduits, public roads, reservoirs, power transmission lines and the like. In addition it carries on improvement and scientific work of permanent value, such as the classification of land as agricultural or non-agricultural, the survey of forest homesteads for settlers, and investigations by Forest Officers to secure more valuable, accurate and complete knowledge of timber, forage and water resources and of methods which will promote their fullest use.

ITS chief sources of income are sales of timber and cordwood, fees from permits issued to allow grazing of livestock on forest land, and permits for special uses of the forests or certain of their resources: for example, summer hotels, telephone lines, water power plants and so forth.

During the fiscal year of 1914 receipts from these various sources totaled \$2,500,000. This money was not all withdrawn from the localities where it was paid in. Ten per cent of the amount (in accordance with existing statute) was expended in building roads and

trails for public use and an additional twenty-five per cent was paid over to the states in which the forests were located, for the benefit of county schools and roads. The rest went into the United States Treasury.

The task of maintaining sufficient forest cover on Western watersheds to assure a regular and plentiful stream-flow in regions which depend largely upon irrigation for farming is another of the Forest Service's vital functions. The strip of land between the Coast Range and the Pacific, for example, which includes the great fruit ranches and farms of California, is made valuable through irrigation indirectly by the fact that the mountain cover has not been harmed or cut away.

IT HAS been logically argued that the great floods of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys would never occur had not the primeval forests that clothed the higher country wherein the sources of these rivers lie been wholly destroyed. The humus and ground litter that carpet a forest area act like a sponge, absorbing the rainfall and melting snow until thoroughly soaked and then allowing it to escape gradually and slowly to the creeks and rivers which the area feeds. When a forest is razed the water runs off the ground almost at once, as from a wooden board, making sometimes great floods with droughts generally following hard upon them.

So important a feature of scientific forestry is this matter of watershed protection, that—chiefly with its practice in view—the government is now buying land in the Southern Appalachians and the White Mountains of New England for protective forests about the headwaters of important Eastern streams. To date about 191,000 acres have been acquired and over a million acres approved for purchase. Such, in part, is the sort

of service which the government is rendering the people and which will result in incalculable benefit for future generations, but which makes the Forest Service now an enterprise spending more than it collects.

There is no question but that the Forest Service, if it should decide to disregard the future, as have so many private American lumber companies, could take in a great deal more money than it does. But this, in the opinion of its experts, would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Comparisons are constantly drawn between the wasteful, slipshod policies which have in years past dictated our attitude toward seemingly inexhaustible natural resources, and the prudent wisdom which has for years directed European forestry.

We are beginning to realize that our resources are not really inexhaustible, that but for the government reserves, in fact, a fairly definite term could be set for their continued existence. We have studied European methods of forest management and adapted them to conditions here. The responsibility for carrying out a well-defined scheme of use-without-abuse on National Forests so as to maintain a permanently undestroyed timber reserve is one of the prime responsibilities of the Forest Service.

Whether Forest Service theories of administration are sound, and whether they are being wisely and efficiently worked out in practice, is a question of ascertainable fact. The Forest Service will—and does—furnish data concerning its work and policies on request. But we submit that if public opinion is to support or condemn the management of the nation's 185,000,000 acre estate intelligently the Forest Service will in days to come be asked by inquisitive citizens to multiply its output of information manifold.

Native and Immigrant^s Birth Rate

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

IS IT true that the "good old American stock" is fading away? Are the descendants of the Mayflower and Salem Witchcraft and the Declaration being elbowed out of existence by the children of immigrants? Kuczynski, Engelmann, Wilbur, and other sociologists and statisticians will like banishes as they consider the subject.

Any one who believes that a man who can write the names of his ancestors ten generations back is, by that same token, superior to the man who knows his ancestors only three generations, or none, may join the funeral dirge. But those who feel that a man who has had the energy to leave Europe and come to America to better himself is not necessarily the inferior of the one in whose family the similar exhibition of energy took place two hundred years ago, will be less alarmed at the prospect. Certain it is that the descendants of old Virginia

bond servants and slave merchants and the descendants of the Puritan zealots who cheated the Indians and persecuted the Quakers are being outnumbered by the families of those whom we genially designate as "the off-scourings of Europe."

The term "good old American stock" must be amusing—or exasperating—to the Indians. Of course we do not mean them. Their claim is so forgotten that in the census tables we usually lump them with Chinese and Japanese on a complex basis. American stock is, after all, a relative term. The census divides our population into two groups: those of native parentage, that is, having parents born in America, and those of foreign parentage, that is, having parents born outside of America.

The group with foreign parentage has a higher birth rate than the group of native parentage, although the rate con-

stantly decreases. The proportion of children under 5 years of age in the entire population in 1910, and the two previous decades, shows indirectly this difference in birth rates.

	1910	1900	1890
All classes	11.6	12.1	12.2
Native Parentage	13.2	13.3	13.2
Foreign or Mixed Parentage	14.2	15.4	16.9
Negro	12.9	13.8	14.9

* Estimated.

European countries: Austria 13.1, German Empire 13.1, The Netherlands 13.0, England and Wales 11.4, France 9.2.

According to this table the proportion of children under five years of native parentage has been practically steady for the past thirty years. It is a trifle higher than that of Austria, the German Empire, and The Netherlands. It is far higher

than England or France. The probable explanation of the steady increase of this group, which we know from other statistics to have a low birth rate, lies in its low infant mortality rate.

The proportion of children under five of foreign or mixed parentage is higher than that of children of native parentage, but has been steadily decreasing for thirty years. This is to be expected, for the birth rates of all the foreign countries are decreasing.

The apparent decrease in the proportion of negro children under five is unexpected. This does not mean that the number of negroes is decreasing or is even stationary. It means that their rate of increase is growing smaller. The development is not new. Walter F. Wilcox says in Census Bulletin 22,

"Since 1830, when figures were first obtained, the proportion of negro children under 10 years of age to the total negro population has decreased. There was, however, an increase from 1830 to 1880. On the other hand there was a rapid decrease from 1880 to 1900."

THE most accurate method of comparing the fertility of the in-a-manner-of-speaking native stock with the fertility of newly-arrived stock is by comparing the number of children per marriage in each group. Figures to establish this relation precisely exist but are unobtainable. The census schedules of 1890, 1900, and 1910 recorded the number of children born to each woman in the United States. This material has never been worked up because the census bureau has not had the funds necessary for so great an undertaking.

Fortunately the Immigration Bureau, realizing the value of the records, analyzed and classified a portion of them. The results are given by Joseph A. Hill, U. S. Bureau of Immigration in The American Statistical Association Quarterly, No. 104, 1914.

The areas chosen for study were Rhode Island, Cleveland, 48 mainly rural communities of Ohio, Minneapolis, and 21 mainly rural communities of Minnesota. These areas showed a variety of occupations and a variety of nationalities. While the results cannot be warranted the ones that would obtain for the entire country, they are as close as can be obtained from a sampling.

The three especially interesting points brought out are first, the number of sterile marriages; second, the number of children per married woman; third, the distribution of children in families. The tables are based upon the schedules of 78,432 women who had been married from 10 to 20 years. I have space here to quote only the main groupings, although percentages are worked out for the different nationalities.

Percentage of sterile marriages:	
All classes	7.4
White—native parentage	13.1
White—foreign parentage	5.7
Negroes	20.5

Out of all these marriages which ex-

tended over periods from 10 to 20 years, 7.4 per cent were childless. Among the white people of native parentage, that is—whose parents were born in the United States. The negroes show the astonishing high percentage of 20.5. It seems incredible that 20.5 per cent of negro marriages of from 10 to 20 years duration should be childless, but so the schedules declare. The figures for the South may be different; these were gathered in northern states.

Average number of children per woman married 10-20 years:	
All classes	4.1
White—native parentage	2.7
White—foreign parentage	4.4
Negro	3.1

THE average number of children for all classes is 4.1. White families two generations in this country average only 2.7 children per family. White families but one generation in this country average a greater number of births—4.4 in contrast to 2.7. These are the number of births and not the number of children to reach adult years. The infant death rate among families of native parentage is far, far lower than among families of foreign parentage, so the final products in the way of grown-up children is not so widely different as the start off. Mr. Hill's study does not deal with mortality rates and surviving children, but with birth rates alone.

The number of births per negro family is 3.1. The families too large but the high percentage of childless marriages reduces the average number of children. We do not know whether or not conditions are similar in the southern states.

The third table, giving the distribution of children among families shows the tendency of the American family toward small numbers.

	None	1 or 2	3, 4, or 5	Over 5
All classes 7.4	23.2	41.4	28.0	
White—				
native par. 13.1	30.8	37.2	9.9	
White—				
foreign par. 5.7	18.9	42.7	32.7	
Negro 20.7	30.6	27.7	21.0	

The first column gives the percentage of families in each division containing no children; the second column shows the percentage of families in each group containing 1 or 2 children; next, 3, 4, or 5; and finally the percentage of families containing over 5 children. The families new in America come out strong in the last column. The "real" American families that have been here two generations find their way but feebly into the big family column.

SUMMING up what we know of the matter, we find from the census returns of 1910, 1900, and 1890, that the number of children under 5 years, of native parentage, has remained in almost unchanging proportion to the whole population of native parentage; the number of children under 5 years, of foreign

parentage, has decreased in proportion to the whole population of foreign parentage, but is still much higher than that of native parentage.

Comparing families of native parentage with families of foreign parentage we find that the native group shows a larger percentage of childless marriages, a smaller number of children per marriage, and a larger number of small families.

Two theories in regard to the disproportion of the two birth rates may be mentioned. The statistics of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Michigan show that in mixed marriages, the marriage of a native husband to a foreign wife gives a smaller average number of offspring than the marriage of a foreign husband to a native wife. Bailey, commenting on this in Modern Social Conditions says:

"It appears from the study of conditions in Massachusetts that it is the desire of the father rather than that of the mother, which determines the number of children which shall be born to a marriage. Where the father is an immigrant and the mother a native the number of children is greater than where the mother is an immigrant and the father a native. It is not a loss in the power but in the willingness to have children that gives a low fecundity in Massachusetts."

Engelmann, draws the same conclusions from the Rhode Island and Michigan statistics, saying:

"But I would call attention to one fact—and a fact which is as gratifying as it is important—that it is not the American wife who reduces fecundity as much as it is the American husband."

Bailey does not state upon what ground he bases his assumption that when the lower number of children is due to the male parent "it is not a loss in power but in willingness," nor does Engelmann tell us why he finds the lowered fecundity of the American male so "gratifying" a fact.

General F. A. Walker, Superintendent of the Censuses of 1870 and 1880 advanced the theory that Americans would have continued to increase as rapidly as they did in the early history of the country had not later immigrants crowded in. In Discussion in Economics and Statistics he says:

"The growth of the native population was checked by the incoming of the foreign element in such large numbers.

"The access of foreigners at the time and under the circumstances constituted such a shock to the principle of population among the native element. That principle is always acutely sensitive, alike to sentimental and to economic conditions. And it is to be noted, in passing, that not only did the decline in the native element, as a whole, take place in singular correspondence with the excess of foreign arrivals, but it occurred chiefly in just those regions to which the new comers most freely resorted."

Villa's Right-Hand Man

By
McGREGOR



Felipe Angeles

IN FOLLOWING with some degree of care the course of the Mexican Revolution from the days of Madero until now, I have been more and more impressed with the character and achievements of Felipe Angeles. One of the numerous tragedies connected with the life of the martyred President of Mexico was his refusal to heed Angeles' warnings that Huerta was a traitor during the days of the Reyes-Diaz uprising in the capital, which Huerta's treachery made successful. Angeles had been sent by Madero to Morelos to conciliate Zapata and had just succeeded in his mission when the conspiracy against Madero came to light. Angeles knew that Huerta was butchering the loyal soldiers of Madero in the sham attack upon the Citadel. He offered to take it with the artillery on hand, if Madero would turn over the command to him. But Madero still trusted Huerta and the rest is history, history which would have been different if Angeles' advice had been taken. After the assassination of Madero, General Angeles was confined in prison by Huerta's order from February to July, 1913, and then released, put on board ship and sent to France. But his loyalty to the cause of the Revolution was as strong as ever and in October following he returned to Mexico and joined Carranza at Nogales, Sonora. Later he was transferred to General Villa's command. He was known to be the most accomplished artillery officer in Mexico and to his use of this arm of the service most of Villa's victories were directly due. His influence and counsel has been a tower of strength to Villa. When Carranza's jealousy of Villa passed all bounds and the break came between the two men which has been widening ever since, Angeles stood with his chief. With Villa he allied himself with the Convention Government and with Zapata, forming the Convencionista Party. With President Wilson's recent appeal to the military chiefs to get together and unite in establishing a government and the virtual truce that succeeded between the armies of Villa and Obregon, facing each other in the region of Aguas Calientes, General Angeles took the opportunity to visit his family in Boston, after long separation, and later visited the Convencionista headquarters in Washington. Naturally I was anxious to see him and accordingly requested an in-

terview with him, to which he consented.

First and last I have met a good many of the Mexican patriots who have represented their people in Washington, Huertistas and Constitutionalists and after the overthrow of Huerta and the assembling of the Convention, the Villista and Carranzista representatives, with various agents of either faction who have stopped in Washington. I have talked to many, endeavoring to sift out the truth from the chaff of conflicting claims. But General Angeles is a man of another mould. He is an educated, cultivated gentleman, of an old-world courtesy, with the modesty of the real soldier. His face is bronzed into a deep red from exposure to the desert sun, during the last two years of campaigning in Mexico. He is not tall, but has the trained soldier's erectness. He is forty-six years of age, having been born June 13, 1869, in Zacualtipan, in the state of Hidalgo. He entered the Military Academy at Chapultepec, Mexico's West Point, in 1883, graduating in 1891, being the honor man of his class throughout his course. After further education by travel and in the schools of Europe, he became Director of the Military Academy in 1912.

As General Angeles does not speak English fluently enough to do so without embarrassment and as my Spanish is confined to reading the printed page, an interpreter intervened. After begging leave to express the admiration I had felt for him as I watched his career in Mexico and receiving his thanks, I reverted to the main business and propounded the question which is what the American people from the White House down is mainly interested in just now, so far as Mexico is concerned.

"What do you consider the best means of re-establishing a government of law and order in Mexico?"

His answer was carefully thought out, but it went to the root of the matter:

"The triumph of the revolution became a fact with the overthrow of Huerta in July, 1914, and we would now be in the full enjoyment of peaceful con-

ditions, had not personal ambitions entered into the situation. Those ambitions, born of craving for power, brought about the breach between the Convention Government and Carranza.

"But if the Revolution had for its purpose the restoration of the constitutional order, then such should be restored by means sanctioned by the law, namely, by the recognition of that member of President Madero's cabinet (provided he favors the establishment of democratic government) who is entitled under the law of presidential succession, to the office. If the followers of Carranza are consistent, I fail to understand why they do not submit to the plain requirements of the fundamental law, which being once more in vigor, could be invoked to provide a President satisfactory to all, followed by the speedy enactment of those reforms demanded by the masses. In other words, I favor constitutional continuity, so as to give good title to the new government. In making this declaration, I may add that such is also the view of General Villa."

General Angeles had just given out a statement setting at rest the rumors that fly so swiftly when "news" of any kind is wanted concerning Mexican affairs. He had declared that the cordial relations that had long existed between himself and General Villa remained unchanged, that he expected to report shortly to him in person for assignment to duty, and with reference to the rumor that he had come to America to confer with Huerta, that he had always been and still was "opposed to Huerta, his regime, and all that Huerta and his fellow-traitors stood for." Evidently enough he is loyal to Madero's memory still.

His reference to some member of Madero's Cabinet, entitled under the law of presidential succession to the office, means the adoption by General Angeles, who also speaks for Villa, of a plan that has been widely discussed lately of re-establishing the government in a constitutional and regular way. The law of succession to the Presidency in Mexico is much like ours; after the death or

resignation of the President and Vice-President, the Cabinet officers succeed in regular order. It will be recalled that Huerta desired some show of legality for usurping the Presidency, so he compelled the resignations of President Madero and Vice-President Suarez, Lascurain, Minister of Foreign Affairs becoming President long enough for Lascurain, under duress also, to appoint Huerta Minister of Gobernacion, whereupon Lascurain resigned as President and, there being no Minister of Foreign Affairs, Huerta succeeded him. Now it is proposed to consider the whole Huerta administration unconstitutional, null and void, and for the Revolution, now won, to return to established government by way of the constitution itself, and to recognize one of Madero's Cabinet Officials as President, who, if not satisfactory to all parties, could, by previous agreement, appoint his successor in office by first appointing him the ranking cabinet official and then resigning the Presidency himself. It happens that one of the members of Madero's Cabinet remained at his post, not resigning, Vasquez Tagle, Minister of Justice. Other surviving members of the Cabinet, who resigned under duress, like Lascurain himself, might be considered not to have resigned.

General Angeles named no names, as his answer to the next question indicates.

"Then you favor no special candidate for the Presidency?"

"I only favor the person, who, under the constitution is entitled to become President. The sacrifices that we have made to restore a government of law and order in Mexico, demand, it seems to me, that we adhere to its mandates."

There is a pretty general feeling elsewhere than in Mexico that if Carranza were out of the way, or would take himself out of the way, there would be no trouble with anybody else. When Villa received the news of President Wilson's appeal to the Mexican factions to get together, coupled as it was with the admission that order must be restored even if it had to be restored from without, Villa had just returned to his headquarters from the grime and smoke of battle with Obregon. He did not hesitate a moment, recognized the wisdom

of the appeal and ordered a telegram sent to Carranza inviting him to a conference, to which Carranza replied with an insulting and threatening message. It rather increases one's respect for Villa to meet General Angeles and take the measure of the man who has been Villa's right arm in battle and his best adviser in council. I asked General Angeles:

"Do you think that Carranza will eventually accept General Villa's suggestion of a conference for the purpose of discussing peace?"

To which he replied:

"I really do not know; but I trust that patriotism will inspire him to do so. If he does not, then public opinion will surely ensure him and place on his head the sole responsibility for all loss of life in the present struggle. I hope, however, that his subordinates will be able ultimately to persuade him to pursue a course more in harmony with the necessities of his country."

Finally I inquired, "What do Mexicans think of President Wilson's policy?"

"We consider that he has been most considerate of our misfortunes. For what he has done, his name will go down in our history as a sincere friend who wished us well, and who aided us in the vindication of our constitution and the re-establishment of good government."

While we were at the Conventionalist agency, a telegram was received from Villa's Secretary, at Aguas Calientes, by way of Chihuahua, that Villa was in action again, having conducted a flanking movement upon Lagos, with his favorite surprise of a battle beginning at midnight. Two cannon and three supply trains were reported captured and heavy losses inflicted upon the Carranzistas. Zepata seems to have checked Gonzalez' advance upon the Capital. So Villa may solve the problem by overwhelming opposition, since the opposition refuses to consider President Wilson's proposal. But, as testified to by Angeles, he is willing to stop fighting and meet his opponents half-way in the establishment of constitutional government. He has put himself and his faction in a strong position so far as the United States is concerned.

General Angeles, after a short stay in Washington, will return to the front. In

passing through El Paso, he may have the pleasure of seeing his old enemy Huerta, now in the hands of Uncle Sam, detained on the charge of abusing the hospitality of the United States by attempting another invasion of Mexico. But Huerta's star is declining and low on the horizon, while Angeles' star is in the ascendant. This scribe has more than once spoken of him as the most promising candidate for the Presidency among the leaders who have emerged during the Revolution, one whom the people trust for his integrity and honesty, in whom his fellow officers and the soldiers under them place implicit confidence, whose record of humanity and love of justice should make him acceptable to the United States and to other nations with large interests in Mexico. It seems to me that the dominant note of the man's character is loyalty. He is loyal to Villa, he was loyal to Madero and still is to his memory. He is loyal to the cause for which such sacrifices have been made. He is without self-seeking. The Mexican people say he must be honest, because he was a military commander in Diaz's time and remained a poor man. And throughout the progress of the Revolution, with the orgy of bloody vengeance that has occasionally disgraced the Revolutionists, with the charges of cruelty and loot that have been successfully laid against most of the military leaders, Angeles' conduct remains without a stain. He has preserved order wherever he has been in charge, and as a soldier he has strictly observed the rules of civilized warfare.

It may be recalled that when the French Revolution had been almost won, when the ship of constitutional government was stuck on the bar, when the forces of disorder in Paris once more assembled for the perpetuation of anarchy, a certain bronzed artillery officer, Napoleon Bonaparte by name, stepped forward at the command of the Convention and with his whiff of grapeshot ended the Revolution. Angeles is not a Napoleon, of course, but it is by no means improbable that in the creation of a new government for Mexico another of the striking parallels between the Mexican and the French Revolution may be found in the future career of Felipe Angeles.

Indifference

By MARION ETHEL HAMILTON

A WOMAN yearned for motherhood,
For child that could not come;
A while she went in restless mood,
Then grew inert and numb.

She choked her soul with worldly bliss;
At last her life seemed fair
Without the child! (The pity this,
That she had ceased to care!

"Fighting Golf" at Fox Hills

By HERBERT REED



Walter Hagen at the second hole on the first day of play.

CHANGEABLE golfing conditions, it seems, are no less troublesome to the professional than to the amateur. Nothing else accounts for the fact that in a field of eighty in the Metropolitan Open Championship only three were in sight of the title on what should have been the last day of competition over the Fox Hills course. Since Gil Nieholls and Bob McDonald were playing off a tie for the championship as this issue of HARRIS'S goes to press, I shall concern myself here only with the work of Walter Hagen, the ex-Open and present Massachusetts Open Champion, who finished third. I had rather expected him to win the event, for apparently he had never been in better form.

In common with all the other competitors, even the two men who beat him, Hagen was severely troubled in the second day's play by the sudden change in the weather. Strangely enough, the scoring was lower in the course of a heavy storm than when the play was over a wind-blown fairway. The "Pros" had adjusted their play to the heavier going marvelously well, but Fox Hills dries out probably as fast as any course in the country, and is one of the most difficult in the country to play when the wind is high. So Hagen found. Plying with Marty O'Loughlin, both men found trouble from the start, yet had O'Loughlin been able to putt even fairly there is small doubt in my mind that he would have turned in a card better than Hagen's 75 for the last round.

Hagen made his first serious error in



George Sargent

attempting to hook and slice into the wind. The Fox Hill course is of unusually rolling character, however, and the force of the wind say 150 yards from the tee is vastly different than across the tee itself. The hooking and slicing, therefore, failed to "take," merely serving to get this fine golfer into trouble that left his ball at times in positions that were all but unplayable. The outcome was that many of Hagen's second shots were out of the rough, with the result that in many cases what should have been approach putts with a chance of holing out, were turned into mashie pitches or stop shots from difficult lies that either pitched short or had not enough stop to keep them from rolling on across the green. With a fine display of golfing courage the Rochester expert fought desperately to save himself with his putting, and here luck as much as anything else was against him. It must be remembered however, that in golf as in most other games, the luck often follows the play. Hagen humped the cup at least five times in his courageous efforts to pick up the strokes that he needed to get around the 70 mark, but the fates were against him, and he went smilingly through about as tough an afternoon as ever has been the lot of any golfer of the first class. Traps, trees, fences, and the rub o' the green, were his portion over a course that is treacherous when not truly played throughout. I know, indeed, few courses in this country which make a more serious demand upon a player to get started right. And Hagen started wrong.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



CULTURE

Playwright: "What's wrong with my play?"

Manager: "It don't get across! Cut out the talk, kid, and put in more psychology."



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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

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tween an Astor and work.
GEORGE CAZEL.

How the restrictions of a miserly Court must chafe
the delicate Astor child. I send herewith one bbl. of
Talcum Powder as a protest against the ill-treatment of
the infant. Unless there is better treatment for the
child the ontioo should rise in revolt. Already I see
the writing on the wall—some of it is mine.
MENNEN, TEREL, UPHARSIN & CO.

I enclose one dollar to be invested in New Haven
shares—the interest therefrom to be paid to the Astor
Baby when he shall be 21 years of age.
GEORGE MIDDLETON,
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Fool's Gold

VI—Seven League Boots

MY MARRIAGE to Laura Manning took place in June of my twenty-second year. It was a church wedding and a social event of moment. A honeymoon trip abroad followed, a trip which fully convinced us that we were made for one another. We were very happy and the future held only hopes of highest promise. Almost, for the time being, the incidental advantages of the marriage to myself escaped my mind. Yet not quite. I could not but think now and again of its probable consequences—its material consequences quite apart from the joyous certainty of Laura's constant companionship. I felt vaguely, without scorching the matter overmuch, that I had done well; that my feet were set at last in the stirrups of success.

My point of view was now fairly established. Friends and acquaintances of the city had taught me much, in the way one teaches best, by precept and example. I had caught their common attitude, their habits of thought and feeling. My Uncle and Aunt had taught me, not bluntly in any way to wound my pride but subtly, patiently and most thoroughly. I was grateful to them and proved an apt pupil because their purpose squared with mine. Success was the goal. A clear idea of what it meant, and its keys, was education.

I had learned that money was a *sine qua non*; enough of it, that is, to spell power, to enable one to speak of it lightly, or not at all. I had learned that as money can be a scourge to whose hand it not, so it can be a weapon to him who wields it in bulk—a weapon wherewith to keep at arm's length those whose envy or distress alone makes one's position superior and free. For without slaves what could freedom mean?

I learned the value of social prestige, the value of family, the value of that trained perception which senses unerringly another's caste and cleaves to or

rejects as one's discretion dictates. I learned the worth proportionate of all these things, but the basic necessity of money was etched surely—though delicately—upon the ready surface of my mind.

Perhaps the special emphasis that

bank of which my Uncle was president, and where I worked. My marriage, from the viewpoint of self-interest, seemed ideal.

A concrete manifestation of this judgment came a few nights after our return from the honeymoon. Laura's father called me into his study, a Spartan room that mirrored well the personality of its master. He was seated solidly in a great chair, a mass of a man, legs crossed, fists on the arms of the chair, gazing straight before him. He sat quiet for a moment after I had entered; he used few motions, as a rule, and fewer words. A long cigar, unlighted, stuck out from his lips. It was firmly fixed, as if grown in his face.

"Like the bank'n' business?" he rumbled suddenly.

"It seems a good business — and clean," I said. "I've never been in any other."

"No business is clean," retorted my father-in-law, gruffly. "If you're out to get along, it's a fight. Somebody's got to get the big end; somebody's got to get left. It's a matter of getting ahead—any way you can. Got to do dirty work sometimes—got to do it yourself or hire somebody to do it for you. Mounts to same thing. Only rules—don't go broke

an' keep a good lawyer. Got to get that 'clean' idea out of your head—if you want to get along. Got to choose!"

"I think," I said candidly, "I want to succeed more than anything I know of, but—"

"Glad you're sure," Manning broke in, "that's the first thing—know what you want. Then get it if you can. Laura wants Society—with a capital; wants parties—be in on everything going. Smart girl, she'll get it! Your family can help—top notehers! You want to get along, yourself; get a foot-hold, tell 'em all where to get off—be a big man, what?"

"Ye-es, I want to succeed," I reiterated, vaguely uneasy. Truth was truth,



"The worship of success, meaning my religion was that of those about me."

money (or as we called it, "means") received in my tutelage was due partly to the fact that my Uncle and Aunt, while their social position was unassailable and a sterling asset, were despite their luxurious manner of living not rich as we knew the word. And though it is an irksome confession to make, considerations of expediency were, beneath everything else, chiefly responsible for my marriage.

Hugh Manning's name won from me, as it did from our world generally, the reverence success commands. He was self-made, in a financial sense—and he had not cheated himself in the job. It was no secret that he held, among a host of interests, the majority stock in the

of course, but somehow this brutal stripping of flesh from the bones of our seemingly life rang sordid beyond words. Such frankness was—well—indecent!

Hugh Manning laughed shortly. "Mustn't be finicky!" he said. "All right to throw a bluff outside—different with us. Got to understand each other. Might as well start right. You're young yet, you'll learn. Keep your eyes open; don't be afraid of facts. My money back of you—only keep your head!"

He stopped speaking and his left eyebrow shot up reflectively, a mannerism he had when making a decision.

"Got any money—now?" he threw at me.

"A little," I said. "Enough, I think. My Uncle has been more than generous." My interlocutor snorted.

"Better keep what he's got," he said, "none too much now. Good man for the bank—never do much for himself though. Too kind-hearted—self indulgent."

He swung around to his desk, flapped out a pocket checkbook and wrote swiftly.

"Here," he said, "this'll do for now. Got a smart girl—an' a good girl. Want you to be good to her!"

I glanced at the paper and gasped. It was for ten thousand dollars. I stammered my thanks.

My father-in-law waved off my words carelessly.

"That's all right. Got t' learn to use money. Got a house picked out for you—ready in a week or so. It's all right. My girl you've married, son! Got no mother, got to look out for her myself—do what I can to make her happy. You keep on pluggin' at the bank. I'll back you—give you a boost when the time comes. Good luck!"

I left the room a little dazed, but full of a robust sense of gratitude. The cruder aspects of the conversation, which had shocked me only a moment before, were forgotten. I looked at the check again. This was no dream, but blessed actuality. I was a fortunate youth, on the highroad to the land of desire, going forward with great strides; the seven league boots of wealth and influence were mine! A pleasant sense of security and well-being warmed my veins. It was a brave world, a noble world!

THE sense of release from care and worry that came with my marriage, the sense of economic freedom, and later, of power, did not waken with time. Rather it developed and expanded as a more thoroughgoing realization of my

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good fortune grew. I was the same person, I take it, the day after my marriage as I was the day before, but in the eyes of the world I had grown mightily in those few hours. I rested under the Manningegis. The reflected glory of the name beat upon my willing brow. I stood for something definite and substantial, something real! So I came to believe that I myself had changed, not merely that my circumstances had altered—and through believing it, I did change.

My work at the bank was no grind now, as sometimes it had been. I began to feel a certain proprietary interest in the institution, in its manifold affairs, in its physical features even. I grew fond of that strong symbol of power and place. I admired its lofty rooms, its spacious vaults, its mosaics, its marble and its bronze. I loved its atmosphere of quiet dignity, of firm immutability. How like a temple's were its chastely serious lines, the subdued solemnity that brooded over all like a white-winged, watchful spirit! It did not occur to me that it was indeed a shrine—the shrine of a living religion; that the god of this religion—if a god he one's ideal—was Success, and that Money was this god's high priest.

Yet I watched the faces of our clients, shuffling in endless files to the little grated windows day after day, with a dim appreciation of their utter earnestness, an earnestness religious in its essence. I saw in the eyes of many of them a timid, watchful reverence—never, or very rarely, was mirth or levity. Sometimes even, I compared the attitude of these to the attitude of the members of our church, to the advantage—in point of sincerity—of the bank's disciples.

Our church in truth, by contrast, seemed almost frivolous. We went regularly on Sundays, dressed in our smartest attire; we enjoyed the soothing richness of its furnishings, the inspiring music, the splendid clothes of our co-worshippers. We heard our eloquent young minister pronounce some thousands of well-chosen words and departed with a sensuous peace in our souls and perhaps a fleeting thought of thankfulness to the Creator for making this charming world of things as they are—and giving us our comfortable place within its scheme. We were not, you see, in awe of our church and its pale and far-off God!

It did not seem strange to us—our attitude, for we knew that the Religion we professed was not a thing to be dragged out into the burly hurly of everyday life. It was, we knew, wholly of the spirit, and what we meant by the spirit was the sum of those vague longings for a better world that sometimes reached us in moments of dejection and disappointment. The high words of the minister, his pictures of a better and nobler vision, in a way met these longings and satisfied them. God, we felt, was interested in improving mankind and was capable, doubtless, of doing so in His own time. If this process was slow, if there was suffering and injustice still among men, we liked to feel that the responsibility was God's, that, being omnipotent, in his infinite wisdom He permitted such sorrows for a purpose. For our part, we encouraged Him by our

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weekly presence in His temple and supported Him by our generous pocket-books, through which His Church, was were assured, was kept alive. But as for taking this Religion of ours and its creed literally, that is, as a working philosophy to color and direct our actions, our passions, our desires, our hopes and fears, the idea never for a moment reached us. If it had we should have dismissed it lightly as impractical.

It was not easy for me, at first, to wholly accept this view of Religion. My early experience with the church—as I knew it them—had not taught me to love it, but it had been such as to fill me with unquestioning sense of its authority. It was plain that the church—as I knew it now—had only authority as this was

granted to it by its trustees, of whom Hugh Manning was one, and its congregation. It rested upon our world of affairs as a firm foundation. Though I did not formulate the idea clearly, I had an uncomfortable feeling that as Christ once had driven the money changers from the temple, so now after twenty centuries the money changers had succeeded in turning the tables. Christ it was who now was driven from his shrines, to wander naked and unsought of our gay world about the highways and byways of the earth.

HAD I learned in my youth of a God that I could love I should perhaps never have acquiesced in such a flagrant usurpation. I might even have been led to seek out the gentle Christ in those places where he would be found. But I had not known of such a God till too late—then only dimly, and acquiesce I did, in time. I grew accustomed to the situation as I found it and accepted in this as in other respects the ideal—the unconfessed but actual religion of my day and group. The little door that so accommodatingly locks in the hidden chambers of the mind those truths which might—if fairly acknowledged—bring discomfort and disaster, snapped stoutly

shut. The positive creed of "achievement" filled my conscious intelligence. The worship of success was my faith as it was that of those about me.

The fact of success seemed not now remote but a near and familiar thing. What had in days past been but a tenuous dream was taking on the contours of reality. And curiously enough, now that it was here, it seemed only my just due. I took each forward step that time brought, more and more as a matter of course. I was scarcely surprised, even, when my Uncle called me one day into his office at the bank and told me impressively that I had been elected a vice-president and a director.

"It's a wonderful start you have made, my boy," he said, "You will go far, I know. We are all proud of you."

I took his commendation seriously, as I took myself and my promotion—O very seriously! It really seemed to me then that he had cause to be proud of me. I did not reflect that but for those magic seven league boots put on at marriage this leap ahead would never have been taken. For thus did Success—that subtle god—in strict accordance with his custom blind my eyes and set his minion Arrogance at the doorway of my soul.

The Hero

By ROBERT W. SNEDDON

A NEWSBOY dived out of the railroad station, and narrowly escaped being run over by a bus.

"Ere they come!" he yelled hoarsely.

The crowd stirred uneasily. It almost seemed as everyone in it had given vent to a sigh. Then they were silent.

"Give 'em room, me lads!" pleaded a tall policeman as he tried to hold back the line of bystanders. "Ere, old ldy, keep by me and I'll see you don't come to 'em. Yes, ma'am, they'll be out in a minute. Your boy among 'em. 'E'll be with yer in two shakes."

Slowly the little bunch of wounded men came out of the station, looking wan and worn. Arms were in slings, bandages about brows. Uniforms were soiled and creased. As they came out into the light from the darkness of the station, they blinked their eyes. Then their faces brightened and they tried to walk erectly, but the effort was vain.

Then the cheering commenced. It seemed as if it would never stop. From the crowd rose a forest of arms waving hats. The group of wounded halted abashed, then their teeth showed white. The tension was over. The crowd surged about them, shaking hands, clapping them on the back, offering them cigars and cigarettes. The waiting women had found their own. The careless "Ullo, old gal" of their wounded sons and husbands contained all the assurance that they had been longing for. Their dear ones were home again.

Beside me stood a little man. He could not have been more than forty if he was that, but he looked old, very old. He coughed now and again. The ravages of consumption were very plain on him. His faded blue eyes were dancing with

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excitement. There he stood waving a handkerchief and stretching himself on the point of his feet. He was shabby but neat, shaven and brushed.

"My Gawd, don't it given you a thrill?" he remarked to me. "Makes me feel as if I'd been to war meself. But no such bloomin' luck. Got a mussus and three kids at 'ome. And besides, I don't believe they'd 'ave took me. Too small, you see, and a bit of a corf in me chest at times."

He had all the appearance of a clerk, so I asked if business was still holding out.

His face fell.

"Well, now, it ain't wot ye might call flourishing, nothing is those days, but things is going on. Business is business in spite o' 'shot an' shell. Ain't no call to shout, but at the same time, I ain't grumbin'. They've cut me down five bob though. Twenty bob a week ain't too much to feed and clothe three kids and a wife. Allus somethink to buy for the boys, new boots. Lord, they are cruel 'ard on shoe leather."

"Do you mean to tell me you keep a family on twenty shillings a week?" I asked aghast.

"Yus. Plain food, oo Mansion 'Ouse banquets for us. Means a bit o' scrimpin' to make ends meet, thought. Uster have a nice joint on Sundays. That's off the menu, now," he concluded with a sigh.

"I suppose you've been in business quite a while?" I inquired.

"Lor bless yer heart, yus. Ever since I was that 'igh. Running errands when I was twelve. Then I goes into an office as boy and works up."

"Up to twenty shillings a week," I thought bitterly.

"When I was getting eighteen shillings a week I met a gal and we got spliced. Been a good wife to me, sir, none better. Then the kids began to come. I had to hustle round a bit then. I uster work in the eveninks, addressing envelopes for an advertisement firm. I made about three bob a week extra that way. Then me 'ealth broke down, and I had to chuck it. I did think one time of clearing out to Canada or Americk but I never could get the money together, so I had to stiek. One time when the corf was bad, the mussus thought of trying to get me a job in the country. That fell through, and I wasn't sorry. I'd have died in the country. Ye can't get me out of sound o' old Ben. When I 'ears the old bell striking, I allus thinks of home. Its in me blood. I was born in London and I'll die in it. I'd have liked to get a whack at them Germans all the same, sir."

I hesitated.

"You never—er—I don't know how to say it—you never grumble."

He looked away, then turned his face to me. He was half smiling.

"Last thing that 'od ever occur to me. I'm 'appy. If I 'ave to work 'ard its for the wife and kids. Might 'ave a better job, but Lor' bless you, since I can't I takes what I get and is thankful. This 'ere corf bothers me now and then, but I ain't no quitter. I'll keep on fighting till I 'as to give in, and I ain't going to do that. Excuse me, sir, I want to shake 'ands with one of them 'eeres. Somethink to tell the kids about."

He darted off and I saw him shake

hands fervently with a tall well-built man with one arm in a sling. The little man was gazing up into the face of his chosen hero with a look of the most intense worship and pride.

And it occurred to me as I turned away, that the most heroic figure of the day was not amongst the group that had come out from the station, much as I honored them. It was the little consumptive clerk himself fighting the battle of life from day to day with Death and Poverty, and keeping his colors flying, all ignorant of his heroism.

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The Safety Valve

Appreciation

By A. C. PALMER

I CANNOT longer refrain from expressing my appreciation of your treatment of social questions. Thank God for such magazines as yours.

This, of course, is an agricultural state, and the pulpit and press are not very far advanced.

Both are conservative, not to say reactionary, not to say damnably servile.

The land hog is the universal object of adoration out this way, and there are some churches I doubt that God has entered for a generation.

It may have been a New York preacher who said: "God would not dare to damn a millionaire," but you don't have to go to New York City to find a prostituted pulpit and a prostituted press.

Again thanking you for your glorious stand.

Webster City, Ia.

Bryan

By HAROLD A. SMITH

YOUR issue for June 26th was fine, particularly the article by Creel on Bryan. Few magazines or papers can see straight in times like these. HARPER'S is one of the few which can, and has my heartiest support.

Elba, Mich.

A Bit of Advice

By THEO. OWEN

ACCIDENTALLY coming across your editorial in your issue of May 15th "What For" I firmly believe it a sacred duty to yourself and humanity to offer your services as advisor to the "Kaiser."

I never read anything grasping the situation so fully and coming so near the facts as this editorial.

I think Germany is sorely in need of men of your profound knowledge and good common sense.

Chicago, Ill.

Keep at the Quacks

By CHAS. B. JOHNSON, M.D.

I DESIRE to sincerely thank and heartily congratulate you for the unceasing war you are waging on quacks and quack medicines. You have made every right thinking medical man your debtor.

Having said this much in the way of earnest commendation permit me as one who for more than three years wore the "shoddy" blue to express my condemnation of the sentiment and misrepresentations, not to say fabrications, contained

in a communication from Sedalia, Mo., entitled "shoddy" and printed in your Safety Valve June 12, 1915.

Evidently the writer of this communication still harbors the same sentiment that impelled him when a young man to enlist in a war that for four long years was waged against the American Flag—The same American Flag that doubtless protected this writer through his infancy and childhood and under whose folds he has probably found safe refuge since that day, a full half century in the past, when the powerful arm of a just government forced him to surrender his gun and cease firing on its noble emblem.

As to the "shoddy" so contemptuously referred to, it was a thousand times better to look upon than the detestable copper-hued "butter-nut" which most fitly clothed the Sedalia writer while he was making war on a Flag that stands for more good things than any other National Emblem in the world's history.

Champaign-Urbana, Ill.

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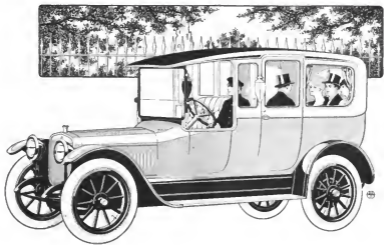
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The Winton Company

118 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Edited by **NORMAN HAPGOOD**

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What We Face

THE easiest thinking concludes that neutrality consists in causing one belligerent as much inconvenience as another.

But more labor is required to act in a spirit that will have the approval of the future and will lay the foundation for better methods of settling disputes. Our questions with Great Britain are by no means clear. The strongest support Great Britain has for her method of blockade lies in the conduct of the United States in the Civil War and the defense of that conduct by the United States Supreme Court. The strongest defense of her definition of contraband lies in the act of the German Government in taking charge of all food supplies. A disinterested court would be likely to decide for Great Britain on some of the questions with us, although we are surely right on others. No disinterested court could possibly decide in favor of Germany on the question of killing non-combatants on merchant ships.

The control of the seas will be a knotty question after the war. English statesmen would rather have the seas entirely free if that freedom could have any adequate guarantee. *Harper's Weekly* thinks it has sufficient information to warrant the opinion that Great Britain will give up her individual control after this war if the United States joins the other principal maritime nations in a strong guarantee. If we are not willing to take such responsibility when the time comes we shall have small ground to complain of any failure to neutralize the ocean. But such changes cannot be brought about in the middle of a war. All that we can do in the middle of the war is to keep the record of our position straight, collect money for property injuries in the best available ways, and stand firm against barbarous destruction of the underlying principles of humanity and civilization where our own affairs and the rules of international law happen to put that task in our hands.

There would certainly be evil consequences in our being in the war. From a world point-of-view the greatest evil would be in our lessened ability to do constructive work after the war because of our being an ally of one group of powers instead of a philosophic outsider wielding immense influence on both sides. Beating Germany is an unpleasant necessity, but it isn't enough. It doesn't create an enlightened agreement for international relations in the future.

Various reasons urged for our entering the struggle are too slight for such a grievous step. Here are some of them:

1—"It would hasten the end of the war in the way it ought to end." Even if this is so, it would not

help to get out of the result the most permanent advantages.

2—"Foreign nations do not respect us, acting cautiously as we are." That is a reason fit for cowards.

3—"We shall have no friends among the nations of the earth after the war." The reason is inadmissible on principle; also it is untrue. If we successfully contribute to the general welfare we shall have as friends the most modern minds in all the nations.

4—"Only a war will put us in a proper state of defense." The reason, whatever else may be said of it, is inadequate.

No, there is only one ground on which we can properly enter the war. We can only enter in defense of principles that can be defended in no other way. We have, after the fullest and calmest consideration, stated to Germany that one principle is so essential to human progress that we shall omit neither word nor deed to uphold it. For defying us on that issue Germany can have no excuse except the one that led her through Belgium. The death of Belgians was not our affair. The death of Dutch or Scandinavian passengers on British ships is not our affair. But the death of our citizens by violation of the rules invited us to make ourselves the spokesman of humanity and principle, and we did it. We did it carefully, knowing what we did.

Are New Yorkers Short-winded?

LESS than two years ago New York elected a fusion ticket by the largest majority the city ever knew. Mr. Mitchel has shown an astonishing scope, wisdom, and accuracy. He has been executive and he has been enlightened. Those few who take the trouble to understand any civic matter are proud of him. When last April he gave an account of his services to the body that selected him, only one paper in New York, *The Evening Post*, gave such a report that a serious citizen could find out what had happened. Such superficiality is what is faced in New York. It is what is faced elsewhere. It is the negative part of democracy's account.

In November New York elects Aldermen, a District Attorney, and Judges, including four on the Supreme Court. The primaries are in September.

Have the political leaders, among the Republicans, Bull Moosers, and Independent Democrats, leadership enough to make a proper fusion of their own accord?

If not, will the community shake off its habitual political lethargy sufficiently to exert any influence before the primaries?

The Trend of Law

JUSTICE in Kansas is becoming speedier, surer and cheaper. The credit for this improvement, says a progressive judge, belongs to the direct primary and the non-partisan ballot. "They have brought the courts and the judges back to the people again," Judge J. C. Ruppenthal, of the Twenty-third Kansas circuit, says. "Some say that is the weakness of the new Kansas system. I say it is the salvation of it, because justice is the sentiment of the mass of the people extending over a long period of time. The people sometimes are wrong on a particular thing or issue for the moment, but the sentiment of the majority in the ultimate is justice." This authority finds that justice for the many is being given more serious study by the Kansas bench and bar, and that the law schools, too, are doing their part to free court procedure of its cumbering technicality. Judge Ruppenthal has been for the good cause ever since the time, thirty-four years ago, when he was a law student in Lawrence (Kas., not Mass.) and there heard a lecture in the old courthouse on the theme, "Justice Should Be Speedier, Cheaper and Surer." He adopted the idea. It is one of the best mottoes a modern lawyer could possess; but another generation may go even further, and make justice speedier, surer and free.

Laziness

SOME people mistake indolence for freedom. Democracy is interpreted as individual propensity by everybody, with no guidance. The publisher, theatrical-manager, or politician who merely "gives the people what they want," in the usual sense of that hard-working expression, is interpreting democracy in a lazy sense. Why do we have art-museums? When we get them we don't fill them exclusively with Bougereaus, Bodenhausens, Harrison Fishers, and September Morns. We put in Velasques, if we can get him, and Vermeer, and Carpaccio, and others not among the best sellers. In a library, if it is well-run, Milton is given at least as good a chance as Hal Caine. Classic music has been established in this country only after an effort of many years. Colleges do not confine themselves to snaps and athletics. Democracy without leadership is nothing. Giving the people what they want is easier than helping them to a position where they can make their judgments from the vantage point of intimacy with the best ideas the world has yet produced.

The Seaman Row

WHEN the Seaman's Bill passed Congress, and was signed by the President, it was provided that eight months were to elapse before the Act should take effect. Were those eight months spent by the steamship companies in preparing to work under the act, in a cordial spirit, to make it a success? Do not all speak at once. The eight months were not so spent. They were spent in agitating to kill the principle of the act. By agitation in the interim they hoped to get the President to recommend amendments to Congress, although he had had all the arguments before him when he signed the bill. They hoped also by noisy prophecy of misfortune (the Tory answer to every change) to make less

probable a renewal of the fight for a revival of our merchant marine with the government as a stockholder. Be it noted to their account, they have succeeded in inspiring numberless editorials, all just alike, in all the Tory papers and in some of the others, with no new arguments, but with a generous rebash of those put to the Committees in Congress. For the interests it can be said that they at least do not sleep at the switch.

The primary attack is from the foreign ship owners, as they are threatened with lessened control of their sailors. They feel that they cannot long escape a raise in wages. They will be compelled to come nearer to the American standard. What opposition there is from American shipping is caused mainly by the over-lapping of interests. There is perhaps \$300,000,000 of American money in foreign shipping and conversely there is foreign capital in our coast-wise shipping. Hence in the present social, political, business, and newspaper campaign, appears our old friend the Interests in another of its Protean forms, with quite distinguished organization and with a technique in honorable contrast to that of its opponents in the liberal ranks.

The Changing Sea Situation

THE old-fashioned wooden ship paid less insurance than the new steel wonder, protected as the modern monster is by buoys, deepened channels, and the miraculous new invention of wireless telegraphy. Why?

1—The shipowner has obtained limited liability.

2—He has rid himself of the custom of having a certain number of skilled men, and has put the consequently increased risk on the general public through insurance.

Americans stopped going to sea in appreciable numbers in the early sixties. At the beginning of the last century a seaman's wages were equal to those of the ordinary mechanic. Also he was the freest among workmen. As the others gained in freedom, however, his status did not improve. He was passed by both in liberty and in the standard of living. Sixty years ago he could support a family. Today he can do no more than live himself.

So much for the seaman. The American marine has disappeared for three reasons.

1—The cost of construction.

2—The measurement question, which is not very important, and the shipowners can get rid of that trouble any time they care to.

3—The ship-owners are compelled to pay from 20 to 200 per cent more wages than their competitors. That is the big reason, as the owners say themselves. Hence the LaFollette bill requires changes in treaties with other countries, designed to give American-owned ships a better chance.

Government Ships

THE Seaman's Act ought to lead logically to the passage of a law at the next session, putting the government as a stockholder behind an experiment in an American merchant marine. The shipping men say they can do nothing with an American standard of living. Therefore it is up to the government to demonstrate at what cost the thing can be done and what its value is. Both the Democratic and the Re-

publican platforms before the last presidential election declared strongly in favor of a merchant marine. It is a subject that appears over and over again in platforms, but nothing is done about it. The Democrats took decisive action on two other topics which had been talked about but let alone, when they passed the currency act and lowered the tariff. It is possible they will increase their record of constructive work by giving us the beginning of a merchant marine. The war has of course greatly strengthened the argument for such a step, as our opportunities for securing foreign trade have so obviously been increased.

Does anybody ask the government to give up its Panama line of ships? Is the success not obvious? Why has the government started a railroad in Alaska? Was it not in order to solve a long-standing unsatisfactory situation on principles very similar to those under which the government is now asked to take up and solve the marine question?

Division Too Extreme

AMONG the bees and ants one queen, good for nothing else, bears children. The non-productive females take care of the young, with assiduity. It is a striking fact that nutriment and rest seem essential to the production of a queen. Obviously it will be a much duller, less exquisite, more cheaply utilitarian universe if division of labor and extreme competition ever bring the human race to the point where a large part of the females correspond to the unfertile workers among the ants and bees. Women need to brood more than men (though perhaps men need to brood more than they do); they need to use their energy peaceably, according to their feelings, and variously; and therefore, since the factory system has pulled them out into harshly specialized competition, they should at least have every facility toward mitigating this oppressively mechanical man-made world. What we call especially women's rights today is the opportunity to help arrange the world so that woman can have a better chance to adapt her age-long interests, tendencies, and attributes to a system that threatens her with new evils, unless it is looked in the face and mastered.

Selection

THE girls, just out of college, who apply for positions in journalism are in average intelligence and equipment superior to the young men who apply. The reason seems apparent. In the first place, it still takes some initiative for a girl to go to college, while for a boy in modern circumstances it is the path of least resistance: therefore the college girls average above the college boys at least in purpose. The greatest selection, however, comes when they leave college. Then numberless jobs are open to the boys, and a large percentage of the cleverest go into law, medicine, or one of the departments of business. Although the opportunities for girls are increasing, notably in secretarial and social work, it is still true that the intellectual life beckons to them rather coldly, if at all, outside of teaching and writing. To journalism, therefore, a large number of the fittest turn. That the reception of them is not more cordial than it is, is due to the fact that the world is still so fully dominated by the inertia, the fixed ideas, of the average male.

Our Clergy

WHEN the Hebrew prophets talked against the evils of Jerusalem, they meant Jerusalem. When an American discusses Jerusalem or Sodom, or Gomorrah, or ancient Rome, he means little. If he wishes to be a prophet he must discuss Chicago, San Francisco, New York. And more preachers are doing it all the time, and doing it well. They are fearlessly taking up actual questions. The old-fashioned sermon that merely lambasted sin in the abstract, plays a small part of today.

Yard Sticks

ONE of the frailties of an average being is the tendency to measure others by too simple a test. Some judge a person altogether by his dress. Some condemn any man who drinks and others condemn any man who doesn't. We have heard in the South the virtues of a college president admitted but the gentleman nevertheless gently dismissed with the observation that "he warn't in the war." Suffrage, the negro question, the Church, may be used as a method of elimination. But human nature is too complex for such a measure. The only fit judge of his fellow men is he who is most literal, elastic, tolerant, many-sided. No yard-stick will suffice.

The Donkey

S. FRANCIS spoke scornfully of his more material self as "my friend, the donkey." Poor donkey! Poor material self! That self had a bad time among the early Christian fathers and saints. Rejoicing in the body, like the Greeks, the renaissance Italians, is contrasted with spirituality, instead of the two sides being deemed elements of an undivided whole. "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean." We are not even sure of what the pale Galilean meant. We are not even sure he was not a genius full of humor as well as of abnegation, of rejoicing as well as of sorrow. For the tradition that has emphasized so intensely the ascetic is not the only tradition in which Jesus can be interpreted. For our part we fancy He might find Himself more at home with Plato than with Calvin, with Michael Angelo than with John Knox. His function was the shedding of light. It was not He who threw stones even at so-called sin, and assuredly not at natural expansive joy.

Success and Failure

WHETHER a step is right or wrong cannot usually be determined by looking at it in isolation. It depends on how the step is followed up. Even what we call sin turns out to be damaging or not according to the use we make of the experience. The strong man or woman is the one who persists in a worth while purpose, who insists that every step shall be forced to yield some good. Success, whether in material things or in spiritual value, is a mixture of deserving and of luck, and in neither sense can it be judged in a detail. The saying was already ancient in the days of Sophocles, that we should judge no man happy until his death, the meaning being this, that what we make of the whole is the only thing that tells the story.



Sherman Never Said Anything About Neutrality

Women, War, and Babies

By JANE ADDAMS

President, Woman's International Peace Party

MANY women throughout the world have set their faces unalterably against war. This is our reason for our organization against war. I head a movement planned to unite womanhood, in all parts of the world, in a great protest against Europe's war. It is called the Women's Peace Party and is international in scope. It began its existence at Washington, and is increasing in membership with astonishing rapidity.

As women we are the custodians of the life of the ages and we will not longer consent to its reckless destruction. We are particularly charged with the future of childhood, the care of the helpless and the unfortunate, and we will not longer endure without protest that added burden of maimed and invalid men and poverty-stricken women and orphans which war places on us.

We have builded by the patient drudgery of the past the basic foundations of the home and of peaceful industry; we will not longer endure that honry evil which in an hour destroys or tolerate that denial of the sovereignty of reason and justice by which war and all that makes for war today render impotent the idealism of the race.

Therefore we demand that our right to be consulted in the settlement of questions concerning not alone the life of individuals but of nations be recognized and respected, that women be given a share in deciding between war and peace.

Some of the objects we are working on to obtain, are limitations of armaments and the nationalization of their manufacture; organized opposition to militarism in our own country and education of youth in the ideals of peace; democratic control of foreign policies; the further humanizing of Governments by the extension of the franchise to women; "concert of nations" to supersede "balance of power;" action toward the gradual organization of the world to substitute law for war.

We also believe in the substitution of an international police for rival armies and navies; removal of the economic causes of war; the appointment by our Government of a commission of men and women, with an adequate appropriation, to promote international peace.

At the present moment women in Europe are being told: "Bring children into the world for the benefit of the nation; for the strengthening of future battle lines; forget everything that you have been taught to hold

dear; forget your long struggle to establish the responsibilities of fatherhood; forget all but the appetite of war for human flesh. It must be satisfied and you must be the ones to feed it, cost what it may.

This war is destroying the home unit in the most highly civilized countries of the world to an extent which is not less than appalling. Could there be a more definite and dreadful illustration of the tendencies of war to break down and destroy the family unit? All such consequences of war mitigate against the age long efforts of woman to establish the paternity of her child and the father's responsibility for it.

In the interest of this effort the State has made marriage a matter of license and record, and the Church has surrounded it by every possible sanctity. Under the pressure of war, however, both of these institutions have in a large measure withdrawn their protection.

All that women have held dear, all that the Church has worked for and the State has ordered, has been swept away in a breath—the hot breath of war—leaving woman in her primitive, pitiable state of the necessity of self-defense, without the strength with which to compass self-defense. So long as a State, through the exigencies of war, is obliged to place military authority above all civil rights, women can have within it no worthy place, no opportunity for their development, and they cannot hope for authority in its councils.

THOUSANDS of them in Europe, as in the United States had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the recognition of the sacredness of human life had at last become established, throughout the world, that the news of this war to them came as an incredible shock. Women are entitled in all justice to some consideration in this matter of war making, if only because they have necessarily been paramount in the nurture of that human life which is now being so lavishly spent.

The advanced nations know very accurately, and we have begun to know in America, how many children are needlessly lost in the first years of infancy. Measures inaugurated for the prevention of infant mortality were slowly spreading from one country to another. All that effort has been scattered to the winds by the war. No one is now pretending to count the babies who are dying throughout the villages and countrysides of the warring nations.

The Jews are just now taking a striking part in the history of the world. Mr. Hapgood's next three special articles will treat this subject. The topics and dates of their publication are as follows:

August 7th—Big Jews and Little

August 14th—The Soul of Zionism

August 21st—Jews and This War

American Work in Russia



WE HAVE heard much of work by Americans in France, England, and Servia, but little about what they are doing in Russia. A very interesting example of America's sympathy for suffering humanity, made effective in service, is the City Hospital of the American Colony in Petrograd, which was inaugurated on November 15, 1914, on the Spasskaya No. 15.

Already among the Russian families every spare inch of room had been offered to the wounded soldiers; sixty thousand beds having been given for their accommodation in private houses and apartments.

There are only sixty Americans in Petrograd, and among them, not more than ten families who could pledge a certain monthly allowance, but so great was their enthusiasm and their anxiety to help that they managed to collect among themselves the necessary funds to insure the running expenses of a small hospital for at least six months in advance. They took an apartment on the Spasskaya and had it thoroughly renovated and furnished for the purpose: one person gave the beds, another the furnishings, until the little hospital, Lazaret it was called, was ready and completely equipped with all the necessary things.

It was then put under the jurisdiction of the municipal government, which appoints the doctors and the nurses, while the colony guarantees the running ex-

penses. There is a red cross nurse, a day and a night orderly, and several Sisters of Mercy, the latter distinguished by their nun like head dresses, a housekeeper, a cook, etc. The nurses are in constant attendance—the doctor comes twice a day.

The wounded are brought to Petrograd by trainloads and taken directly to the big city hospitals where they are bathed, operated upon if necessary, and examined for serious diseases such as pneumonia or contagion of any kind.

If they are dangerously or contagiously ill, they are kept in the regular hospitals, but those able to be moved are distributed among the private institutions or quartered in private houses.

The day the Lazaret was opened nineteen soldiers were sent there—the next day one more came—and ever since the twenty beds, with the twenty holy images at their heads, have been occupied.

The help given by the American Hospital does not end with a soldier's convalescence. Each man, as he is sent out, is provided with a new suit of clothes,

and wherever possible work is found for him. A Ladies' Committee has been formed in connection with the Hospital, whose work it is to find out the condition of the families of the soldiers who are brought there, and to render direct assistance to them in the form of clothing, etc.

The men are so gentle, so grateful and so patient, that everyone becomes fond of them, and there are tears when they leave. Two poor fellows each with a leg gone, were worrying greatly for fear they would be provided with the heavy artificial legs which are so difficult to manage—the committee arranged that they should have the light kind.

The Red Cross from America has sent quantities of supplies and even the Salvation Army has helped. The little colony in Petrograd gives with both hands in money and in time—the women rolling bandages, knitting, etc.

The report of the Hospital of January 1, together with the last financial report issued, shows that the institution is in a flourishing condition, the available funds seeming to warrant enlarging its capacity to thirty-five beds. The colony is also hoping to establish a workshop in connection with the hospital, where the soldiers can occupy their time to some material advantage, and also learn a useful trade, so that when they go out in the world again they may not be utter burdens to the community or to themselves.

Star of Hope

By CHART PITT

THOUGH noonday brings its sorrow
The night will bring its rest.
The broad fields of tomorrow
Are waiting for your quest.
Though miles stretch out behind you
To the homeland fair and far,
The coming years will find you
Where the long-sought treasures are.

When grief and toil unreckoned
Has brought its blight of fears,
The star of hope has beckoned
Across the unborn years.
Though fickle souls may chide you
The brave man stands your friend—
The stubborn trails that tried you,
Must bless you in the end.

Education and the Birth Rate

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

AS THE educational standard rises, the birth rate falls.

Very little difference exists between the fecundity of a college-bred woman and her non-college friends, but a wide difference exists between the fecundity of a college-bred woman and an ignorant peasant. The trouble all began in teaching women to read and write.

The same rule holds true in the case of men, but we do not get so excited about it. No one advocates closing men's colleges because the graduates have so few children. We seem to hold the woman responsible for the low birth rate among educated people. We seem to think that the fertility of the race has nothing to do with the fertilizers.

The first graduating class had hardly broken out of its shell before we began to worry lest the girls wouldn't marry. Then we worried lest they wouldn't have children. Now we stew lest they will not have "enough" children. A number of reassuring monographs on the subject have been published. The best study was made by Nellie Seeds Nearing. It is entitled *Education and Fecundity* and published in the *American Statistical Association Quarterly*, 1914. The chief feature of the study is the comparison of the average number of children per family of married college graduate with the average number of children in the family of the ordinary married citizen. Mrs. Nearing takes for her standard of comparison the figures of Joseph A. Hill, United States Bureau of Census. He gives the average number of children in white families of native parentage as 2.7. Mrs. Nearing asserts that the average family of the married woman college graduate falls very little below this.

The following table shows the number of marriages among Bryn Mawr graduates, the duration of the marriages, the number of children and the average per marriage. I quote the figures for the years from 1890-1900. The families represented are probably completed.

Year of Marriage	Duration of Marriage	No. grad. Mar. on yr.	No. child.	Average per Mar.
1890	22-23	1	3	3
1891	21-22	4	10	2.5
1892	20-21	2	2	1.5
1893	19-20	3	14	4.7
1894	18-19	5	9	1.8
1895	17-18	9	16	1.8
1896	16-17	3	8	2.7
1897	15-16	4	10	2.5
1898	14-15	5	21	4.2
1899	13-14	14	16	1.1
1900	12-13	28	23	

The average number of children per family of ten or more years duration is 2.7 for Bryn Mawr graduates. This is exactly the figure given by Hill for the white families of native parentage in the entire country.

Holyoke graduates fall a trifle behind.

An average of 2.43 children were born to each of the 439 graduates of the decade 1890-99.

Mrs. Nearing appears to think that the college need not be closed on account of that fractional child that the Holyoke graduates have not produced. After all it is less than three one hundredths of an offspring that they lack.

ALL American statistics are fragmentary and threacherous. In this survey of college birth rate studies I can but offer significant scraps. Nothing can be "proved." The colleges are too new, the records incomplete and erroneous, and the figures have not been reduced to a common basis friendly to comparisons. Moreover the birth rate of college women is influenced by outside factors which cannot be calculated, like the changing type of women entering college during different decades, and the changing economic position of women during the past thirty years. One other factor I feel must have a bearing on the subject although it is consistently slighted. That is—the women's husbands. As little research is bestowed upon the fathers as would have been had the studies been carried on in some primitive tribe where paternity has not yet been discovered and children are supposed to be fathered by snakes and ghosts.

The general statement that a college education makes very little difference in the number of children a woman bears compared with women of her own class is borne out by all who write on the subject. Mary Roberts Smith, Associate Professor of Sociology in Leland Stanford Junior University, in an article published in the *American Statistical Association Quarterly* in 1900-1, compares the histories of 343 college women with the histories of 313 non-college sisters, cousins and friends. She finds that the average age of marriage for the college group was 26.3 and of the non-college group 24.3. The non-college group had been married two years longer and had born a slightly larger number of children, but the college women had borne the larger number of children per years of marriage. The mortality and health of the children was practically the same.

She says:

"The tenor of these replies would indicate that the college women have a greater sense of responsibility in marriage and motherhood; that they lay more emphasis on hygienic knowledge; and that they are personally more contented with the conditions of their married life."

Amy Hewes, Professor of Economics and Sociology, considering the Marital and Occupational Statistics of Graduates of Mt. Holyoke College, in the *American Statistical Association Quarterly Publication*, 1910-11, finds the age of marriage 27.21. The average number of children born to each woman decreases from 5 children when marriage occurred at 19

to an average of 0.33 when the marriage occurred at 40.

"While childlessness is more frequent in late marriages, there is nevertheless no close correspondence between its percentage and the age at marriages. Of a total of 535 marriages of women whose child-bearing period is for the majority of them long past, 95 or 17.76 per cent were childless. For the age at which marriage was most frequent, and for which the number of children is greatest, that is, where the marriage occurred at 25, the percentage of childless marriages is 18.18, thus exceeding the average for the group. Other influences evidently operate more effectively than age at marriage in determining the percentage of childless marriages."

THE two following tables of the fecundity of college men show about the same birth rates when one makes allowance for the fact that the figures are of earlier decades. They show also the decrease in the birth rate during the past hundred years. The first table is from the *Yale Review*, November, 1908. The second from the *American Economic Association Publications*.

Fecundity of Yale Graduates 1701-1886: 1701-91, 5.7; 1797-1833, 4.4; 1834-49, 3.7; 1850-66, 3.2; 1867-86, 2.02.

Middlebury College	Wesleyan University	New York University
1805-9	5.6	
1810-19	4.8	
1820-29	4.1	
1830-39	3.9	4.5 (1835-44)
1840-49	3.4	3.2 (1845-54)
1850-59	2.9	2.2 (1855-64)
1860-69	2.8	2.6 (1865-74)
1870-74	2.3	
1875-79	1.8	

College-bred men, like college women, have about the same birth rate as the average white American of native parentage.

WE MAY assume from all these figures that college makes very little difference in the number of children a woman will bear. Some writers naively assuming that college and education are synonymous terms, assure us that that decreasing fecundity is not due to education. But a college course is only an incident. Education begins with perilous adventuring out of the cradle and continues in home and factory and street. The gulf between an educated woman and an ignorant one comes out when you compare the college graduate with the immigrant.

Two tables, too long for reproduction, show the distribution of children in families. The first from Nellie Seeds Nearing's monograph gives the size of the families of Vassar and Bryn Mawr graduates. One-child families are popular; two-child families are the favorite; three children are common; four-child

families are less frequent; five children are regarded dubiously; some like six children; a very few hold for seven, a brave handful produce eight; but the ninth child is non-existent.

THE second table is from the Registrar's Annual Report of the City of Providence, R. I. It is given each year and runs almost the same. It contains the distribution of births in families of foreign parentage. It begins with the first child and ends with the last. Some years it has recorded birth of a twenty-third child. A ninth child is a platitude. Only at the thirteenth do they begin to disappear. Still, fourteen and fifteen are no novelty. Sixteen is really a

swearing off point, though sometimes families can't resist just one more.

You see what education does to a woman! It kills either the desire for the ninth child or the ability to produce it. We may as well admit the apparent showing of our figures—the fertility of a college woman is limited to eight children.

EDUCATION has another depressing effect—it depresses also the infant death rate.

In the Children's Bureau Report on Infant Mortality in Johnstown, Pa., the 691 foreign mothers were asked whether they could read and write any language. The infant mortality rate was calculated

for those who could read and those who couldn't:

Foreign mothers	Infant mortality rate
Literate	148.0
Illiterate	214.0

Out of every thousand babies born to the illiterate mothers 214 died. Out of every thousand babies born to the literate mothers only 148 died. The literate mothers lost 66 babies per thousand less than the illiterate mothers.

And that's what comes of teaching women to read and write! As the educational standard rises, the death rate falls.

Mr. Roosevelt—A Protest

Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY:

IN the issue of your weekly of July 3rd there appears an article entitled "Red Blood," by George Creel, devoted exclusively to a violent attack upon Ex-President Roosevelt, an attack which, in my opinion, is so unfair, so shallow and so prejudiced that I feel called upon to protest.

From Mr. Roosevelt's standpoint such an attack as this is not worthy of serious attention. Its accusation that "after quiet mooms spent with ear pressed tight against the ground, Mr. Roosevelt has decided that Preparedness for War and Ignoble Peace are phrases well suited to the public temper and admirably calculated to restore his former influence" and "were President Wilson bellicose and militaristic . . . there is small doubt that Mr. Roosevelt would have decided upon Pacifism as an issue" is I think absurd in the light of his whole life, temperament and spoken and written words.

Nor do such stale and previously exploited charges as Mr. Creel brings against our Ex-President seem to me con-

vincing, or indeed worthy of reiteration. The story is revived that in the 1904 campaign monies were received from "the interests," notably the U. S. Steel Corporation and the Harvester Company, and that on account of these subscriptions, corporations were favored, and the prosecutions of the Steel and Harvester Companies were stopped. Mr. Roosevelt has never denied these contributions to his campaign fund. Both the law and the public opinion of the time justified their acceptance. The wrong would have come in allowing them to affect his treatment of "the interests," and this he has always absolutely denied. If his high reputation needed any further support, the recent judicial decisions in favor of both the Steel and Harvester Companies in later prosecutions give this, and confirm his judgment.

Further Mr. Creel arraigns Mr. Roosevelt for passing over the Mexican situation, although during his administration there was no Mexican revolution nor any resultant situation. He blames him for our naval and military "unprepared-

ness," forgetting the world cruise of the fleet, and denying the greater efficiency which his administration undoubtedly gave to our national defense. During the Roosevelt administration the great need of military and naval preparedness was not so apparent, and public opinion would not have supported a policy of great preparation.

While this article is not in the form of an editorial, is it not an editorial expression of opinion? Considered as an article it seems to me sufficiently to condemn itself. As an editorial I feel it gravely contrary to the standards of your weekly and out of place therein. It takes no account of Mr. Roosevelt's great achievements and great contributions to the cause of good government and the higher standards of our country, standards for which HARPER'S WEEKLY is fighting, and contributions which you have been among the first to acknowledge and appreciate. On this account I make this protest.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE F. PORTER.

Mr. Creel's article on Colonel Roosevelt was not editorial in the sense of expressing the opinion of the editor. It gave opinion rather than information, but it was the opinion of the writer. Mr. Creel has written for us on many subjects, frequently expressing opinions that are ours, and frequently expressing those that are not.

Our editorial estimate of the Colonel has, as Mr. Porter notes, been put in numerous editorials. We think no one man had as much to do with arousing the country to a consideration of the moral aspects of politics. We think his record while in office will also stand high among the Presidents. We think, that for three decades up to 1912 he was one of the most stirring and useful figures in the world. Since making himself leader of the opposition he has not done himself justice. It is a role not especially becoming to an ex-President who is a private citizen. It is an ungrateful role when your opponent's domestic policy is one you at heart wish you might have carried out yourself. It is an ungrateful role in time of war. All this is particularly difficult for a man whose habitual method of attack is violent. We do not agree that the Colonel would have become a pacifist if Mr. Wilson had hurried us into war, but we do think he is looking for chances to trip up the President instead of for opportunities to contribute to the success of his administration.

N. H.

Music in the War

By CATHERINE VAN DYKE

THERE are two things which every army of Europe is demanding for its soldiers—ammunition and music.

"We want bullets and mouth organs" writes Tommy from the trenches, though Tommy knows well enough which he himself prefers. But the demand for music everywhere—as a stimulant to recruiting, to marching, in the trenches and hospitals, is one of the surprises of this war where music is the first luxury to become a necessity to health as well as temperament. Music is no longer a high brow classic or the rag-time element in dancing. It is one of the things that life, turned topsy turvy by the war god, has clung to, because men found that it is easier to live and die by music than a poet would have dared suggest.

Nor is war music the same now, as in the old days of glorified onslaught where the call of the bugle and the beat of the drum, gave a quick thrill to the dash of battle. Today music is used medicinally—a sedative to ease the tenseness of trench life; a bromide in the hospitals where "Sister Susie's singing songs to soldiers;" a diversion in the internment camps where the boys write home for something to sing or to play on "because music keeps us from getting blue."

The man behind the gun needs cheer more than a sense of duty to keep him at his post, and a good tune makes a spirited fighter where a sermon makes a down-hearted patriot.

You hear music every where in the countries at war. The boys dance their farewell at home to it, march out, fight, die or convalesce to music.

when they cannot speak clearly under the emotion of defeat or victory, they burst out singing. Music is the slang of war. A soldier was trying to describe the retreat from Mons to me. He suddenly broke off and snapped his thumb. "Oh dash it all," he said, and began to whistle Tipperary.

"I can't let my soldiers get sore throats in this morass," said a Frenchman.

"It's all up with them if they can't sing."

"What have you got there?" asked an Italian inspector as he found three Neapolitans each trying to conceal a bulky package.

"They are just mandolins, sir," the men grinned childishly. "But our company has almost a full string orchestra. We want to make a record out there." One of the surprises in capturing the first German trench at Caineby was to find besides the usual array of mouth organs, combs covered with paper, and tin whistles, an upright piano on which was an open score of *Tristan and Isolde*. The task of getting a piano from a captured house into the trench was no greater test of German efficiency than of

Teutonic determination to have music and good music at that, even though a bayonet attack might bring it to an uncultured conclusion.

Kipling says "the soul of a regiment is in its songs." There is no quicker way to get in tune with the fighting spirit of a country than by its soldier songs. Before you see the lads in the hlan span khaki of Kitchener's New Army march down Piccadilly, you know that England has really awakened to the meaning of this war, for the songs have changed from the patriotic airs sung so staunchly last fall they almost kept the tune. Today the boys are singing jolly, robust, songs—the kind some one used to start at a dead-in-earnest game of cricket when the score was tied.

A good war song needs an irresistible swing and a strong emotional appeal. It must make light of the long march and be rich in the "sweetest girl I know sentiment" that always captures the heart of Tommy. Perhaps it is because our American songs furnish the most spontaneous rag-time cheer and have a good beat as well, they are so surprisingly popular. One expects the Canadians to sing them, but the British volunteers

tramp along to "Oh You Beautiful Doll," you prick up your ear and your foot goes tippety-tap and you rush out and wave to the boys who wave back again shyly, for its a bit out of order, and there they are grinning like Kewbies because you join in

Oh you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll
Let me put my arms around you
Gee but I'm glad I found you, . . .

So the song goes slipping from one back-



In the Tipperary Hills. "It was only in the little town of Tipperary itself that no one knew the song."

home-favorite to another. Alexander's Rag Time band, Swaner River, Who's Your Lady Love, Everybody Works But Father, these are some of the made in America miscellany that you can join in anywhere there is marching. Dankey songs are favorites, and there is only one thing more enjoyable than a cockeyed coon song, and that is Old Black Joe with a thick brogue.

Sometimes it is hard to realize that "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All it's Own" when you see rows of soldierly shoulders square resolutely to the tune of "Baby dear, listen hear, I'm Afraid to go home in the dark." But there is well plotted harmony of words and music when the recruits begin

Everybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it,
Hear that trombone bustin' apart,
Ain't that music touchin' your heart,
Come, come, come, come let us start—
Everybody's doin' it.

Marching Through Georgia, John Brown's Body, and Dixie are listed with the printed band music for English regiments, though the words are changed. Here is the version of Marching through Georgia.

We've had enough of trenches and
shifting to and fro
And of wading weeks together for the
enemy to go
But now he's on the move at last and now
for heel and toe
While we go marching through Germany.

The navy shanties smack even more of American tunes which the jolly Jack tars have picked up on their trips to Uncle Sam. This is their "Dixie"

In Dixie Land I had a gal
Way down in Dixie
Her name it was Jennima Joe
De finest gal as you all must know
Sing a song, blow a long,
Away down south in Dixie.

Then there is the shanty of Ranso, the New York tailor who thought he'd be a sailor, so he shipped on a Yankee whaler, and when he came to California got a bag of gold, a pretty girl and refused to go to Heaven.

Of course Tipperary is still the great song of the war. Men march off to its quick snappy beat, they sing it on the road, in the trenches and it gives them spirit for a retreat. It was supposed to bring bad luck to sing Tipperary after the retreat from Mons where it was chorused day and night, but Tommy won't let it go. New songs have been written with glib words and well accented pulse, but Tipperary still steals among the bellows of the big Jack Johnsons, and when a moment gets tense in a trench, "It's a long, long way" starts down the line.

I heard the Dutch soldiery solemnly chant it,

"Teen heel eind naar Tipperary"
and the complimentary French try to slip around "Eet' ar lon' lon' way to Tip-

perary." It was only in the little town of Tipperary itself that no one knew the song that at once set the world dancing, until so many of the dancers have died to it. It is a battle hymn.

It is strange enough to note the tremendous demand for music of every kind from the English whom Germans have always twitted on their lack of harmony, but neither tobacco nor food is as popular a gift from home as some kind of a tin whistle, mouth organ, or any musical instrument.

A letter from a private, R. R. Blackburn says:

"The French were surprised to see us going into battle singing songs and playing mouth organs. Even in the trenches with the shells flying right and left one of our men played a mouth organ to cheer us up."

An ambulance driver writes: "A chap named Arnold made us a couple of one string fiddles out of some small boxes which he had sent out to him containing cigarettes. The bows are especially good being carved out at the end very smartly. The thread out of his 'housewife' is used to draw the music out of the string. At the time of writing one of the drivers is dragging or tearing what he calls music, out of one of these instruments, but he is only just learning and so are we, you bet. We get a couple of empty petrol cans and make kettle drums of them. Then assisted by mouth organs we have quite an up-to-date orchestra, but I wish we had more mouth organs."

IT IS nothing new for the Frenchman to turn to music for diversion, and now in battle as in peace he sings his eternal chant of love. The song is a little sturdier if the singer hails from Normandy, sadder if it be a sea chant from Brittany, and more passionate if he comes from the south, but L'Amour is his battle cry until a grand rush calls for the Marseillaise, and then the little piousness with the wink in his eye, becomes a giant and roars "On, on to victory."

In all the French trenches there is continuous music. Marie, Fifi, Nanon, are strangely serenaded by Jacques who when he isn't sighing to catch a German is sighing for *Un Pex D'Amour*. Sometimes out of an exalted politeness he tries to sing English words to English songs, but it is as hard a task as when the French tried to translate the English rally "Are we downhearted? No," by "*Est-ce que nous avons le coeur brisé? Mais non.*" Before they had finished their grand effort an Irishman shouted back "It's all right Frenchy but you've got to look cheerful or we won't know what you mean."

Few songs of any country celebrate the deeds of present heroes. Ireland alone twangs her harp to chants about her son Michael O'Leary, who won the

first V. C. of the war for capturing two Germans single handed and killing eight. But these chants are not sung by soldiers, but by Irish girls with shawls about their very serious faces which never change expression through the long verses beginning

Arrah, glory Mike O'Leary, you're the
grandest boy of all,
Sure, there's not a soul in Ireland from
Macroom to Donegal,
But is proud of you, and prouder than a
peacock of his tail,
Arrah, bravo, Mike O'Leary, you're the
pride of Innisfail.

Occasionally a real soldier-song celebrates a commander's popularity. Here are the new words to the old air of "John Peel."

D'ye ken John French with his khaki suit,
His belt and his gutters and his stout
brown boot,
Along with his guns and his horse and his
fool,
On the road to Berlin in the morning.
Yes, we ken John French and old Joffre
too,
And all his men to the tri-color true,
And Belmans and Russians, and Italians
new,
On the road to Berlin in the morning.

If music be a criterion of the soul of a regiment, none has loftier ideals nor more ingenuous simplicity than the German. His battle songs are charming reveries of home life, of doves and maidens, of children with Nina's fair hair, and of little birds that must guard his nest now that the father is away. At Potsdam I saw a regiment march out to a song that sounded gentle enough for a lullaby. The soft rolling melody was Schuman's, and the words were charming as a Valentine greeting. There is no rag time sung in German. The simplest songs have good settings, and the melancholy of the new refrains haunt one with such tender sentiment as "I have lost a comrade." The Russians march to sacred songs, but in this they are unique. A church movement tried to start "Onward Christian Soldiers" as a hymn for the Tommies, but the men broke down, until some one hit upon the inspiration of the new trench song "Get out and get under."

Like the Crusaders of old, the Slavs meet hooy their souls with canticles. The spiritual Russian peasant goes off to battle with such mighty, thunder as "O Lord Save Thy people And Bless thy heritage."

Many qualities, both inspirational and medicinal have been discovered in music through this war, but of its socializing power a captain said: "A song is a bally thing. You may not be able to talk about the same home things with your men, and they resent a forced intimacy, but when some one starts to sing, you really get together with them, and so long as a regiment can sing together it can fight together. You see, we all have a country, a home and a girl, and music talks about these things without making you say anything."

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



SUMMER PESTS

II

THE BORE-CONSTRICTOR

(Progermanicus Hyphenis)

This Hun-American serpent reduces its victims to a state of coma by asphyxiating exhalations of super-heated air.

*The result of
23 years' successful
experience in
building motor cars*



America's Greatest "Light Six" \$1385

A "Class" Car at a Popular Price

See the 1916 Haynes—the same wonderful car that was the sensation of last season—the car that still dominates the "light six" field. Many new refinements have been added for your comfort and convenience.

The bodies are big and roomy with deep rolls of soft upholstery. Real hand-buffed leather is used. Individual, adjustable front seats are used on both the five and seven passenger models. The front doors are retained so that entrance may be had directly to the front compartment.

THE **HAYNES** America's Greatest "Light Six"

The Two auxiliary seats used in the seven passenger model disappear entirely into the floor when not in use.

The three passenger roadster is of the "So-Sha-Belle" design containing three individual seats with form fitting upholstery. The center seat is dropped back and an aisleway is left between the forward seats. An unusual amount of carrying space is provided.

Self lubricating springs are used in the chassis. Helical bevel drive gears are used in the rear axle. The equipment includes a Waltham clock, Boyce Moto-Meter, trouble lamp, automatic circuit breaker to take the place of fuses, Sparton horn and non-skid tires on the rear. Over-size tires on the seven passenger model.

If you don't know the name of nearest Haynes dealer, write us.

Catalog with full specifications on request.

The Haynes Automobile Company, 67 South Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Model 24, Five Passenger Touring Car, Price \$1385, f. o. b. Kokomo, Ind.



The result of
23 years' successful
experience in
building motor cars



America's Greatest "Light Six" \$1385

Proven by Performance

The Haynes "Light Six" has been driven from one to sixty miles per hour on high without shifting gears.
—has traveled 166 miles on low gear in 11 hours and 7 minutes, without a stop of the motor, averaging 15 miles per hour.
—and during this trip the water temperature was never above 130 degrees.

THE HAYNES America's Greatest "Light Six"

—has developed 41.6 horsepower at the rear wheels.
—has made 30 miles per hour in 7½ seconds from a standing start.
—has gone over the top of Heberton Hill, Pittsburgh, which ends with a 19% grade, at 30 miles per hour with a full load of five passengers and from a standing start.

—has averaged 18 to 22 miles per gallon of gasoline.
—has averaged 7500 miles to a set of tires.
—has traveled 400 miles to a quart of oil.
—has made 54,513 miles with a wear on the crank shaft bearings of only five ten-thousandths of an inch.

Any Haynes "Light Six" car will give the same performance, because it is built—not assembled—in the Haynes factory, where one standard of quality prevails.

Two Models—Three Body Styles

Model 34 America's Greatest "Light Six"—5 passenger Touring car, 121 in. wheelbase, weight 2600 lbs. \$1385.

In Canada, duty paid \$1825.
Model 34—The Prettiest Roadster in America—3 passenger, "Bo-Sha-Belle" design \$1455.

In Canada, duty paid \$1955.
Model 35—The Kokomo "Six"—7 passenger Touring car 127 in. wheelbase, weight, 3050 lbs. \$1495.

All Prices f. o. b. Kokomo, Indiana.

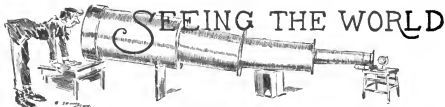
See the Haynes for your own satisfaction before you buy your car. If you do not know the nearest dealer handling the Haynes, please let us know. We will be glad to inform you.

Catalog with full specifications on request.

The Haynes Automobile Company, 67 South Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Model 35, Seven Passenger Touring Car, Price \$1495, f. o. b. Kokomo, Ind.





Not Our Idea of a Fiasco

The shooting fiasco by residents on Main street within a few blocks of the Public Square on last Monday morning deserves more than passing notice. The assassin shot five shots four of them taking effect at his victim.

—The Median (O.) Gazette.

The Wise Men are not All Dead

A literary society was organized at Hickory Flat last Friday night. The program for next meeting consists of recitations, dialogues and a debate. The discussion will be concerning the comparative usefulness of the horse and cow. Some wanted to discuss the war question, but several hadn't heard there was a war so they were not prepared to discuss it. Most everybody has seen horses and cattle and have pretty fair ideas as to their comparative values.

—The Springdale (Ark.) News.

What is This?

Todd Berlinger has left this town for good.

—The Mercyville (Ia.) Banner.

Vegetarians

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler were at their pasture Sunday.

—The Oxford (Mass.) Citizen.

Milk Shake

Mrs. Camp received quite a bad shaking up while leading her pet cow Monday evening.

—The Cheboshan (Mich.) Democrat.

Not So Good as He Looks

Zebulun Orton is looking better, but he don't look good yet.

—The Mercyville (Ia.) Banner.

Can You Beat It?

W. S. Flaisted has 75 eggs being custom hatched by Farley Avery of Plymouth.

—The Blair (N. H.) Item.

Editor Laments

This editor feels sorry for himself every time he thinks of how his great heart is bleeding for the editors of this county. They are not taking advantage of the revival like they will wish they

had in the future when they send up and try to make a water contract with us after Lazarus has turned them down.

—The Corsicana (Tex.) Courier-Light.

The View Point

G. H. Johnson won't stand for what we said about the pony he beat the horse trader out of. He says, "That horse is fourteen hands, and not twelve." All right, maybe so, but we were looking at the pony about the middle of her back and not at the ends.

—The Jasper (Mo.) News.

Can't They Ask the Most Embarrassing Questions



St. Joseph, (Mo.) News-Press.

Not Knowing—Can't Say

A couple of small scraps were pulled off in town the past few days, but as long as the interested parties keep out of the court we are not supposed to know anything about it.

—The Wakita (Okla.) Herald.

Shakespeare Wrong Again

Perey Yowler leads a church choir in Norwood, Ohio.

—Cincinnati (O.) Inquirer.

Be Sure to call a General-Admiral

After being introduced to the Chief of Staff and being told that Grand Dukes, like Cardinals, were addressed as monsignor, I was taken to the car in which the Commander in Chief lives and works.

—Robert R. McCormick in the New York Times.

Georgia's Don Juan

Last Sunday, standing on Cherry street we fell in love thirty-two times and were starting in on another time when somebody caught us at it and made us go home.

—The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

A Brave Knight

Miss Cynthia Knight is one school teacher who doesn't take a vacation and is putting in her time mowing the lawn at her home, looking after the garden and doing housework to relieve the work of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Knight.

—The Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Chatter Lost

Mr. Clarence Vaughn took his girl buggy riding last Sunday but she couldn't hear half he said because the buggy rattled so much.

—New Town Note in the Logan (O.) Journal.

Scientific Child Rearing

When the baby is through with the bottle it should be taken apart, washed thoroughly and laid away in a cool place.

—Adv. of a new nursing bottle.

A Big Day

We observed Flag Day by eating cantaloupe for breakfast, a blackberry dumpling for dinner and

a glass of mint-ice tea for supper. Some day, too.

—The Thomasville (Ga.) Times.

Mr. Clowe's Chance

F. M. Clowe brought to town Monday one of the largest hogs ever seen here, it weighed 810 pounds. We expect this record to stand for a long time or if it is broken soon we expect Mr. Clowe will break it.

—The Helton (Kans.) Signal.

A Slow Town

"While out with the press gang last week one editor was telling another where he lived. 'Oh, yes,' said the editor to whom he was talking, 'you live in the town where a fellow fell dead one day in front of a postoffice and was not found for two days.'"

—The Walnut Ridge (Ark.) Blade.

Women in Black

By SOPHIE TREADWELL

WOMEN in black. They are all over this land. It is late spring—spring in France! But the fall sowing was lead and powder; the winter rains, blood and tears; and the spring has its flowering in women in black. The cities are great silent plains, where they grow close. In the empty country they seem to be the only harvest. They look out at you from every nook and corner of France—the women in black.

We rode together in a third class compartment from Angoulême to Poitiers. Her strong body was barded and stooped with work, her hands were seared and knotted with it. Her face was dumb with it—except her eyes. Her eyes were very bright. The black she wore was clumsy, much too large. And yet it had an air somehow of dimly belonging to her; as though she had cut it out from an old pattern that had been hers once—in ampler days.

We rode a long time together in silence through that lovely land; through the delicate green meadows, through the vineyards, past the little low houses of old white stone, past the great chateau high above the river's bank—all shimmering in sunshine, all glittering in spring—and yet, all grey in loneliness, in emptiness. . . . An old man slowly following an ancient horse down a feeble furrow in the field, a woman bending in the vineyard, a child playing in the courtyard of one of the little low houses of old white stone, an old woman beating her donkey up the road to the chateau—but nowhere a strong man lustily at work.

IT WAS after two when she brought out of her panier a piece of bread and some cheese. She began to eat, but slowly, without enjoyment, as though troubled about something. Finally she held her luncheon out to me.

"Will you, madame?" she said. I took a bit. "Take plenty, madame. Take plenty!" I offered her some chocolate from my bag; and as we ate together, we talked together—the war. It is always the war.

"It has taken no one from you, madame—the war? No? You are of the few, madame. A stranger? Then you cannot understand. I have three sons in the war, madame. Two are in the trenches. One is dead! Oh yes, it is rare. It is certain. I have had the word. No I do not know where it was exactly. It is difficult to know. Some where in the north. When the war is over I will know perhaps. The youngest—and he goes the first. Always so gay, madame, always the most gay. I got one letter. I will show it to you, madame, if you wish, that you may see with your own eyes, how fine he could write. No! I do not know where it was from. They do not let them say. Somewhere in the north.

She lifted her clumsy black skirt above her black petticoat beneath, and unpin-

ned from the pocket there a piece of folded paper and a little purse. She held the paper out to me.

"Is it not so, madame? In that not beautiful writing? And think, no pen, no ink, no desk! Is it not well done?" They were just a few lines, written with cramped care. They said: "Dear mama, I am in good health. Do not worry. We are going to lick them. Jeanjean. P. S. Tell papa to keep straight or when I come home I will lick him, too. Jeanjean."

"It is indeed well done, madame," I said, handing her little letter back to her. "It is indeed well done." She looked at it for a moment nodding, and then she folded it up carefully and pinned it and the little purse back in the pocket of the petticoat. She settled her clumsy black skirt about her, and sat for a while, quite still, her hands folded in her lap. Finally she went on.

"He was always so gay, madame, always the most gay. Only eighteen. My neighbors tell me if one had to be taken, it is better Jeanjean, because he is not married, he does not leave the wife and the children. But he was so gay, madame, always the song to the lips. The other two, they are both married. One has three children, fine big goodings. The other one was just married when the war began—three months, madame, and now—a little rabbit that he has never seen, a little girl, madame, and not too strong. I think it is because the mother was all the time so sad. She spent all the time in the church praying to St. Genievve for her man to be brought back safe to her—

"Better," I told her, 'that you sit at home in the doorway and sew, and leave the candle in the church—before the blessed Mary to send you a son.' But she would not listen.

"I am the best candle," she would say, 'I will stay in the church and burn for him.' They are not healthy, those thoughts, madame—and just a girl of seventeen. It is as I told her. The little rabbit is not strong and it is not a boy, but—it's a sweet little chicken, all the same, madame."

She folded what was left of the cheese in a piece of the paper that she had brought it in, and put it carefully into the panier.

"We are all in one house together," she went on. "These wives of my sons with their children, and my children, the younger ones, and my husband. Everything is taken from us—our good horse. Oh, they paid us, the government. It is very good—the government, it pays us for all. But he is gone, our good horse, and we cannot do our work in the fields without him. No, my husband is not at the war. He is too old, and he has drunk too much. He is sick. But perhaps later he will have to go. If he goes we will be better off. The government will pay us. It is one franc twenty-five each day for the husband at the war, and a half a franc for each child left at

home. He costs us dear. The wine and the boots are dear, madame—the wine in the shops. My daughter-in-law, she with the three children, she says better he go. But yet, I do not want him to be called. You can understand that, madame, can you not? I do not want him to be called."

She got off the train at Poitiers. I had the compartment to myself until Tours, where it filled with soldiers, from the military hospital there, going back to the front.

A FEW nights ago, I dined at the home of a lady in black, Mme. de V. There were but two other guests, Madame L. and Madame R, two ladies in black. No one in Paris is receiving now, but these three women are very old friends. Since the war, since they are alone, they dine together several nights each week. And I was a stranger, the friend of a friend, and so one to whom some little courtesy was due.

Somehow we seemed a pitifully inadequate little gathering—that table there in that big and beautiful room—the massive carved buffet, the enormous old clock, the towering fireplace, the tall windows curtained and shattered from the lovely garden without—a room that needed men and bare shoulders and *vaiets-de-pied*—and we were just three women, three of us in black—but three of us trained from earliest childhood in the necessity in life for charm, for gaiety, for pride; three of us trained not to bring grief to table, and three of us trained, too, always to dine well in spite of all.)

Mme de— is the wife of a Colonel of heavy artillery now under fire at ——. She wears black for a brother killed at Ypres. The war death has reached its hand into the hearts of the other two women in black as well; yet it was only in the something that lay deep in their eyes, that you could tell the suffering, the suspense, that they are day and night enduring. And, now and then, as something was inadvertently said that stirred perhaps some different memory, a sudden mist would fill the eyes of little Mme de V but she didn't quiver an eyelid. Not a tear fell.

She is a small woman, Mme de V, pretty not much over thirty, smartly turned out, with tiny feet and hands (She wore but one ring, this night, except, of course, her wedding band—a ring that many of the women in black are wearing. It is made of aluminum from the German shells that fall into the French trenches. You cannot buy one of these rings. You must have some one "at the front" who sends it to you—just for you, with your initials cut into it.) She is altogether chic is Mme de V, but somehow the black she wears seems too snug for her. It seems to suffocate, to choke her small tense body. I noticed it when she would be going about the table deftly clearing away each course, while her friends made little jokes about

the *service de guerre* and the *personnel*.

"*As femme de chambre*, I assure you, Simone, you are perfect," said Mme L., as our little hostess went about. "I really prefer dining here since you lost that fearful *vaut de chambre* you used to inflict on us."

"Naturally!" cried Mme R. "He was so serious, so depressing! Now with you—there is something light, something appetizing about you in this capacity!"

"I'm glad I amuse you, my dears," laughed Mme de V. "I assure you I do not amuse myself."

"—But it is good for you Simone. You were always the spoiled little wife."

"—And before that, the spoiled little child!"

"*Et bien*, now I am the spoiled little cook! The way you are eating my dinner, my old girls, would spoil a *maître d'hôtel*."

"But it is you, Simone, who have made this *veau meringo*?"

"Who else? The *bonne* who now decorates my bedroom as well as my kitchen, lacks, I can tell you, the touch in all."

"But this veal is delicious!"

"*Ravissante!*"

"*Et bien*, another little *pièce-tout petit*, eh?"

AT NINE we were through coffee but we did not move. Mme de V's home, as most of the houses in Paris now, is almost entirely closed. The dining room serves also as *salon*. The table was quickly cleared, and seated round the heavy board that threw off soft lights and thick shadows from its rich wood, we began folding bits of white gauze into

compresses. Pile upon pile, the little badges of pain grew under our hands.

"We cannot knit now," explained Mme R. "All the things we made for the winter are of no more use. The call is now for hospital supplies. We dread that means the *grand coup*, the great advance to gain a decisive victory and end this terrible war. If it is, the loss of life will be horrible, and the wounded—anyway we make these!"

Again that quick mist that I had noticed come and go before, filled the eyes of Mme de V.

"Tell us," she put in quickly to me, "Tell us honestly, have you seen one pretty, one really *chic* woman since you came to Paris?"

"No, I haven't, and it's a bitter disappointment."

"But you should not have expected to see them," cried Mme R. "There are no men. Why be beautiful?"

"Then too," said Mme L. "We have much to do! It not only takes heart, but it takes time to be beautiful!"

"And money," said Mme de V.

"Oh of course, money! And we have other uses for that than the friction, the massage, the *marcel*. France can make better use of our money than that!"

"And of us, too!" said Mme R.

"Perhaps," sighed little Mme de V, "But to be honest—I miss the pretty women, the *women soignée*. If M de T could see me now! could see my hands!"

"And if you could see him, Simone!" Again the tears swam in Mme de V's eyes. Again she turned quickly to me.

"For seven months now, my husband has had his clothes off only to make the change of linen. He sleeps like that—in the straw!"

"In straw because he is an officer, Simone! The men sleep in the dirt and mud and water! They have not even the change of linen! You must think of that!"

"I know!" breathed little Mme de V. "I should not complain. You are right. Straw is something! It is a great deal!"

"If you could see them!" said Mme L., turning to me, "the wounded when they first arrive here at the hospitals—filthy, crawling in vermin! the smell is terrible! nice boys too, some only seventeen!"

"This war! this war!" cried Mme de —, pressing down the tall piles of gauze that threatened to topple over.

"All for nothing!" breathed Mme L. "When will it ever end!" asked Mme R. There was silence.

Suddenly Mme de — jumped to her feet.

"You have done very well, my children," she said gaily, looking at the neat piles of compresses standing in rows before us.—"A good point for each!"

"And we must hurry, Simone."

"Yes! It is almost ten. The Metro will be closed!"

"All our cars are gone," exclaimed Mme de V. smiling. "Taken in the first days."

"And Simone had just a new one. It was a first prize of the last show."

"*Et bien*," laughed little Simone de V. "The Metro still runs!"

"And at this hour" went on Mme L. "When there is nobody, one finds oneself very well in the second class."

"But certainly!" She was opening the outer door for us, our little hostess. "That is understood. These days, for all of us—it is the second class!"

Control of the Seas

By CHRISTABEL PANKHURST

Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY:

A FEW days ago I received HARPER'S WEEKLY containing an article by you—"When Will the War End?" I noticed what you say in that article about a bargain which some would wish to see made at the close of the war—to consist of nationalization of the manufacture of war-materials, and a cessation from its manufacture for a given number of years; Germany to be compensated for this by an arrangement which would allow trade to continue as usual in time of war.

It seems to me that such an arrangement would be a fruitful cause of an early war. Krupp's is a Government concern already, in fact if not in name; and of course nobody would or could trust Germany to keep a pledge regarding the matter in question.

Private concerns in Germany would be required to adapt their machinery, etc., to a double purpose; one being the manufacture of war material in time of war. It is quite certain that in preparation for the present war, Germany made herself much stronger than she gave the world to suppose she was; and it will be difficult to know what proof—save possibly a generation's actual experience of a chastised German would entitle us to

assume that the leopard has changed its spots.

As for the other suggestion that belligerents shall be free to trade as usual in time of war; that would remove the most powerful of all inducements to Germany to keep the peace. The Germans are prodigal of life in war-time; it is injury to their commercial interest that they feel the most.

I for one should resist with all my might—and I know that all save our pro-Germans at home would do the same) any proposal that would make it less unprofitable to her to renew her onslaught upon her neighbors.

I do not know whom you have found in England who feels favorably disposed toward the idea in question; but reading your article I rather take it that the idea is one which comes from a German source, and you are putting it forward in that sense. Personally I do not think that Great Britain has made enough use of her sea power in this war. We ought to have prevented a single bale of cotton from reaching Germany during the past ten months; because owing to its utility for war-like purposes it comes absolutely within the four corners of the definition of absolute contraband.

We could have bought and paid for at a reasonable price, all the cotton that coming direct from U. S. A. has reached Germany. Also there has been a very excessive leniency shown towards people in our own country who desired to export cotton for neutral countries. A very large proportion of this cotton has found its way to Germany.

As you know perhaps, women regard human life as being far more important than property of commercial interest of any kind; and so in order to reduce loss of life in this war, women if they had been in control of affairs, would have been entirely uncompromising on the question of contraband. We should have considered not how much rope we could give to the Germans in this respect. We should have looked at the matter from the entirely opposite point of view. Whether the enemy or neutrals liked it or not, we should ruthlessly have cut off the enemy's supplies of everything which international law would justify us in cutting off.

But while the Germans have greatly exceeded the limits of international law, we have not gone as far as international law would allow.

—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

The Mile

By HERBERT REED

Taber's Fast Half

NO DISTANCE measured metrically is likely to supplant the mile in the affections of both the English and the American runner. Sentimentally the mile has appealed to the Anglo-Saxons more than any other distance, and probably will be more than ever popular now that Norman Taber in the fullness of his racing experience has set a mark better than George, the professional, and Jones the amateur. Taber was wise in attacking the long-standing figures at a time when he believed that he was at his best and on what is generally conceded to be the fastest track in the world. Taber ran according to schedule, and there is no doubt that his pace-makers were of considerable assistance, but he had already proved that he was as good a man in a regular race as he was against the watch. The time had come to do battle against the watch.

The mile requires more headwork, perhaps, than any other distance. There is time to work out a plan of campaign whether the runner attacks the watch or a field of his peers. The man who is running for his university or for his club has in mind nothing but running for the sake of winning, whereas men like Taber, Maxey Long, and Wendell Baker, the latter specializing at shorter distances, with a long string of victories behind them, can afford to make a special trial at the record.

A study of the marks set by W. G. George, twenty-nine years ago at Lilliebridge, and by Jones two years ago at Cambridge, will prove conclusively, I think, that both these men had in mind the necessity of winning rather than making a record. It is a pity that Jones could not have made a trial under the same conditions that Taber chose, and equally a pity that George at his best could not also have run against the watch. Perhaps, too, Wilton Paul, of Pennsylvania, might have had a chance in an especially arranged event. It is detracting nothing from the praise due Taber to say that half a dozen men might have made a new record had they gone after it at the height of their careers.

It was Taber's time at the half mile as much as anything else, I think, that made his feat possible. George ran his half too fast, while Jones passed the mid-mark at too slow a gait. Taber's half in 2 mins. 5 secs. made it possible for him to turn the three-quarter mark in 3 mins. 13 secs. with just a little left for the last quarter. On that schedule the last quarter in one minute would have been more than satisfactory, but as it happened Taber was able to do even better than that. Just that little extra burst of speed for full measure is the hallmark of a great runner.

Taber has proved that there is no such thing as unseizable figures for his pet distance, which means, of course, that his work will encourage other men. The best trainers and the best athletes will agree that a mile in 4 mins. 12 secs. or better, is possible, and will also agree, I think, that the record miler has at least a chance at the figures for the half, since in running the mile there must be thought of the reserve power for the last part of the race and the burst of speed that comes at the finish. It is, after all, less a question of style than of judgment. There is a sharp contrast here with the high hurdle event. When Herbert Mapes, probably the most graceful hurdler who ever competed for a college, covered the distance in 16 secs. there were plenty of trainers who prophesied freely that no man could ever get under those figures. Yet H. L. Williams of Yale broke through in an intercollegiate meet at Berkeley Oval, and Alvin Kraenslein shortly afterward revolutionized the accepted hurdling style, with the result that those who have followed him have lopped a full second from Mapes' mark. The mile record, on the contrary, is hardly to be beaten by virtue of any change in style—only by judgment of pace, all other things being equal.

Having set a new mark for the distance it will be interesting to see how Taber runs his mile in the A. A. U. games in San Francisco. Even under

the best of weather conditions the track will hardly be as fast as that in the Harvard Stadium, and the Easterner will be entered in a fast field. He probably will be interested primarily in winning, so another record-breaking performance is hardly to be expected there. It will be sufficient if Taber wins.

It is barely possible that David Caldwell will go in for the mile. The former Cornellian is one of the best finishers on the track, and unless he is more interested in matching speed with Homer Baker at the half, he should prove formidable at the longer distance. The more miles the merrier.

Eastern Tennis Team Beaten

It was hardly to be expected that the Eastern tennis players would fare better than they did in San Francisco. Their schedule called for too hasty a journey when it is considered that they were playing against the best men, considered as a group, in the country. It is cause for congratulation that the Coast players have determined to send a strong team to play for the national title at Forest Hills. It will be interesting to see how they fare on Eastern courts and under Eastern conditions. In the past the heat has troubled them not a little, but the tournament is so late this year that there is a chance that the old trouble will not be in evidence.

Pennsylvania's Rowing Problem

The decision of Vivian Nickalls to return to England leaves Pennsylvania's rowing once more in an unsettled condition. It is unfortunate that he could not finish his work on the Schuylkill, since two years are hardly long enough in which to build up a rowing system along the lines Nickalls had laid down. It is hard to tell who will now take up the work, or whether the Red and Blue will stick to the muck discussed and quite defensible tholepins. At all events it is to be hoped that the Quakers will engage an equally open-minded coach.

To Cynthia

By WILLIAM PINKNEY LAWSON

ONE little thought of you to me is more
Than all the treasure mariners could bring
Headed high on cloudy ships from that dim shore
Whose hoarded gold was ransom for a king.
One little fleeting thought! . . . And all the power
And pomp of earth seems far and far away
And as Endymion, in a rapturous hour,
Sat with his Moon and watched the stars at play,
I too in fancy gain my goddess' throne
And dare to dream you for a time my own!

The Press Humorist

By FRED SCHAEFER



COMMISSIONED to study, paw over and eul the outstanding facts applicable to that element of society known as newspaper joke writers, I beg to report that on the whole their condition is grave.

I mean grave; in that they do not place their whole happiness in mirth. They possess and exercise the saving sense of seriousness. This, their most conspicuous attribute, must make for disappointment. It is wholly opposite to popular notions. But as an addition to knowledge it is well worth the full price of the survey.

Research into the habits of jokesmiths, their failings, their needs and the best means of improving their condition, is aided by the circumstance that they have been for twelve years organized. Their official name is *The American Press Humorists*. Ted Robinson of the Cleveland Plain Dealer—nay, do not appear nonchalant, Ted Robinson!—is president; and Dixon Merritt of the Nashville Tennessean and the American is vice president. Certain elusive humorists are not in the association but these are too few to affect the sociological truths arrived at. The normal humorist is human enough to be mildly gregarious, and the 100 members may confidently be treated as run-of-mine humorists.

Rejoice then that the humorist can be studied thus in a herd. It is much more satisfactory than pursuing the detached specimen and judging him by the vague standards of the casual reader of jokes. The casual reader has schooled himself to believe the humorist a sort of beamish wallabi pacing its cage burbling puns. Until at length Mr. Reader gets himself piloted through the newspaper plant with his grin set on a hairtrigger, by a business office youth who does not know very much about the animal himself. Then instead of the humorist being prodded out from under a desk where he hilariously lurks to snap at a copy boy's ankles he is met as a sedate bookish thing seated in a corner. At which Reader goeth away deeming the humorist sick. So let us look at him in a group, the humorist, where his real mood may be more convincing.

HABITAT and NATURE: We find the humorist membership apportioned

wholesomely through the population in this wise:

New England.....	8
New York.....	18
Penn. and Maryland.....	10
Southern States.....	8
Ohio, Ind., Ill., and Mich.....	31
West to Denver.....	12
Pacific Coast.....	13

Evidently there is nowhere any congregation of humorists with the attendant suffering due to crowded quarters. Such things adjust themselves with them sanely. The places listed is where they have their being; does not mean necessarily that they are natives. For example Homer Croy resides in New York; he is of the West. Judd Mortimer Lewis is Texan; he originated I believe in Ohio. And in Peoria is George Fitch. I don't know why he clings to Peoria, but I know why Peoria adheres to him.

Now here is the big punch which shows how much they are in error, both the squarehead and your curbstone scientist who blissfully reconstructs a Comedian from the chance funnybone of a humorist. This is where both go wrong:

Practical jokers..... 0

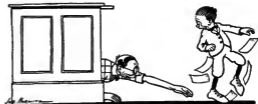
Note that? No practical jokers. Not a slapsicker in the bunch. Perfectly demure. And why is this? Let us see. Take them by temperament:

Vivacious.....	3
No reaction.....	78
Pensive.....	19

Now a crew like this doesn't go in for turning over ashbarrels nor kicking each other gleefully in the stomach. They shun such pastimes. Their mirth is all in the spoken word or the eloquent ink. I venture to class Eddie Guest as vivacious; similarly the order's founder Henry Edward Warner. But they are sunny, no more. They do not wield the laugh-compelling rubber hatchet nor pull the phantom chair from under people. There is also Don Marquis. He looks utterly roughish; yet that does not mean he is a bear at parlor games. Take the whole hundred and decorum is the keynote.

But your public has it they must deport themselves with a "rum-tum-tiddy and a ti-dee-ay" else they are not humorists. Very well. Far be it from them to wound the fragile regard of the public with ebullient unresponsiveness. Granted, however, must be a time and place. It must not interfere with their normal pursuits and family duties. Hence once a year the humorists consent to make holiday. Next August their holiday is at San Francisco where they will gravely plant and deliberate a chestnut tree to posterity. And when they go voyaging they usually do so with recitations of their best bits, things that they have written and preserved, the canned music as it were of their heart strings. Among them Strickland Gillilan started this performing, and as it seemed to soothe the multitude many others have developed the art of peddling their own stuff. Their own stuff, of course. Who, for instance, would thank James Whitcomb Riley for getting up to reel off something written by Dante? And all this is done, moreover, in the educational hope that the public may discern in them some symptom of intellect.

FAILINGS: Under this head there is little to report, the humorists having been cleared of the vulgar suspicion of



"Where he hilariously lurks to snap at a copy boy's ankles"

roistering. But that they have some constitutional defects must be admitted. There is a certain impracticability about them that they realize but cannot correct. They are not coldblooded enough, nor practiced in the ways of the world enough, to amass sought save good will; and that is not very readily changed into house rent and clothing. They do not seem to grasp book-keeping; and such things as political economy and statistics confuse them. Nor is their cooperation or gang work at all comparable to that of the highbinder or pirate. They may rest, but they do not prey to advantage. But if this is a failing they do not care.

One would also suppose a fraternity so congenial would be in a constant ferment of worship of each other and of correspondence. But no, they give each other little attention and appear to communicate only by astral means. As a result of which sometimes they miff each others ether waves and are caught oodding. Once the advance guard of a gathering drilled into a town and found at headquarters only the glooming strays that haunt hotels' Sunday nights. No brass band in the lobby to blare a welcome. No smiling host-member to mitt them. Oh, where was he? The dismal visitors held parley together and decided to reach the host-member at his home, if he had a home, on the telephone, if he had a telephone. They got the house, and a spokesman inquired rather crisply if the host-member had any aversion to attending his own convention. Whereat he was heard to ejacu-



"Money does not seem to be a need"

late: "Quick, wife, my greatcoat! They're meeting here this year." Love to write? Fond of answering letters? Huh, out passionately.

NEEDS: Here one is at a complete loss to report anything. It is a peculiar condition. Humorists have never been known to agitate a grievance. On the warpath they have been never. It is odd—a class that is peevish. Not drawn together to swat something? That is ridiculous, you say. Well, they rather flatter themselves that it is.

Again, money does not seem to be a need. At any rate there is a marvelous indifference manifested to the subject of funds. You hear no ooe lameot, Humorists do not even borrow money of each other. It is a strange thing, but humorists do not borrow money of each other. Lucree? What is it?

CONCLUSION: We find, therefore, that very little can be done. The main thing that they suffer for can be disposed of in one word: Appreciation. At present they are getting enough of it to render themselves self sustaining. They are doing their best to add to the supply. Until they get it they remain rather icoured to simple ease and sweet content. Their pangs are not great. They can look at bul- lion without drooling. They have themselves in hand and have been known to dine with Dives without eating the ferns for celery. They are of the proletariat, though guiltless of envy. Yet they are not groundlings to be awed by the white vest of caste. They are

serene iconoclasts, that's what they are, who can view and if need be pity the warts on the brazen visage of Mammon. When they chance to ride they do so with dignity sans ostentation. Walking, they step the ties beside "Latonia Red" and trust him with their whiskbroom like men. They are blithe in adversity, and leaving the board of the opulent do not go away to eat their hearts out. Edmund Vance Cooke is a vegetarian; the others can go without eating, too. Your commissiooner has reported.

What's-His-Name

By WALTER G. DOTTY

COMMON as the wayside grasses,
Ordinary as the soil,
By the score he daily passes,
Going to and from his toil.
Stranger he to wealth and fame
He is only What's-His-Name.

Cheerful 'neath the load he's bearing,
For he always bears a load;
Patiently forever faring
On his ordinary road;
All his days are much the same—
Uncomplaining What's-His-Name.

Not for him is glittering glory,
Not for him the places high;
Week by week the same old story—
Try and fail and fail and try.
Life for him is dull and tame—
Poor, old, plodding What's-His-Name.

Though to someone else the guerdon,
Though but few his worth may know;
On his shoulders rests the burden
Of our progress won so slow.
Red the road by which we came
With the blood of What's-His-Name.

Fool's Gold

VII—The Enchanted Country

"SO YOU won't go!" "Oh, don't put it that way," I said testily, laying down my paper. "I've told you often enough that a man can't work all day and dance all night—and feel fit. Carney's coming for you, isn't he? You'll have a good time. It isn't necessary for me to go, is it?"

Laura gazed at me a moment without answering, her face calm, in her eyes a quiet, speculative look that somehow irritated me more than a reproach.

"No-o!" she said, "it isn't necessary for you to go. But I think it might be better—for many reasons. People are beginning to talk for one."

"Oh, let them! We should be in a position now to ignore gossip. Let them talk."

"Very well," said my wife, evenly, "only—"

She stopped short as if thinking better of what she was about to say, and turned, and quickly left the room.

I followed her with my eyes, unable to repress a thrill of admiration.

She was very beautiful, and her gown of a soft rose color, simply designed, was a triumph. Laura seemed to grow better looking every season. She had developed, too, in other ways since our marriage, along lines she had herself laid down. She had studied her world to good purpose, in the light of her ambition; and was become at once an integral part of it and a directing force in its affairs.

I admired Laura tremendously—but I had once loved her. I wondered, as I sat there gazing into the bright wood fire—for it was a chilly night in March—*I wondered why I loved her no longer. Not that it worried me particularly; I was curious rather than fearful, for in our world emotion was more feared than its lack. It was, in truth,*

one of the few things we did fear. At this time I was in most ways, I think, typical of my class and set, and I have marvelled since at the strange

holier and rarer souls. Nor was this thought confined to us within the charmed circle. The light of envy and the yearning to be even as were we,

shone from the eyes of those outside the magic gateways of our realm. Success, sought of all men, spun the halos that we wore; Success justified us to ourselves and to others; Success, god of a people united in the worship of Success!

I believe in the creed devoutly. More devoutly far than I had ever believed in the kindly creed of Christ—which I and my friends nevertheless still professed. I believed in the complete efficiency of success, in its power to bless and to bring happiness. Yet though success was mine I was not truly happy.

I had plunged into business whole-heartedly. While I was at work I had no time nor wish for introspection. Banking interested me; I knew its detail thoroughly by now. I began to enter its larger phases wherein

loans to great companies brought influence and influence brought directing, when not controlling power. My father-in-law, an adept at playing about the green tables of finance, taught me the rules of the sport with zest.

I have called this "work." Perhaps another word would be more accurate; it was exercise, rather. I was kept in leading strings, my bets were made for me, my moves ordered; but this was not unduly emphasized and I found it all most exciting. I felt, too, that I was gaining useful knowledge. I was to become one of those who "do things." I sensed at times a growing exaltation, a feeling as of partnership with destiny, a suggestion of the joy of the superman in the untrammelled expression of his limitless self.



The enchanted country of achievement that gleamed so gloriously in dreams, seemed to my stoted imagination stale and profitless—"Feet of Clay."

psychology the fact supported. I, like most of my friends, had done nothing to deserve my well-cushioned niche. I was living—like most of my friends—upon the money and the reputation won by others. Whether the efforts of these others were misapplied or not is here irrelevant. We had not put forth those efforts—I and my friends—yet we enjoyed their fruits. And we enjoyed them not humbly in a spirit of grateful appreciation but proudly, arrogantly, as a crown is worn.

We saw nothing of false logic in this. Money and position and reputation were ours: the guardians of success. Through their necromancy we were beings set apart, a little superior to the common clay whereof mankind in general was fashioned—a little higher;

Yet I was not truly happy. There were moments, when I was alone, that held no joyous content. Prestige, wealth, power and the promise of greater power were uninspiring theos. The enchanted country of achievement that had gleamed so gloriously in dreams of yore seemed to my sated imagination stale and profane. I did not know what was the matter; sometimes I thought that I was growing old.

I might have discussed such things with Laura, except that for some time past I had been aware of a growing sense of separation between us. I could not blink the fact. Not only had we ceased to love one another; we were at times on terms of actual antipathy. It came out most clearly on occasions of disagreement such as tonight, when my wife's comment—spoken and implied—upon my decision to avoid the Barriogs' ball left me vexed and much aggrieved.

How unreasonable of her anyway, I thought. Carney would be going. She was fond of him. Why should she bother about me?

Midway in my cogitations Carney was announced. He entered smiling in his slight, ironic way; a lath of a man, smooth shaven, with the domineering nose and small chin so common among lawyers. He was Hugh Manning's legal adviser, though still young, and was already accoutred a man of mark in his profession.

"How do, Randall!" he said, stretching out his slender body hand, while his eyes roved swiftly about the room.

"Laura will be down in a minute," I said. "Glad you're going with her. Feeling a bit seedy myself—I've decided to cut it."

"It's rather a function," he said, shaking his head, "I should think it would pay you to go, Randall. It's a help to be seen around. Nothing directly, of course; but you never can tell. It doesn't do any harm."

A tart rejoinder rose to my lips but I caught myself in time and only smiled deprecently. My nerves were distinctly off tonight.

In the pause Laura entered the room, and we rose.

"Ah, Robert!" she said pleasantly to Carney, "I'm glad you didn't fail me."

"I shall never, I hope, fail you!" he said, and bent over her hand in all gravity.

THEY left then, and I fell to chasing the devil's thoughts that circled through my brain, thoughts with no beginning and no end. Suddenly the scene just enacted came back to me and I saw Robert Carney leaning over my wife's hand; but now I read a new meaning into the tableau. Had there been more than deference in the lawyer's attitude? The thought came as a shock—and yet, why not? It would be nothing unusual in our world. It was possible. Might it not after all be as well? A quiet divorce—no noise or publicity, it was done every day. . . . There were no children. . . . It was possible. . . .

But pshaw! This was fancy, the product of a mood. We would, doubtless, go on as we had been going, living not in that idiotic hazy dream poets term love, of course, but as sensible people, partners. . . . it was the only way. Love? Bah!

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Balls and Strikes

By BILLY EVANS

Ty Cobb's Latest Ambition

Ty Cobb is surely the ambitious fellow. Most players would be more than content to hold the many records credited to the fleet Georgian, but Tyrus is not yet satisfied. Practically every honor in baseball has been bestowed upon Cobb at some time or other during his career. So distinguished a baseball man as Charles Comiskey has called Cobb the greatest player of all time. Leading baseball critics have several times picked him as the most valuable player in the country. He has at various times been the leading hitter, run getter and base stealer in the American League. For the past eight years he has led the league.

No doubt you wonder what other honor there is in baseball for Cobb to aspire. Here is the way Tyrus puts it in his own words: "Before I got out of baseball, I want to hang up a batting record just a trifle better than .422. Larry Lajoie holds that honor it is the high-water mark in the American League batting records, I want to top it before I get out of baseball. I realize it is quite a task, but I confidently expect to turn the trick, and I am able to do it this season. I have twice batted better than .400, but both times fell a trifle shy of Larry's mark."

Had the Laugh on Representative Collier

Representative Collier of Mississippi is a great baseball fan. He is a regular patron at the Washington games, when pleasure doesn't interfere with business. Collier's home is in Vicksburg. He is rather proud of the fact, also the town. Before he became a famous statesman, he took an active part in baseball, and each year was one of the backers of the minor league club that represented his home town. If there is one thing Vicksburg is noted for, it is hills. There are lots of them scattered all over the city. In this connection Collier tells an interesting story on Vicksburg, and the ball club of a number of years ago.

The team was going badly, the attendance was poor, and it seemed certain the backers would shortly have to come across with more coin. Collier had taken an early car for the park one afternoon. The only other passenger was a prosperous-looking gentleman from the North. Collier sized him up as a fifty cent prospect. He looked like a fellow who would select a grandstand seat. Collier had visions of a good afternoon.

"Going out to the ball game?" asked Collier.

"Nope, I haven't any desire to see that Vicksburg club in action. I'm used to seeing good clubs play," replied the stranger. Collier was disappointed he saw the receipts of the afternoon falling off.

"There isn't much to see out this way, except the ball park," remarked Collier.

"That is just what I am coming up to see," answered the stranger. "I am willingly going to pay fifty cents to see where there is enough level space in this town to play ball on."

Jimmy Collins

Jack Leary who in his first years as a big leaguer, proved such a valuable man for the St. Louis Browns, reached the height of his ambition last year when he got his chance as a big leaguer. Leary has always lived near Boston, and as a kid never missed a game, when by hook or crook he could gain admission to the ball park. When he failed to get into the park, he made a practice of waiting outside until the game was over, so he could look the players over as they filed out of the park.

Jimmy Collins who was a big favorite in Boston, when Leary was a kid, was

then and is now, Leary's ideal in a baseball sense. A good many critics place Collins at the head of the third basemen of all time. Whether it was fielding a hunt, or handling a terrific drive, Collins turned the trick with the same easy grace. The fact that he was a big husky fellow, made his sensational fielding, in some ways all the more noteworthy. One day last summer a group of players on a train eastward bound, were discussing third basemen. When I think of the compliment Leary paid Collins, I always have to laugh, yet in a rough way no higher praise could have been bestowed on the former Boston idol.

"All the fellows you have mentioned are good men," said Leary, "but none of them for a minute compared with Jimmy Collins. Say that fellow could play third base better on a railroad track, than some big leaguers I have seen play it on a regular diamond."

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Books

The Brocklebank Riddle, by Hubert Walter. The Century Co., New York. \$1.30.

Brocklebank and Reece, two London corn merchants together with the former's wife go in Switzerland on a vacation. They climb Mount Blanc. On the way up Brocklebank has a heart attack and dies before he can be carried down. Mrs. Brocklebank and Reece take his body to Geneva where they see it cremated. On Reece's return to his London office he finds Brocklebank at work. The solution to this mystery is ingenious and few readers will put the book aside till they know what that solution is.

Joffrey, by William J. Locke. John Lane Company, New York. \$1.35.

Those who read the *Morals of Marcus, Septimus and Saxon*, the *Jester*, will find much to delight them in this book and much that is reminiscent. Who but

Locke would make *Locha*, a heroine? She is an Albanian widow whose early recollections are not of her native mountains but of the Chicago stock-yards. Just as earlier women in Locke's novels, she defies English conventions. Then too Jafferey Chayne is an old friend whose prototype the author long since taught us to like. Though it always holds the interest the plot is very slight. It might be even slighter for the jaunt to France with Rae Fendhook, is wholly unworthy and not characteristic of *Locha*. Too obviously and all too needlessly the author wished to ramify his plot.

A Far Country by Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

Those persons who found so much delight and help in *The Inside of the Cup* will want to read this novel which has a far wider application to the problems of the day—the problems that beset democracy. Hugh Paret is one of those men whose only ideal is financial success. Early he finds out that the work of the corporation lawyer is to outwit the law rather than to uphold it, as his father had done. His realization is bitter with only a minor note of optimism. Mr. Churchill's characters are well drawn—especially the men. Hugh, himself is a pretty definitely etched figure—except in boyhood. Mr. Churchill is a writer of information and understanding, but rarely a writer of charm. For this reason we feel that he gives too much in his novels. The present one might well be reduced a third.

The Little Man and other Satires, by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's, New York. \$1.30.

The author goes back to the period of *A Motley* and some of his earlier writings and it is a better period than that of *The Dark Flower*. While *The Little Man* which gives the title of the volume is disappointing most of the sketches are delightful. The *Studies In Extraneousness* which are the major part of the book are written with no little wit and humor.

The Idol of Twin Fires, by Walter Prichard Eaton. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35 net.

A book which charms at first reading and will with many people stand that acid test, rereading. It is written in the first person, ostensibly by a college professor who—and mark this well, ye would-be farmers—has thirty thousand dollars wherewith to return to the soil. How he made his farm pay eventually and the joys that came to him in the process, is Mr. Eaton's story. It is deepened by a delicate and satisfying love story. There is humor and real sentiment and the pleasure of a clean, un-stilted style to be had here for the reading.

The Rat-Pit by Patrick MacGill. George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.25.

Norah Ryan is a girl of twelve when the story opens in Ireland. She is depicted with the simplicity of a child in fairy story. Almost the only kindness she knows comes from persons more unfortunate than she and it is to them that she turns in her later trials in Scotland. Even in describing the Rat-Pit, a lodging house for women of all sorts in Glasgow, the writer is not sordid. The author was a navy and is now in the trenches in France. Perhaps it is because of his unusual personal experience that he is able to see the good—we use the adjective advisedly—in characters like Norah, Sheila, Fergus and Ellen. To be able to avoid sentimentalizing over them is an accomplishment.

Five Fronts: On the Firing Line with English, French, Austrian, German and Russian Troops, by Robert Dunn, Dodd, Mead Company, New York. \$1.25.

Seemingly today there is little opportunity for the style of war correspondence that made a considerable number of men famous in other wars. Mr. Dunn rarely indulges in the old-fashioned correspondence. He is always a reporter. That his writing has a sharpness of detail there is no denying; and though he explains much he never wearies his readers with military technicalities. Apparently he has little interest in inspection trips guided by staff officers seeing only what they wish him to see. Most of the time and at no little personal risk he is traveling alone within the lines and without authority.

The Man of Iron, by Richard Dehan. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35 net.

Bismarck is the man of iron and this is a novel of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, when, as the Author says in a brief preface: "treaties were held more sacred than scraps of paper" and "kings and nobles made war like noblemen and kings." Six hundred and fifty pages are required to tell the story, which contains plenty of exciting moments and, it must be confessed a great deal of lurid and often tiresomely amateurish writing. The heroine is said to possess eyes, for example, bordered with "black sedges," and "deep, curved, passionate nostrils." It is not a book for those who do not boast a fairly strong and undiscriminating literary appetite.

The Scarlet Plague by Jack London. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.00.

It all happens in the year 2013. At least that was the year of the great plague which devastated the world and left only about forty persons. An old man and his grandson are walking along an overgrown railroad embankment. The old man tells the boy of the civilization that he had known. The boy as well as his savage young playmates are skeptical. Two things the old man seems to emphasize especially—food and figures. He takes an unconsciously long time explaining what a million is. More interesting is his description of the riots that accompanied the plague in the year 2013.

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Knowing the Facts

By ISAAC A. PENNYPACKER

YOUR editorial of July 3rd on the Nearing case at the University of Pennsylvania shows too great readiness to express a prejudice in favor of your own University and against Pennsylvania, and it indicates that you do not have a knowledge of the facts in the case, but have relied upon the misrepresentations in the press that have been inspired mainly by selfish interests.

A group of 33 well known Alumni of Pennsylvania have recently issued a statement approving the actions of their Board of Trustees in releasing Dr. Nearing on the score of his extremes, noisy and antagonism-provoking methods which became a public nuisance.

There is no parallel with the two cases which your editorial mentions, but there is a parallel with a number of cases at Harvard, Yale and other universities, when teachers were released for the good of the service. You will recall the recent case of a professor at Columbia.

No more eminent, honest or public-spirited body of men exists than the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. The imputation of ulterior motives on the Nearing case is ridiculous to anyone who knows the facts.

Pennsylvania '02.

Perhaps So

By I. D. ROONLIEN

IT IS refreshing to pick up **HARPER'S WEEKLY** and read its sane comment after being fed on hysterical editorials of the average press of the country. I have particular reference to the editorials concerning Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan seems to affect the average eastern newspaper like a red flag does a bull. It is pathetically ridiculous. Can you explain it? You are on the ground, you breathe the same air, you see the same sights. Why is it? I wonder if 't is for the same reason that a little bull pup barks at an elephant.

Kalispell, Montana.

Disappointment

By GEO. W. BAILEY

THE article reflecting so seriously upon "Billy" Sunday is a surprise and disappointment, and seems so far below the dignity of the paper that I could not escape a sense of shame that you had stooped so low. Some of the things referred to I happen to know are absolutely false, and of others I have very serious doubts. It seems to me a great pity that a magazine which has so long maintained the dignity of **HARPER'S WEEKLY** should stoop so low, and I could not escape at least telling you how seriously I was disappointed.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Howl

By W. H. SCOTT

AS ONE of your readers and as a member of the decent and self-respecting public, I protest against the picture and poem which appeared on page 11 of your issue of July 3rd. An Anthony Comstock is still needed to prevent the dissemination of such material.

Clintonville, Ohio.



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A 118-inch wheelbase, man-size six-cylinder car completely equipped for \$1195. Everything else about the car is as man-size as the wheelbase. New 30 H-P Continental-Moon Motor—3¼ x 4½, cast in bloc with new type removable cylinder heads.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Adversary of Civilization



Edited by **NORMAN HAPGOOD**

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Week ending Saturday, August 7, 1915

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The Challenge Flung

THE Republican leaders have defined their fighting ground for the next campaign. They have sent to press the first issue, the September issue, of a magazine called *Prosperity*, which is the official organ of the organization. The cover depicts a factory, with a yellow sun rising behind in an orange sky, a ship and a railroad train in front, and an honest laborer in the immediate foreground. Here and there through the scene tall chimneys do not forget to smoke.

First comes a declaration of principles, called "Our Aim." The tariff receives the first kick. Nothing is said about the Currency Bill, at least in the incomplete advance copy that lies upon our desk. "Justice and equity also demand the repeal of those infamous provisions of the Clayton Trust Bill, which place business at the mercy of anarchy and which practically prohibit courts from extending protection by injunction to property invested in business and menaced by disorder and violence." Italics ours. How does T. R. like this?

The leading article is, as is quite right, by Judge Gary, head of the Steel Trust. But the collegiate world has its place. President Nicholas Murray Butler has been more influential of late than Chancellor Day. He speaks, with subtle irony, of Congress as filled with a desire and an intention to legislate for the whole Cosmic system, instead, presumably, of the limited number for whom Mr. Hanna legislated, when, as Mr. Root says, business ran politics as it should be run. Mr. Butler has some more phrases. "The New Tyranny" is one, and "political barbarism tempered by rhetoric" is another. Why not nominate Mr. Butler for President? Among the articles by politicians may be mentioned those by Senator Lodge and by Congressman Moore, which go for the tariff, one in favor of the good old times, by Mr. Root, and one called "Baltimore errors refuted," by a candidate for the Presidency whose boom is being carefully and skillfully handled, John Wingate Weeks. Ten cents a copy. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in advance. Probably the right people could get it for nothing.

Tickets

AN INGENIOUS friend suggests that a year hence four tickets will be combating furiously in the field, as follows:

- 1—Woodrow Wilson and William Kent
- 2—Theodore Roosevelt and William E. Borah
- 3—W. J. Bryan and Wm. A. Sundry

4—Boies Penrose and Reed Smoot

5—William Randolph Hearst and Harry K. Thaw

There are a number of observations to make on this subject, and we hereby append a few:

1—William Kent would be perhaps the best candidate the Democrats could have for vice-President, but we do not expect them to know it. His independence is a cause of nervousness, and they will have no conception of how many Progressive and Republican votes he would bring to the ticket.

2—We think if Mr. Roosevelt runs at all it will be on the Republican ticket. This is by no means an impossibility, if the race looks hard. It will be hard unless unemployment is widespread.

3—Mr. Bryan will not run. If he does *Harper's Weekly* will have a hard time swallowing the words it has written about him.

4—If the bosses prevail Penrose and Smoot will be the ticket in substance, whatever it may be in form. They will prevail if the outlook for Republican victory is good.

5—The Ticket would draw a large vote, especially Harry Thaw.

The Sadness Of It

TACITUS said the lust of dominion inflames the heart more than any other passion. The sadness of it is not that Germany wished to dominate, but that she wished to do it by arms. She might have become still more dominant in peace than she has already become, and the world would have bowed its head willingly to whatever of superiority she could bring to the modern race. The sadness of it is her belief that others could be over-awed by force; that England and France were degenerate and could be made subject; that the world would submit to the argument of cannon. It is her silliness about "biology" that is so sad; the notion of a racial superiority in her that must be demonstrated by powder. It is the niebelungen cult revived and grotesquely applied to a world that gloomily is compelled to crush at any cost the insane dream of compulsion by machinery and surprise. It was said by Florus that Rome might grow to such size "as to be ruined by her own strength." If Germany had succeeded in the effort to seize and strangle a napping world, she would at length, after struggles long and dark, have been ruined by her own strength. Thwarted, she will be the Germany we knew before she went insane. If she had crushed France; broken England; seized Belgium and Holland, she would presently have been ruined; and after what years of misery for others, what spiritual degeneration for herself!

The Eastland Disaster

ABOUT the murderous loss of so many children, women, and men, when the Eastland went down, we have not the heart to speak. Just now we wish merely to emphasize the fact that the owners of the St. Joseph Chicago Steamship Company, up to a short time before the disaster, were busy arguing for the repeal of the new Seaman's act. They maintained that under that act the carrying capacity of the Eastland would be reduced from 2,570 to 1,552, and that the presence of more able seamen would cause wages to go up. They also gave interesting facts showing how extremely safe the boat was, especially because in time of trouble it might be expected that other steamers would come to the rescue. The tragedy is a black one. Possibly a small consolation may be found in the reflection that it will be rather harder for the shipping interests to secure the repeal of the Seamen's act than it might have been without this dreadful lesson.

Hanging Onto Chinese

THE illustration on this page shows the spirit in which the new seaman's law is being taken by the steamship companies. It is torn from a book put in use by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, although the book bears neither their name nor any other. Section 13 of the new law provides that no vessel shall leave a port of the United States unless she shall have a crew 75 per cent of whom, in each department, are able to understand orders given by the officers of the vessel. To the ship-owning mind this is a very unreasonable provision. The Pacific Mail, therefore, instead of employing English-speaking sailors is trying to meet the provision by pumping a little English into their Chinese. Accepting the law and carrying out its spirit in good faith does not seem to occur to the principal money interests involved.

Hughes

MR ROOSEVELT mentions Mr. Justice Hughes as the kind of Republican he would support. If we call attention to the well-known view of the Colonel of three years ago, that Hughes was "worse than Taft," it is not to insist on the change of mind, but to celebrate the quiet man in Washington. Now and again apparently inspired statements have purported to come from Mr. Hughes, that no member of the Supreme Court of the United States could, if he possessed any realization of his high function, submit to being made a candidate for another office. His "boom" has been checked only by the belief, strong among those who know the Justice,

that principles are dear to him, that no mob psychology can swing him from his moorings. Never from him, we fully believe, will the meaning of the Supreme Court of our country know any diminution.

Simple-minded

THE HEROLD, published in German in New York, takes up Harper's Weekly's statement of the American war position and attacks it with characteristically simple-minded irony. It quotes, with fair-minded fullness, our views that the American government is enforcing neutral rights not selfishly but because it is for the benefit of humanity that such

rights should be insisted on, and it is courteous enough to call us "a rather neutral publication." So when its reply is ludicrously inadequate it is not apparently from lack of good intentions. All it does is to print a list of war orders being filled by private firms in America. After which it sits back with satisfied phlegm, writes a heading that observes "we are tired of 'humanity,'" and an ending that satirically calls us "just the people to establish the principles of humanity everywhere." A famous German assured the present writer that the Americans are incapable of clear thinking. It really applies to the whole world. Either the Germans have lost the power of thinking on the issues of this war, or else the whole of the remaining universe has lost

it. *The Herold* no doubt fully believes it has answered the American position.

Mexico

THE occupation of the Mexican part of Naco, on the Arizona border, by Carranza troops in violation of the pledge of neutralization given by both sides to General Scott, may raise a rather serious question between the Carranza faction and the Government of the United States. Protest was immediately made to the Secretary of State by the Villa agency in Washington and by our own War Department. Villa has isolated the army of Obregon in the Aguas Calientes region, where both food and water are scarce, and has sent a flying column southward to join with Zapata against Gonzales, who hastily evacuated Mexico City when his communications both with Carranza and Obregon were cut. Villa has made it plain that if intervention by the United States becomes necessary he may be considered an ally of this government in its efforts to promote peace in Mexico. In the meantime the starvation of the Mexican people is not so imminent as some correspondents have attempted to make out. A report of General Devol made to the Secretary of

Char coal	松炭
Chalk	白粉
Column	哥羅治
Cylinder	大盆
Condenser tube plate	諫當沙通板
Crank pin bush	車頭杯士
Couucting rod	力近律
Crosshead pin	哥羅士乞邊
Condenser door	諫當沙蓋
Coal bunker	煤炭櫃
Coaling scuttle	煤灰櫃口
Coal shoot	炭槽
Cylinder liner	大盆絲
Counter	車頭表
Candle	牛燭
Close Bulkhead doors.	門鑰門
Close fire room bulkhead door	門燒火門
Coal bucket	煤炭簍
Coal shovel	煤產
Coal parses	煤桶

War says, among other things, "Conditions are undoubtedly most acute in sections of the country that are constantly being occupied and re-occupied by contending forces. This applies in great force to Mexico City and the surrounding country, to San Luis Potosi, the country in the vicinity of Saltillo, Monclova and Paredon." But he adds, "At the present time there may not be any actual cases of starvation in Mexico." When we consider what a large country Mexico is, destitution in the regions described by General Devol would not mean general starvation any more than the wasting of the valley of Virginia by Sheridan implied that destitution extended from Maine to Louisiana in the territory east of the Mississippi.

Benevolence

THE Manufacturers' Association of Pennsylvania, in its resentment at the passage of the Pennsylvania Child Labor Law, has declared that 10,000 children in Pennsylvania between the ages of 14 and 16 will be dismissed from employment rather than be allowed the eight hours of schooling a week which the new law provides. Heretofore the Association has posed as the benevolent friend of childhood, giving work and wages and the opportunity for advancement to children employed, and it has deprecated any shortening of the hours of labor or raising of the age limit for working children on the ground of the injury to the child. The present threat, while revealing a rather bad spirit on the part of the Association, need not be taken seriously. The Massachusetts textile manufacturers went through the same process when the eight-hour day for children was established by law. When investigation was made as to the number of children discharged because they were not allowed to work more than eight hours a day, the thousands mentioned in the press dwindled to a few score.

Joseph A. Holmes

THE death of Joseph A. Holmes, Director of the Federal Bureau of Mines, removes the chief authority in this country on both the material and human elements involved in the mine industry. Beginning with the study of geology, of which he was professor at the University of North Carolina, he was put in charge of the technological branch of the Geological Survey in the investigation of mine accidents, in 1907. He was instrumental in securing the creation by the Government of the Bureau of Mines. His character was shown when he refused to take sides against Pinchot in the Ballinger controversy, though the Geological Survey was under the Interior Department and its chief became a willing witness for Ballinger. It was feared by Dr. Holmes' friends that he had sacrificed the position as chief of the bureau soon to be created. When the Bureau was organized, however, in 1910, Dr. Holmes seems to have been the only one thought of either by the mine owners or mine workers; and their representations at the White House were so powerful that President Taft gave him the appointment. He did a fine work in making the mining industry a less hazardous occupation, and it will be a difficult task to find a successor so well equipped for this life-saving bureau of the Federal Government.

How Employers Feel

THE outcome of the trouble in the Remington Works recalls a constant fact in employers' psychology. Often what they object to most bitterly is not concessions but rather what they call interfering with their business. If they yield to the general outside pressure of opinion they do not feel nearly as badly as if a delegate marches into their office and makes demands. Of course the way to lessen the successful interference of the unions is to listen to the voice of the times, to meet trouble before it comes, to run a shop in which the men are better off than they are in other shops. A union cannot do much, and usually will not try to do much, with a firm that understands the situation, sees ahead, and moves before it is compelled to move.

Hope

OF THE great trilogy of virtues—
But why virtues? Should they not rather be called powers, resources, than virtues, since the word has lost the idea of power that used to be its central meaning? However, of the great trilogy, Faith, Hope, and Humane and Loving Understanding, which one comes nearest to our hearts? The one without a name, awkwardly called charity, or loosely called love, is the greatest no doubt, from a moral point of view, as far as one can be greater where all are so inextricably related. And from the religious point of view, as far as it can be distinguished from the moral, perhaps faith comes first. But what of hope? Is there not a standpoint from which she speaks to us most nearly? Yes—from the standpoint of the poet. As Young says:

Hope of all possessions most befriends us here.

What do you find in great poems about faith, or general affection for our fellow man, compared to what, beautiful and appealing, there is about hope? Next to love there is no emotion on which poets so much tend to dwell. To Shelley, for example, hope and youth are the children of love. But statements about the preëminence of hope are everywhere:

Our greatest good, and what we least can spare
Is hope.

And again:

Cease, every Joy, to gimmer in my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!

Cowley speaks of it as the only universal cure of all man's ills. From one of the magnificent speeches of Paradise Lost is this:

What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.

And that strength drawn from despair is like the shadow cast by hope. In the Roumanian folk song, in which He Who Had No Hope is the poet, his heart is gone, and he sings, without a heart to suffer what he sings. Hope is fertile even after she has left us. She brightens life while she is with us and if we have learned all she can teach us, leaves us richer even when she has departed. Blind you may be, O Hope, but how filled with life and harmony is your soul; how grim without you would this world be!

Big Jews and Little

By NORMAN HAPGOOD



THE Belgians of all history—that is what a prominent Jew the other day called his people. Persecution had reduced their numbers to about a million at the beginning of the 17th Century. For 1900 years they have had no home. They have been maltreated century after century, in country after country, with the approval of classes who are proud of their own enlightenment. Of course reasons are produced for this age-long persecution. Reasons are always produced for everything. All the traits of the Jew, good and bad, innate or caused by ostracism, are trotted out as justification by the various people who have been engaged in kicking him. "He killed Christ" is the view expressed by the youthful Christian, who inherits a point of view from his lucid forbears and wishes an excuse for picking on another boy, especially if the oppression is made fashionable by being indulged in by a gang. That is the aspect most of us were familiar with in youth. When we grew up we may have learned very little more about the history of Christ, his forerunners and successors, than we knew before, but we found reasons more suited to our years. We accused the Jew of bad manners, of over-acquisitiveness, of commercial dishonourableness, of ruining peasants wherever he went, of vulgarizing life and drama, of white slavery and prostitution. Some of us, in some countries, requiring even stronger meat, fed on ritual murders. And we conceived of a mighty political and commercial (especially banking) conspiracy, with a vast information bureau, having its malign influence on every move upon the international board. If we stop to think how much chance there is of Prussia's being fairly judged today at a London dinner-party, or of English traits being judicially weighed in Berlin, we shall scarcely be astonished at the portrait painted of the Jew by a world which has been busy torturing him for nearly 2000 years.

Is there no reason for the persistence of this Jew-baiting? Most national pastimes are shorter-lived and less diffused. Frankly, there is a reason. The Jew has

declined a course that was open to him. If he had been more absorbable he might have been amalgamated and long ago lost from sight. His numbers being small in comparison he would have left no mark in the resultant mixture. He preferred racially to remain alive. He had developed a significant civilization centuries before your ancestors and mine emerged hairy from their forest lairs. Before this series is ended I shall discuss reasons for such persistence in a world that tends more and more toward uniformity. But the Jew did not need to reason about it. There was in him something persistent beyond reasoning. There was deep in his very being an objection to disappearance. If it be a crime to avoid suicide the Jew was guilty.

Certainly it was not his choice to do his persisting scattered among hostile nations. He did not leave his home from love of change. He had not been a natural wanderer. He was chased away. Being chased he preferred racial life to racial death, even at a fearsome cost. He has tried diverse ways of meeting the assaults prodigally showered upon him. The last few years have brought to the world's attention a movement that seems likely to be an absolute solution; to keep alive the ideals of the Hebrew race, to eliminate the undesirable qualities developed by an everlasting defensive, to make the role of the Jew in Russia, Germany, France, America, a more gracious one; and all by giving him a home. To that home he may go if he so desires. In that home at any rate the things he specifically stands for will be worked out. There will be the point of sight, the meaning, the culture of his race. Much will disappear, therefore, that has been an artificial growth, a machinery for keeping alive under adverse circumstances what now may grow of its own inner force.

Why was such a title chosen for this article? What is a big Jew and what is a little Jew? I chose the title

because I believe that in this amazing race (to me the most interesting except the Greeks that has lived upon the earth) the whole conception of what a big Jew is is changing. A big Jew has formerly been one who could get protection and favor out of the Christians; who could make deals with them, based on the established attitude; and who gained this position of intermediery between Jew and Gentile through wealth, caution, tact, easily running into fear and subservience. This class of leaders become known as *haffjuden* or court-Jews. They are the ancestors in spirit, and often literally the ancestors, of the most conspicuous financial Jews of today. During the long period of practical slavery, up to the emancipations of the 19th Century, there were in most parts of Europe one or two or three Jews in every community appointed by the ruling Gentile powers, to represent the whole Jewish population. These court Jews were to make the rest do what they were told to do and in return they brought back to them certain privileges or mitigations. It was a very central part of their job to crush out straight-forwardness and instill reliance on indirection and fawning. The court Jew made among his own people the most of the fact that he had the ear of the brother of this potentate, or the secretary of that, and he put down any tendency of his fellow Jews to stand up straight. Even today, on the east side of New York, you can find the effect of this tradition in any political election. The local leading Jew who knows a man who

knows Candidate-for-the-Presidency Robinson, can go into his district, in a house to house canvass, and say to any voter: "Do you know Candidate-for-the-Presidency Smith?"

"No."

"Do you know anybody who knows him?"

"No."

"Well, then, you see if he is elected the Jews will have no way of reaching him. But I know a man who knows Robinson."

That settles it. Nothing is said about it, in public speech or in newspapers, but that district gives a solid Jewish vote for Robinson.

And that is merely the echo in far-away New York of the trust in slavish methods instilled through the centuries and reaching fullest organization in Frankfurt and other towns of Germany, but existing in Poland and even in Galicia, and in principle nearly everywhere. Naturally this intermediary, this court Jew, was never a radical. The very essence of his job was compromise. His successors, like himself, have stood inevitably with convention, established institutions, reaction, the business and political methods that go with the Tory view.

When the emancipation of the Jews took place, beginning in France in 1793 and being completed with the English emancipation in 1859, this type of Jew lost the definite official nature of his position, but having more money, more standing with the outside world, he maintained the upper hand in Jewish life everywhere. He was the big man of his town or village. Leadership in charitable work, in the combinations of synagogues, the consistories, the alliances, fell like ripe apples into his hands. He continued the cringing tradition. His thought was of favor among the Gentiles. He made moral ghettos for his fellow-Jew. His watch-word was still "Hush!" The Jews were not to show frankly their interest in affairs, like all the world. They must try to keep their views

and wishes out of the newspapers. Not that they had anything to hide, but merely that tradition had the mass in its grasp and self-interest plus tradition held the leaders. It was the age-long policy of nervousness! Back-stair was the only method of ascent that was deemed safe.

This acceptance of servile methods was a natural enough growth, at a time when the Jews had few even legal rights, and when the class system of Europe was so rigid. Its continuance, however, since the emancipation has been fruitful of nothing but evil. On several occasions the Jews might have advanced toward real freedom if they had had a better method of going after their rights. That the wrong method has been imposed upon them, and is not native to their dispositions,

almost anybody will agree who has spoken as often as I have in Cooper Union, New York, or Ford Hall, Boston, or to other big mixed audiences, where nearly always the most active and independent minds are to a surprisingly large degree among the Jews. It is not a servile race that takes the best books from the public libraries and gets the best marks in the public schools. It is a race that needs only the sense of freedom, relief from social combat, to contribute to our civilization far more than it is contributing, which is much even under deadening circumstances. One brilliant Jew said the only time he was allowed to forget he was a Jew was when he was in Jerusalem. They are kept by circumstances in the same defensive, indirect mental condition that their grandfathers were in when they were negotiating for favors with Metternick. The Jews who do most to keep up this tradition today are those who are from a conventional point of view the biggest. Those who are spiritually, actually the biggest want with all their hearts to shake it off. They know they can be most to the world if they are most frankly most completely themselves.

Such, it seems to me, is the most extensive, most



1. Dr. Herzl. 2. Going to the Synagogue

fundamental reason in support of the movement of the spiritual Jews to reconstruct their nationality by reconstructing their home. The dream of a revived nationality has been in the minds of a large part of the Jewish people in different forms, always since their banishment, but Zionism as it exists today was first formulated by Theodor Herzl. He is dead, but the movement now making such headway is the movement as he was the first to preach it. It now means a definite home in Palestine, with practical self-government, based on a broad political philosophy, in which the old religious idea of a return to Zion has its place merely alongside of other ideals and traditions of the race. The central idea is one that can appeal alike to the most traditional mind and to the most modern. Behind this principle are many facts of terrible moment, as in the barbarous methods in vogue in Russia, Poland, and even in Galicia, and something will be said about that side of the problem

in the article on Jews and the War. In this country, also, there are rougher facts to deal with, as in the moral disintegration of the young Jews, especially in the New York slums where, as soon as they land in America, they come in touch with the most contagious vices, and with a scepticism that destroys the religious sanctions on which their morality has been traditionally founded. As in the world of general attributes of intellect and character, so in these matters of simple morality what is needed is a background, a fine tradition to be proud of, a sense of identity with something big taught from the cradle. Man is a plant. One of his needs is roots. Sunshine is needed also, and the circumstances that give soil and cause roots to be thrown out will happily bring the sun. I have been speaking thus far in rather general terms. Just how in detail does the movement known as Zionism express this enfranchising spirit, and promise to usher in the happy day?

(Mr. Hopgood's article next week will be called *The Soul of Zionism*.)

Why Violence in Bayonne?

By AMOS PINCHOT

LAST Wednesday the strikers stood around the streets. There had been no fighting till then.

Then the armed guards came in. They were not police, not deputies, but simply private individuals recruited by the company in anticipation of trouble. But they did not stay on the company's property. They marched the streets and dispersed the crowd, shoving the men along, and telling the women to go home.

That started things.

"We went up in the air," one of the strikers told me. "They'd a right to stay on the company's grounds. Why did they come right out in the town and club us off the sidewalks? They didn't own the streets, did they?" Fiat fights started, clubs rose and fell, stones flew, pistols were drawn, and the 44 calibre Winchesters of the mine guards barked while the crowd surged toward the company's gates. So much for the beginning of violence.

Now for the cause of the strike. Contrary to my preconceived ideas, the Rockefeller employees at Bayonne are not well treated. They are underpaid and live in greater poverty and squalor than even the workers of the fertilizer companies who struck last winter at Roosevelt. A school teacher who seemed to know what he was talking about said that from six to ten families often live in a two or three story frame house. Among the lower paid men it is a steady struggle against want. Here are some of the wage scales told me by strikers who gathered around us at the bullet-scarred shanty which is used for headquarters:

Still cleaners average about \$2.25 a day; Box Shop workers average 98

cents a day; Can Shop workers average about \$1.10 a day; Yard Laborers average about \$1.75 a day; Pipe Fitters and Boiler-makers \$1.75 to \$2.30 a day; Barrel Factory men average about \$1.16 a day; Steel barrel factory men average about \$1.75 a day; Case Makers \$1.25 a day; Plugging up worm holes in barrels 13 to 16 cents an hour.

The Still cleaners went out first. That was last Friday. They asked a 15 per cent raise. Trouble had been brewing among them for a long time. The temperature of the stills they work in rarely gets below 175 degrees. The men told me they average at least 200 degrees. An investigator said that only the strongest men, generally Poles, can do the work at all, and that the limit of a man's working life is nine years. "They generally break up long before that," he said.

Another grievance was what they called the new management. Under the old management, a list of names went in to headquarters three times a year of men recommended for increased pay. Since the new manager came, no such lists have gone in. Again, for the work of dumping the wax presses, Henessey, the new manager reduced the number of gangs from fourteen to ten. Thus about a quarter of the dumpers were laid off, and the men left on the job claimed the work was too hard. One of them told me that a man often worked 168 hours in two weeks, with one twenty-four hour shift when the night shift is changed and becomes the day shift.

These are some of the causes of the strike—there are others—which rose first to the strikers' minds, as they talked; and then there was the feeling

that the company, which they believed to be making big money just now, could especially well afford to raise wages to a living scale.

A reporter said to me "I have never seen anything like it—the sheer grit of these men. Twice, practically unarmed, they charged the ten-foot stockade from behind which the guards were picking them off with Winchesters. About a hundred actually scaled it, swinging and pulling each other up, while the women and children cheered them. It was like one of those cavalry drills at Madison Square Garden. Only the difference was that a quarter of them were shot before they reached the ground on the other side. If the guards had shot better they'd have got all of them. Even the kids are in this strike. They gathered stones and sailed in with the men. A bunch of little chaps from ten to fifteen years old sneaked up to the fence and lighted a fire to burn it down. They wanted to make a hole for their fathers and big brothers to go through. I saw one youngster catch a loose police horse, crawl on its back and ride up to the stockade, swinging his cap and yelling while the men charged."

Of course, the strikers will be beaten. Unorganized, practically unarmed, without money, and divided by race and language, they are fighting a hopeless battle against the Standard. Though it may be proof that the mollycoddle peril is a pure myth, so far as labor is concerned, it is a pitiful waste of heroism and self sacrifice. But at least let us remember that to the same spirit that animates these poor people, we owe the most of what we have to be proud in America.

Why Workmen Drink

By CHARLES WHITTAKER

Drawings by Oliver Herford

UNLIKE some other social evils, which are frequently easy of definition if not of solution, the booze evil in England is kaleidoscopic in its diffusion. Its effect on the British workman has been the theme of a sermon by every Cabinet minister; absolute prohibition has been rejected as a remedy for every reason under the sun.

Prohibition aside, I leave it to some American sociologist to suggest a solution. I promise him to describe the main

causes here, truthfully; and if Sam Lloyd or some eminent Puzzle King will help in sociology, I will assure him of a wit-taxer far more elusive than the "Fifteen puzzle."

Several main reasons contribute to the booze habit among the British workman. These reasons are: the orderly mind, religion, trades-unions, bad architecture, Puritanism, respect for authority, and the workman's wife. Minor reasons are the climate, the food, non-vegetarianism, and boozing for boozing's sake.

Let us dismiss the minor reasons briefly: perhaps the puzzle-solver may see in them the elements of clues that escape me. A moderate man who takes two highballs at night in London can, does, and needs to drink at least twice as much with no more muddling effect in mist-swept Scotland or rainy Ireland. The constant salted bacon of the breakfast table, and the lack of fruit cause a necessity for further stomach stimulation that only alcohol can give; the proof is that the few English vegetarians are all teetotalers. Incidentally, most of them are Atheists; it is open to inference perhaps that a man who did not know the joys of beefsteak and Bass' beer could hardly be expected to believe in a benign Creator.

THE Englishman has an orderly mind. He loves definition. "A place for everything and everything in its place;" "Little boys should be seen and not heard," and such-like proverbs are his daily portion at school. To him a priest is a Catholic, a parson is a Protestant; the rest of the black cloth are clergymen and presbyters. Ceremonial, insignias, and uniform from the Palace of St. James' down to the debt-collecting County Courts foster respect to outward forms and authority. Not to have a definite place, not to have power bestowed upon you by competent authority inflicts upon you degradation and contempt. Wise old William Booth knew that when he founded the Salvation Army—hence the uniform, hence the military titles. The temperance party in England possesses



The Main Causes

no charter and no authority; it is a bit from here and bit from there, with neither priest nor parson leading. To the orderly, cataloguing, English mind fusion means confusion. The British workman is taught at school that he is a reasonable chap. Along comes this army of irregulars calling itself the temperance party, armed with no authority, led by nobody that matters, and calls him an unreasoning sot. Would you stand that sort of talk from nobody in particular knowing jolly well that you were the salt of the earth? If you were a Catholic would you let the Archbishop of Canterbury or Dr. John Clifford tell you what was good for your soul? And if you were a Baptist would you pay the slightest attention to what Father Vaughan says about it? Not likely. And even if you got these three prelates on one platform simultaneously, doesn't Father Vaughan feel—if he doesn't his followers do—that he thunders with the only real authority, via St. Augustine, the Pope, and St. Peter? And the Archbishop of Canterbury and his followers are quite certain that he stands for the Church which was reformed of the awful pernicious shuses that had sapped it up to the reign of the eighth Henry. Besides, who in his English senses can work up an anti-something enthusiasm? It took England nine months to start any anti-German riots after war broke out. Blood attracts fire; movement creates movement; but there is no earthly reason why there should be enthusiasm for temperance any more than there should be for anti-Suffragism or anti-Salvation Army. The only policies, things, or persons in England which generate enthusiasm are those which foster and promote destruction, either of existing institutions—like the House of Lords—or forces of nature, such as do aeroplanes, submarines, or Polar explorers. The British workman is a child in money matters; hence—like any child who has a penny to spend—be insists on getting value for his money. So, his whiskey must have a "bite" in it; the beer must have a kick in it. The lament of the Northern farmer over the cham-

pagne provided at the Squire's coming-of-age holds good, "I've drunk glasses of that there stuff and I ain't no forrader yet." Here comes the orderly mind again. Sugar is for sweetening things, tea is a beverage for meal-times, for ordinary thirst there is plenty of water. But saloon drinks are for the very definite purpose of creating an effect. See Glasgow on a Saturday night. They have Sunday prohibition there; in consequence, drunkenness on Saturday is almost a religious observance. The last bout of drink-freedom is a competition not of thirst against capacity but of effect against the span of time. It is a revolt against the preaching of the Puritans. Ages ago, the Puritans taught the British to "shun the flowing bowl." They harped so long and so loudly on this string that the people were driven to drink as an assertion of independence. Had the Puritans taught them that breathing through the nose, biting the finger nails, and cannibalism were vices, these would be far more common in England than they are. It is kindergarten philosophy that tells us that had the Tree of Knowledge not been specifically forbidden, the fruit would have remained untouched to this day. The British workman is a child in the mass. He will remain quite good so long as he is not told what is bad.

As for the trades-unions, they are the worst feature of the workman's life. For years, the man working on a lathe in the country parts has been prevented from earning more than thirty-eight shillings for a fifty-three hour's week. It was the union leaders who taught their followers two alleged truths: that all men were equal, and that the laborer was worthy of his hire. All this meant the minimum wage for everybody, which implied that you must measure from the bottom up. The minimum wage of the mass of course resulted in the minimum output from the individual. One instance will suffice. Mr. J. A. Stewart, the American contractor who built the Westinghouse workshops and the Midland Grand Hotel, both at Manchester, caused a long, fierce strike in the bricklayer's union by paying bricklayers on piece-work terms and not by time. Under the Stewart regime the bricklayers found that they were laying three times as many bricks per day as the union permitted. Piece-work and the premium system are forbidden by the trades-unions. There arrived the piping times of war, when every workman really worked his hardest. And then a curious fact revealed itself to the good workman.



Temperance Reform

He was full of money and he had nothing whatever to spend it on. An American workman in similar circumstances would try to buy his dwelling. But when you are living in a house in a street of two hundred other houses all built exactly alike without the difference of so much as half a brick, and when for miles, from the coast of West Lancashire to East Yorkshire there are no houses but houses identical to yours, with no garden and no bathroom—two rooms below, and three above—it would be just as reasonable to buy this kind of house as to buy the freehold of one room in the Woolworth Building. The American Workman would probably have bought a fine variety of new clothes for himself and his wife with the increase in his income. Not so the British workman. Trades-unionism has taught him for years to measure from the bottom. An Englishman of any class hates to appear conspicuous. A workman who threw off a suit of clothes before it was in positive rags would be suspected of being a "masher" or a "toff," (swell, in other words) the most revolting epithet in the world, conveying, as it does, the implication of superiority from which his self-conscious, generous soul shrinks. The highest paid laborers in the country are the coalminers and the shipbuilders' riveters. They can earn a pound a day. In order not to have too much money, they never work more than three days a week. Highly paid tailors positively will not work on Mondays. As for the workman's wife, if she indulged in the

worthy purchase of clean curtains for the windows it would procure for her a social ostracism that would make her life a lively burden instead of the tame existence it now is. Clean habits are as unusual in the working classes as are dirty habits in upper classes. British engineers rarely wear overalls; blouses in automobile factories are practically unknown. Pennington, an American, who, fifteen years ago, started the Motor Manufacturing Company at Coventry, gave each workman on the day the works were opened a piece of soap and two

suits of washable overalls; derision came from the workmen. The most acute difference between the British workman and his American confrere is the self-respect whose outward testimony is cleanliness. The workman's wife in England is a monument of inefficiency; she gets a larger housekeeping allowance than her French sister, and does less with it in a country where everything is cheaper.

IT IS a perfectly truthful paradox, as you will see, that it is the good workman who boozes; he alone has the money for boozing. His orderly mind takes him to the saloon for boozing; drunkenness in the home is extremely rare. The liquor shop is for the purpose of getting boozing drinks. What seems to be necessary is an education in extravagance.

I offer one small suggestion. England is the most musical country in the world. The Roundheads, destroying the organs in the churches, threw England into a musical revolt and let loose a flood of melody that reached its high water mark with Purcell and his great contemporaries. It is probable that the true temperance reformer will be he who will enjoy the British workman into buying phonographs and other such useless

rubbish that one finds advertised in American magazines. Photo-plays and playhouses may also help, and the mail-order fiends who have been flung out of the pages of the better class of American journals will doubtless contribute to the well-being of the workman in England by selling him articles for which he has no earthly use. It is far better that he should squander his money so, than in the fuel oil which is called whiskey or the arsenic-laden beer, innocent as it is of hops or malt. Collapsible baths, and turkish bath-cabinets may be of some serious assistance for they will probably install in the work-



Revolting Superiority

man's body a feeling of *bien-être* which is the first step towards the search after the well-being of the soul. The bad architecture of industrial England which fails to give the workman the bathrooms of which he stands in need is a cause of soul-misery far more powerful than might be imagined; but it has its limitations. And for that very reason I hope that no enlightened reader will fail to assess at its own value the garden-city nonsense of Port Sunlight and the Bourneville of the Cadbury cocoa workers. Because, when all is said and done, it is far better for the preservation of the British workman's sanity and independence of soul that he should be a wasteful boozier than that he should be dragged into forming a cog in a huge producing machine, and forced to live in a compound which differs only from the Kaffir compounds of the South African diamond mines by reason of sanitary conditions and cleanliness.

To a Pretty Girl

By WALTER GUY DOTY

O MAIDEN whom the lads pursue,
On whom their eyes are prone to feast,
Heed this advice I give to you:
Smile most on him who talks the least.

Half love's glib tongue ne'er fails the test.
True love is but a stammerer.
A maid should know he loves her best
Who loses speech at sight of her.

O maiden fair, when will you learn
The love that can itself express
Is but a shallow, tinkling burn,
While silent love is fathomless?

But counsels wise must pass unheard.
That lad will still the maidens please
Who never lacks the honeyed word,
To whom "I love you" comes with ease.

The Femininist's Best Friend

By JEANNETTE EATON

WHO is the best friend of women's freedom? It is not suffrage. For though with the passing of a few short years the civic recognition of women's right to be will come in every civilized land, the ballot is still in the hands of many women a "mere scrap of paper," whose power she but dimly guesses. She must practice long before she can throw it with a sure aim straight into the box, that it may best serve her need.

It is not education, for although women need every bit of training they can persuade the community to give them, need it for the same reason that their brothers need it, since they are bread-winners now instead of ornaments, and although only by increased intelligence can they appreciate and use their powerful ally, it is not even education that is their Best Friend.

The most powerful agency in the slow interminable progress of women from the position of favorite domestic animal to that of autonomy and a free life is the genius of invention. If it were not for invention, women would undoubtedly still be the social and economic slaves that they were in the good old times so irrevocably past. To be sure this agency is an unconscious one concerned only with practical results and unaware of its tremendous effect upon the affairs of creatures never considered. It was not that men plotted to drive women from the spinning wheel which caused the perfection of the factory loom. Nor were typewriters created that pretty girls might leave home to pound their keys. The genius of invention simply went on creating things which civiliza-

tion demanded and the revolution that resulted in a world waking to the use of those marvelous products was unsuspected.

This mysterious flame burning in the minds of men made them inventors of wonderful devices; but it was not a new sense of chivalry that adapted them to women's use. A man who firmly believed in women's sacred subordination went on in spite of himself forging the swords that were to strike off the chains of the hampered sex. It is curious to think how consistently a man might earnestly declaim that women's work lay within her four walls even as he was completing a process that took that work away. The genius in man transcends his precedents and works counter to his prejudices, even his desires. In vain the head of the family might have urged upon his wife the usefulness of making soap when the factory close by turned out a million cakes a day more pure and lasting than her's could ever be.

Not man but man's genius has befriended women's struggle for perfect freedom. Were electric lights invented that women might not have to learn from their grandmothers the weary process of candle making? Was the fireless cooker created to enable women to make speeches or play bridge of an afternoon without the fear of meeting the wrath of a supperless husband when at dusk she saunters home? A speculative observer rubbing a fascinated nose against a store window pane on the other side of which a washing-machine is churning linens in foaming suds might well enjoy

ironic reflections. The placards advertising this domestic wonder read: "Mother says she can do the washing in one-half the time now." "There is no wash-day for you to fear, Madam, if you use this peerless machine. The washing is done in a few minutes with practically no work." Thus a day's hard labor is struck from the calendar of every house wife who buys the device, but it is the inexorable effect of the inventor's genius and not the salesman's gallantry that brings this increase of ease. Many a gay lady that safely and comfortably whisks about alone at night in her swift electric runabout, has cause to bless the mind that made her independent of a male escort. What a man thinks of her untrammelled goings and comings in the car they make and sell her is of little weight. Invention is on her side.

The Femininist can have her mind at rest untroubled with fears for the future. Her supine sisters may scorn her activities, but inevitably if unconsciously they plod forward in her flying foot-steps. They too put on ready made garments, and, appearing in them, they placidly start the electric percolator going for breakfast, spread standard marmalade on baker's bread and complacently call it done. After they have run the vacuum cleaner over the floors and have placed the dishes on the patent dryer, they may wonder how they will spend the remainder of the day. The men who annihilate the toil of these home makers may not tell them. But they will find out. Professional women and the genius of invention work in perfect harmony together.

Sign Boards

By JOYCE KILMER

THOSE people whom an hostile fate has made both aesthetes and reformers have among their aversions one which they proclaim with an enthusiasm so intense as to be almost infectious. They dislike passionately the harmless, unnecessary signboard when it has been so placed as to become a feature of the rural landscape. Wooden cows silhouetted against the sunset only irritate them by their gentle celebrations of malted milk; the friendliest invitation to enjoy a cigarette, a corset or a digestive tablet fills them with anger if it come from the face of a sea-shadowing cliff or from among the ancient hemlocks of a lofty mountain.

There is, of course, a modicum of reason in their attitude. It is wrong to paint the lily at all; it is doubly wrong to paint "Wear Rainproof Socks" across its virgin petals. It is wrong to mar beauty; that is an axiom of all aesthe-

tics and of all ethics. It would be wrong, for example, (although it would be highly amusing) to throw by means of a magic lantern great colored phrases against Niagara's sheet of foam; it would be wrong to carve (as many earnest readers of our magazines believe has been done) an insurance company's advertisement on the Rock of Gibraltar.

But the aesthete-reformer, in condemning such monstrosities as these, condemns merely an hypothesis. And since the hypothesis obviously is condemnable, he starts a crusade against the innocent facts upon which the purely hypothetical evil is based. It is wrong to mar the snowy splendor of the Alps; therefore, he says, the Jersey meadows must not bear upon their damp bosom the jubilant banner of an effective safety-razor. The sylvan fastnesses of our continent must be saved from the vandal; therefore, he says, you may not advertise

breakfast food on a boarding in the suburbs of Paterson.

If the aesthete-reformers in question would examine the subject dispassionately they would see that there is really nothing in the sign-board as it stands today about which they may justly complain. Advertisers do not deliberately annoy the public; they would not be so foolish as to seek to attract people by spoiling what was beautiful. It must be remembered that a landscape may be rustic and yet not beautiful.

The aesthete does not dislike, indeed he hails with enthusiasm, a worn stone bearing the dim inscription "18 Miles To Ye Cittie of London." Why then should he shudder when he sees a bright placard which shouts "18 Miles to the White Way Shoe Bazaar, Paterson's Pride"? To my mind there is a vivacity and a humanness about the second announcement utterly lacking in the first.

The aesthete dotes upon the swinging boards which with crude paintings announce the presence of British inns. If "The Purple Cow," by Geoffrey Pump. Entertainment for Man and Beast" delights his soul, why does he turn in angry sorrow from "Stop at the New Mammoth Hotel when you are in Omaha—500 Rooms and Baths—\$1.50 up—All Fireproof." It is a cheerful invitation, and it should bring to jaded travellers through the track-pierced wastes a comfortable sense of approaching welcome and companionship.

There are many things which might be said in favor of urban sign boards, especially in favor of those elaborate arrangements in colored lights which make advertisements of table waters and dress fabrics as alluringly lovely as the electrical splendor of the first act of Dumas' "Ariane et Barbe Bleue." But in the city the sign board is always something superogatory; it may be decorative but it is not necessary. One does not need a six yard announcement of a

beer's merit when there are three saloons across the street; even the placards of plays line almost uselessly the thoroughfares of a district in which the theatres are conspicuous.

But in the country the sign boards are no luxuries but stern necessities. This the aesthete-reformers fail to see because they lack a sense of the unfitness of things. It is their incongruity which gives to rustic sign boards the magic of romance. The deliberately commercial announcement, firmly set in an innocent meadow or among the eternal hills has exactly the same charm as a buttermilk in a city street or a grey wood-dove fluttering among the stern eaves of an apartment house.

What a benediction to humanity these rural sign boards are! To the farmer they are (in addition to being a source of revenue a piquant suggestion of the wise and wealthy city. He loves and fears the city, as mankind always loves and fears the unknown. Once he thought that it was paved with gold.

He must have thought so, otherwise how could he have accounted for the existence of gold bricks? He is less credulous now, but still the big signs down where the track cuts across the old pasture pleasantly thrill his fancy.

And what would a railway journey be without these gay and civilizing reminders? They hide the shame of black and suicidal bags with cherry hints of vau-deville beyond, they throw before the privacy of farm-houses a decent veil of cigarette advertisements. He who speeds ventionward from the city is glad of them, for they remind him that he is where factories and huge shops may come only in this pictured guise, thin painted ghosts of their noisy selves. He who gladly speeds back to domesticity and the ordered comforts of metropolitan life sees them as welcoming seneschals, glorious advance-posts of civilization. They are the least commercial of all commercial things, they are as human and as delightful as explorers or valetines.

Why the War Was not Prevented

By SAMUEL GOMPERS

SELF deception is the most insidious obstacle to progress. For years individuals, associations, nations had deceived themselves with the comfortable delusion that they had reached the time when war between civilized nations was practically impossible. They put their faith in peace and arbitration treaties, the Hague Tribunal, peace societies, the international organization of society and commerce, declamations that nationalism was only a word not a reality and that the brotherhood of man was the dominating force in the minds of men. But seven months of war have marked the passing of many fondly cherished theories and doctrines.

Not the least of these was the blinding belief that the interrelations and interdependence of modern civilization made war between world powers impossible. To outward appearances the spirit of civilization and culture; the exaltation of human life and possibilities of human attainments were the dominating factors. In truth, those who stood for these ideals were not organized and the ideals proved a phantom. There were many who patiently and even enthusiastically plodded through tedious, exacting experiments to learn the causes of human life and weakness, to find remedies and preventatives. They counted no toil too great if thereby life was conserved and made better. Life and opportunity for self-development were to them the purpose of all progress. But all the while powerful under-forces of great exploitation and ruthless force were surreptitiously and effectively planning their own aggrandizement. They were planning to lay despoilers' hands upon the wealth and progress of the world and waited a chance for a stranglehold. When the time came the attack was direct and sure.

These forces that continued to block the progress of men and democracy, include the system of corruption practised by big business in its efforts to make national and international politics serve purely private gain; secret diplomacy a twilight field that baffles democracy, militarism that arouses and deepens national prejudices and results in insane competitive armament; commercial and territorial aggrandizement, personal ambitions of irresponsible rulers.

These influences have eaten at the vitals of civilization. Because they were organized to control, they for a time have triumphed over the forces of humanity and progress. They have involved practically the whole world in a titanic death grapple.

IN THE twinkling of an eye, as it were, the whole course and purpose of the great nations of Europe were reversed, and the civilized world gasped with uncomprehending horror. Grim realizations came when the wheels of industry stopped, and ships were interned in foreign harbors, great armies mobilized and the terrible carnage was in full swing. Lands were devastated, homes pillaged, men, women and children made the victims of brute violence and passion, fields fertilized with human blood and sown with dead men.

In the midst of these present horrors and the spectral shadows of the fearful consequences for the decades to come, why not examine the ideas that deluded the world and prevented the establishment of peace agencies upon more secure foundations?

The movement for international peace had everywhere gained in power and in prestige.

Though there were peace societies and organizations, yet these were powerless

to stay the terrific impact of the war forces of militarism.

They had no power to do things. When the church and all political agencies had failed, all hope hung upon the European organizations of working people.

Many of the organized workers of Europe were united in an international organization. They contended that the political and economic ties which united the workers of all nations were stronger than the ties that bound workers to their notions. The "International" of the working class declared for the universal brotherhood of all the workers, the universal solidarity of the working class, and opposition to militarism and war. It advocated a "general strike" as the means for preventing war.

Even after the war began the workers' organization did not cease its efforts to avert it. The final attempt took place at a meeting held within the country where neutrality had been violated, within the sound of musketry. But the socialist international failed as did other organizations that had made less confident pretensions. But because the workers too had builded upon unstable foundations, they failed and war was inevitable.

With the passing of delusions upon which men have builded, comes the necessity of revising theories and methods. This European cataclysm has subjected theories and ideals to the test of steel and fire. It has brought out new values. It has demonstrated clearly that a sentiment in favor of international peace is alone unable to maintain peace. It has proved that patriotism is a stronger tie than class interests—and so demonstrated a fallacy of socialist theory. On the other hand it reveals the power which the organized workers have at-

tained through the organized labor movement. Let us consider briefly these three developments.

The movement to promote international peace did not fail in the present crisis because its purposes and methods were wrong but because they were inadequate. That work has so far proceeded along the line of creating and stimulating public opinion. It has done little as yet in organizing the will of the people and establishing machinery through which it may operate.

HOW desirable is international peace and how terrible and wasteful is international war is proved with most appalling conclusiveness by the war that is now convulsing the world. But our efforts to maintain peace must be directed toward removing the causes of war. International peace will result only from international agencies for establishing justice, possessing power to enforce its decisions.

Peace at any cost is advocated by only sentimentalists and neurotic dreamers. The best guarantee of peace to any self-respecting independent nation is the power of self-protection. No nation can afford to forego this power in the furtherance of peace or any other cause. The methods necessary to assure rights and justice differ according to the development of agencies for maintaining international justice. The excuses and the causes of war will be removed with the establishment of international agencies for justice, just as the private armies and private wars disappeared before the organization of the national state.

The relations between nations is now a region of political chaos. When the political genius of the nations provides representative machinery for dealing with international relations, diplomacy will catch step with democratic ideal of freedom and justice. But any plan which purposes merely to deny nations the right to use force will fail. Force can not be eliminated, but it should be under the control of intelligent, responsible, democratically controlled agents of justice. Organized responsible force will make treaties something more than scraps of paper. International peace will follow international justice—not disarmament and proscription of war.

There are in existence that which will be helpful in organizing these relations: the flexible customs called international law, the growing conviction that standards of morality for private individuals apply also to relations between nations, and the Hague Tribunal.

However, let no one be deluded into thinking that international political organization will supplant the national state. The present war has proved that one of the strongest emotions in men is patriotism. Patriotism is a strong compelling force—a primal instinct in the individual. It was stronger than the fundamental tenet of socialism, stronger than ideals of international peace, stronger than religion, stronger than love of life and family. Its power was conceded by the efforts of controlling politicians of every nation to prove that participation in the war was necessary in defense of the fatherland.

The great majority of men fighting in the trenches and on the firing line, abhor the cruelty, the butchery, the wanton

waste of war but they believe firmly they are fighting a national war. Even the members of the Socialist Party who have sanctioned participation in war, have attempted to square their actions with their repudiated creed by distinguishing between wars of aggression and of defense. The Socialists of each country offer ingenious proofs that theirs is a war of defense. This sophistry suggests how loath people are to acknowledge the explosion of an ideal and also is a demonstration of acute nationalism.

The real significance attaching to the fact that the working people have become a potential factor in international relations can be appreciated only by those who know the story of the laborer's progress from slavery up to the rights of free men. In the last days before the beginning of war, despairing hope turned to the organized working men that they would stay the war that seemed inevitable.

The organizations of the working men were the last to sever the ties that bound them to their fellows in warring nations. But even the workers put patriotism above fraternalism. They are bearing the dead weight of the war's burdens in the actual fighting and at home. Upon the workers and their families fall the heaviest hardships and the privations. But whatever there is of glory and adulation does not fall in their share. If they escape the perils, the accidents, the diseases of war, they will return to begin over again the struggle for existence. But the organizations of the workers will be among the first to resume international relations and to renew their protests for justice, human welfare and democracy.

From the organized discontent of the working people have come many of the great movements for democracy—for opportunity and all. The movements have

come from them because they had something to gain by democracy—they have been opposed by the aristocratic and the privileged classes because they had something to lose in sharing exclusive power. The working people have infused the spirit of democracy into national politics, social organization and industrial relations. They will infuse the same spirit into relations between nations.

The workers better than all others realize that no one can make them free and that they themselves must achieve freedom. They know that international politics can be freed from the pernicious influences that have been manipulating them to serve personal interests only by the effective organized protests of those who have suffered from unscrupulous, treacherous diplomacy. When the people of the various nations demand the establishment of representative agencies authorized and competent to secure international justice, then international war will cease. Each nation must cope with the problems within its own boundaries. The only compensation that can come from the great loss, earnings, devastation, sacrifice of human life in this greatest of all wars lies in the hope that somehow through it shall come about the

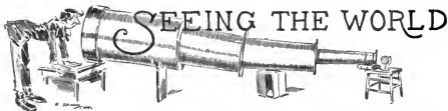
democratization of the institutions that deal with the affairs of each nation and the agencies that deal with relations between nations.







At left from top to bottom: Convalescing on the terrace of the "American Ambulance," Paris; Belgian refugees leaving for new homes in different parts of France; Oxen have replaced horses for military work in Paris; Khaki girls and boy selling medals for the aid of the poor of Paris; Germans in Russian Poland making new trenches; a bomb-thrower used by the French; Italians in trenches awaiting attack.



A Little Learning

"Methods in Primary Reading" was the subject of Estella Schroeder, and she did well. She plainly illustrated the difference between learning a child to read now, and that of years ago. Years ago the child was first learned the alphabet and now they begin with small words, and proved conclusively that the latter was the most rapid method to learn a child to read.

—The Jefferson (Wis.) *Banner*.

The High Cost of Washing

A Fort Worth negro washerwoman was arrested for wearing diamond rings. It is true that it would be little out of the ordinary for a negro washerwoman to wear diamond rings, but white folks out in West Texas who have been having washing and ironing done will substantiate our statement when we declare that there is nothing to prevent some washerwomen from wearing diamonds, when an ordinary washing and ironing comes to \$2.50.

—The Ford County (Tex.) *News*.

A Real Progressive

The Headlight editor, personally, does not object to real good automobiles running past his house at a hundred miles an hour, but when these fellows who drive "wrecks" shamby by at a reckless gait, throwing nuts and bolts and monkey-wrenches through the window panes of his house, he objects seriously, indignantly and furiously. No man hankers to be killed with a back-date gun.

—The Eagle Lake (Tex.) *Headlight*.

Cannibalistic

Wanted—A good girl for cooking. Apply 223 Superior avenue.

—Adv. in the Dayton (O.) *News*.

Ready for the Rush

I will be on the corner at Rose's drug-store, June 18 and 19, for the collection of coal bills. Very respectfully,

W. F. Bush.

—Adv. in the Hinton (W. Va.) *News*.

As He Was Born

Mr. Bell was highly respected for his many virtuous qualities. He was never married.

—The Corydon (N. H.) *Times Recorder*.

To the Tune of the Anvil

Frank Swisher will teach you the modern dances for \$5. Call at his black-smith shop.

—Adv. in the Walnut Grove (Mo.) *Bee*.

Unbiased

Lelia Constance Featheringham, who is 47 years old and unmarried, always

The Higher Criticism of Music

A horse became so frightened at a band concert that it overcame its natural antipathies and jumped into an automobile. We ask the humane society why horses should be forced to attend band concerts against their wishes?

—The Buffalo *Express*.

The Editor's Friend

A jag developer tacked into our rosewood and mahogany den yesterday and wanted to see the editor of the Alkali Eye; upon our informing him that the editor of the Eye was out he told us that he had known the editor for a great many years, then he tried to touch us for four hats because he knew the editor of the Eye. He may have known our fine dressin' friend, but he didn't know us.

—The Houston (Tex.) *Post*.

Hurrah! Vacation is here !!



H. Joseph, (Mo.) *News-Press*.

says to a bride: "I hope you will be as happy as I have been."

—The Topeka (Kans.) *Capital*.

Barefoot and Shoeless

Two small, barefoot boys, hatless and shoeless, clad only in light cotton shirts and pants.

—The Traverse City (Mich.) *Record-Eagle*.

We Can't Picnic Either

At the picnic held in the grove on the school ground Friday the class met and with sad faces and subdued voices hid each other goodbye.

—The Burr Oak (Mich.) *Acorn*.

Let Out All Round

Charles Temple has been let out on his job at the salt plant; he was let out of Berlingers store last week, and the week before last he was let out from the Akrostock farm.

—The Mercyville (In.) *Banner*.

There is Something Behind This

Robert Brown wishes to state that the item in last week's *Observer* regarding his taking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Eliot was a mistake. Mr.

Brown says he was on the island some time ago, looking after his farm, but that he has never taken tea with Henry Eliot. —The Messins (N. Y.) *Observer*.

Uneasy Rests the Head

Many laughable squibs Mrs. Brasley gave us showing if a man is the head woman is the neck, making a delightful afternoon. —The Jackson (Mich.) *Patriot*.

A Melancholic Observation

We are glad that there are so many new rural phone subscribers, but—you can't send watermelons by telephone.

—The Columbus (S. C.) *Record*.

Large Families and Child Labor

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

"TOO many children is as great a danger to family life as too few children," said Mr. Oweo Lovejoy, General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. A secretary of this committee, working for the abolition of child labor, the improvement of the compulsory education laws, and the raising of the standards of education in backward states, Mr. Lovejoy has first-hand knowledge of the condition of children in every state in the Union.

"How many are too many?" he was asked.

"I should say any more than the mother can look after and the father earn a living for. There are always too many children in a family if they have to go to work before they get their growth and schooling.

"It may be that some day the state will help support the children, but under present conditions, as soon as there are too many children for the father to feed, some of them go to work in the mine or factory or store or mill near by. In doing this they not only injure their tender growing bodies, but indirectly they drag down the father's wage. They go to work to help the family, but they really injure it. The wage tends to become an individual wage, the father receiving only enough for his personal maintenance, the mother working both at home and outside, and the children supporting themselves as soon as they can toddle into the cotton fields or hang onto the back of a delivery wagon. Thus the home is dissolved into constituent parts and the burden of the struggle for existence is laid on each.

"The more that children work, the lower the father's wages become; the lower the father's wages become, the more the children must work. So we evolve the vicious circle. The home becomes a mere rendezvous for the nightly gathering of bodies numb with weariness and minds drunk with sleep. No fine spiritual relation can exist between parents and children where the children are an economic asset to the parents. There are people who approve this state of affairs, but no one can who really cares for the welfare of children.

"We fight this condition with Child Labor Laws. If the children stay out of industry, the fathers have more work and make more money in the end. But one of the strongest factors against getting laws passed or enforced after they are passed, is the families' immediate need of the children's pitiful earnings. If there were fewer children in these families, it would be possible to keep them in school and leave the mines and factories to the fathers.

"It does not always follow that a man loves his children because he has a great many of them. In communities where it is customary for children to go into the mills as soon as they can get their working papers, you will find many children working where there is no real

need. We have even found men loafing because the children could keep the family.

"Mr. Hine, our Staff Photographer, who is known throughout the country as the 'Social Photographer,' and who has portrayed more industrial conditions than any other man, recently reported a typical case in Georgia. A father said to him, 'They are mighty strict at the mill here. Don't take noon under twelve, but if the child ain't twelve you can go to the Ordinary and he'll fix you up with a certificate and they'll take the certificate at the mill.' That sort of thing happens constantly where there are large working families.

"There is another aspect to the matter. Not only do these unfortunate children drag down the physique and mentality of the race, but they keep many children of more thoughtful parents from being born at all. Just as long as there are many families that are too large, there will be other families that are too small. Yet these small families are potentially the best families of all.

"Serious-minded laboring people whose trades are being captured by child laborers are reluctant to bring offspring into a world which cannot promise a life of the simplest comforts in reward for hard labor. Here is the real danger of that 'race suicide' so vigorously condemned by Ex-President Roosevelt and others; for while the man of virtue and strength is deterred from propagating his kind because of the jeopardy in which his children would stand, the vicious and the ignorant, the physically unfit and the discouraged are not deterred by any such consideration, but, regardless of consequences, continue to propagate their kind and swell the proportion of those who will be from birth to death a heavy liability against society!

"We regard the family—one father, one mother, a group of children to be fed, clothed, and educated during the years that precede maturity—as the fundamental institution of our civilization and the glory, thus far, of all social evolution. One of the causes out of which the family grew has direct bearing upon this matter—that to which Professor Fisk called attention as his chief contribution to the evolutionary theory—the prolonged period of infancy. The evolutionary trend has been to prolong infancy and adolescence, and thus to launch upon society better individuals. This is impossible where the older children in a family are crowded out of the home into the workshop."

THE reports of the National Child Labor Committee show that a large number of the young workers come from families too large to be supported by the father. Mr. Hine notes in his reports the size of the families and the economic position of the father. In reading his schedules I found many such statements as:

"They have a houseful of children and the sanitary conditions are terrible."

In the canneries of various states he found many families like one which ran: 9 years, 8 years, 6 years, 3 years, 1 year—all but the yearling working in the cannery, hours from 3 a. m. to 4 p. m. Yes, even the 3 year old helped a little. The father earned \$6 a week.

The Child Labor Committee is not directly interested in the size of families. It takes no stand on the question. Its work is with the legislatures and business concerns, but from its publications one picks up incidentally interesting bits on over-crowded homes. For instance, when a record notes children aged 17, 13, 11, 6, and 5, one may charitably figure the infant mortality of that family from the gaps where children are missing, though the committee's only interest in the case was that the 11 year old had been working a year.

The Child Labor Bulletin, November, 1912, contains special articles on the Child Workers in New York Tenement Houses. Record after record shows a two-child income supporting a six-child family. A table giving the occupation of the father, his wages, and the number of children in investigated cases of child labor in nut-meat picking and dolls' clothes making, shows families like: father earns \$15 a week in a candy factory and has six children between 15 and 5; again, father earns \$10 as a ragman and has six children between 15 and 6. These families are probably completed and are now enduring their worst time of undernourishment. If some of the children die from poverty the family circumstances will improve even before working age comes. But other families look forward to more children and even greater subdivision of income. A hod-carrier making \$15 a week has three children between 11 and 1; a switchman earning \$10.50 has five children between 14 years and 7 months; a carpenter making \$18 a week has eight children between 17 and 1 year.

Individual cases illustrate not only the evils of child labor, but incidentally, the burden those later children are to the older ones. In a family of four children where the father earned only \$9 a week, the ten-year-old helped out the family income by snipping the threads from gross after gross of the dolls' dresses her mother sewed. She wanted to read library books. In desperation she snipped the dresses along with the threads. It availed her nothing. Mother only changed her to sewing buttons onto corset covers. In another family the children 12, 11, 6, and 5 years old spent their time after school pulling bastings from men's coats, because their father could not support four children on his earnings. In still another family one child was in a laundry while the five under working age stuck bristles into brush backs, paid at the rate of one cent for 150 bristles. I could go on indefinitely.

showing the correlation between large families and child labor.

Some people believe that where God sends a child he sends also the means of feeding and clothing and educating it. Others think that the fathers of large families have performed a patriotic duty. Some say that the parents should have brought their sex life to an end after the birth of the second child and their children's sufferings is a punishment for their weak self-indulgence. A few think that the state should help support the children. Many dismiss the matter with the simple statement that the father ought to earn more money. Other people think that the parents should be encouraged to limit the number of their offspring not only by exhortation but also by information. The Child Labor Committee says nothing at all on the subject, but one can't help inferring from their reports that large families are not always the most beneficial to their members.

IN CONNECTION with Mr. Lovejoy's statement that a high birth rate encourages child labor, it is significant to find from the Galton Laboratories of the University of London, the statement that drastic child labor laws directly lower the birth rate. In "The Report on the English Birth Rate" from the Eugenics Laboratory, Memoir XIX. Part I, England North of the Humber, Ethel M. Elderton, after touching on the influence of the raised standard of decency and comfort, lays the responsibility of the change chiefly upon the lessened economic value of the child to its parents.

In the early part of the nineteenth century no regulation of child labor ex-

isted. The earliest parliamentary reports record incredible conditions; tiny children were worked with inhuman severity, for unbelievable hours, and whipped when they faltered in their tasks. One father testifying before the commission how hard his little boy had to work, cried out, "When I see this thing, it seems to me my heart will break!" The Act of 1833 shut children under 8 years out of the mills and limited the hours of the others to 12 a day. The Act of 1844 reduced the hours of children between 8 and 13 to 6½ hours a day. Acts of later years raised the working age and guarded health with increased regulations until in 1906 no child under 11 was allowed in a mill and those between 11 and 14 were allowed to work half-time only. The regulations protecting these little half-timers are so strict that they are undesirable employees.

Thanks to these ever-increasing restrictions the number of working children had shrunk. In 1851 in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 23.4 per cent of all the children between 10 and 15 years old, were employed in the wools and worsted mills. In 1901 this number had decreased to 7.7 per cent. The cotton mills of Lancashire show a similar though smaller fall. Children are no longer the wage-earners they were in the early years when machine spinning and weaving was first introduced.

"Such (child labor) restriction made apparently no difference to the number of children employed between 1851 and 1871," says Miss Elderton. "But between 1871 and 1901 the number of children employed largely diminished. Neo-Malthusianism spread and the child

censed largely to be born, because it was no longer an economic asset. . . . The Compulsory Education Act of 1876, The Factories and Workshops Act of 1878 and the Bimlaugh-Besant Trial of 1877 (concerning the lawfulness of publishing pamphlets on contraception) are not unrelated movements; they are connected with the lowered economic value of the child, and with the corresponding desire to do without it."

The relation which Miss Elderton traced between the higher ideals of protection to childhood and the lowered birth rate is the more interesting because she is deeply, passionately alarmed at England's falling birth rate. She believes that it is a national calamity and may result in the nations downfall.

Mr. Lovejoy does not regard the falling birth rate as a wholly undesirable phenomenon. He says:

"Children should be born when the parents are in good health, at intervals that will allow the mother to recover her strength, and only as many should be born as the parents can care for. There is no deeper sorrow than to know that a child has died for causes that might have been prevented if the parents had had more wisdom and foresight. The ideals of care and education which we have for our own children should be our ideals for all children.

"I shall not consider it a calamity if the birth rate falls to a point where every child is so precious to the nation that not one will be allowed to work in a factory or workshop or mine or store under the age of sixteen, and up to that time every one will have proper food and clothes and education. Our race-suicide danger is a danger, not of quantity, but of quality."

A Child on Shipboard

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

LITTLE Jane was five years old. Her success was entirely the success of one who knew exactly where she was going. She knew both the direction and the goal. To a shipboard of aimless persons, with no skill in leisure, it was satisfying to be led by one who had a series of things to be done. She visited the anchors at bow, and the line that hung overboard with its whirling circle that measured speed and distance. She liked to climb stairs between decks. She wished to pass certain steamer chairs because the occupants looked queerly. She had the set face of a stow, and rarely gave greeting. Mere sociability seemed to her a waste of time, and she cared little for individuals. But if a man or woman was willing to tramp with her to the thirty or forty points of interest which she reviewed each day, she permitted the companionship. In fact she was glad of it, for she realized her legs were still short and that a strong will was not sufficient to overcome her handicap of childhood.

Next to the captain, she was the most definite person aboard. The sailors admired her, because she climbed boldly, and with a purpose. She was indifferent to her success. She had been quite as happy on the first two days when no one had noticed her. Now her will had

burned its way into the consciousness of a couple of headstrong persons, but it did not matter to her. She would have gone on making her rounds, checking off the boat's progress, eyeing the invalids, climbing posts and stairs, if she had continued unattended. At the captain's dinner, she was voted the most popular child on the ship's list, but her attitude was unchanged.

In the beginning she had been snubbed by a couple of high life children. Now these two followed in her train, and received such attention as she did not require. But it made no difference to Jane. She permitted them to come with her, if they were going her way. But their snobbishness had not pained her. They were powerless to prevent her fulfilling her desires. Their fickle will, which was mainly self-will, was impotent against her steady will, which was an instrument for carrying out her ideas without petulance and without hindrance. She never cried. Her emotions were not in evidence. Her whole life was simplified to a few acts resolutely carried out.

The only manifestation of a suffering humanity in her was the morning she wore a pasteboard placard written upon in black ink with a firm adult hand. It said:

"Kind friends, do not give me candy, fruit, etc. I was ill all last night."

And you would not have guessed it. Her face was as stern and firm as in the halcyon days before her over-indulgence. She was one of those rare persons who can fall, and in falling receive only a slight check, which is not even a setback.

She had solved the mother problem, which to so many girl children is a barrier to fulfillment of their nature. She did it, by freeing her mother. She left her reading or talking with the second mate, and did not trouble her for hours at a time. This might seem a severe treatment, with even a slight reflection of criticism in it. But actually it did not work out so. For Jane's unquestioned social supremacy shed back on her mother a considerable luster, and passengers took the pains to make the acquaintance of the parent of so successful a person. Indeed, largely through her own social position, she enabled her mother to receive a majority vote at the deck dance, for the most meritorious costume. She was known as "Jane's mother," and the title and the emoluments that went with it sufficed to give the older woman a thoroughly enjoyable voyage, with officers very kind.

A Generation That Plays the Game

By HERBERT REED

WHERE are the baseball fans of yesteryear? is the question that has been asked again and again this season, a question generally answered by men who have been writing about professional baseball practically all their lives, and who have failed in their answers to go beyond their inside knowledge of the professional game itself. There are many "interior" reasons for the falling off in volume of attendance and interest all over the country, but the big "exterior" reason alone is enough, I think, to provide the answer. This exterior reason is the simple one that the generation of spectators is passing, while the generation of players of every sort of game is just now coming into its own. The fans of yesteryear for the most part are still within the gates, but there is no new crop to supply the growing gaps in the ranks. This is no reflection, naturally, on baseball itself as a game, which is being played perhaps more widely than ever before.

One need go no further than Newark, N. J., for an example of the order of things. Professional baseball has been a failure in Newark. The attendance, even on Saturdays and holidays, has been well down in the hundreds. There is a race-track where trotting events are held at Weequahic Park, and inside this ellipse of half a mile are crowded all the tennis courts possible—free tennis courts. On the "big" baseball days these courts are crowded with hundreds of players waiting their turn. It is the Essex County public park system that has dealt the hardest blow to professional baseball. But this is not all of the Newark situation. There are two playground leagues in which boys play organized amateur baseball, and on every Saturday at least half a dozen league games are in full swing, played by youngsters whose fathers at the same age were peering through knotholes at the professional ball fields, and learning the professional "dope" by heart. Obviously, these fathers now prefer to watch their sons play the national game. There is also a nine-hole golf course which is jammed practically all the time, and

there are two lakes and a esnal which are crowded with canoeists throughout the summer, with regattas every Saturday.

This Newark situation is the epitome of the sporting situation of the nation.

Thirty years, more or less, ago the youngster's sports were held in the back lots or in the streets. These sports were unorganized, ununiformed, and so lacking in the outward pomp, display, and a certain dignity so dear to the heart of the small boy. The boy of that period

But municipalities took in hand the sons of these men and by means of public playgrounds under competent supervision, teaching and encouraging in an organized way practically all branches of sport, implanted in them what Dean Briggs of Harvard and others have so aptly called the "play impulse." It is this generation—the present generation—that is constantly besieging the cities of this land, from coast to coast, for more room. It is this generation that swamps the park departments for golf and tennis permits, and for more courts and more courses.

It is not a generation of spectators, but a healthy, well-coached generation of players.

It would be possible to pile statistics as high as Chops to prove this thing. But statistics are unnecessary when all the average man has to do is to look about him. If there is any game of the Anglo-Saxon brand from cricket to lawn bowls—

that has not gained a foothold in Van Cortlandt Park, New York, Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and most of the parks in and around Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and California, to mention no more, I do not know what it is. The whole matter has been systematized, beginning with the public playground where general exercises



But municipalities took them in hand and implanted the "play impulse."

graduated from the back lot to the office grind equipped with a working knowledge of only one sport. He had not the facilities of today that tend to broaden the sporting horizon, and he grew to man's estate hungering for a chance to express his loyalty to some organization engaged in sport. When by dint of hard work he had earned a little leisure he found his only expression in the ready-made professional baseball teams. He knew the game, and loved it, and he knew no other game whatever. What more natural than that this pent-up loyalty should be delivered over to the professional baseball team representing his city no matter how cosmopolitan the make-up of that team. Here, then, is your faithful baseball fan of today, even his ranks somewhat depleted by the opportunities for golf and tennis on public courts in many cities in many states.

and group games have been installed and going on up through the Public Schools Athletic League, the High Schools, through the colleges, and so on after graduation to the public parks.

Professional baseball attendance has been steadily falling off, and no amount of figures, real or padded, can prove otherwise, and for the reason given above. "How then," queries the old-timer, "do you account for an attendance of something like 77,000 at the Harvard-Yale football game last fall? Surely these were spectators." The Harvard-Yale game comes once a year. It is a stated event rich in history, played by the pick of the football players of the two colleges to establish the supremacy of the year of one over the other. In the stands on that day are thousands who are perhaps spending their one day of the year as spectators. The rest of

the time they are playing tennis or golf, or are perhaps shooting at the traps. The attendance at these stated events between the colleges, built on a healthy loyalty, have nothing in common with a professional baseball crowd. But further, any event, amateur or professional, that settles either an old rivalry for the year of a United States or World's Championship, will never fail of its great crowd, for the reason that it is the nature of the American to acclaim a victor or a champion. These things have nothing to do with the spread of the Play Idea.

This same Play Idea accounts for the growth of Intramural athletics in the colleges, and for the constant cry for more room for informal contests of whatsoever a nature. The present generation was caught young and has never drifted away from its early teaching.

When the Play Idea stormed American college football the last rampart was captured. Football has been in the past the closest corporation of the lot, a selection of the fittest perhaps the most ruthless to be found in any amateur

sport. Yet today, Harvard, Yale and Princeton are broadening football past all belief of the old-time graduate. Only this year Princeton stands committed to the idea that any man who wants to play football at Princeton shall have his opportunity to do so, not until such moment as he is dropped from the Varsity of the Freshman squad, but throughout the season. A place will be found for him among his peers at the game and he will get plenty of opportunity to play football throughout the fall season. The same idea is in process of development at Yale and Harvard. At Cambridge, under the new system, practically the entire Freshman class will be provided for throughout the season, and encouraged to keep up the game through the whole college course, while at Yale the same thing is being undertaken in a way differing only in detail. I mention only these three institutions because they are the most conspicuous.

As a valuable by-product of the Play Idea we have achieved the League Idea, something the small boy of a former generation sadly needed. A boy's games of

today are regularly organized so far as the competitive side is concerned, so that the youngster may finish his season with a ranking of one sort or another made on the basis of comparison with the year's work of another youngster or group of youngsters. And that takes care of another American principle, the principle of healthy competition.

The play system of this age also produces its share of champions, since champions we must have. It is necessary to point only to the tennis players of the Pacific Coast who were early imbued with the Play Idea on the free courts of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and for whom a junior organization was provided before they were out of knickerbockers. The junior tournament plan is making steady progress in the East at this writing.

One-of-Cat and Duck on the Rock, followed years afterward by a seat in the grandstand or bleachers at a professional baseball game served their purpose in their day and generation, but they are rapidly receding toward the limbo of forgotten things.

The Understudy

By The COUNTESS BARCYNKA

CREDITON, the film producer, pulled his mustache thoughtfully.

He was a humane man, and the wreck of an actor who stood before him, hollow-eyed and blue-binned, wanted a job badly. The rub was that Crediton hadn't one to give him. His "crowd" was made up, his minor people and his "leads" engaged for a whole series of plays that would run into months.

He knew Gibus' story, and felt sorry for him; for Gibus' career illustrated one of the most dreaded of theatrical superstitions: he was a Jonah.

"Sorry, laddie," Crediton said, "I'm absolutely full up. Otherwise I'd make room for you, sure. Up against it, aren't you? Try Medman lower down the street. He's got a big stunt on just now—"The Overflowing of Jordan," or something like that, and wants a hundred supers for the drowning business."

"I've just come from there," said Gibus wearily. "Over a thousand applied for the job. I've been out of one for seven months. Can't you find me something?"

There was despair in his voice—despair and something not far removed from starvation—a heart-shaking sound from the lips of a human being.

Crediton referred to his book of engagements.

"See for yourself," he said. "There's nothing I can give you. Everything's arranged for except the lead in 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

"Shylock?" quavered Gibus.

"H'm. And for that I ought to have an experienced Shakespearian actor."

Gibus put out his hand with a gesture of application.

"Let me play it, Mr. Crediton. Make me your debtor for what's left of a ruined life. I know the part backwards.

I know how it ought to be played—no man better. Last time the Master was on tour I understudied him."

"So you understudied Sir Henry," said Crediton ruminatively.

"Yes; and I carry the old agreement about with me," Gibus answered with pride. "I shouldn't expect my statement to be believed unless I did. Here it is."

CREDITON ran his eyes over it. It was genuine enough, and it bore the dead tragedian's own signature, not that of his manager. Gibus could have sold the document for a week's keep on the strength of it had he wished to.

"Well, of course that alters matters a bit," said Crediton. "Just run through some of the business now, will you? Begin anywhere you like."

Gibus was only too ready. With pathetic alacrity he plunged into Shylock's tirade against Antonio in Scene III of the immortal play. He was word perfect—though word perfection is unnecessary in the cinema actor. But his gestures were poor, undramatic, and, curiously enough, utterly unlike those of the illustrious actor he had understudied in the part.

Like a great many people in this world who have had the advantage of valuable example, he had learnt nothing.

Crediton turned the matter over hastily in his mind. For a cinema production, Shylock, as a character, did not rank so importantly as in the spoken drama. He would have liked to have given the part to a better actor, but he could let Gibus have it without actually spoiling the production.

"All right," he said. "I'll give you a contract. Three quid a week starting from now. Are you on?"

Gibus wrung his hand. Tears of gratitude stood in his eyes. He thanked Crediton brokenly. Crediton brushed his thanks aside brusquely.

"Don't thank me," he said gruffly. "It's all in the way of business. Rehearse at eleven sharp tomorrow. Here, I daresay you wouldn't object to a hit in advance. We're all apt to get on the rocks some time or other."

Gibus went away with a look in his eyes that one sometimes sees in the whipped cur of fortune who has suddenly been flung a bone by a kindly hand.

Gibus was ill, though he did not know it. He had passed beyond the stage of analyzing his sensations. All of them were painful ones now.

He turned up punctually at rehearsal each morning and went through his part with labored zeal. The members of the company were aware of his history and treated him with kindly tolerance. It was patent to them that the old actor was "passing" before their very eyes. With the quick sympathy of theatrical people for the misfortunes of their kind, their sensibilities were touched by his plight.

His rendering of the part was more than mediocre; his gestures were redundant and most of them meaningless. His "Jew" was always in a fury, totally lacking in restraint. At the dress rehearsal he was so ill that Crediton wondered whether he would pull through it.

"If I were you, Gibus," he advised, "I should see a doctor. You're a sick man. We can't do without your tomorrow with the show to be filmed."

Gibus drew himself up. "Don't worry about me. I'll turn up or—or send someone to take my place. I owe you a big debt for your kindness in giving me the job. I won't fail you."

Crediton was not assured. Gibus had a moribund look. His face was grey; his eyes lifeless. The sands of his life were running out fast. It did not seem likely that either skill or money would be able to keep him alive for any considerable time. His vitality was almost spent.

At ten next morning the play was to be filmed. Five minutes before that hour the company were assembled—all but Gibus, that is.

At a quarter past ten they were still waiting for him. Crediton feared the worst.

Crediton fumed for a minute or two and then went off to hurry him up. He entered without knocking, and the figure before the make-up table, dressed in Shylock's robes, with ragged beard and grizzled locks, turned. He was putting the last touch of make-up to his face—a combination of blues and yellows. The color effect was rather ghastly, but Crediton was used to it. All the same, that or something else, which at the moment he did not stop to define, made a strange impression upon him. He felt a little afraid. Herberto there had always been a touch of patronage in his manner towards Gibus. Now he experienced the sensation of being in awe of him. He had never before noticed how piercingly dark were Gibus' eyes, how they flashed, what a mingling of saturnine and kindly humor lay in their depths. But then Gibus at the dress rehearsal had not even made up. Perhaps he had not thought it worth while.

"Er—you're behind time. We're waiting," said Crediton, and then: "Your make-up's wonderful. You might be the old man himself!"

Crediton was about to proceed "Shylock" out of the dressing-room when something, a new-born deference, impelled him to step aside to allow the other to pass. He could not help observing that Gibus' walk was peculiarly like that of the late tragedian, and when he reached the stage he heard him speak in tones so unlike his own and so like that other's that the faces of the company took on a startled look.

"A-ah? Are we all here? I am sorry to keep you waiting, ladies and gentlemen. This is the first time I have ever been—er—filmed. It is an experience. And where is our Portia?"

He spoke the name as if—it were a caress or a tender memory. The actress referred to came forward. She owed her success to her extreme good looks and very little to her dramatic powers.

"Here I am, Mr. Gibus," she said sweetly. "You've seen me before, you know."

"Shylock" strode up to her, put his hand under her chin, tilted her face, staring at it with a curious eagerness.

"Pretty, very pretty," he croaked, and

patted her shoulder as though she had been a child. "Always be pretty. It is better than nothing, my dear."

She pouted, half angry, half amused.

"Shylock" turned to Crediton.

"Let us commence," he said. "My time is short."

From the moment that "Shylock took the stage, Gibus and his ineffectual acting were forgotten. This was the real thing—something more than the real thing. It was uncanny—as uncanny as the late tragedian used to be in the dream-scene of "The Bells." It went beyond a merely clever piece of impersonation. All present knew it to be a masterly performance. It was the dead actor himself and nothing whatever of Gibus, the understudy. They all thrilled to the voice reciting the famous passages.

Crediton stayed behind to give some orders and then went in search of the absent man.

He was not in his dressing-room. The make-up table was tidy. It looked as if no article upon it had been touched. The gas behind the wire netting over the mirror was out. Gibus must have been extraordinarily quick. Crediton left the room full of a sense of disappointment. He felt honestly indebted to Gibus. He wanted to thank him.

He had three more rehearsals to attend that day. It was not until late in the afternoon that he was free.

He decided to look him up, take him his money, thank him and offer him a permanent engagement. Gibus' lodgings were in a poor part of the town. There were no lights in the house when he reached it, and all the blinds were drawn.

Crediton knocked and rang. A woman opened the door. She looked troubled.

"Mr. Gibus in?" he asked. "I'm his manager. Crediton's my name."

Mr. Gibus—is dead, sir," she hesitated.

"Dead?" faltered Crediton.

The woman held the door a little wider, indicating that he might come in, and without speaking led him up a flight of uncarpeted stairs, and passed outside a shut door.

"The poor gentleman left a message for you, sir, he said he was so sorry he had to fail you at the last, and that he only wanted enough of his salary to bury him without fuss."

"But—but he didn't fail me," cried Crediton, and then in a shaking voice he asked: "What time did he die?"

"Early this morning—before five."

Crediton's face went white. His brain swam. He could not grasp the meaning of what he heard. Gibus had died at five that morning! Then who—?

The woman had silently opened the door.

"He's in there, sir," she said.

Crediton went in. There was nothing in the room except a table, a chair, and a bed with a sheeted form upon it. He lifted the covering. On the dead face was a look of peace. One hand lay across the chest, grasping what had been Gibus' most treasured possession, the frayed and discolored contract made between himself and one whom he had venerated.

And above the bed, tacked upon the wall, was a popular photograph of the famous tragedian. It was a speaking likeness. The eyes seemed to follow Crediton. In their depths lay a mingling of saturnine and kindly humor, and the smile on the lips was sphinx-like.



The figure before the make-up table turned.

Not one of the little band of comparatively insignificant actors and actresses had ever before played with anyone possessing such distinction. Every scene went without hitch. The mediocre ones rose to something a little higher; those with a spark of the true gift in them were caught up in the spirit of a thing they did not understand.

When it was over and the Jew's last words coughed out: "I pray you give me leave to go from hence" Crediton realized what an extraordinary performance he had witnessed.

"We've filmed Irving!" he cried. "Or so good. I've got the world rights in this version, and the world will flock to see it. Gibus, where are you? I want to congratulate."

But Gibus had gone, slipped away when no one was looking. For once, the actors and actresses discussed the performance in an impersonal manner before dispersing to their dressing-rooms. They were more full of Gibus than them-

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



SUMMER PESTS

III

THE TATTLESNAKE

(*Crotalus Scandalosus*)

While at all times a noxious pest—some specimens are highly venomous. When about to strike it emits a low *tattling* sound which, though scarcely audible, penetrates to a great distance.

Fool's Gold

VIII—The Way of the World

I CALLED daily at the hospital and each day the chances for Carol's recovery grew nearer certainty. But it was a week before she could see me.

She was very pale and her features showed the ordeal she had passed through, though her eyes smiled a greeting as I entered the little room and came forward to the bed on which she lay. In one hand—a small thin hand now—she held a rose; the others of the flowers I had sent that day stood on the white-enamelled iron table beside her.

"Is it bad for you to talk," I asked in the hushed tone we use when speaking to the ill or to those in thrall to sorrow.

She smiled faintly. "You speak as if I were about to die—instead of being quite in the way of life. No, I can talk easily. I must just lie quiet, that's all."

For a moment I was at a loss for words. I was gazing into her eyes, eyes which I felt now—as when I first looked into their depths—were eyes I had known always. They were the eyes I remembered—and yet there was a change: they held a hint of sadness, the sadness knowledge brings. And they were somehow veiled. I could not see what lay behind their steady gaze. I was vaguely disappointed.

"You have been very kind, Mr. Randall," Carol said, "I have lived most luxuriously—"

"Kind!" I cried, "it was monstrous—the accident. Rank carelessness. I can never forgive myself!"

"No, no!" she broke in, "Please—don't let's talk of it!" Then with a touching attempt at lightness: "A dreadfully long time since I've seen you. I thought you'd quite forgotten me."

"No," I said, "not quite."

She smiled.

"When the flowers came—with my name on the card, I knew you had remembered. How long has it been? How many years ago?"

"Too many," I answered. "But now—won't you tell me where you've been—what you've been doing—since that night when I met you first?"

"Well, let me see! I've been working, mostly—"

candidly I didn't exactly *have* to work. To live, that is. But I was interested in some girls who did have to, and—but you don't want details!"

"I want to know everything about you—everything!"

Carol seemed amused by my enthusiasm.

"I don't mind telling you, if that's the

lips but Carol did not hear it. I was glad of that: the exclamation was "Damn!"

"Afterward," she continued, "I wrote Alison and your Mother—"

"You knew my Mother?"

"Yes, and know her. I wrote then and asked them please not to tell you—of me. You see I had my pride—such as it was, and I knew by then that you were engaged—were to be married."

I did not speak. There was a pause. Carol took up the thread of her story, speaking more slowly, her voice low but clear and steady as always.

"My Mother—who was Alison's mother too, was dead. And now my Father died, quite suddenly. Then I became interested in the work I told you of—and I went to work and kept on working. That's about all. My history does not take long to tell, does it?"

Her eyes closed and she seemed tired. My heart went out to her; she seemed so frail yet so indomitable. I could scarcely trust myself to speak.

"I must go now," I said finally. "You will have to rest, and get well soon. I'll come back again, if I may. Thank you for telling me—what you have! We may be friends now, mayn't we—after the years lost?"

Carol opened her eyes and smiled frankly up at me.

"I hope so," she said in a voice hardly more than a whisper, "I think so!"

I LEFT the cool white-curtained room and went home—home to the pretentious house that had been home so long now by courtesy only. And to Laura! But my thoughts were all in the room I had left, with the girl whose small, brave face lay so quietly against the pillow—scarcely whiter—beneath.

The idea of disloyalty in these thoughts never entered my head. Laura and I—thanks to the spaciousness of our abode—had been living for long in a fairly amicable state of mutual tolerance that lay somewhere between acquaintanceship and friendship. It was not an uncommon state in our world, counted as right so long as we did not jar the sacred legal bond which held us, if I may use the phrase, so closely apart. A physical abrogation of the marriage vows would have been actionable, therefore wicked. An emotional or spiritual transgression of the relation, so long as



"You'll have to stand the gaff—it's the way of the world."

case. And because—well, I once thought we were to be such good friends. The night I met you I came to the dance fully furnished with credentials—I had been saving them for the occasion. I had heard so much of you from my sister, Alison Grey—"

"Alison? My Alison—your sister?"

"Yes, your Alison! And my half-sister, if you insist on utter accuracy."

"But Alison—Alison—"

I could only stammer incoherently. A thought was forming in my mind. Could this be the reason for that first strange familiar feeling—the dream. . . .

"Yes," Carol went on, "she had written to me of you—at length. I meant to surprise you that night, by bringing you a new friend—myself. It wasn't much of a surprise, as it turned out. More of a disappointment—to me anyway."

She smiled whimsically, as at a thing once of moment but now of none save for the slight half-pleasing sadness old joys or sorrows bring.

A muttered exclamation crossed my

it was kept repressed or hidden, was no sin. Our life was in truth ordered by a religion of externals; Appearance was the criterion of its faithful observance.

My love for Carol grew apace and I could not but take cognizance of its existence. But I resolved that no word or action of mine should reveal that love to her or to others. I determined that nothing should be known which might hurt Carol or jeopardize the holy state of marital unhappiness in which Laura and I lived. For this, to me and to my world, was honor.

I do not know what the outcome of it all would have been. For there happened one fine day a circumstance, or rather a series of circumstances, of such moment to myself and to those near me as to recast us and our lives in a way no one of us had dreamed of.

ON THE morning of the fourteenth day of June, the first day of the panic, I was seated at breakfast when the telephone bell rang. Hugh Manning's voice came over the wire, strong and

deep as ever but with a rasp of quickened energy that tightened my nerves to instant attention.

"They're goin' after us," he said. "Just got word. Meetin' of directors soon's we can get together. Come down right away!"

"At once!" I said, and the instrument clicked a disconnection as the words left my lips.

The meeting was brief. Manning sat at the head of the long table, arms along the wide arms of his chair, the inevitable unlighted cigar fixed firmly in his mouth. We were all silent a moment.

Manning leaned forward and spoke slowly, in his rumbling voice.

"Hell's goin' to pop when th' market opens," he said, "an' we might as well be ready. If we're licked it won't be healthy for some of us. You know what we been doin'—gamblin' with money we happen to've had, for the time bein'—but which unfortunately belongs legally to th' depos'tors."

My Uncle spoke up nervously, his face flushed, beads of perspiration standing on his brow.

"Really, Mr. Manning," he began, "I personally have always considered myself a man of honor, and—"

"You can still consider yourself that," broke in Manning with a grim smile, "if we don't get th' books thrown into us."

His eyes suddenly lost the smile and grew cold and hard like an eagle's eyes.

"But how you fellows square what you are, with what you'd like to be and what you want people to think you are, don't int'rest me. What does is, bow we're goin' to save our scalps in this scrimmage. We might lie down and get out alive, but I'm for fightin'. What I want to know is—will you people stick?"

My Uncle was the first to speak. His face was pale and strained-looking and his hands trembled slightly.

"I think," he said in a low voice, "there can be no question but that we should stand together. I personally have every confidence in Mr. Manning, and in our—resources."

A murmur of assent went round the table. Hugh Manning rose.

"All right," he said, "that's settled."

He turned and walked ponderously from the room, with no words nor a glance at any one of us.

I WAS leaving my office that evening after a day of hard work and excitement in which, however, we had held our own on the exchange, when my Uncle called me into his office.

"Just a word," he said, smiling rather wanly. He was under an intense strain, an indeed we all were. "There is a little formal transfer I must ask you to help me with before you go."

He slipped the elastic band from a fat bundle of papers and laid them on the desk before me.

"These certificates—you recognize them? Securities, yours and your wife's. It is necessary for us to pledge them temporarily."

"But Laura's signature—"

"It's a matter of immediate moment," said my Uncle, looking at me directly for the first time. His bushy white eyebrows were drawn together in a frown and his eyes were large through his glasses. "Mr. Manning has communicated with his daughter and she has con-

vented to the—ah—method of transfer. If you are in doubt," he added with dignity, "you may of course satisfy yourself by telephoning to Mr. Manning. It is, however, a matter of considerable present moment—"

"Oh, it's all right, of course," I said, ashamed already of the half-formed suspicion in my mind.

I quickly wrote my own and Laura's name—copying her signature as best I could—upon the certificates.

My Uncle seemed relieved. He snapped the elastic band about the papers and shook my hand warmly.

"A true Randall," he said, beaming upon me. "We never fail one another."

MY INTENTION was to mention the transaction to Laura that night, but she was dining out. In the morning the matter slipped my mind—until I reached my office at the bank.

"Mr. Manning would like to see you, sir!" said a clerk as I entered. "He's in the President's room."

My father-in-law was seated alone at my Uncle's desk. His mouth was set in a thin straight line and in his eyes was a look I had never seen there before.

"Sit down!" he ordered gruffly.

I did so.

"You endorsed certain securities yesterday—in which my daughter owned an interest!"

"Yes," I said, "but—"

"Wait!" He roared the word. "You admit forging your wife's name to these securities and turning them over to your Uncle, endorsed in blank?"

"Yes!" I said shortly.

"Why?"

"If you don't know I certainly don't," I answered, a wave of anger against this unjust exclamation rising to quench the fear that had assailed me.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Manning quickly.

I told him then what had occurred, how my Uncle had pleaded necessity, had told me of his authorization for the transfer—it was my share of aid for his campaign.

Manning's face relaxed the least bit. He gazed out of the window and his left eyebrow shot up, as it did in moments of reflection. When he turned to me his face was wiped clean of all emotion. There was no anger in his voice. But I knew that he had come to some decision, momentous, I fancied, for me.

"Randall," he said bluntly, "your Uncle's a thief. He's cashed in those securities and skipped with the proceeds. And unless I'm mistaken you'll have to stand the gnw—it's the way of the world. He pressed a button on the desk.

"Mr. Carney and friend!" he said.

The lawyer as he came in was followed by a short, black-berbed man who regarded me fixedly from under heavy, down drawn brows.

Manning looked at the lawyer.

"Carney," he said, I understand you represent Mrs. Randall in this action against her husband. You have seen the District Attorney?"

"Yes, Burns here has a warrant for the arrest of John Doe!"

Manning motioned toward me.

"Well, that's John Doe," he snapped. "Serve your warrant and be quick about it. I'm busy as the devil!"

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Missing Our Chance

BY WILLIAM C. OWEN

SO NOW Mr. Bryan takes the stump on behalf of non-resistance! Is it a philosophy that makes for peace? Of course it isn't, being nothing but an invitation to place ourselves at the mercy of the militarist. It is the quintessence of submissiveness and, therefore, a direct invitation to the invader. Given a people trained to obeying the word of command and Hohenzollerns will always be on hand to utter and enforce it.

What is to be done? Obviously we are moving in a vicious circle from which, somehow, we must escape. Obviously we must get out of militarism, if only because the world cannot afford to become permanently bankrupt. Obviously to this game of making oneself more destructive than the other fellow there is no end; for, just as today the Arizona is only so much junk as compared to the Queen Elizabeth, which has both the heels and the guns on her, so tomorrow the Queen Elizabeth will herself be junk. A devil's dance to which there is no end.

How are we to get out of militarism? Since it is self-evident that release cannot come through the piling up of armaments, some other exit must be sought, and examination of the premises shows only one existent. Only when it is understood that war is an anachronism; that it pays neither the conqueror nor the conquered; that its invasive ethics are inferior to the co-operative ethics of industrialism; that, in a word, its day is past—only then can we hope to shed militarism as the snake sheds its worn-out skin. Until people shake off the delusion that national

prosperity depends on military aggressiveness nothing can be done.

Does one plead for a vague propaganda; a Chautauqua program of preachy slush? Not at all. One pleads, as HARPER'S WEEKLY pleads, for a definite stand in accordance with old-established and incessantly reaffirmed American principles. America professes to believe in the free and equal rights of all and not to believe in the heaven-

granted privileges of Kaisers. Yet America recently thought it necessary to congratulate the Kaiser on his birthday, though knowing well that democracy has no more deadly foe than this same Kaiser. America ardently participates in the making of international treaties intended to unite the world in bonds of peace; yet America does nothing when this war-mad Kaiser contemptuously tears them up. America understands quite clearly the difference between warships and non-combatant merchantmen; yet America does nothing when Kaiserdom ignores that difference. America acknowledges frankly that when the countries now standing neutral choose to unite against Germany the war will automatically end; yet America, professing to yearn for peace, will not venture to give the lead which all those other countries would jump at the chance of following.

Why cannot we, loud in our condem-



If a Giant Cut the Wires

Suppose all telephones were silent, and that for forty-eight hours you could not even call a telephone exchange anywhere in the Bell System to ask what the trouble was!

Imagine the confusion which would prevail—with personal visits and messengers substituted for direct, instant communication; with sidewalks, street cars and elevators jammed; with every old-fashioned means of communication pressed into service and all of them combined unable to carry the load.

The instant contact of merchant with customer, of physician with patient, of friend with friend, would be severed; the business man and the housewife would lose the minutes and hours the telephone saves them. The economic loss would be incalculable.

There would not be time enough to do the things we are accustomed to do, and social as well as business life would be paralyzed.

Such a condition is almost inconceivable. The Bell System has developed telephone service to the highest degree of usefulness and made it so reliable that its availability is never questioned. It has connected cities, towns and the remotest places from coast to coast, and has taught the people the advantages of nation-wide telephone facilities.

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nation of secret diplomacy, pluck up the courage to speak out? Why cannot we, boisterous champions, in the abstract, of industrialism, seize this concrete opportunity of over-throwing militarism? What practical sense is there in talking about rights while tolerating utter disregard of rights that have been the sanctity of international treaties and Hague conventions? Why brag eternally of our great moral influence while we are afraid to put our foot down and say sternly—"Here is the law, to which you yourselves agreed, and by that law we intend to see to it that you abide?"

AT PRESENT Bryan, the astute of all politicians, has gauged us right. At present, for all our bluster, we are for peace at any price. At present, sunk in our anxiety for personal safety and commercial prosperity, we are eager that others should rake our chestnuts from the fire. It is both cowardly and dishonest, and the nation that yields to those two vices is already on the toboggan in obscurity.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Catholic Church and Birth Control

By JOHN A. RYAN

THE article by Miss Hopkins on this subject presents the Catholic teaching and attitude substantially, albeit somewhat feebly. Two points in her paper may with advantage receive some further brief discussion.

She contends that, while the spirit of

the Bible is against birth restriction, it contains no specific prohibition of modern contraception. To be sure, the Scripture could not be expected to forbid explicitly a class of practices that were not invented until several centuries after the last of the Holy Books was written. But the description of the punishment of Onan certainly involves an implicit condemnation of all preventive devices, of the principle of artificial prevention, not merely of the particular artifice used by Onan. Such has been the interpretation of this passage invariably given by Christian authorities.

Incidentally, it should be noted that the Bible does not give us a systematic statement of all the great principles of morality, much less a complete application of them to the manifold phases, varieties, and details of concrete human conduct. Indeed, the Scriptures do not even profess to furnish such full and satisfactory ethical instruction. Hence we Catholics seek both the principles and the applications of moral doctrine not only in the Bible, but in official Christian tradition, and in the natural moral law, "that unwritten law," to quote the words of Cicero, "which is inborn, which we have derived from nature herself, and which is the highest reason." Our ultimate authority and guide in the interpretation of all three of these sources of ethical knowledge is the Catholic Church. (On this general subject, see articles in the Catholic Encyclopedia on "Ethics" and "Moral Theology.")

THE second point in Miss Hopkins' article on which a word of comment may be helpful, occurs in connection with her presentation of what she calls "a curious document." This is an English translation of a German translation of a Roman decision concerning the morality of contraception. In passing, I would observe that the original Latin document is not so remote from accession as one might infer from a consideration of the peculiar channels through which it reached the notice of Miss Hopkins. It can be found in any current manual of moral theology. As presented in the indirect rendition quoted in her article, the document suffers considerably, and is, to say the least, not very illuminating. The translation is crudely literal, gives a ludicrous version of certain technical terms, and in one or two matters is positively misleading.

The real import of the answer given to Bishop Bouvier by the Roman Congregation (in this instance, the Congregation of the Sacred Penitentiaria; there is no such body as the "Holy High Court of Doctrine") is in brief that the wife who unwillingly but under grave duress permits certain preventive artifices on the part of her Onanistic husband, may be free from personal sin, and hence may be absolved in confession; but that the husband is guilty of a grave sin, and hence may not be absolved; for the voluntary action is always grievously immoral. The same general answer has been given in a number of subsequent decisions by the Roman authorities. Consequently the official teaching of the Church is that all forms of contraception are morally wrong and unlawful.

Whatever success the birth-restriction

propagandists may have in other circles, there is one element of society which will remain comparatively unaffected and unpolluted by their efforts. That is the membership of the Catholic Church. That Church condemns, and ten thousand years hence will still condemn, the artificial prevention of conception as something unnatural and essentially contrary to the moral law; and it will forever forbid the Sacraments to those of its members who weakly yield to the temptation to indulge in this perverse and degrading practice. And we Catholics who realize that no social group can violate with impunity any of the natural laws of morality, and who know something of human history and human psychology, say to the superficial persons who advocate the use of contraceptives that the more extensively their recommendations are followed, the sooner the Catholic element will become predominant in our population. The Catholic element will survive because it is the fittest to survive, because it will conserve those moral qualities of self control, self sacrifice, endurance, and loyalty to God and the soul which are the principal conditions of survival in the competitive struggle for survival among human beings. We shall protect ourselves against the development of rotten hearts and flabby intellects. Knowing that in the nurture of human beings quality cannot be had without quantity, we shall rejoice that our view of the moral aspect of birth control compels us to provide for both the quantity and the quality.

A Free Press

By R. W. BOSSALIER

I HAVE read your editorial headed "The Morgan Shooting." I am astonished that you, as an American citizen, which I presume you to be, have the audacity to advocate such reactionary principles antagonistic to the freedom of the press.

It is true, you are not directly attacking the freedom of the press, but one can plainly read between the lines in the following extract from your article that you would gladly see *The Fothering*: your kindred papers suppressed so long as your brand of writings is not interfere with. That I call real Anglophobia, logic.

"Should American cities allow German secret money to placate the Walla with statements that Americans will be upholding the hands of the President if they agitate against freedom of expression of manitions."

HOW, in the first place, do you know that this is done by German secret money?

There are millions of native American citizens, of which I have the honor to be one, who disapprove of the practice of exporting munitions of war to any of the belligerents, especially as in the present case it only helps to prolong the European war, only assisting the allies, thereby causing us to be very unneutral.

There may not be any legal obstacle to this in the international law, but it is certainly inhuman, or against the principles of humanity, about which we

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from the President down, are continually printing.

Your slur upon the weekly called *The Fatherland* is very unjust, and with which you cannot deceive me, for I read this paper regularly and know that it tells the truth, while, on the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon press of New York has from the very beginning of the war told nothing but bare-faced falsehoods, and continue to do so to the present hour, about Germany and its allies.

There has been written a great deal of rot about our duty to uphold the President, right or wrong, on the very erroneous implied assumption that the President is our ruler or sovereign, when every child knows, or ought to know, that sovereignty in this country belongs only to the people, and the President has no more of sovereignty than belongs to the most humble individual citizen; in fact, he is only our (the people's) chief servant. It is preposterous to assume, if the President should decide to go to war with any country on any pretext, that every citizen must uphold him whether he thinks him to be right or wrong.

If the Anglophobes of this country succeed in dragging us into the European holocaust, according to your utterances (contained in the following extract from your article) such truth telling papers as *The Fatherland* would or should be suppressed immediately.

"But we might as well realize that if we are dragged into the war there will be a limit to the license which an individual is to enjoy merely because he happens to own a printing press."

That would not, as you say, Prussianize us, but completely Russianize us, which you may be sure the American freedom-loving and free born citizens will not brook for a moment.

St. Louis, Mo.

Independent

By CHARLES E. DELAND

HAVING been for many years deeply interested in the issue of our national waterways and the promotion of the American marine, I am pleased to read your current editorial concerning the efforts being made by the shipping interests to discredit the LaFollette Seemanns Act, and to note your stand in favor of that law and against the insidious efforts now and some time past being made by the interests in question to prove, before the law becomes operative, that it is a deathblow to American shipping.

It is clear that the same interests whose promoters so loudly declaimed against the policy of governmental embarkment as involved in the shipping bill defeated at the last session of Congress, are now seeking to regain lost ground which was gained to the people under the LaFollette measure. Your editorial sounds the motives behind this movement; and it is especially felicitous to know that your journal in our greatest commercial centre is on the right side of this controversy. Success to the efforts being made by that portion of the press that is in line with your editorial—efforts that are necessary in order to uncover and defeat the practically subsidized press that is behind the shipping interests.

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England and Cotton

THE Southern states are less excited than they were about the cotton situation. It is realized now that the assumption that Germany was getting no cotton was not sound. Holland and Sweden combined imported nearly 1,200,000 more bales in the year since the war began than in the preceding year and doubtless the greater part of that cotton went to Germany. Also in the earlier part of the year part of the Italian cotton went to Germany.

Even if the South does not get as high a price for cotton next year as it has had during this year she will still be in a fairly sound condition. It will cost her less to produce this year's crop. She is using a much smaller amount of fertilizers. Her acreage of foodstuffs planted has increased considerably. The following may be taken as examples of the increase in 1915 over 1914 in corn and wheat acreage:

	Corn	Wheat
Virginia	12%	57%
North Carolina	67	72
South Carolina	12	198
Georgia	11	113
Alabama	20	197
Mississippi	18	100
Texas	17	26
Arkansas	15	44
Tennessee	06	16
Oklahoma	08	22

Florida has increased 13% in corn, Louisiana 20% in corn, and Missouri 9% in wheat. The United States is doing very useful service in emphasizing neutral rights, whether against Great Britain or against Germany, but it would be silly to allow organized German-American agitation to keep us from seeing clearly, and distinct from other questions, the ruthless disregard of the deepest moral sanctions as shown by Germany in the invasion of Belgium, her limitless official lies about what has happened, beginning before the war started and reaching down to the series of contradictory statements about the Lusitania, and her contempt for neutral life. Such lapse from all civilized standards must not be confused with things so profoundly different in kind and meaning as are the complications that England has faced in adapting the acknowledged rights of search and blockade to present conditions. If her procedure is not justified by precedent, especially by the precedents of the United States, that fact will be established, but it is a technical matter that should be argued patiently, and not interfered with by foreign politics flagrantly organized in our country.

Great Britain's control of commerce is not the main

cause of the present cotton situation. The fact is there is more cotton in sight than the world desires to take at a price that would be satisfactory to Southern producers. We have exported almost as much as last year, although last fall our experts did not expect anything like as favorable a business. The Department of Agriculture earnestly tried to induce the Southern producers to cut their crop down by at least 40%, but they were unwilling to do it. In any agitation that the German-Americans succeed in starting, either in the nation at large or in Congress, it is important that such facts should be understood.

Americans

SOME German-Americans are among our most loyal citizens. The number who have been willing to play anti-American politics has, however, been a surprise. When the German issue was injected into the Chicago campaign, it was followed by an unexampled defeat for the candidate in whose behalf the plea was made. Others have done some organizing in the national field, both in Congress and outside, openly threatening to make the German cause an issue in the next Presidential election. The letter on the page opposite this illustrates our belief that the German-Americans have not chosen their leaders with felicity. If our German-American citizens require German-American leaders they should at least choose the highest types. They should not choose politicians of the pen-nut size.

Courage

SO MUCH censure was heaped upon the German socialists for abandoning their principles at the beginning of the war that the fearlessness of many of the party members, now that they are convinced, should be correspondingly proclaimed. The open letter, signed by 700, including 15 members of the Reichstag and 26 journalists, says:

It has become clearer and clearer every day that the war was not being carried on in defense of our national integrity. More and more plainly it had become evident that its purpose was imperialistic conquests.

The open letter speaks of the violation of Belgian neutrality and of the torpedoing of the Lusitania. This letter is an indication that there are in Germany more socialists than there were at first thought to be who are capable of looking at the facts as most free-minded citizens in neutral countries have looked at them.

Identity

IT SEEMS to annoy anybody to be classified. Certainly it annoys us. Less satisfaction comes from being associated with the virtues of another than discontent for being made to stand for alien traits. Here is a German-American correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* speaking of "that class of periodicals of which the *New York Herald* and *Harper's Weekly* are mortifying examples." The merits of the *Herald* do not at all console us for what we deem the difference in degrees of partisanship in the war between the *Herald* and ourselves. Still worse do we feel at being promoted as a thinker to the *Kaiser's* class, by the *St. Louis Republican*, which says:

Most of us find it a hard and somewhat ungrateful task to run a small and obscure part of the world according to our pet notions. We encounter insubordination, resentment and, sometimes, open mutiny. And even when we do occasionally get things just exactly as we want then do we find it utterly satisfying? We trow not. Consider, if you please, the *Kaiser*. He's got it into his Teuton bean that Billy Atlas



should caddy the ball for him alone. Suppose it should so come about. Do you imagine the *Kaiser* would be happy? Well, *comms*, he wouldn't; nor would anybody else. We hate to send this daring and original thought charging down upon the beaming day, but it must be done: Taste differs. And well it does. Fancy what a blight the sphere would be were every publication in the world like *Harper's Weekly*? Or, imagine a world in which every man, woman and prattling babe wore a mustache like the *Kaiser's*!

Now why is it we feel peevish over these classifications? Often it is not any sense of being superior to the other victim. Many times it is quite the contrary. Everybody wants to be judged, for better or worse, as he is, as an individual, not as one of a class. Everybody wishes to survive. It is loss of identity to which everyone, however humble, strenuously objects.

Dealing With God

IT IS frequently said of the President by all kinds of persons observing him from a distance, that when he has a problem on his hands, instead of reaching his conclusion, as some men do, by prolonged discussion with various minds, he retires to solitude and settles it with God. Men differ in the degree to which they need contact and solitude in order to have the best chance of arriving at the truth. Some never crave to be alone. Their most prolonged dealings with themselves and with the Infinite are when they shave. Most minds, of course, lie between the extremes, but no mind, it may be asserted safely, is first class that does not require considerable isolation. Lincoln was an easy mixer but his profoundest results came to him when he was alone. That this is inevitable was suggested by Ibsen when he made

one of his characters say that the greatest man is most alone. He meant essentially alone, even when in a crowd, but few deep natures can be sufficiently alone in company to keep them from craving literal solitude also. Continual contact tends to wear away the inner personality, while on the other hand, unbroken lack of touch with others tends to starve or warp it. Each must find out the ideal mixture for himself, but one is not likely to see God unless he is a lover of the large and silent spaces.

Sweden's Neutrality

WHEN England's use of sea-power in this war is discussed the entirely ignorant person usually emits surprise that the navy has done so little. A very slight amount of information leads to emphasis of how much it has accomplished, but even in the fullest summaries that have come our way one silent effect of sea-power has been overlooked. It is pointed out that British sea-power assured to England food, and to herself and her allies many needed supplies from overseas, and especially from us; enabled her armies to go to France and to the Dardanelles; prevented the success of the German drive through France along the coast; kept her own factories continuing export trade; took a direct as well as a protective part in the assault on Turkey; and made Germany's effort more difficult and intense by the extra burden of the blockade. The diplomatic influence has also been counted in the total score, notably on Italy's decision. It is along lines of influence on other countries that there occurs the omission we have in mind. The three Scandinavian countries began early in the war to consult together; and together the rulers agreed upon neutrality. The fear and distrust of Russia, however, has been a potent force in Sweden, and has been a factor even in Norway; the balance has not been easy to keep; many leading Swedes and Norwegians have looked upon the situation with anxiety. The Germans, in their drive at Russia, emphasized the northern part of their advance, no doubt largely to influence Sweden and Finland to enter the conflict on their side. The fact that entrance on the side of Germany would mean not only the immediate ruin of Scandinavian commerce but the exposure of Norway to invasion from Britain has been one of those examples of the pressure of sea-power that are unnoticed because they represent a condition rather than a positive act. Those who know Scandinavian affairs best, however, are first to count this pressure among the forces of the war exerted by the British navy.

How To Be Saved

WHEN will our largest city be grown up? At least when will up-staters grant it self-government? A committee from the legislature is now busy investigating it. One way is to make a partisan exploit of it, and thus increase the marvelous record of the present legislature of New York state, which has done so much to queer the Republican party in the nation. Another way is to drop peanut statesmanship altogether and simply try to suggest improvements, Heaven knows improvements are necessary in any city, especially in a city long so ill-governed as New York. After only a year and a half in office the city administration, with its manifold problems

and its complete non-partisanship, will assuredly welcome any well-informed and straightforward suggestions. Let the committee work in that spirit and it will do much to cover up the wrong principle of its existence.

Why is it?

NOBODY admires our Congress vastly. Why is this? Of course all governments are roasted, but our national legislature inspires less respect than it might. It doesn't compare with the British Parliament. The reason is that the members are chosen by localities. Congress will never reach its highest possibilities until that tiresome superstition ends. A Congressman is occupied most of the time in trying for pie to feed to his constituents. By now our country should be looked upon as a unit.

Henry James

WHEN a man of Henry James' age and record decides to become the citizen of another country, the best thing his countrymen can do, in any comments on his decision, is to show respect and reticence. Mr. James is 72 years old. He has deserved well of the world, as his brother did, and as their father did before them. We may not share the views attributed to him about the war, but he has a right to his own opinion and his own choice, and gibes at him are the cheapest known form of wit.

Mollycoddles

THE great Sissy, so to speak, the leading case of him who prefers thought to violence, and whose temperament revolts against the established standards of action that his mind accepts, is of course that charming philosopher, friend to all of us, whose self-accusation is repeated in terms of beauty unsurpassed; who sees in his reluctance to plunge into force:

Some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event;
A thought which quartered hath but one part
wisdom
And ever three parts coward.

How unfair to himself, however, since it is the one part wisdom that is mother to the other three. Self-consciousness, or as he calls it, "conscience," it is that doth make cowards of us all;

And the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

How truly uninteresting is Fortinbras, and yet how the distracted thinker admires him, merely because his freedom from scruple or reflection leaves him prompt to act. And yet what does it all matter, the activity of Fortinbras, compared to the doubt of Hamlet? It is not change of rulers that gives to this naughty world a value interfused with everything, even with calamity. It is not Fortinbras, but Hamlet, who makes of life a haven for the mind, a place stained with the white radiance of eternity. And among those who are sceptical of force, there is one greater even than Hamlet. The great mollycoddle of all time is Jesus.

Roosevelt on Motherhood

THE Colonel in the west has been drawing a favorite analogy of his, between the soldier and the mother. That resemblance can be found there is no doubt. In each case is hardship, danger, giving up of ease. But, O Colonel Roosevelt, how wide is the divergence! What a difference between a necessary evil and the deepest, richest, most touching, most appealing of human acts! The soldier must be killed, or kill his fellow man, as the world of reason is now constructed, and he must make sacrifices to accomplish the killing. All credit to him for doing well what is required. But how many, many millions of miles is that unhappy necessity from the joy of giving life, tending it, loving it, improving it. The mother needs qualities of the soldier, yes; but what has the soldier of those limitless consolations of the mother; consolations and joys that come from being near the sources of being, from passing on the torch of life and love, from what is physically the most creative of services, and may be so spiritually? The Colonel says a woman has no more right to protest against raising sons to be food for powder than against raising daughters to bear in turn their children. You have seen the resemblances, Colonel, but have you understood the fathomless difference?

Optimism

MANY kinds of optimism are so unfounded as to give reasonable basis for the current jocose definition of a pessimist as one who has to live with an optimist. But there are grounds for optimism that are unshakable. Interest in life, deep and large, whatever life's trend, is possibly the safest. When calamities come, to the individual, or (as in this vast war) to the world, a strong aid to cheerfulness is the fallibility of human foresight. Who can trace the consequences of anything? Is not history full of miscalculations about whether this event, or that, would be fraught with evil consequences or good? Have we not seen the same principle at work in our own lives? Therefore, when hard things happen, we can frequently cheer up by taking as our watchword "you never can tell."

Cheery Stuff

SPEAKING of optimism, suppose you are tempted to count the number of July and August magazines that have cover designs of girls in bathing-suits, why should you despair? Did not the Italians in their great period all paint madonnas, and were not most of them merely pretty girls in costume? Did the Greeks not do a few themes over and over again in marble? Of course you may say they made great art out of their themes, and our girl-theme is handled with excess of commonplace. That is a point, but we leave it out, because we are busy being optimistic. Optimism says that this business of pleasing the grand average (girl stuff, money stuff, detective stuff) may produce great art, sometime. Tolstoi said it was necessary for art to please all the peasants in order to be great. We have no peasants, but by putting on the cover girls in bathing-suits we please all the classes there are.

Hunger in Mexico City

By ALLENE TUPPER WILKES

FOOD, just ordinary necessary food has become the subject of most interest to all of us here in the City of Mexico.

Women openly exult when they have three, six or twelve months' supply of flour, meal or beans. Others are quiet for fear their stores may be confiscated. Those less thrifty ones who have no supply on hand are finding it hard to provide even the necessities for their families.

This is among the rich. Luxuries have disappeared from their table. They eat the meat that can be bought with little choice as to its cut or kind, and pay extravagant prices for the food that can be found.



Above—Children come with jugs and bowls and wait for "blood" for hours in the hot sun. Below—Waiting to buy corn from the government. The line extends for four blocks.

Among the poor, as always, conditions are still harder. Servants cannot be discharged, they would starve. In a country where not only the maid, cook and manservant but their family as well often forms part of the household, the burden of feeding them is a serious one.

The very poor have been reduced to a state of want that I believe is inconceivable to the people of our own prosperous country. Beggars there have always been in the streets. The number has increased until every block has its supplicant. He is no longer the professional with his insistent whine of "nina, nineta, por Dios—" (little girl, dear little girl, for God's sake.) Now gaunt women holding close the bundles of rags that partly cover their babies, tell you brokenly that they are hungry. As if one need be told after looking at them! Emaciated children follow you clamoring for a "centavo." They have overflowed from the crowded streets out into the quieter colonies.

A trip to the centre, as one says, in place of downtown, has long since ceased to be a pleasure. Hungry people are everywhere and the poor half-starved coach horses are so weak they can scarcely stand. Only the soldiers ride in automobiles. Those of private citizens, Mexican and foreign alike, have been confiscated or are hidden away. When taking a *coche* becomes a neces-

sity, one is divided between horror at the cocheros' insistent beating of his poor beast and a desire to urge him on for fear they will fall dead before the destination is reached.

In all this stricken city there is no sight more pitiful than that of the stark bodies of the coach horses that have fallen in the street from starvation. But how can the animals be given food when there is not enough for the people?

Every effort is being made to relieve conditions so far as it lies in the power of the more prosperous members of the community. I cannot make a report of the private charities, though much is being given

by foreigners and wealthy Mexicans.

The government now in control of the city has been selling corn at a reduced price.

The International Committee gives out tickets that allow the holders to purchase corn, beans and charcoal at various stations for much less than they can be bought elsewhere.

At the slaughter house the blood of the slaughtered animals which used to be sold for fertilizer, is now being given to the poor. They come with jugs and bowls and wait for it for hours in the hot sun.

The streets are blocked in front of the buildings where corn, beans and charcoal are being sold. Hundreds of women have fallen from hunger and weakness and have been carried into the Red Cross and other hospitals. Some have died.

The bread riots in front of the bakeries have stopped for the reason that bread is no longer sold.

Only a few days ago a crowd of women burst into the Chamber of Deputies, crying, "We are hungry!" They were promised relief, but there isn't sufficient food available for distribution among them all.

We hear there is food in certain districts of the country, but with no means of transportation how is it possible that this food can be brought to those in want?



The "blood-line"—a scene outside the slaughter house, Mexico City.

Investigations, made in parts of San Luis Potosí, Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon and Coahuila, one of the richest agricultural sections of Mexico show want bordering on famine.

Word has been brought to us that the food supply at Tampico is nearly exhausted. In Monterey the people are said to be starving and women and children were trampled to death in the rush when a boatload of grain was brought into Acapulco.

In the states of Oaxaca and Jalapa the people are reported as fainting from weakness and exhaustion while waiting for distribution of corn.

These reports are brought to us by eye witnesses. It is impossible for private charity, or the impoverished temporary government to do more than partly relieve the distress around us.



The daily crowd before one of the stations where the International Committee distributes corn, beans and charcoal.

that the American Red Cross will take immediate steps to relieve the food situation here in Mexico. I am off to spread that rumor, for with us news travels by word of mouth, and it is good to have such news to tell!

Mexico City.

Out Our Way

By EUGENE WOOD

IN THE city, categories, so to speak, are much more A or Not-A. For example, it is Winter until the clearly defined than out our way. A thing is either steam is shut off and you can open your windows so that you may the better bear the man across the court working on Czerny's Velocities from 10 a. m. till 10 p. m. Or perhaps, one might put it: It is Winter till the first three straw huts come out; after that it's Spring.

"See?" cried a neighbor of Uncle Mike one hopelessly Winter morning in late March, turning up with his toe a clod of snow and top-dressing, "See? The grass is green!"

"Yes," said Uncle Mike and twittered his eyelids roughly, "it grows of that color hereabouts."

After you get money, you must show culture. That's the rule out our way. Now, there is Uncle Mike, one of our leading characters. He has enough money; at any rate, he doesn't try to get any more now that his house is all paid for and "the byes is workin'." Some doubt whether Uncle Mike can read but he can look at the pictures, that's a sure thing, and he has language. And theories.

For example, when Uncle Mike is telling about taking down old construction work he doesn't say, "The nut

was rusted fast," but with wise frownings he expatiates: "Ye know that whin a noot—Whin a noot has been a long time on aholt, it becooms, as it were, impregnated." And what d'you call it but language when he makes aphorisms like: "'Tis not the len'th of the toong, 'tis the effectivity of ut?"

As for theories, whatever they may think elsewhere of the spontaneous generation of life, Uncle Mike is certainly for auto-hiogenesis.

"Do you know," he asked a man out our way, "do you know, now, how tit tell whin hom or hayacon or anny o' thim smoaked mates is rrrripe and fit fur t'ate?"

"Well," says the man, "if you'll give me a sharp knife and a hot fryinpan, I guess I can make out to find out."

"Ah, no, no, no, no! That's not the was of ut at all. That's not the rale signtific was. The rale signtific was is this: Ye hang the hom or the hayneon or whatever up—Ye hang it oop in a dhry place, an' whin the worrums dhrops out iv ut, why, thim 'tis rrrripe an' fit fur t'ate."

"Well, excuse me!" said the man. "Excuse me from eating any meat that some old dermestid beetle has been laying eggs in."

"Ah, thim," cried Uncle Mike impatiently, "'tis no beet-ble at all, at all. No beet-ble at all. Thim worrums is silf-inginthered by the mysture of the mate."

The Soul of Zionism

By

NORMAN

HAPGOOD

ZIONISM is no longer merely an idea. The dream of centuries has been embodied in actual deeds, to show that the dream was a true vision.

In the article last week we saw what the Zionist movement might be expected to accomplish, not only in carrying out the hopes and sentiments of the Jewish people, but in eliminating those undesirable traits caused by centuries of oppression, encouraging toward full growth the idealistic side of the race. Just what practical steps have been taken toward changing Zionism from a suggestion into a constructive fact? It is necessary to understand with some clearness what the actual steps are, as a foundation for understanding how the work fits in with the dream.

There are now in Palestine about forty Jewish villages. Agriculture is the very foundation of their existence. In about seven of them, grapes are almost the only product. In numerous others, almonds, olive trees, and other fruit trees are the principal industries. One of the most important conditions to be faced from the constructive point of view is the fact that a considerable part of the soil is not good for grain. It is impossible to generalize loosely, and in some of the colonies, the principal product is grain. Several such colonies exist in Judea and still more in Galilee. The nature of the soil often changes every few yards.

The first colony organized in Palestine by the Jews was called the Gate of Hope (Petach-Tikvah). This was started in 1878 by the Jews of Jerusalem. They were not at all accustomed to work, but the idea took possession of them that they ought to occupy themselves more



Samaritan High Priest and Pentateuch roll.

with agriculture. As, however, the climate did not agree with them, they returned in 1882 to Jerusalem. When the new immigration began some Jews from Russia bought this land from the Jerusalemites, introduced sanitation and settled on it. It was formerly infested with malaria from surrounding swamps in the district immediately beyond the border. The new colonists put up Eucalyptus trees to absorb the malaria air. It is now one of the healthiest colonies in Palestine.

The colonists at first were dependent on outside help. Much of this help came from Baron de Rothschild, and much from various societies such as the Philo-Palestine societies of Russia. The administrative officers of the colonies were taken largely from France in order to introduce more modern methods than were understood by the immigrants, who were mainly from Russia. These outside leaders, however, did not understand the Russian Jews and were not understood by them. It was by the attitude of the plain Jewish people of Russia that the next period was ushered in. Members of the societies of Russia which were helping on the Palestine movement were constantly confronted with this question from the ordinary Jews: "Why don't you go to Palestine yourself?" As a result of this searching question there was founded in Russia the first company of well-to-do Jews to buy land in Palestine and have it cultivated, intending to go there and settle when the land should be sufficiently advanced to support them. Representing it E. W. Lewin-Epstein went to Palestine, planted vineyards, built houses, and made the necessary preparations for an expected new colony. He later became mayor of the colony. This first colony of prosperous Jews was meant as a model to show people with money who wished to settle in Palestine how to go about it. Baron de Rothschild, who had been the great supporter of the Jewish movement toward Palestine when it needed paternal guidance, was much pleased to see the movement joined by Jews who could take care of themselves and do their part toward building up Palestine. It was a great step in an ideal as well as in a material sense. It helped to show that the movement was



E. Ben Jehuda, Reviver of the Hebrew Language.

not merely a practical help but also the expression of a race ideal. The first colony, even now after twenty-five years, is looked upon as the standard. There would have been a festival this year to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary had it not been for the war.

The government of this colony, and likewise of those that began later, is extremely democratic. In the beginning every land owner had a vote on any questions that arose. These questions at first were mainly pecuniary. There were, however, in the colony many working men who had no land; the children of these farm-helpers went to the schools and it was realized that they had as

much interest in the education system as any one else; and therefore there was formed a Board of Education, separate from the general governing board, with the suffrage universal; and later various other boards developed. The question of female suffrage never came up, because it was from the beginning taken for granted without any argument that women should vote on the same terms and just as naturally as men. In the first colony, which began with two hundred members and now has eleven hundred, one of the most interesting problems dealt with came up before the judicial board, founded to settle all questions between employers and employees. It is not so much a board of arbitration as it is a court, since members of the colony are compelled to submit to it, and to bring questions before it instead of before the Turkish courts. Since it was put into existence there has not been a single attempt to appeal from it to the Turkish courts. The only trouble it has met was on a profound difference of point of view between the Arabs and the Jews on the rights of property. As long as an individual owner used his land the Arab respected his ownership. If they saw a plot, however, that was not in use, they used it for grazing themselves. The Jews explained to them that they could



question, of course, much might be said for the Arab argument, but the practical effect of the Turkish government siding with the Jews has been at least comfortable, since the Arabs, like various other primitive people, respect might, and this step was a demonstration that the might of the government was with the Jewish colonists.

When the colonies were founded there were no maps. The government gave deeds of land but described the outlines in the most impressionistic terms. The Jews introduced exact borders and of course maps were necessary

to do this. The Jewish villages are scattered and surrounded by Arab villages. Everywhere the Jews affect the native mode of living. The Arabs, for instance, had no doctors, and no medicine. They now come in large numbers to be treated by the Jews, largely without pay. The Arabs also like to deal with the city officials of the Jews, because they believe in their fairness and because they do not have to pay *backsheesh*. To the ordinary American mind *backsheesh* means a bribe given to a corrupt official. As a matter of fact the Turkish officials are almost never bribed to do wrong, but they have to be bribed regularly to do right. If they get no money they do nothing. The Arabs also like to send their children to the Jewish schools as there are no Turkish schools that amount to much in the way of general education.

The present period in the history of Jewish colonization began in 1900, when Baron de Rothschild was convinced from the success of these colonies that the Russian Jews are as capable of governing themselves as Jews from the other countries are, whereupon he handed the administration of those colonies which he had been looking after to the Jewish Colonization Association. When they took over the management of the Rothschild colonies the first thing they did was to



A Street in Jerusalem.

not do that since the plot belonged to so-and-so. How could it belong to so-and-so, the Arab said, since it comes from God? It was impossible for them, as it is for many modern thinkers, to conceive the right of an individual to prevent the surface of the earth from being made use of. The Jews, however, appealed to the Turkish government, and the government confirmed the idea of private right in land. As a philosophic

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discharge those administrators who had been brought from countries not the native country of most of the colonists, and give over the management to the colonists themselves. It was in this period that the Zionist organization as we know it now took shape. There has been created an institution called the Jewish National Fund. This fund is supported by all the Jewish people, poor as well as rich. Its purpose is to buy up land and settle on it young men who want to become agriculturists in the country of their forefathers. The land remains always the property of the Jewish National Fund. It cannot be sold. It cannot be leased for more than ninety-nine years. When it is leased the Fund receives a certain percentage on the value of the land, which is readjusted from time to time. Thus we see surviving the idea of property made familiar in the Bible, the idea of Moses himself. It may be remarked in passing that this whole national fund idea with the joint ownership of land aspect of it was adopted by Dowse and introduced into his Zion City in Illinois.

Since this national movement began in its present form, the growth, even in the United States, has been decidedly rapid. One group of well-to-do colonists exists in St. Louis, one in Chicago, one is a combination of citizens of Chicago and St. Louis, one in New York, and one national group with headquarters in New York. The first two groups mentioned have already planted their lands, mostly with almonds, olive trees, and the tree from which castor oil is produced.

Of course the great war has made the whole situation much harder. In 1913 all of the forty villages were in good condition and showed a profit. Now they cannot sell their products. The port of Jaffa was blockaded by the French and English fleets as soon as Turkey became a belligerent, which prevented the Jews from importing anything or from exporting much.

Another result of the war has been the postponing of the time when the admirable school system can see its completion. The Jewish school system begins with the kindergarten and the day nursery, taking the children at two-and-a-half years old, because their mothers work either at home or in the fields, and also because the children are likely to suffer from the hot sun unless a favorable place is provided for them. The children are taught at the same time they are taken care of, and when at six years of age they are ready to go to the public schools they know Hebrew and some history. When Mr. E. Ben Jehuda began speaking Hebrew in his family a few years ago, that language was in a very limited sense alive. Its aliveness was mainly in the Synagogues. It had little to do with business, schools, and general questions. Now it is already in the true sense a living language. It is not only talked by the Jews but is fast becoming the language of the non-Jewish people who live in Palestine. Many of the Greek commercial houses in Jaffa use it. The German banks in Jaffa and in Jerusalem issue reports in Hebrew. E. Ben Jehuda was a scholar who was convinced that the real Jewish national-

ity could never be created without more of a common language than they had, and a language not only for special purposes but for constant daily talk. It was the idea that dominated his life. For years he said he would marry no woman except one who would agree that their children should speak Hebrew from the cradle. The language of the old testament has been kept and extended to usual, practical needs by a body of scholars, with Ben Jehuda at their head. He has now completed six volumes of a projected ten volume dictionary of modern Hebrew. There have been plenty of special Hebrew dictionaries, but this is to bring the different departments together and also to add the needed words. Mr. Maurice Wertheim, the son-in-law of Ambassador Morgenthau, visited E. Ben Jehuda in his workshop in Jerusalem and asked what would happen to this work if he should die. E. Ben Jehuda answered "I must live." As Mr. Wertheim well adds, that answer is the spirit of modern Palestine.

Naturally the public schools give a more general education in the cities than in the villages. In the villages the principal teaching is agriculture. Manual training is making marked progress in the cities. There is a school corresponding to the German gymnasium in Jaffa and one in Jerusalem and a Technical High School in Haifa. The plans for a university in Jerusalem to exp the whole education system were well advanced when the war broke out.

IT WILL be seen that the Jews have thoroughly realized that if they are to work out the idea of nationality, and if Palestine is the one home that can focus all their traditions and ideals, then they must develop to the full the practical modern possibilities of Palestine. Nobody has done more to bring out these possibilities than the famous Aaron Aronson, the discoverer of wild wheat, whose genius is likely to affect the development of some of our own western states. He is now at the head of the Jewish agricultural experiment station at Haifa, and he and other skilled men are making steps forward in the great fundamental task of getting the most out of the soil, of demonstrating that the Jews are successful agriculturists, and of bringing the community as rapidly as possible from the old primitive agricultural methods of the Arab to the last tools of modern science. The Jews know that they will not accomplish their dream of restoring the great nation in its former home unless they are able to make that country materially prosperous. There is every sign at present that they will make it materially prosperous, and there is every sign also that the idealism of the Jewish race will, through this movement, receive the impetus that cannot be expected to reach its greatest strength while the energies of a people are devoted to defending themselves or excusing themselves. Peoples become great when their hearts and minds expand freely, when they have self-respect, when they rejoice in their natural attributes. If the Jews are essentially an Oriental people that is all the more reason why they need a special home in

order to get out of themselves moral and intellectual triumphs that will never be born in unengaging environments. What they ask is most truly a place in the sun, most truly a place in which they can live for what they value in their own lives and their own traditions, without the struggle of oppression, or even unceasingly and misunderstanding. It is the dream not of individuals but of a nationality, a race, a people.

We often think of the Jews as especially addicted to money-making. When we think of them in that way we think of those who least represent the underlying Hebrew genius. The real Jew is a dreamer, a religious or at least an ethical enthusiast, less an individualist than a member of a community so strong in its community sense that it remains alive in spite of centuries of the most disintegrating influences.

When a Jew decides to go back to Palestine he does not go back to become rich. He goes back because only there can he be a Jew in peace and in pride, only there can he help build and transmit the qualities and ideals of his race. Those prosperous Jews who are now arranging to return, so far from bettering their material condition, will inevitably be sacrificing it. They will be impelled by one motive only, a rare genius of extraordinary stability.

I was talking the other day with a very brilliant Jew who had spent most of his time among the poor in Russia. It was evident that he had very slight respect for the melting pot, looking upon it as a sign of weakness, even as the suicide of the individual is a sign of weakness. I put in a gentle defense or at least explanation of the point of view that wishes to become an ingredient in the melting pot, led by the dawn of a democracy better than anything we have yet known.

"That is quixotic," he observed.
"Don Quixote was all right," I answered.

"He was not all right," said my Jewish friend gravely and without emphasis.

No it is not in the quixotic that the Jew feels he can find salvation. To disappear in the melting pot would be to substitute a guess at the unknown, which is strange and alien even if excellent, for the saving of something known, believed in, loved for so many centuries. For my part this determination of a strong race to live and to live in conditions that promise the renewed flowering of its ideals is one of the most inspiring currents of modern history. The world is becoming standardized. Different countries use the same machines, the same products, almost the same customs. The mails, the cables, the newspapers diffuse the same facts and introduce more and more uniformity in ideas. The great threat of modern machinery and modern intercommunication is monotony, lack of variation, and consequent lack of inspiration. If the Jews succeed in saving themselves, emphasizing their nationality, continuing their special qualities and their age-long dreams, they will not only be preserving themselves from destruction, they will also be giving a needed example to the rest of the world.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



Burns



Horsee



Moore

"It's a splendid idea, to have men's wearing apparel treated by a gentleman and a litterateur"—JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER, Esq., in *Vanity Fair*.



Shakespeare

Who's Pantaloonny Now?

Direspectfully dedicated to John Armstrong Chaloner, Esq.

ASTRIDE your charger (like Napoleon) seated,
Upon the world, this jewel you confer.
"How splendid to have men's attire treated
Sic by a gentleman and litterateur."

Ah me! Had Horsee when his muse was flagging,
But given laughing Lalage a rest,
And kept Mucenas' pantaloons from bagging,
(Or whatever 'twas he wore below his vest.)

If when his frisky Pegusus he mounted,
He'd sung, instead of the eternal HER
The stylish HIM, he might have been accounted
A gentleman as well as litterateur.

If Shakespeare had abstained from malty liquors,
And spent the time (when not purloining plays)
In pressing Francis Bacon's velvet knickers
He might thereby have gined a social raise.

If Tommy Moore when not devoutly pressing
His suit in amorous rhyme, had pressed instead
His patrons lordly "pants," it is past guessing
What titles had been shoygered on his head.

Had Bobby Burns renounced his Highland lassies,
And tuned his pipes to "Gentlemen's attire,"
He might in time have risen from the masses
And been addressed as Robert Burns, Esquire.

If Hall Caine—.....
.....
..... but why drag in Hall Caine?

Come, Chaloner, confess like n good feller
By "Gentleman and litterateur" you meant
The literary style of the Best Seller
And the strictly pure refinement of the Gent.

Fifty Years From the Ashes

By DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

IT IS not easy to find even a partial parallel to the recovery of the Southern States from the utter financial prostration that marked the collapse of the Confederacy half a century ago. Few peoples ever sank so deep in misery to rise again so fast in power. Germany, perhaps, was as completely devastated by the end of the Thirty Years' War as was Virginia or Georgia in 1865, but she carried her scars for more than a century. France regained her credit and repaired her losses as quickly after the armistice of Versailles as did the South after Appomattox, but she had no emancipated working-class with which to contend. The Jacobites of 1745 were as hopeless as was the Army of Northern Virginia on the eve of its surrender, but the axe and exile and bills of attainders solved their problems. The Boers were entrusted with self government after the war with Great Britain as promptly as the Southern commonwealths were readmitted to the Union, but they had the advantage of isolation and distinctive customs. Yet the South after fifty years has not only ploughed up its trenches, adjusted itself to new conditions of labor and taken its place among the American Commonwealths, but it is also making unprecedented industrial contributions to America and to the world.

A few great facts stand out in a survey of the eleven States which seceded and of West Virginia, carved from the flank of Virginia during the war. Kentucky, which suffered as severely as almost any seceding States, and Oklahoma, then an Indian hunting-ground, have both been excluded from these comparisons though both are, in sympathy, as in territory, distinctly Southern:

In fifty years the manufactures of the eleven States have been multiplied almost ten-fold.

Despite the losses of the war, farm property in these States now has an aggregate value three and a half times as great as in 1860. The farms of Texas alone, with their live stock and machinery, are more valuable by almost \$264,000,000 than those of all the eleven Southern States on the eve of the war.

In the banks of the eight Southern



Above—Greatest resin market in the world—loading ocean vessels. Below—Peach Tree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

States for which statistics can be had, there are now eight dollars on deposit for every dollar in bank in 1910.

raised only for home consumption are now marketed for profit. Only 6,500,000 bushels of potatoes, for in-

The combined output of bituminous coal in three Southern States is worth almost ten times as much per annum as the bituminous coal from all the mines in the country at the date of the eighth census.

One Southern State, Alabama, now produces more than twice as much iron as did the "solid South" in 1860.

Improved agricultural lands have doubled in area; the cotton crop is more than twice what it was—with an added \$125,000,000 the year from cotton seed that was thrown away in the old days; the tobacco output has been multiplied by two and that of sugar cane by more than fifty. But with all of this, Southern manufactures are now more valuable than Southern field crops, and the value added raw materials by manufacture in the South is equal to the total value of the average cotton crop, the seed excluded.

The aggregate value of all taxable property in the eleven States is estimated by the census at more than five times the values of 1860.

There is scarcely one of these items with which there is not bound up a long, long story of patience and persistence. The upbuilding of Southern manufactures is of itself as remarkable an industrial romance as the rise of New England. It has meant the construction of more than 1,100 miles of railroad (total 60,198) for every year since 1860. It has meant a struggle for supremacy in cotton spinning. It has meant a veritable crusade for the manufacture of tobacco products adjacent to the fields where the leaf is grown. It has meant almost two generations of coöperation.

Scarcely less interesting than the increase in the great essentials of Southern wealth has been the steady addition of new items to the developed resources of the South. Orchard products, for instance, now bring the South yearly some \$25,000,000 as compared with \$2,250,000 in 1860; peanuts then negligible are now worth \$18,000,000 per annum; Southern hay is valued at more than \$70,000,000 the year. There are perhaps a dozen instances where commodities which were formerly

stances, were raised in 1860 in the seceded States; now the annual crop seldom falls below 28,000,000 bushels. Virginia alone now raises more potatoes by 2,000,000 the year than did the whole South on the eve of the war. Dairy products bring more than \$80,000,000 to the seceded States every twelve months; eggs and poultry are sold on the market for more than \$26,000,000; live stock for slaughter and export is reckoned at something like \$200,000,000 the year.

A great factor has been the subdivision of the old plantations into smaller farms. Slavery and extensive farming went together. The man who owned a large number of negroes had to have enough land to keep them employed on the simple staples they could till; he had to raise enough wheat and corn to feed them before he could put in a "mooey crop." How completely all this has been changed is shown by the fact that the total wheat crop of the States that seceded in 1860-61 is not now appreciably larger than it was before the war, despite the increase in



Shipping scene on docks at New Orleans, La.

population. The corn crop, in the same way, has increased chiefly in those states where stock raising is general. Elsewhere

work that it learned how rich was its soil. It is still learning, working and growing richer.

the farmer raises only enough cereals to feed his family and his stock and devotes the rest of his time to the cultivation of one or another profitable, intensive crop. Ten years hence, when the movement toward small farms shall have gone much further than at present, the fruits will be seen in an agricultural diversity in the South rivaling that of New York.

The chief reason for the tremendous increase in the South agricultural contribution to the wealth of America has been, of course, the new democracy of toil that came with the end of the war. General Lee foresaw this at Appomattox when he asked General Grant to permit the men who owned private mounts to take them home for the plow. Then men needed the horses and needed the crops—the men who had large plantations but nothing else and the men who had never had anything their own labor had not produced. It was not until the entire South went to

Fun in War

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

THERE are men of bright talent in the trenches. You keep meeting them—boys and veterans with bits of magic about them. On our line we had a sculptor, who had studios in Antwerp, Bruges and Paris. The son of Ysaye was with us. One day he borrowed a squeaky old violin and played for my wife the sonata which Cesar Franck had written for his father. There are painters, who take their time off in despatching postcards, in red crayon work, knocking off landscapes, doing the faces of their comrades. One of these craftsmen carried a water-color box in his hip-pocket. A curly-headed boy, a Genie, with a kink in his eye, used to stumble into our relief station, after he had done his time on the inundations. Smelly, with his clothes very wet and reeking, he would seat himself at the piano. The nurses put a glass of beer and cigarettes within reach, and he would play opera music for an hour.

Their ambitions foregone, their fitness pooled into the general fund of galantry, these youths, with their touch of skill, splash about in the wet trenches. They are dressed in the rag ends of unmatching uniforms, full of vermin. They carry messages, spade trenches, fulfill

dirty and disagreeable tasks. But in their moments of relief, they give pleasure with their art. You see several men out of each hundred carrying a book in the pocket. You will see a boy sit all the morning drawing. Others of the youngsters will play on any old piano, to a group of silent devotees. The average is one unrecked piano to each devastated village. Wherever there is such a piano, the soldiers work it overtime. There was a lad who could fill an evening with characteristic street calls. Belgium is full of dialects, and call differs from call. He could give the fishmonger of Antwerp and the vegetable vendor of Liège. Three captains, known as "The Trinity," had the duty of going by night to Nieupoort and controlling the waters of the inundation. In their spare time through the stupid winter they hunted up a piano-player in one of the bombarded villages, pasted the torn rolls, jacked up the damaged mechanism, and played Debussy and Chopin. If you walk through La Panne, headquarters of the King, and relief station for the troops, and if the time is evening, you will hear a medley of rag-time coming out of darkened villas.

Patiently, hour by hour, soldiers hammer out seal rings from German shrapnel

bullets. They fashion cigarette lighters out of two cartridges—one cartridge holding petrol and the wick, and the other carrying the wheel of conflagration that flints the flame into the drenched wick. One man bowed a piece of wood, fitted two strings upon it, and so had a violin of the trenches. Its music was not rich and varied, but the making of it had given him release.

These thousands of soldiers have put art back where it belongs in the service of distressed muddy people. In peace times, art is a luxury, but when enough trouble comes, it grows into a necessity. On long voyages, sailors spin yarns. They have to, or they would hate each other. When men are thrust up against the old-time enemies—loneliness, hunger and death—they find that art is a comfort that avails. They turn to music and story-telling, and the crafts.

Security and luxury destroy art, for it is no longer a necessity when a man is stuffed with foods, and his fat body whirled in hot compartments from point to point of a tame world. But when he tumbles in from a gusty night out of a trenchful of mud, with the patter from slivers of shell, then he turns to song and color, odd tricks with the knife, and the tales of an ancient adventure.







What He Wore

The charm of a perfect June evening, with the odor of roses in the air and a cloudless sky, added the final note of exquisite harmony to the appointments of a sweetly simple wedding last night at Grace M. E. Church which united in the holy bonds of marriage Miss Edna Nichols and Howard Bateman. One of the interesting features of the bridegroom's part in the wedding was the fact that the suspenders which he wore had been carefully embroidered seventy years before by his grandmother for his grandfather's wedding day.

—The Joliet (Ill.)
Herald News.

How Women Do It

A local sportsman tells us he went hunting last week—hired a livery rig, shot away a dollar's worth of ammunition, wasted a day's time, and all he got was—back. Then his wife took 25 cents and ten minutes time and bought a couple of rabbits for supper.

—The Weber Springs (Ark.) Jacksonian.

Confessions of An Editor's Wife

When we were first married I didn't know much about a printing office, and I did not like the term "job work." I thought it sounded common, and said it made me think my husband was a day laborer, and wondered if some more euphonious name could not be invented for it. But now that I have been married to a printer fourteen years, I am only too glad to hear him tell of jobs rolling in, and don't care at all when he says that he "had no time to write editorials this week; there was so much job work to do."

—The Wellsville (Kans.) Globe.

Five Years in the Sanctum

During the five years of our existence in Canton, we perhaps have made many mistakes, for which we are sorry, and for which we have been severely criticized. But be it said to our credit that we have always stood by and tried to encourage every business interest of the town and county. It has always been our policy and pleasure to say a word now and then for the promotion of

church and Sunday-school work. Our columns, too, have been open to the religious societies, the secret orders, etc., for which we made no charge and for which we received not one cent.

—The Canton (N. C.) Observer.

Blackmail

If the young man who was seen Sunday evening kissing his best girl, while standing at the front gate will subscribe for the Observer before next press day no further mention will be made of the matter.—The Hartford (Ark.) Observer.

The Value of Education

Position wanted—A young person having received an excellent education, including writing, geography, history, mathematics, music and art, would like to enter a respectable family to do washing and ironing.

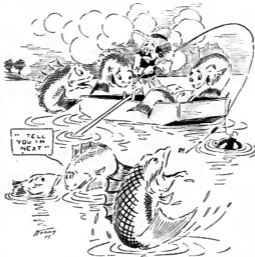
—The Saline County (Mo.) News.

A Man and His Trades

J. C. Putman, merchant, jeweler, painter, paperhanger, butcher, traveling salesman, hotel man, carpenter, bass soloist, tenor soloist, choir leader, cornetist, farmer, etc., has purchased the William Varner barber shop and is now in charge at the chair with a razor in one hand and a "I won't-hurt-you" smile on his face to reassure the victim as is the habit of dentists. He is skilled in the use of tonsorial tools and will no doubt enjoy a fine business.

—The Colony (Kans.)
Free Press.

If We Could Believe The Postals They Send Us



St. Joseph. (Mo.) News-Press.

They Are Wise in Beaumont

First a dining teacher amazed New York society and set that mysterious "inner 400" buzzing with monkeyshine dances. Now she has added to her achievement by her very latest innovation the carrying of a pie-faced monkey in her muff. It has become the very latest fad, this chaperoning a monkey. It is suggested that the first Beaumont husband who discovers his wife suffering with the monkey germ procure a long chain, fasten his wife securely at one end and a menly, flea-bitten beast of a monkey at the other, then stake them both in the coward. The remedy may be drastic, but putting monkeys of all kinds where they belong will bring about a speedy recovery from the malady.

—Beaumont (Tex.) Journal.

Home Cooking or The Fatted-pup

Bear Bow is going to have a big dog feast when his daughter, Manne, comes home for vacation from Haskell Institute, Kansas. He is fattening some pup for the feast.

—The Colony (Okla.)

A Very New One

While at Dean's Pond one day last week Leon Jennings saw a queer sight. A large pickerel lay on the shore dead, which he says he thinks must have weighed about seven pounds, with a steel rod and line attached to it. Evidently the size of that fish so frightened the fisherman that he had never dared to return for his rod.

—The Marathon (N. Y.) Independent.

Life is Complex

Cats that get caught across the street when the oiling machines go by are terribly worried to know how they are to get home again. Rain is bad enough for them to walk through, but nasty smelling and sticky tar compound fills them with pain and disgust.

—The Portland (Me.) Argus

What Becomes of Life-Termers

By Dr. SHERMAN L. AXFORD

THE records for the past thirty-one years show that there has been an average of ten life-term prisoners received each year at the Kansas State Penitentiary. At the time this article was written there was an accumulation of ninety-six life-term men in that institution. One naturally asks the question what becomes of the men who are sent to prison to serve the remainder of their allotted time—that they do not die in prison is apparent for the annual death rate is less than ten for the entire prison population.

If you were permitted to glance down the columns of the location book in the prison record office, you would see the words "pardoned by the governor" occurring with striking frequency. In an effort to learn how long life-termers really serve, what per cent serve their entire sentence, and how the others were released, I compiled the following statistics: In the past thirty-one years the Kansas State Penitentiary has lost in the various ways a hundred and forty-three life-term men. Of this number forty-two completed their sentence, that is, died in the penitentiary. These forty-two men served an average sentence of seven years and two months each. One life-termer escaped, two were transferred to the insane asylum, four were liberated by the courts, and ninety-four were granted clemency by the governor.

There are some very interesting lessons to be had from a history of these ninety-four life-term men who were the recipients of executive clemency. They served an average term of twelve years each.

The longest term served by any of the ninety-four was twenty-seven years and eleven months. This honor fell to a negro who at the tender age of twenty-two became enamored of another man's wife. The woman who was twenty-six years older than her paramour was thought to be the instigator of the plot to kill her husband. They were both convicted of first degree murder, and both pardoned. The woman after serving twenty-three years, and the man after serving twenty-seven years and eleven months. The shortest term was eight months and this distinction belongs to a white man who was convicted of a most deliberate and cold-blooded murder. This man was the proprietor of a boarding house, among his guests was a sort of itinerant bricklayer. The proprietor employed his guest to build a brick chimney and was to pay him eight dollars for the work. The man did the work in one day. His employer thought he was making too much money and would only pay him half the price agreed upon. They quarreled, and the old man shot his guest in the back as he was walking away after the difference was apparently settled. He was convicted of first degree murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, but was pardoned through the efforts of his wife who was in a position to enlist the services of prominent men in her city. The

dead man had been a stranger in the community without money or influential friends. There was no one to oppose the murderer's release, and securing his pardon was a simple matter.

While the average sentence of the ninety-four life-term men who were released by the chief executive in the past thirty-one years is twelve years, we find that fifteen of that number did less than five years and forty less than ten years. But twenty-nine of the entire ninety-four served more than fifteen years, and only ten were permitted to remain more than twenty years. These figures are somewhat startling. One naturally gets the impression that murder is not a serious crime. The law says that the murderer shall be put in prison for the remainder of his life, and when he becomes familiar with the history of some of these crimes we think that life imprisonment is little enough in the way of penalty for the man who takes a human life.

THE so-called "feeling" against the murderer is a form of public sentiment that is not at all constant. An hour after the crime, public sentiment would hang the murderer to the first tree, but he succeeds in allying the officers for a time, and this inconstant feeling of revenge vanishes. By the time the sheriff has the murderer in the county jail, public sentiment is willing to let the law take its course—content to sit as a spectator in the court room when the trial is in progress. When the judge sentences the man to life imprisonment, there is a murmur of approval heard in the court room. He is taken to the penitentiary and in a few years is all but forgotten by the community that knew him. One day a little old gray-haired woman comes into the community and asks these same citizens who, on the day of the crime were ready to do him violence, to sign a petition praying for her boy's release from prison. Do you think these citizens sign that petition because they think that boy has been punished sufficiently for the crime that he committed? No. They sign it because they think that poor old mother has suffered enough. Here is where sympathy is paramount. I never have heard of a life-term man sending his lawyer to get signers for his petition. That is the work for a mother, a sister, a wife, a daughter, a son, or some one who can arouse sympathy—weep a little if necessary and God knows that it is a weeping matter. These citizens see only the sorrow of the one now before them. They have forgotten the soul which this good old mother's son hurled into eternity. Time has erased from their memory the picture of that heart-broken widow and fatherless babies that impressed them so much at the trial and made them almost wish that Kansas had capital punishment. They sign the petition, they go farther, they write the governor personal letters in which they tell him that they are so-and-so politically, president of

some political club, local committeeman, ex-county something, all intended to have weight with the governor. Thus politics has gotten into the case.

Do not imagine the governor's position is an enviable one in pardon matters, every pressure is brought to bear upon him, political, social, and what not. He is shown all the extenuating circumstances, his sympathy is appealed to. The public sentiment that would have hanged the murderer when the crime was fresh in mind has vanished for the human animal is nothing if not forgiving, even the jury, that on the first ballot, convicted him of first degree murder, have signed the petition. The governor sees no opposition that would hurt him politically and he who was legally dead is resurrected and made a citizen again.

I question the wisdom of the governor being vested with pardoning power. That there should be some one with this power is not disputed, but it should be distributed among a board of at least three, one of whom should be the judge of the district where the man was convicted. There are too many instances where men have done five to fifteen years for minor offences, and the man who has committed a cowardly brutal murder for lust or gain has been pardoned in two or three years. It is a notorious fact that there are a lot of sentimentalists who make a most superhuman effort to get murderers out of prison. Just say life-term to one of these and he will lay down his work and devote his entire time and energy to getting his man out of prison. The remarkable part is his ability to deliver the goods.

I believe that all crimes should be included in the parole law, and a minimum sentence fixed, and it should be more than eight months in first degree murder even in the case of the man eighty-two years old. The pardoning power should be taken out of the governor's office and out of politics as far as possible. Life-term prisoners have decided advantages over short-term men. Horse thieves do more time proportionately than murderers and second and third degree murderers more than first degree men. Ask any old-time prison man and he will tell you that he would prefer a life sentence to twenty years, and seventy-five per cent of the life-term men do less than ten years with good time off. I want to give a few examples which prove to my mind that murder is not a serious crime in Kansas.

First: White man twenty-seven years old reared by indulgent parents, but seemed to have a determination to be bad, was vicious and once attacked his mother with a pistol, only missed committing a murder then by poor marksmanship, was married to a timid, trusting little woman whom he abused. Once when he had driven her from home when she was in a delicate condition, he found her hiding place, called her to the door

through strategy and shot her. The struggles of her unborn babe were told of by witnesses at his trial. After serving eight years he secured a pardon through the efforts of a prominent Methodist divine who had married the murderer's sister. This man was later returned to the same prison on a charge of larceny.

Second: White man twenty-two years old, vicious drunkard and generally bad. After the death of his father, he squandered his own and his mother's inheritance then set about to get hold of his sister's property. She refused to give up her inheritance, and to avenge this wrong he went to the barn and cut the tongue from his sister's favorite saddle horse. Later he entered his sister's room at night and choked her to death with his hands. This young man was pardoned by a Kansas governor after serving the ridiculously short time of four years and ten months. He had a bad record after leaving prison. The hero in the securing of this pardon was also a Methodist preacher.

Third: White man twenty-five years old, a railway trainman, became enamored of a careless woman. One evening he saw this woman in the company of one of his fellow workmen, he went to his room got his gun and killed his rival. He was pardoned after serving eight years. He had a bad record after leaving prison, and was killed for resisting an officer.

Fourth: White man twenty-three years old, was the product of a New York Orphan's Home Finding Society. He was taken in by a good man and befriended. He became intimate with his benefactor's wife and they planned to kill the husband and dispose of the body by burning. As usual the body was not entirely destroyed and their crime was discovered. The woman escaped punishment by being a witness against the man. The man was convicted of first degree murder, and secured a pardon after serving three years and three months.

Fifth: White man twenty-five years old, had a criminal record and was a

fugitive from justice for assault at the time of his conviction. His employer had discharged him for drunkenness. For revenge he went to the house where he knew his former employer was spending the evening with his fiancée, called him to the door and shot him down. This man was a very bad prisoner and had assaulted a prison officer shortly before his pardon was granted. He served seven years.

Sixth: White man thirty-four years old, drunken, trifling loafer, beat his aged father to death with a wagon neck yoke after his father had refused to give him any more money to squander. This man served six years. The prison chaplain was largely responsible for his release.

Seventh: White man seventeen years old, was an orphan boy. He had been given a home with an excellent family. He became dissatisfied and ran away, taking with him a horse and saddle belonging to his god-father. He was pursued by a posse of men, and his benefactor happened to be the one who found him. As his benefactor rode toward him the boy shot him killing him instantly. He served eight years and six months.

Eighth: White man fifty-seven years old, killed a doctor because the doctor insisted upon being paid for services. He was pardoned after serving four years and one month.

Ninth: White man fifty-six years old, a most brutal killing of a good man, the motive grew out of petty politics. This man secured his release through the efforts of politicians, after he had served two years and one month.

Tenth: White boy sixteen years old, ravished his little eleven years' old niece, crushed her skull and threw her in an abandoned well. She was found in a day or two not dead but dying. He served ten years.

There are ninety-six life-term prisoners in the Kansas State Prison today and only nineteen of that number have been there more than ten years, five more than fifteen, and two more than twenty years. I do not hold that men convicted of

murder should not be given another chance, but I do think that there should be some system to their release. A life-term man should have some assurance of equality, the friendless uneducated negro should have some measure of equality with the man who has a "pull" with the governor's private secretary, a host of political friends, an energetic mother or sister, or some of the valuable assets that some prisoners possess. It is rare indeed when the real character of the prisoner, the circumstances of his crime, or his service to the state is taken into account but his release is secured through politics, pussy-foot wire pulling, or a sympathy parade. Many a prisoner has been pardoned and the county that sent him to prison has heard of it only by accident some time after the pardon had been granted. It is readily seen from the examples I have given that the white man is the favored one although the colored men outnumber the white. It is the inequality that the writer objects to, more than the reckless granting of pardons or paroles.

Kansas has had pardoning governors, and governors who were opposed to pardoning, this alone is enough to condemn the one man pardoning board, one or the other of these types of executives is wrong. Governor Hoch was very free to use the pardoning power. Governor Stubbs was anything but liberal with his autograph. While Governor Hodges has a record for the granting of clemency unequalled by any other Kansas executive.

There is a tremendous amount of good work that could be done in the way of systematizing a parole "system." The present Kansas law is a failure and helps no one and nothing except by way of being a means to better prison discipline. I know of many instances where it has worked a hardship to deserving prisoners. The time to parole a deserving man who has committed a minor offense is before he goes to the penitentiary where he learns to be a criminal and becomes attached to and fascinated by the association of men of the under world.

The Importance of Overalls

By FRED C. KELLY

BESIDES having a working sense of humor, William Kent, the California Congressman, has a keen knowledge of human nature. When he lived in Chicago, he used to send for burglars and yeggmen when he desired to get the underworld view of police conditions, and he could discuss topics of interest to burglars with as much savoir faire as if he were talking about the "draymas" in one of the numerous "highbrow" clubs he belongs to. No matter where he is thrown, Kent can hit on something to talk about that will make him "solid."

At the time of the San Francisco earthquake, Kent was helping with the rescue work and he desired to place himself in good favor with the United States marines who were brought in when the

town was placed under martial law. Kent racked his brain for something to talk about that would appeal to the marines. Finally a topic occurred to him. He went among the marines and discussed at great length how tired their feet must be. The marines were not used to much walking, and especially not over rough, brick-strewn streets, and Kent's topic made them his friends for life.

A friend of Kent was going down into Texas and New Mexico on a hunting trip, and expected to spend some time at a cattle ranch. Knowing Kent's insight into the tastes of every variety of human, the friend asked:

"How'll I get in good with those cow-

boys yonder in those states?"

Without hesitation Kent said: "The quickest and surest way to win their esteem is to discuss the relative merits of the different kinds of overalls. Another way is to go into the question of single or double girth on a saddle, but the overall proposition is best. There are two leading brands, each of which has its strong adherents in the Southwest."

"Which brand shall I plug for?" asked the friend.

"That doesn't matter," declared Kent. "Just discuss them. Show intelligence on the subject. The cowboys do not mind an honest difference of opinion on overalls so long as one is conversant with the subject."

Fool's Gold

IX—"Nor Iron Bars a Cage"

IF AS some hold, it is true that one can win to deepest truth only through deepest suffering, I should have thanked God on contrite knees for my disgrace. For never till now had my soul been ploughed with the steel of extreme pain, never till now had I dwelt alone in the inner house of agony. Perhaps it was the one way, this wounding unto death of my self-love, by which the heart of the man I had become could be shaken. For self-love without doubt was now the keystone of my being.

It was not that prison life was lüthe. It was not that I ceased to smart under a daily lash of petty tyranny and toil. But all such things seemed in a way trivial beside that serpent of bitter knowledge, the knowledge of the depth to which I had fallen in the world's scornful eyes. I had served my god Success so zealously, with such utter unreserve! I had thought myself so securely among his priests, so certain of his favor! I had been acclaimed his familiar; envied or lauded or courted, or by my peers accorded place. Hated perhaps, too: a tribute, surely, for no hate lives without fear. But never pitied, never scorned!

And now (I had no misgivings on this score) I knew that those with whom I had fraternized before both pitied and scorned me. Those who had envied me before did so no longer. Those who had hated me before would have passed me by—O bitterness of taunts—unnoticed and unscared.

I had heard that one whose heart is broken gains peace. But my heart, despite its torment, did not break. It was as if a hardness like ice lay at the roots of my being and would not soften. I felt that if this hardness, which I named courage, should dissolve, that I would die. My sole consolation was that it

did not, that bitterness and a stern resolve to somehow win back what I had lost stayed with me and grew stronger as time passed.

I could not even weep. The one time I shed tears was when my Mother's first letter came. And then it was, I think,

later to restore what he had taken, but your Father would never receive it. He would never again allow his brother's name to be mentioned in his presence.

"It was because I thought he meant to repair the wrong he had done, as far as possible, through kindness to you, that

I let you go to live with your Uncle. I thought (and O how bitterly have I repented of my weakness since) that God had touched his heart, that by helping him make reparation for his sin we could help him to find peace and forgiveness.

"I was mistaken, and you have suffered through my mistake. I can only pray you to forgive me. And I pray also that you may never forget that whatever happens your home is here, and that I am always

Your Loving Mother."

The letter should have meant much to me. I had seen my Mother seldom during the years of my prosperity, and then but for brief visits, reluctantly undertaken and lightly ended. It was heartless but a logical outgrowth of my absorption in myself and my climb toward that high and glittering goal, the pinnacle of worldly dominance.

Of late my Mother had been ill, confined to her bed; yet the fact did not affect me overmuch. I had written from time to time, but hastily and without the love she had no doubt looked for. Now in my distress she was as always, steadfast, loving. Her letter should have touched me; I think, rather, that it only increased my bitterness by adding to my self condemnation. The reference to my Uncle, too, stirred thoughts that had better been left quiescent. I did not answer the letter. I went back to my brooding and lived in the resolve to revenge and re-establish myself when my term should have been served.

more at her familiar hand, and the thought of how I must have fallen in her eyes: tears of self-pity.

"Dear boy," she said, "I have heard of your misfortunes, though not, as I would have had it, from you. A friend of mine—and yours—has told me all that has happened. And I know, too, at whose door the evil that has come to you should be laid.

"I must tell you now, I think, what I have never told you before: that it was your Uncle who was most to blame for your Father's ruin after the War. Money of your Father's came into your Uncle's hands through knavery. With it he founded his fortune in the North. It is but just to tell you also that he offered



My heart I thought dead, but which thrilled now night and day to the memories it held . . .

Time only hardened this resolve, though as the even days slipped by unconsciously I lost the energy of feeling and will which had at first made me suffer so intensely, yet kept me living and a quick soul. The habits of the prison wound themselves about me. It seemed that I had always been there, would always remain. At times I was apathetic, at times sullen; more and more rarely did I sink to depths of desperate regret or rise on wings of hate to any large emotion. The stripes were sinking in.

THEN one day, a day to be remembered through many weary months, Carol came. I was far from expecting her. In the twisted glass of my mind I had seen her holding her skirts aloof, lifting her eyebrows as did the others when my name was spoken. How great was the injustice of this surmise a glance at her face, when I came before her, showed. She seemed frankly glad to see me, cheery and natural and, I thought, beautiful as a vision.

"Merrey," she cried, at sight of my face, "you musn't make a tragedy of it. That will never do."

"You can hardly expect me to be cheerful," I said.

"Why not?" she asked. "Now please," she added quickly, "don't think me flippant or unfeeling. You know I've had misfortunes too—and I know that one's attitude counts for so much. Of course it's hard—dreadfully! But surely cheerfulness is desirable. Surely one should strive for a courageous acceptance of one's lot."

"I have not, I think, lacked in courage," I said stiffly. "I'm not beaten. I will yet, mark my words, win back what I have lost."

"Have you lost so much?" she asked gently.

"Why," I said astonished, "Success was mine. I had reached the goal all the world strives for—"

"Oh, the world! You mean the stupid narrow world of self-seekers that you have known here in the city. Don't you know that there is a larger world where, in millions of souls, unconsidered by your little set, strive toward satisfactions and rewards of which your world knows nothing?"

"I'm afraid, Carol, that is an illusion. Humanity is no such noble thing—"

"It is a conviction I have. If it is an illusion I have the courage of that illusion. I will live and die in the belief that humanity is at bottom lovable and of brave ideals—that it needs only to be free to make those ideals real and acknowledged of all men. Perhaps we differ here. It is a question of viewpoint. . . . Have you never thought of success as an attitude, of achievement as a state of mind, of defeat as a lesson?"

"It sounds rather preachy, but I can't help but feel, my friend, that this experience of yours—if you accept it and take profit from it—is going to prove the very best thing that ever happened to you."

"Why, Carol! Do you not know that for years I have worked to gain what has been snatched from me in an instant? You surely cannot consider the position and the property I had, things of slight value. You cannot, no matter what you believe, deny that speaking

practically one must have money to live—"

"But one need not live for money!"

"And consider that through the scheming of one man I trusted I am become a criminal in the eyes of all men!"

"Not in your own eyes," said Carol quickly. "Nor in the eyes of—some others. No man can be truly dishonored who does not know himself dishonorable. And no man should be utterly unhappy who has friends to believe in his essential worth. . . . It is because I believe you are true-hearted, if you would but trust your heart, that I speak this way to you, that I am your friend."

"I think, Carol," I said, "that what was my heart is dead."

"Oh, no; for you still live. . . . Somebody your heart will wake, you will look back on this time as on another life, you will make peace with your God—"

"God!" I scoffed, "God! Who believes in God nowadays? That is another illusion, fostered by fools or by those who profit therefrom. . . . Religion! The Church! Doesn't everyone know that religion is just a tradition or a habit? That our churches are just fine buildings set up to house an outworn superstition—that our preachers are paid to tell those who support them what will entertain or pleasantly emotionalize them for the moment? Why, they have no power! Men with money and influence run things nowadays. Everybody wants money and influence. It's what makes life worth living—"

"Did you find it so?"

I was silent. I remembered the unaccountable periods of depression that had grown more frequent even as my career approached its zenith. I remembered the doubts that had one time come to me, of the very divinity of the great God Success. Yet those had been only moods! Through losing what I then held secure I was now able to determine all that it had meant to me. No, my resolve was unalterable, my ideal sound! Success was still the highest good—and I would win it back.

"I was not in all ways happy," I said at length in answer to Carol's query, "but no one is. I do not find this life here preferable to the life I led."

Carol sat gazing out of the little barred window that was our outlet on the day. Her face was grave and tears were near her eyes.

"We musn't quibble," she said at length. "If I could only make you see what I know," she went on earnestly. "I am so sure! But that one cannot do—each must live his own life, and find his own soul. I can only hope. . . . Shall I tell you," she said impulsively, "what I think about God? How I know Him?"

"Yes, please do!"

"It seems so simple to me," she began slowly. "I do not think of God as we were taught in childhood to think of Him—as a personality—a being with a beard and a world-shaking voice, seated somewhere far behind the clouds upon a golden throne, surrounded by white-winged angels. To me his God's made known to each of us only by the words of that still small voice that rises in the heart. To me God is the X quantity in each man—the mystic source from which springs vision, honor, hope, loving kind-

ness—all those impulses and ideas that deny the brute and lead the race onward toward a nobler divinity."

She paused a moment.

"God has too often and too long been made the asset of a monopoly—a trusted God. Religion must become democratic as surely as must governments if we are individually and together to set our feet upon the straight forward road."

"The church then will not be a club or a weapon wielded by the few—but a communion of spirits desirous of finding God and of cherishing and maintaining the idea of God each has discovered and defined for himself, according to his own true convictions arrived at through the best use of the heart and brain vouchsafed him. We will then be followers of Christ the great exemplar in the highest sense—we will duplicate His most courageous act by finding—as did He—each one of us his own God, founding each one his own religion."

Carol ceased abruptly and gazed at me, gravely earnest.

"Do you see?" she said, "Does what I've said mean anything to you?"

"Yes," I answered, "I think I see! I will remember what you have said."

I was drawn for the moment from myself and from the weariness of my heart. As I gazed into Carol's eyes I shook with something akin to fear, but which held more of awe; for I seemed as on that night when I first met her to be gazing through her eyes into unfathomable space. A voice came from the space, a soundless, wordless voice from beyond the confines of conscious thought. And the voice spoke words of comfort and cheer that soothed my suffering like the touch of cool hands.

"Remember," she said at parting, "in the days to come when the blue devils take you, that where the soul is free and the heart: 'Stone walls do not prison make, nor iron bars a cage.'"

I TRIED to recall and take strength from Carol's words. But what I remembered best and what helped me most thereafter was the sweet sound of her voice, the smiling face, the look in her eyes that reached my heart, my heart I thought was dead but which thrilled now night and day to the memories it held.

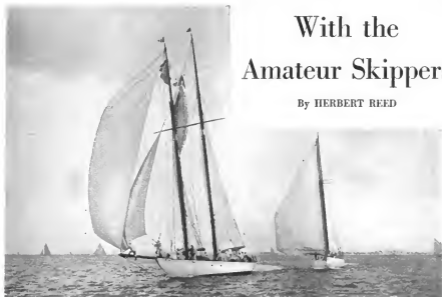
If content or true peace was yet unwon, if misery dwelt with me in my cell, still a measure of comfort came from these thoughts, and my losses that had loomed so large before were less momentous now.

Laura's divorce suit, undefended by me, was won, yet the news of this—or the rumor that she was shortly to marry Robert Carney—brought no bitter pang. I heard the definite statement of my bankruptcy without great emotion. Even when a pardon came (the work of Hugh Manning, I learned) and I was set free two years before the full end of my term, I was not deeply moved.

When I left the jail at last I stepped out into the sunlight almost timidly. The world was cold and complex. I would put off my plans for a siege of the citadel of Success! I would go home first, home to my village and to my Mother! There was nothing I wanted now, nothing in all the world so much, as to look into the face of love.

With the Amateur Skippers

By HERBERT REED



The Irolita and the Queen Mob.

WHAT the Resolute needs is room. When she gets it the Herreshoff creation, beautifully handled by

Charles Francis Adams, is hard to be bent, if bent at all. The Sound is too cramped for boats of the size of Resolute and Vanitie to manoeuvre to best advantage, and especially for the Resolute to show what a wonder she is to windward. As this is written these two big sloops have many races yet to be sailed, but whatever the outcome it would be difficult to convince a close follower of yachting that the Resolute was not the better boat and that Mr. Adams was not the best amateur skipper that has trod a deck in many a long day.

One race off Newport over the course where the best of them compete for the famous Astor Cup was significant in that Resolute won it decisively, picking up the spare minutes in the thresh to windward. Had there been a smoky Sou'wester or a zephyr the result, I think, would have been the same. Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of the best of the amateur skippers, sailed the Vanitie, but he was no match for Mr. Adams, who knows the kinks in

the course better than any of them with the possible exception of E. Walter Clark, owner of the beautiful schooner

Irolita. Over along the Narragansett shore there is a tide that comes in handy when a man knows how to use it. Hardly was

the Resolute across the line when she tacked and headed for the shore, working along in short hitches. It was a case of perfect handling, and although Mr. Vanderbilt sailed Vanitie well, he could not hope to get as much out of the short tacking as Mr. Adams, since the Cochran boat, a beauty and a fast footer, is nevertheless not nearly so quick in stays as Resolute.

That's the Herreshoff of it—the deadly windward work and the almost uncanny coming about. There are many theories to account for it, but the best, I think, is the one about the bow wave. Vanitie does not make nearly as much fuss in the water as Resolute, and so really looks faster. But it is well to consider just where the Herreshoff boat is making the fuss. In almost every creation from the Bristol yards, no longer perhaps a place of such fascinating interest since the death of the blind designer, there is a very noticeable wave under the lee when the boat is tacking. This wave is well forward, and far from



The Ventura

The Vanitie
and the Groppling.



being the hindrance it appears to be, is a very real help, since it has the constant tendency to push the hull up into the wind, so that it may be said that Herreshoff yachts, when tacking, have the constant tendency to come up into the wind. It is that that makes them so quick in stays. Be it said also, right here that Mr. Adams has sailed every size boat the Herreshoffs have turned out, which means more than fifteen years of the finest experience that any yachtsman could have. Adams and the *Resolute* seem to be as happy a combination as it is possible to get.

While the two big singlestickers were among the attractions of Larchmont race week, the real fun lay in the sailing of the one-design sloops, the Fifties and the Thirties. They are by tacit agreement sailed by amateurs, and the victory goes to the most skilled helmsman. The creation of these two classes has probably done more for American yachting than any other single move in many a year. There were fewer frills and side-shows connected with the Larchmont regatta than usual this year, but the racing was excellent for the most part and although there were objections to the late start there was enough wind to prevent the too frequent drifting matches that used to abound on the Sound at this time of year.

In the fifty-foot class the liveliest racing was between the *Ventura*, owned and

sailed by George F. Baker, Jr., commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and the *Graying*, owned by J. P. Morgan. In the early part of the season the honors rested with the *Ventura*, but the *Graying* carried off the series at Larchmont, and the two seemed to be so evenly matched that there probably will be more brilliant races between them in the course of the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise that will start from New London. The cruise is to include a trip through the Cape Cod canal, which will be a boon to the smaller craft. In past years the Sound Schooners the yaws and other of the small, but handy racers, have suffered severely when forced to go the outside route.

When it is remembered that Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock* is in dry-dock and that there is no immediate prospect of international racing the turnout of 141 yachts on the last day of the Larchmont regatta seems remarkable. Yachtsmen explain it for the most part by saying that with no America's Cup race, the other trophies have become more important and the local rivalries keener. The Fifties and Thirties always have been popular, but never so much in the public eye as this year. They have raced over many courses that gave opportunity to follow the racing from the shore. The two big singlestickers will be seen in action later in the season off Sandy Hook, so that a

man does not have to own a floating palace to get a glimpse of one of the most attractive sports in existence.

There are eight Thirties in commission this year, and they are very evenly matched and all well sailed. Perhaps the most satisfying triumph to date was that of Orden Mills Reid who owns and sails the *Lens*. Mr. Reid had the satisfaction of outailing six other Thirties and the best of the Fifties—the latter on time allowance because of the difference in class—for the Bennett Cup, a trophy that has been in existence for more than forty years and that has been won from time to time by some of the famous sloops of the last half century of American yachting.

The tendency of the times is toward amateurism in yacht racing. The designer is less important nowadays, save only in the larger classes than the skipper, and even in these classes the professional skipper is less and less in demand. E. Walter Clark's beautiful schooner *Iroldis* won a satisfying victory in the course of the Larchmont regatta.

Just a last word dealing with statistics if these are really necessary to prove the unusual popularity of yachting this season. In the course of the week's racing at Larchmont there were a total of 684 starters, including all classes, and of these fully 75 per cent were sailed by their owners. Surely a sign of healthy conditions, despite the European war.

The Condescending Man and the Obstructive Woman

By RALPH BARTON PERRY

MORE than a million men in the eastern part of the United States will soon be consulted as to whether on future occasions of the sort their neighbors who are women shall also be consulted. It is a very personal matter, and as public issues go, a relatively simple matter. Let us put it as concretely as possible. Your neighbor has asked that her voice be heard and that her will be counted in deciding some matter of general neighborhood policy, such, e. g. as the construction of a new street. It so happens that this particular neighbor has a very lively interest in the matter, being, let us say, the owner of property through which the projected street would pass. She asks you to consent to some change of procedure that will enable her to represent her own interest and to have her will count as one among the rest. Your first impulse is to smile—the outward expression of your feeling of incongruity. Such a smile is the restrained way of manifesting that delicate derision with which irregularity is greeted by the perfectly habituated. It is what remains when civilization has refined away the boorish laughter with which the natural man condemns a breach of custom or departure from the familiar type. You have been used to settling affairs with men whose wives you have met only in those lighter pastimes known as “society.”

But after the first shock the realities of the situation press upon you. Your neighbor's request is irresistibly natural and reasonable. Unless you are a trained casuist you will not hesitate to admit her “right” to be heard and counted. It will come over you that her sex, while it affects the amenities and proprieties, has nothing to do with the merits of her claim. Has she a vital interest in the outcome? Has she a matured opinion? Is she capable of discussion? Then what under Heaven has her sex to do with it? Thus qualified she has made good her title to rule among the rest, even though she is a daughter of Eve. You will have no difficulty in recalling the names of several sons of Adam whose qualifications are more doubtful, but whose title is not challenged because it has been thought less dangerous to enfranchise one hundred whose title is doubtful than to disfranchise one whose title is clear. Better excessive liberality than the suspicion of tyranny. Out of such reflections as these, if you are honest-minded and more concerned with the substance than with the form of the thing, there will grow a recognition of your neighbor as Fellow-Citizen. You will come to see that rights and interests and reasoned conviction are neither masculine nor feminine. You may even accustom your eyes to petticoats at the council-table, and your ear to the close succession of the words “votes” and “women.” The impulse to smile may be forgotten in an unself-conscious effort to

work out the common good. You will have found an association of minds and purposes where at first you saw only a bit of comedy. And when you meet your neighbor in that conference in which she registers her will among the rest, you may even have so far regained your composure as to be able to remove your hat.

This, then, is the question. It is a neighborhood question between one human being and another. There are no immutable political axioms from which it can be argued. All of its realities, and all of the evidence that is germane and decisive are to be found in the concrete situation in which human interests and human minds are associated. To grasp the larger and vaguer issue, you must reduce it in scale and express it in terms of your own immediate community. “Rights” come into existence when human beings assert them and other human beings acknowledge them. The rights of women are now in the making; they are being generated by the natural and irresistible growth of practices and ideas to which we have long been committed. You cannot deny your neighbor; no man can deny his neighbor. In your act of acknowledgment your neighbor acquires a right; by such an acknowledgment repeated a million times, a whole social class is enfranchised.

THIS is a question between men and women, not between Man and Woman. Each individual must translate it for himself into terms of his own personal relations. Recall to mind the wisest and best woman of your acquaintance. Forget convention and legalized usage, and remember only that she has interests as genuine as yours, purposes as broad and benevolent, and opinions that to her seem true even as do yours to you. She wishes to participate in the regulation of public policies in a community that is assumed to be self-governing. She possesses interests that belong to the community of interests which government is designed to promote; she has opinions and is able to express them in a polity that is founded on the principle of government by discussion and agreement. It happens that you enjoy de facto political power and that it is only through your consent that she can represent her interests and make her opinion effective. When you present the case to yourself thus concretely and personally, are there no sentiments of justice and respect that instantly prescribe what shall be your course? Can you in the presence of such an individual, conscious of her interests, articulate in her judgment, soberly demanding what she conceives to be her just rights, still wear upon your face that smile with which you dispose of the matter in her absence? I, for one, cannot. I have no heart for banter and pleasantries in the face of conscious and in-

tentional seriousness. I could not carry it through. I should be overtaken with shame at my insolence. Or can you allow your face to wear the aspect of offended taste? As for me, I cannot. The pathos of it is too intolerable. Can you in such a presence enter with conviction upon a discussion of the relation of abstract Right to abstract Woman? I could not go far without feeling that I was getting pedantic and irrelevant. I know so much better what I owe to this woman, than I or anybody else knows the ultimate philosophy of the ballot. Can you deny her from mere love of power? If so, you will not admit it. Tyranny nowdays wear a mask. The honest tyrant who says “I have this power and I do not choose to divide and reduce it,” is obsolete. If he were not we should know how to deal with him. But he is masked, and unless we look sharp we shall not recognize him. He is most beguiling as The Condescending Man. It is worth while to know him well in that rôle, for thus disguised he is all about us.

The Condescending Man is the self-conscious and self-constituted guardian of woman. If his carriage is a little pompous, if he is a little lacking in the qualities of comradeship, we must forgive him that since it comes of the very abundance of his virtue. He beams with good will and with gracious tolerance of the foibles of his ward. She may even hate and scratch, and he will spoil her. She may even protest that she does not want his guardianship, and he will forgive her; for how can she be expected to know what is good for her! He must be patient even when misunderstood, and must serve even the ungrateful against their will. If they but knew, how they would thank him. In the editorial columns of the New York Times he is positively magnanimous. “No upright and decent man desires to withhold from woman any privilege which will benefit her”—“my privilege,” mark you! Could any devotion be more perfect? He will go out “into the everlasting sermimage of life” in order that she may foster her “charm and tenderness” at home, or radiate it in the cloistered school-room. In these days of rough force The Condescending Man stands almost alone in his charity and considerate regard. He is benevolent through and through, and he doesn't care who knows it. God bless him! No one with a heart in his bosom can remain untouched at such a spectacle. It is little wonder that many of his grateful wards rise up and call him blessed, asking no happier lot than to enjoy his protection, his caressing kindness, and the light of his infallible wisdom.

It is ungracious to probe into the motives of benevolence. Such a disagreeable task can perhaps best be undertaken by his less inspired fellow-guardians who owe him no debt of gratitude. Let us

shake off the spell, and remember as vividly as we can just how it feels to be amiably but persistently treated as a ward, when one doesn't want to be a ward. Every man has experienced the difficulty of getting his majority acknowledged by those who have long regarded him as a child. There comes a time in every man's life when what he wants is not indulgence or even provident care, but independence. This painful struggle, the inevitable and recurrent tragedy of father and son, is not over benefits withheld or bestowed, but over the rights to judge what are benefits. An adult is a person who is the acknowledged authority as to what he himself wants. He is willing to forfeit good will or even good deeds, for the sake of being allowed to say for himself what is good. Such relations and such struggles occur in every association of older and younger men. There comes a time sooner or later when benevolent paternalism is unduly prolonged, and becomes an intolerable restraint upon liberty. When such is the case the benevolent patron is in danger of having his feelings hurt. His misguided and belated providence can no longer be gratefully accepted, but must be firmly and regretfully overthrown.

Something of this sort, I take it, is involved in the present painful misunderstanding between some men and some women. There are women who believe that they are grown up, and who are trying to get the fact acknowledged. They are not seeking what is good for them, but they would like to be regarded as competent to decide what is good for them. Their most formidable obstacle is the man who is quite firmly convinced that he knows what is good for them. His intentions are good, and his habits of mind, inherited from the usage of the past, are quite inflexible. There arises the painful necessity of disregarding his good intentions, or even of resenting them in order to gain the main point. He on his part will find his habits of mind unsuited to the new relationship, and will cling to them in order to avoid awkwardness and loss of dignity. He will inevitably feel abused that his good intentions should not have been deemed sufficient.

AT THE risk of further injury to his feelings let us examine a little more closely into the motives of the Condescending Man. I do not want to be cynical—but why does he so insist upon his benevolence, even when it is so ungratefully received? It is possible that there is some satisfaction in the provident care of dependents, and that he becomes aware of it, and clings to it at the moment when he is about to lose it? I strongly suspect that such is the case. Indeed upon careful introspection I am sure of it. A benign graciousness reciprocated by an attitude of grateful and trusting dependence and pervaded by a thoroughly good conscience, distills one of the most delicious of pleasures—a pleasure not to be abandoned without a struggle. It exists in forms far subtler than the rough triumph of a Petrucchio; but it requires that Katharine shall be tamed and shall remain so. This some exquisite sentiment inspires those who regret the passing of the "good servant." This departed blessing is a creature

grateful for the advantages of "a refined home" (even though it happens to be somebody else's home) and content to receive benefits selected and doled out by her acknowledged superiors. In the golden age of patronage men could patronize domesticated women while they in turn could exercise their benevolence upon domesticated servants. And now the outlook for all patrons is bad, owing to the widespread and growing dislike of being patronized. The Condescending Man is fond of his condescension. He cannot bear to give it up. He resists a change that will rob it of his object. The good old practice of deciding what is good for other people, of prescribing it and spooning it out, with kindly smiles is in grave danger. It cannot possibly be carried on unless there is a being at hand who will open her mouth, swallow her sugared dose, and look pleased while she does it. It is a highly gratifying thing to exchange descending benevolence with ascending gratitude. The downward slant of condescension must encounter the upward inclination of dependence. Otherwise it has no fulcrum and can only waste itself in space. The horizontal interchange of friendship isn't the same thing at all. Hence The Condescending Man quite naturally, too naturally, goes about praising and promoting the object which he needs for the exercise of his condescension.

I have tried to do justice to The Condescending Man and to give him due credit for his good intentions. But I feel compelled to admit that he sometimes appears in a less amiable light. He has even been known to hint strongly that his indulgent care for women is a sort of compensation to them for their lack of political power. If they prefer to possess political power, then they must make up their minds to give up their immunity for military service and jury duty, their dower rights, their legal claims to support and to alimony, and the protection of their health by special factory laws. "Equal rights, equal duties," says our editorial friend, by way of showing that even The Condescending Man can be firm if it should prove necessary. It might have been supposed that these "privileges" of women were based upon differences of physical strength and aptitude, and upon the peculiar services which women render to society by the bearing and rearing of children, and by the immediate care of the home. Those have sometimes been regarded as duties quite "equal" to fighting and bread-winning. In that case the formula would have to be amended to read "equal rights, identical duties," which is somewhat less axiomatic. In any case the principle of benevolence is here abandoned for that of bargaining. And the bargain is proposed by the party that has the upper hand and believes itself to be in a position to dictate terms. Condescension is here prescribing conditions, as though one were to say, "I will give you what I think is good for you, but only provided you will accept certain existing disabilities—I will give freely, but you must pay for it."

Indeed I fear that The Condescending Man's code of manners, like his code of morals is tainted with the spirit of barter. There are rumors that if women enjoy too many privileges he may feel compelled to sit in their presence with his

bat on, by way of showing that the bargain is off. That is to say, courtesy rests on a tacit contract by which the recipient is bound to give up more substantial advantages in return. "Ladies First" means that women are to be given precedence in non-essentials on the understanding that they yield it in essentials. They may sit in the drawing room or even the tram-car, provided they will confine themselves to the gallery in the hall of legislation. Such is the code of The Condescending Man. Now it is interesting to note, as a curious social phenomenon, that some men in some parts of the world even practice courtesy to one another! This sometimes goes even to the point of the removal of hats and the yielding of precedence in doorways and conversations. I am not sure that men do not sometimes offer their chairs to other men, even where there is no acknowledged inequality. I note this fact because it suggests that courtesy might similarly be extended to women even after their attainment of equal rights. But such a code cannot be reconciled with the philosophy of The Condescending Man, and I do not blame him for disregarding it.

SUCH then is the first and most formidable obstacle to the attempt of women to acquire political power. The second obstacle is a product of the attempt itself, less formidable because essentially artificial and accidental. I refer to The Obstructive Woman. When this matter began to be agitated it was natural and proper to ask whether any considerable number of women actually wanted to vote. In other words, it was very generally assumed that a right of this sort should be acknowledged when it was earnestly and persistently and widely asserted. What was required first of all was an expression of opinion. It was desirable that those women who did not wish to vote should say so, and that they should even organize in order that such a disinclination should be brought to light wherever it existed. In canvassing opinion it is important to count the "noes" as well as the "ayes." But organization and counter-organization has developed a contest in which the natural human desire to win has brought about an unconscious but very significant alteration of motives. The pro-suffrage organizations still represent as they did at the beginning the desire of some women to vote. But the anti-suffrage organizations no longer represent merely their members' disinclination to vote, but a determination that those who are so inclined shall not succeed. Their first platform was: "We do not want it;" their present platform is: "They shall not have it." Hence The Obstructive Woman.

"Anti-suffrage" sounds like "anti-vivisection," and is therefore misleading. It suggests that suffrage is something like vivisection, which is at least painful and injurious to its victims, and that opposition to it is dictated by a misguided chivalry or sentimentality. So hard is it to believe that any body of persons would expend great effort to no end but that of obstruction. "Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage" sounds like "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." A visitor from Mars would not unaturally suppose that "Woman

Suffrage" was some form of disease or social abuse, which tender-hearted and public-spirited persons were resolved to suppress. What would be his surprise to learn that it was a boon, a privilege, eagerly craved by the only persons immediately affected, and opposed by other persons whose will no one is proposing to constrain. It is as though the unmusical should organize for the prevention of concerts among the musical, or the indifferent should announce their opposition to the fulfillment of desire. That Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, President of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, should not want to vote is proper enough, but not especially significant. That Miss Katharine B. Davis, Commissioner of Correction in New York City, and head of a department numbering between six and seven hundred voters, should not be allowed to vote, despite her wish to do so, is highly significant. It is a sharp challenge to existing political usage in the name of the existing political creed. But that Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge should seek to prevent Miss Katharine B. Davis from voting is preposterous. It would be incredible if it were not the familiar fact. It can only be accounted for by supposing that what is essentially obstruction is warmed by the passion for victory and idealized by the sentiment of loyalty. Obstruction has acquired the dignity of a Cause.

The Obstructive Woman is a disquieting social and political phenomenon and complicates what would otherwise be a comparatively simple issue. I may say at once that I should be wholly opposed to compelling The Obstructive Woman to vote. Fortunately, that is not con-

templated. To some, however, it might seem a doubtful policy to permit her to vote. Certainly her will in this matter, her impulse to oppose rather than to promote, her inexplicable preference of a manager when there are other equally good beds to lie on—this does tend to disqualify her. In her present mood she is obviously unsuited to the temper of democratic institutions. I do not despair of her, however. She has acquired valuable political experience; and has demonstrated her possession of political aptitude. She is both able and willing to make her voice heard, and to render her will effective. That she should have devoted these gifts to obstruction rather than construction, to repression rather than liberty, may fairly be regarded as an accident. The very fatuousness of her efforts is a sign of her courage and resolution, of her love of power and of her determination to see a thing through when she has once undertaken it. I believe that she has proved her capacity for citizenship, and that when the present confusion of motives is dispelled, after the struggle is over, she will take her place nobly among the rest. I hope, therefore, that even The Obstructive Woman will not be disfranchised.

The Condescending Man and The Obstructive Woman are the two most interesting by-products of this latest political revolution. They are characteristic of the phase of struggle and readjustment. They become innocuous the moment they are seen to be what they are. Meanwhile they exert power because they observe the simpler issue and muddle the minds of well-meaning persons. Their strongest ally is that peculiar nervous irritability which we proud-

ly acknowledge as "the American sense of humor." It is so almost irresistible impulse to giggle at superficial incongruities, and ignore the deeper tragic forces that are working beneath. It testifies to an uncanny instinct for the incongruous and its almost morbid fascination for us. But though the incongruous be comic, the incongruity of the comic itself—laughter out of place, is not comic. There is nothing more painful, more empty, or more blind. Fortunately the impulse to laugh is inhibited by direct personal relations. It needs to merge and hide itself in the crowd. Hence the realities of this issue are most soberly as well as most clearly presented in the confrontation of the individual with his neighbor. It behooves everyone who would judge wisely and fairly to observe them there. One may then transfer to women at large those attitudes of tolerance and respect, and those relations of fellow-service and common will which constitute the only tolerable bond between one adult human being and another.

The Two Prayers

By WILLIAM PINKNEY LAWSON

A YOUTH stood with uplifted arms and faced the rising sun.

"O God!" he prayed, with earnest eyes, "Ere my short day be done,

O God of power, grant me power! O God of strength, grant strength

To forge my way to fame, to claim a conqueror's crown at length;

Til when death's shadow creeps anear my name may show on high

Peerless amid earth's mightiest—then could I gaily die!"

A man, still strong, but tuned by care, by tempering sorrow tried,

Kneelt, ere he slept, in humbleness, a spirit purified.

"Grant, God of Love," he murmured low, "grant me the power to love,

The power to lighten tired hearts, the power eold hearts to move

To sense compassionate, and ere my working soul takes flight,

Let me forget myself, to wake sun-startled by Thy light!"

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The False God

BY HARRY POMERANTZ

FOOL'S GOLD is a masterpiece. Its name couldn't be more to the point. May there be many succeeding chapters to it.

I only wished that I had come across such a book at least five years ago when I left college. It sure shows up the false standards set before young people.

If only more of the periodicals, par-

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The Safety Valve



ticularly those owned by Hearst, would contain a few such stories depreating the false God of monetary Success, how it would help to uplift the race. This could also apply to the moving-picture and legitimate drama.

With best wishes for the fulfillment of HARPER'S WEEKLY's apparent mission of helping to disperse truth, love and justice throughout the land.

Douglas, Arizona.

How Long Will Bryan Stay?

BY J. S. STAMPS

MORE than once after reading your editorials on the great war, and noting your attitude toward Germany, I have felt that I must have to give vent to my feelings by writing you to stop your magazine (I mean quit sending it to me) but I freely forgive you all since reading what you have to say about grand old Bryan.

After reading the frothy vaperings of the muzzled, prostituted press, your wise, fair words are as healing ointment. Your justice to Bryan will "hide a multitude of sins."

Until the decalogue shall pass away
And truth and virtue all decay
And wrong and intrigue have full sway
Till then shall grand old Brynao stay.
Seymour, Iowa.

Gott Mitt Uns

BY CORNETT T. STARK

WHEN characteristic German treachery circumvented President Wilson's policy of an embargo on arms shipments to Mexico, your average German vented his satisfaction at the strategy of the Captains of the Ipirampo and the *Bovaria* when news of the landing of munitions at Puerto, Mexico was received. American soldiers were placed more in jeopardy thereby, but business in German war supplies was made to prosper, the next after divine lordship, what compares with business! To them the end justified the means.

But, when a turn in events came whereby Germany wanted to buy contraband of the U. S. and was powerless to do so, what was so opportune as the baby act, the sequel of "injured innocence?" Being prevented by the allies from purchasing of us, they cry aloud: "You are making possible the killing of Germans when you sell munitions to the Allies!" Too bad, but consistent with Germany's own precedent. The overbearing manners of the thrifty and "peace loving" German seems to be a heritage from the original terrorists who deviated by assumed divine right as described in *Fist Chronicles*, IV, 38-43. "These mentioned by their names were princes in their families; and the house of their fathers increased greatly. . . . And they found fat pasture and good, and the land was wide, and quiet,

and peaceable; for they of Ham had dwelt there of old. And these written by name came in the days of Hezekiah king of Judah, and smote their tents, and the habitations that were found there, and destroyed them utterly unto this day, and dwelt in their rooms: because there was pasture there for their flocks." It seems that in the case of the commercial expansionist, facts have to create their own logic. "Gott mit Uns."
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Flag

BY J. H. NEWMARK

TODAY, when the Stars and Stripes are noisier and dearer to us than at any time in the history of our beloved nation, it is almost a sin to display a tattered and soiled flag on any building—for a tattered and soiled flag is symbolic of lack of attention, care and devotion.

You see frayed and soiled flags everywhere.

I am sorry to say I have noticed them on public buildings. This should not be, especially at a time like this, when our country is passing through an important international crisis.

Bullet holes and battle scars are the only excuses for a tattered flag; there we revere for all ages.

Kokomo, Ind.

The Seamen's Bill

BY A. B. FARQUHAR

I HAVE just found time to read your article upon a merchant marine, in a late number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. It is calculated to do great harm. Am not personally interested in ships, but have been a shipper for nearly 60 years and an exporter for about half a century, and have made a study of shipping conditions. Have been a strong advocate of the revival of the American Merchant Marine. Having learned the trade myself in the factory in which I afterward became a partner, I have the advantage of understanding working conditions and the attitude of workmen and their necessities thoroughly, indeed have made a study of the subject all my life, and feel the deepest interest in the welfare of workmen. Nothing could be more degrading to the American workmen, who are the bone and sinew and ultimate hope of the country, than making pensioners of them. That we do in the so-called full crew law, which Governor Hughes honored himself in vetoing, where men are paid for doing nothing, as you would discover if you would examine the matter personally as I have. They wish to extend this same system to our merchant marine. The result is already that our lake traffic is being interfered with and will probably die away or go into the hands of the Canadians, that our Pacific mail steamship lines are being taken off. We have but one vessel now running to the Orient. The labor leaders in this case, as in many others, are killing the goose for the golden egg. Under pretense of assisting the seamen, they deprive them of a job altogether, which in these times of depression, when so many are out of employment, is very unfortunate.



There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the American standard of living. That standard depends largely upon the economy and good management of the individual. Some of my employees prosper, educate their children and buy their homes, although receiving the same wages as others who live poorly and are always in debt. This seaman's bill, which business and other interests familiar with it are antagonizing, is wholly pernicious, without a redeeming feature. It will not add to the safety of vessels any more than the full crew bill does to the safety of the traveling public, and it will so seriously add to the expense as to drive much of our commerce into foreign hands. The idea of taxing the people in order that this loss may be made up is, to speak mildly, illogical. The bill should be repealed, and if you understood the matter as I do you would advocate its repeal, more in the interest of the seamen than of any other class. No mercantile marine in the world's history has been built up by subsidies other than reasonable subventions for carrying the mails.

If you want to benefit the workmen, encourage economy, attack the drink habit, which is the greatest curse upon labor. The money wasted in alcohol, which is a poison and should be wholly suppressed, if saved would enable the workmen to own most of the business enterprises of the country within ten years. The statement of some socialists that the majority of the earnings go to capital, and that manufacturers might all pay larger wages, are pernicious in the last degree, proved by the fact that the majority of manufac-

turers who start business fail, and those who succeed rarely earn more than 20 per cent upon the amount paid labor. For instance, Mr. Carnegie's total wealth does not amount to a net of 20 per cent upon the amount that he has paid out in labor, including the interest on such amounts invested of course, and it may be added that under his wise management laborers have received more than they would have got had the business been turned over to them to manage themselves. Upkeep and interest on investment, of course, would have to be deducted from their earnings. They never consider that. As a rule the manufacturer pays all he can afford. If he did not, competition would soon force him to do so. Many of them now are running their works at a loss. Profit sharing of course should be the rule, and will be the rule when workmen become more intelligent and save enough to be ready to shoulder losses as well as receive profits. Many manufacturers now would be quite content to give their workmen their total net profits in order to maintain their plants in efficient condition. If the drink habit could be abolished, I would expect eventually to see workmen as a rule own the factories, receiving all the profits, less a proper salary paid the management, which is essential to their earnings.

You make reference to the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. That organization, of which I have the honor to be Vice-President and Director, does not directly advocate measures. It is the mouthpiece of business men of the country, and speaks through its system of referenda. This seaman's bill was necessar-

ily placed in referendum at the request of constituent members, and I believe the vote will be overwhelmingly in favor of its repeal.

York, Pa.

The Layman's License

By GEORGE W. GOLER

WHEN laymen attempt to write for magazines the editors must be as greatly amused as we health men are when we read such articles as "The Germ War" in your issue of July 10th, where the author in his article starts a plague epidemic by launching concealed glass tubes filled with plague germs on to the trenches of the enemy. If he had supplied a few fleas to carry plague germs the epidemic might have succeeded; but even then it would have been doubtful. Or, if he had shot arrows dipped in plague organisms into the bodies of the enemy he might have succeeded. Merely to rain down plague organisms on the enemy would hardly meet with the desired result.

I just write this note because I am interested in giving to the public a fairly exact statement of facts concerning the dissemination of disease. Plague is not known to be spread save through the operation of fleas carrying the plague bacilli.

I believe the value of correct statements in such stories as written by Walter C. Kiplinger is very considerable.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Advertisement of Civilization



Edited by **NORMAN HAPGOOD**

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Our Country

THE gallant effort of Germany to dominate Europe has changed the world's thought. Such an eruption of force can leave no mind unaffected. Hundreds of thousands who thirteen months ago were considering plans to make peace pleasanter have now been compelled to reflect on mere survival. The wave has reached this country and serious, middle-aged business men are in training camps.

In such days one frequently hears the question, what is this country anyway, that we are so eager to defend? That we protect ourselves is mere nature, but is there also something of special worth? Has our civilization added to the world's sum, or if we passed away would it be little in history? Are we as China is?

Nobody but a red-blooded patriot can pretend that our record has put us among the most shining ones. A few distinguished things we have done, but not much for a nation so vast, so literate, so rich. Our forefathers showed political genius when they drew our constitution and started our government. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Marshall and Webster are names great in any list. Since then only Lincoln has taken his place unchallenged in that company. In the domain of general intellect and art we have struck out little. The Concord school is worthy, but what is the product of a century compared to England or France? What of half a century compared to Russia?

No, outside of the political genius that began its brief course about a century and a half ago our only high mark in history is mechanical. We did not discover the motive power of steam but we made the first steamboat. We did not discover electricity, but we did most to make actual the telegraph and the telephone, and we invented the talking machine. Flying is mostly ours. We may add, if we choose, the sewing machine, the cotton gin, the barvester, the skyscraper, the breech-loading gun. We have been inventive, and we have torn up with speed and energy our natural resources. Because of us the surface of the earth wears a somewhat different look.

But the tale, we feel, and healthily feel, is far from told. We have in us a sense of possibilities. We have confidence. The future is large and free. Perhaps vigorous will, shown most conspicuously for fifty years in making utensils, in acquiring wealth, will yet yield glory in other fields. Beckoning us on are hope and faith.

In the present crisis the course of true strength is to be careful but fearless; to search our hearts but not to tremble; to be generous, charitable, tolerant,

but unafraid. It may never be a call to the clash of arms. Such a call is only one of the numberless dimly seen phantom shapes which the future may make actual or happily drive altogether from our sight. Greatness today does not necessarily mean being warlike, but it does mean being above material things. It means searching with God for principles, for the richest truth findable by us. We know that deep searching, fearless and unselfish acting are fertile in their aftermath, hypnotic in moulding a nation's genius. They may lead to storm or they may lead to the less splendid and heroic rightness of calm. What will make our nation splendid in this emergency, and beckon it on inspiration in other generations, will be fidelity to its vision, obedience to its innermost thought. The task fate has concealed for us may come lurid and relentless, but we pray for its entrance in gentle guise amid the gardens and the loving ministrings of peace.

Nations and Dogs

SAYS Colonel Roosevelt: "A nation that is 'too proud to fight' is a nation which is sure to be kicked; for every fighting man or nation knows that that particular kind of pride is merely another name for cowardice." During the Wilson-Clark contest for the Presidential nomination, the Clark shibboleth was the Missouri song—

You got to stop kickin' my dog aroun',
Makes no difference if he is a houn'.

Some friends of Woodrow Wilson remarked that nobody kicked a Great Dane around. One characteristic of the Great Dane is that he is "too proud to fight" a little dog. As the Colonel would say, the Great Dane is "precisely" the kind of dog which is sure not to be kicked. He occupies the middle ground between the "ultra-pacifism" of the bound who is kicked around, and the militarism of the bull-dog who will fight anything from a sick kitten to a buzz-saw. National ethics should be at least as elevated as the better class of canine morality. In the early days of the Nineteenth Century this nation of ours was kicked around considerably, getting up its courage to fight back in 1812. Then it passed through the pugnaic period when it was certain that it could lick all creations. We have a good many individuals still with us of that species, but they are merely individuals and no longer represent the essential spirit of the country. We have grown until we are too proud to fight a sick nation like Mexico. Most of us are rather glad that the Great Dane type is prevalent.

Waiting Justified

WHEN there is no satisfactory step to take it is usually wisdom to take no step at all. In private life this species of judgment is familiar. In politics it is not less valuable. When the President propounded his policy of watchful waiting there was abundant justification, negative and positive. Merely refraining from doing the wrong thing was basis enough. Time would be sure to make the course clearer. But there was also the very definite advantage that the Mexicans would be given the opportunity to try out their rebellion and see if they could by themselves, with a sympathetic though cautious attitude on our part, develop a leader and a policy that would mean a step ahead in government. They have not been able to do what was hoped. The Huerta-Diaz faction, the "system" of Mexico, has been eliminated, and probably will not acquire control again. But the various factions which try to represent progressive methods and popular interests did not prove able to combine. Undoubtedly now that they have made their attempt freely they will be in a state of mind on which there may be better founded some outside help in reaching a solution of their problems. Many of them know, what the world must now fully understand, that anything done by, or under the leadership of, the United States, under the present regime, will be done in a generous, sympathetic spirit, removed entirely from exploitation. Much can be done now that never could have been done had it not been preceded by two years and a half of watchful waiting.

A German Opinion

ONE of the publications being run for the purpose of creating pro-German opinion in the United States is called the *International*. It is edited by the same man who edits *The Fatherland*. It remarks in its August number "Never in our judgment was Mr. Bryan so near the presidency as he is at this moment." Such remarks are scattered in with assaults on Mr. Wilson. We think, however, that Mr. Bryan is too intelligent to be made that kind of a cat-paw, and also too genuinely a man of principle.

The Republican Opportunity

THE accomplishments of the legislature of New York state at the last session were so bad that they may have aroused an ambition in the members to make the record still more hopelessly partisan and Tory. Perhaps its most powerful boomerang will be the investigation of the New York City administration, which administration is none of its business, and which has been so harshly impeded by State interference. The constitutional convention apparently may complete the work of the legislature. Its committee on cities preferred to slap New York squarely in the face, but Mr. Root, dominating the convention, forced from that reluctant committee a so-called home-rule proposal that is on the face of it an insult. It would take a baby to be fooled by it. Why should not the Republicans do their very worst, making their investigation of New York City affairs as partisan as it is impertinent, and combining it with an idiotic piece of bunk labelled home-rule? Then the state can vote in the autumn on one domi-

nant question. It will be a pity to have the good features of the new constitution destroyed with the bad. It will be a pity to have the forces of progress lose the Board of Aldermen and the District Attorney to Tammany Hall. But important things must give way to those still more important. Home-rule is the leading issue in New York state in November, and behind it lies the question of just how Tory the Republican leaders think it wise to be.

Light on the Seaman's Bill

SECRETARY REDFIELD seems to be too thin-skinned, judging from his rather needless appeal to the Chicago papers to do him and his subordinates justice in the matter of the Eastland disaster. He should have recognized the dilemma in which those papers found themselves, considering their denunciation of the Seaman's Act. The *New York Sun* was careful to point out, after the disaster, that there was no logical connection between the fate of the Eastland and the safety features of the Seaman's Act. Perhaps the *Sun* really knows that if President Taft had signed the bill, the Eastland disaster could not have occurred. The *New York Times* seems to have forgotten its cue, momentarily. Commenting on the proposal to take up the Ship Purchase bill at the next session, it says:

If there is an American shipyard that is not busy, it is not known. From Maine to Maryland, from Delaware to San Francisco, there is but one report of buoyancy and hope in a decadent industry.

This is not team play. The cue is to say that, since the passage of the Seaman's bill, there is no more chance for our sails to whiten the seas.

Reaction in Atlanta

SOME two years ago we congratulated Atlanta upon the possession of a courageous Chief of Police, who, with small encouragement from the City Council and in opposition to the Mayor and the Police Board, closed the houses of prostitution and has kept them closed. Recently the Police Board having, as it hoped, with the aid of Hearst's *Georgian* and its pen for the right to "happiness," sufficiently prepared the public mind, trumped up charges of insubordination, incompetency and inefficiency against Chief Beavers, and ousted him from office. The first charge being looked upon as proved, the other two were withdrawn. The connections of one member of the Board with the Red Light District is notorious. The dismissal of Chief Beavers because he enforced the law was of course notice to his successor to permit a wide-open town.

Night

THE attack on Warden Osborne at Sing-Sing is a perfectly proper exhibition of the Bourbon spirit. Why should a man be allowed to show intelligence in a prison? Are not the traditions against it? We have lost ground since the good old days, when vengeance was the only idea in imprisonment, and when the conditions increased disease and crime even more than they do today. But even now there is considerable of the old spirit left. Work in most institutions is still made as disagreeable as possible for the pris-

oners, so they will hate the idea of labor when they come out. The kind of work they do has no relation to what they will have an opportunity to do later. They gain nothing for themselves or their families by working well rather than ill. They are kept from any taint of self-respect. Disease, physical and moral, is encouraged in every matter known to the lords of creation. What is the use of Osborne in such a place, since he wishes men to like work, to trust one another, to respect themselves? Having him in such an office is almost as bad as giving a vote to women in November.

A Puzzled Senator

IN THE middle west there dwells a statesman who is with sure-footed consistency wrong upon every issue of the day. He was discussing an editor who had frequently whiled away weary minutes throwing harpoons in the direction of this Senator. "I do not see how that editor dares to make attacks on me," the Senator complained to a friend. "I have something on him." Here he lowered his voice and spoke with mystery. "He is a feminist."

There are other places in the country, smaller many of them than the town the statesman comes from, who feel the same vague but perilous significance in the word. They do not mean merely Sissy—that meaning is common among the Red-Blooded Men of all the states. No, they have in their heads the idea of some hidden, awful evil.

For The Future

WITH no noise the United States government played the leading part recently in checking the demands of Japan on China and saving the essentials of sovereignty. That service will be better appreciated in a few years than it is now. Taken together with our decision regarding the Six-Power loan it seems to make our position clear. We will not force our own interest on China but we will help China to protect herself. We will lend her what assistance we can in her desire to become a great, peaceable, neutral democracy like the United States. After this war is ended there may be realiances of the great powers regarding the Orient. No man can tell what form they will take. Whatever they may be, our position will be unmistakable and it will be harmonious with our foreign policy elsewhere.

Kings

"**S**OME talent," says Thomas Paine, "is required to be a simple workman; to be a King there is need to have only the human shape, to be a living automaton." Paine speaks of the flint the Egyptian put on the throne, and of the dog Barkouf who was sent by an Oriental despot to govern a province, and thinks them superior to human monarchs, since they imposed on nobody. Of course such a criticism does not apply to a monarch of England, Italy, Norway, Denmark, or Holland. It is amazing even today to find learned writers, in Russia but still more in Germany, arguing the case for an ideal despot, and leaving out of consideration altogether the gross improbability that a despot chosen by heredity will be ideal.

Unfair

SOME humans do ask such embarrassing questions. We were orating about the evil consequences of the war recently, when a friend inquired whether the war would do as much harm to humanity as the habit of reading Sunday newspapers and magazines instead of solid books. What are you going to do with a person like that?

Private Grief

WHEN the whole world is going through such a measureless tragedy we seize upon the few gleams of light. One of them is that people now are less serious about their private griefs than they were thirteen months ago. Millions of bereaved, not feeling their losses less, are more heroic in the spirit of acceptance, more ashamed to emphasize the private fate. They see it all more under the aspect of eternity. When we have ceased to cry too much about our own individual sufferings we have already gone far along the road to holiness and wisdom. At least so the sages have always told us. Therefore the respectable thing is to assume its truth. We cannot help remembering that the Spartan, who complained less about life than the Athenian, was less creative. The Swiss, who does not bay the moon as often as the Frenchman, is his artistic inferior. The Russian, who talks about death and unhappiness more than the American, creates bigger stories. Our private opinion, therefore, is a bit fussed up. Officially we stand by the philosophers.

Experience

INTELLECTUAL power is made up of intelligence plus experience. The intelligence reaches its full development in the early twenties, but the knowledge that comes from experience continues to accumulate as long as our brains are able to digest it. Intellectual power, therefore, is at its best in the period that comes before the mind has begun to lose impulse and elasticity and after it has acquired sufficient material. In public and private business this period usually runs, roughly speaking, from about thirty to about sixty, although with many exceptions at both ends. In the arts the best period is younger, notably in poetry, where the most effective time is often in the twenties. There are plenty of cases of invention and of the creative, even lyric spirit on a high plane late in life, but they are not the rule. Chaucer, Rousseau, and Cervantes are not as typical as Kents, Shelley, and Byron.

One of Mark Twain's stories depicts people in heaven as being permitted to choose their own ages. Usually a man of fifty goes back to twenty, but he soon tires of the conversation of his contemporaries, with whom he is thrown, and elects to return to fifty. Perhaps because Mark had as much appetite for life and ideas at seventy as at twenty he did not realize fully how many minds become inelastic at about forty. Physical age is mainly a question of the condition of the arteries. Mental age is mainly a question of enthusiasm. It is determined by resiliency, by emotional response to the numberless fascinating fragments of the vast kaleidoscope, as they dash or saunter by.



Leonard Wood, "The big dynamo, in a Major General's uniform."

WE WERE talking about this something that is happening all over the country—this thing that has found its expression in the olive-drab lines of business men on the drill ground of a military training camp near Plattsburg, New York, which is in the United States of America.

I had asked my friend, the Humanitarian, if he felt it. He said that he did. He is one of those who still hope to see the day when it will be the law that tin soldiers shall not be sold in the toy shops. I asked him what he thought it was, this thing that he felt. He spoke with some heat:

"They're just a pack of goats sashaying around

The Range Finders

By H. D. WHEELER

a hole in the fence. One of them ducks through and then they all lope after him."

"You would make Washington the Original Goat," I suggested. "'A free people ought not only to be armed, but disciplined; to which end a uniform and well-digested plan is requisite.' That is Washington."

And one would have thought that I had just come from strangling a child. Yet it is an even chance that before the next instruction camp is opened, this man, this dreamer of wonderful dreams, will find himself before a gold-buttoned army officer filing his application for enrollment and explaining why he is qualified to receive military training.

Without question, his attitude is that of a very definite and very patriotic group of Americans today. That this group is narrowing rapidly is as certain as that terrific things are going on in Europe, that theories of peace and war are being demolished, or that a new spirit is abroad in America. What is happening with us is happening swiftly—and quietly. And right there, in the total lack of anything suggestive of the stampede, of hysteria, even of enthusiasm, seems to be the significance and importance of it.

THE headquarters of the Eastern Division of the Army is on Governor's Island in New York Harbor. Every half hour a passenger steamer runs between the Battery and the island. Some days before the opening of the Plattsburg military instruction camp, on the dock where the Government launch ties up, I encountered an acquaintance, a man of more than ordinary importance in the commercial life of New York. Our conversation turned naturally to war, then to business. He said that, with him, although there was plenty of money in the country, to keep afloat meant a constant process of "borrowing from Peter to pay Paul." He went on to say that he had but just returned from a trip into the Middle West where he had been "buying a lot of farm land" that he "really had no immediate use for." To the suggestion that he intended holding the land "for a rise," he said this:

"Well, not exactly. You see we can't shut our eyes to what is happening in Europe. And there is not one of us sharp enough to see what is ahead of us here. We're all of us in pretty deep, one way or another, a lot of the time. I just figured that I'd get a place well into the interior where I could know that

the wife and kids would be safe and provided for in case there should be trouble and I should have to leave them." He was on his way to Governor's Island to apply for four weeks of military instruction.

Now this is a man well on toward middle



age. He is a successful, bard-working, bard-headed man of business. He is of the type to which any sort of heroics is impossible. There was no more emotion, or suggestion of gallery play in what he said or in the way he said it than had been telling of his intention to take out additional life insurance. I went on over to Governor's Island that day. But I found nothing in the atmosphere of unwonted activity at headquarters, nothing in the weary aides, perspiring over the collars of their tightly buttoned jackets, nothing, even in Leonard Wood, the big dynamo in a major general's uniform, that seemed so portentous, so fundamentally important as the mission of that business man and the motive behind it.

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL

believes that honesty and efficiency in the business of government is both desirable and possible. That is why he is Mayor of New York. At least that is part of the reasons. He was put where he is to get the town's business into working order. He is making good. He is young, honest and courageous. Progressive, practical and a hard-hitter, he typifies in a really remarkable way the spirit of what we have come to call the "New Democracy." Mitchell is one of those at the Plattsburg training camp. Before he left, I had a chance, in a talk with him, to bring up this matter of citizens' training. He said:

"To my mind, there is nothing in military training for our citizenship which is at variance with American institutions and traditions. On the contrary, it is truly democratic, wholly in accord with real Americanism that we adopt means to safeguard the institutions which we have established. I am unqualifiedly in favor of the military instruction camps. Even compulsory training, as it exists in Switzerland and Australia, I regard in the light of insurance."

There are over twelve hundred men at Plattsburg, cheerfully taking their "course of sprouts" in the

science of killing. About four hundred of them are from the region of New York. There are nearly that many from the vicinity of Boston; something like a hundred from Philadelphia; a couple of hundred from Chicago. Many states are represented. A few have come even from as far west as California.



John Purroy Mitchell

Each one has paid his own transportation and bought his own prescribed "two pairs marching shoes, medium weight socks; pair light shoes or sneakers; summer underwear; two pairs olive-drab breeches; pair leggings; two olive-drab shirts; one army blouse, cotton; campaign hat and hat cord; toilet articles and other accessories" and has at least seriously considered adhering to the recommendations touching preliminary study and inoculation against typhoid. Each one has set himself to master the course of instruction that has been laid out. That means drill, hours of it; rifle practice; the essentials of military hygiene, tactics, strategy and field manoeuvres—all-embracing subjects which may include anything from a bayonet charge to laying a drain or digging a trench.



Training camp scenes.

Hard work, is what it all spells, and plenty of it. There is outdoors and health in it. Also there is discipline in it; and study; and sore feet; and lame backs; and sweaty bodies; and broken nails; and rough food. Not one of the men at Plattsburg went there with any misapprehension as to what he was undertaking. Before he was allowed to go he was told all about it in the unvarnished language of the Army bulletin writer. But he was told this, also:

"The purpose of the camp is to offer an opportunity for business and professional men to qualify themselves for efficient service to the country in case of need. Attendance at the camp will not increase either the

legal or moral obligation of those who attend. The intention is merely to equip those taking the course, to fulfill with more efficiency and usefulness obligations which are already laid upon them as citizens of the United States.

In view of the utter lack of a reserve body of officers necessary to organize and command volunteer troops, attendance at the camp is in the opinion of the best military authorities an important and most useful public service."

They are not all youthful, these men who would fit themselves to be officers. Nor can some of them well spare the time and effort they are giving. There are men of large affairs and heavy responsibilities at Plattsburg. I happen to know, for example, that Dudley Field Malone, Collector of the Port at New York, has not had a real vacation for five years. Malone is at Plattsburg. Before he left New York I got his view of the apparent breaking down of the opposition to military training.

"I see nothing but sane Americanism in it," he said. "We stand apart from other great nations by reason of the character of our happiness. Our happiness rests on the security of our institutions. While we do not expect to be drawn into this war, we have the intelligence to realize that three or four thousand miles of water does not, today, mean the isolation that once was ours; and that while Washington's army, which could be carried on a modern transport, was sufficient to establish our institutions, should we be forced to defend them today we should require something much more powerful and far more complex. We are rapidly coming to recognize the necessity of proving adequate means of defense. We are going about it quietly, sanely, speedily and intelligently. Down in the customs office I am among men who are the bone and sinew of our export trade. They are of one mind on this question of military training. They feel that we can provide for defense without the spectacle of swashbuckling soldiers, strutting along our streets. They know, as you and I know that militarism in any guise is impossible in the United States."

They are not all Malones at Plattsburg. Many are

just tired clerks. Some are artisans. Some are from the professions, some just rich.

All have started on the same footing. They will advance, or not, according to their ability to master what they have gone to learn. There will be there for instance, men like Willard Straight, of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.; George F. Porter, the young millionaire of Chicago; Regis Post, former Governor of Porto Rico; Samuel Cabot of Boston; John D. Crimmins, Jr., and Elihu Root, Jr. It may be that citizen soldiers like these will find themselves taking orders, even reprimands, from a journeyman bricklayer. The chances are that the experience will contain some good for a Post or a Malone, a Root or a Roosevelt, a Straight or a Porter, a Cabot or a Crimmins and that it will do no harm to the bricklayer. The proportions will be restored, anyway, at the end of the four weeks.

Goats, these men? The analysis of the Humanitarian somehow fails to convince or to satisfy. From Washington down to us, our presidents, our secretaries of war, or best army men, year after year have been sounding the warning of the peril that lies in our failure to apply our traditional military policy of co-ordinating a paid army and citizen fighters. Opposing them have been the peace enthusiasts who have raised inappropriately the cry of militarism and have come down heavily on the proposition that it is one of the penalties of democracy that it shall be unprotected against thugs among nations.

Twelve hundred men at Plattsburg, and more who will be following them, are giving us a chance to thresh the thing out. Many of them feel that the force of their example is the most valuable service they are rendering.

Can a free people be prepared to fight? How far can this nation go in military preparation without sacrifice of its ideals? It is in the nature of a military experiment station, this thing at Plattsburg.

Mr. Wheeler has gone to Plattsburg to watch the experiment. His next article will be written from the Camp.

Jane Addams

1915

By WITTER BYNNER

IT IS a breed of little blinded men
 And wanton women who would laugh at her
 Because in time of war she sets astir
 Against the sword the legions of the pen
 To write the name of Jesus Christ again.
 And on this page, a swarming broken blur,
 Restore the word of the Deliverer
 Above the words of little blinded men.

In time of peace, which is a time of war
 More subtle slow and cunning, she has brought
 Together enemies in armistice . . .
 Yet, in the face of what she did before
 Against the war that centuries have fought,
 We ban her from a little war like this!

The Barber

By ARNOLD BENNETT



The chauffeur had stated that the place was clean and indeed rather smart.

I WAS staying in an agreeable English village. And my hair grew as usual.

I asked an acquaintance about local barbers. He replied that there was a good barber in the county town, twelve and a half miles off, and that there was no other. Discouraged, I put the inconvenient matter aside, hoping, as one does of an inconvenient matter, that in some mysterious way time would purge it of its inconvenience. But my hair kept on inexorably growing, growing. No shutting of my eyes, no determination not to be inconvenienced, would stop it. My hair was as irresistible as an avalanche or as the evolution of a society. I foresaw the danger of my being mistaken on the high road for a genius; and I spoke to the chauffeur again. He repeated what he had said.

"But," I protested, "There are fifteen hundred people living within a couple of miles of this spot. Surely they don't all travel twelve and a half miles to get their hair cut!" He smiled. Oh no! A barber's shop existed in the hinterland of the village. "But it would be quite impossible for you, sir. Quite impossible!" His tone was convinced. An experienced gardener confirmed his judgment with equal conviction. I accepted it. The chasms which separate one human being from another are often unperceived and terrible.

Did the chauffeur submit himself to the village barber? He did not. The

gardener did, but not the chauffeur. The chauffeur, I learned, went to the principal barber's at X, a seaside resort about four miles off. Being a practically-uneducated man, incapable even of cutting my own hair, and thus painfully dependent upon my superiors in skill, I was bound to yield somehow in the end, and I compromised. Travel twelve and a half miles for so simple an affair I would not. But I would travel four. "Couldn't I go to the barber's at X?" I asked. The chauffeur, having reflected, admitted that perhaps I might. And after a few moments he stated that the place was clean and indeed rather smart.

X is a very select resort, and in part residential. It has a renowned golf-links, many red detached houses with tennis lawns, many habitable bathing cabins, two frigid and virtuous hotels and no pier nor band. In summer it is alive with the gawdy elegance of upper-class Englishwomen, athletic or maternal. But this happened in the middle of winter.

THE principal barber's was in the broad main street, and the front-shop was devoted to tobacco. I passed into the back-shop, a very small room. The barber was shaving another customer. He did not greet me nor show by any sign that my arrival had reached his senses. A small sturdy boy in knickers, with a dirty white apron too large for

him, grinned at me amiably. When I asked him: "Is it you who are going to operate on me?" he grinned still more, and shook his head. I was relieved.

The shabby room, though small, was very cold. A tiny fire burned in the grate, and the grate—in this quite modern backshop—was such as one finds in servants' bedrooms—when servants' bedrooms have any grate at all. Clean white curtains partially screened a chilly French window that gave on to a backyard. The whiteness of these curtains and of three marble wash-basins gave to the room an aspect of cleanliness which had deceived the chauffeur's simplicity. The room was not clean. Thick dust lay on the opaline gas-shades, and the corners were full of cob-webs. A dirty apron and cap hung on a nail in one corner. In another was a fleming containing about fifteen heavy mugs and shaving brushes, numbered. The hair brushes were poor. The floor was of unpolished dirty planks, perhaps deal. There was no sign of any antiseptic apparatus. I cannot say that I was surprised, because in England I always knew of towns of thirty-five or forty thousand inhabitants, not to mention vast metropolitan suburbs, without a single barber's shop that is not slatternly, dirty, and inadequate in everything except the sharpness of the razors. But I was disappointed in the chauffeur whom I had deemed to be a bit of a connoisseur. The truth was that the chauffeur had im-

posed himself on me as a grandeur on a nurse girl. However, I now knew that *chauffeurs* are not necessarily what they seem.

I stood as close as I could with my back to the tiny fire, and glanced through the pages of *The Daily Mirror*. And while I waited I thought of all the barbers of my career. I am interested in barbers. I esteem hair-cutting a very delicate and intimate experience, and one, like going out to dinner, not to be undertaken lightly. I said once to a barber in Guernsey: "That's the first time I've ever been shaved!" I was proud of my sangfroid. He answered grimly: "I thought so, sir." He silenced me; but the fellow had no imagination. I bring the same charge against most New York barbers, who, rendered callous by the harsh and complex splendor of their catacombs, take hold of your head as if it was your foot, or perhaps a detestable wooden sphere. I like Denmark because there some of the barber's shops have a thin ascending jet of water whose summit just caresses the bent chin, which after shaving is thus laved without either the repugnant British sponge or the clumsy splashing necessary in France and Italy.

French barbers are far better than English. They greet you kindly when you enter their establishments, and invariably create in you the illusion that you will not have to wait. I knew well a fashionable barber in Paris, and in his shop I reclined generally between a Count and Marquis. This prevalence of the nobility amazed and pleased me until one day the barber addressed me as *Monsieur le Marquis*. He made a peer but lost a customer. For years I knew very well indeed the sole barber of a small French village. This man was in his excellent shop fourteen hours a day seven days a week. He had one day's holiday every year—Easter Monday, when he went to Paris for the day. He was never ill and always placid. Then came the Weekly *Repose Act*, and the barber was compelled to close his shop one day a week. He chose Monday, and on Mondays he went fishing. He had been a barber; he was now a king; his gorgeous satisfaction in life impregnated the whole village like ozone. Not every act of Parliament is ineffective.

Italian barbers are greater than

French, both in quality and in numbers. Every Italian village has several big barbers; and in some of the more withdrawn towns, fostering in their own history, the barber's seems to be the only industry that is left. On a recent afternoon I walked up and down the short and narrow Via Umberto Primo in that surprisingly monumental port, Civita Vecchia, and there were at least ten seductive barber's shops in the street, and they were all very busy, so that I entered none of them, though boys in white ran out at intervals, and begged me to enter. These small boys in white are indispensable to the ceremonial of a good Italian barber's shop. After you are shaved they approach you reverently, bearing a large silver or brass bowl of water high in their raised hands, and you dignify to rinse. In that industrial purgatory, Piombino, I found an admirable shop with three such acolytes, brothers, all tiny. The disadvantage of them however, is grave: when you reflect that they work ninety hours a week your pleasure is spoilt. There are wondrous barbers in Rome, artists who comprehend that a living head is entitled to respect, and whose affectionate scissors create while destroying. Unnecessary to say to these men: "Please remember that the whole of my livelihood and stock-in-trade is between your hands!"

But the finest artist I know or have known is nevertheless in Paris. His life has the austerity of a monk's. I once saw him in the street; he struck me as out of place there, and he seemed to apologise for having quitted even for an instant his priest-like task. Whenever I visited him he asked me where I last had my hair cut. His criticisms of the previous barber were brief and unanswerable. But once, when I had come from Rome, he murmured with negligent approval: "*bien coupé*."

The principal barber of X signed to me to take the chair. The chair was very uncomfortable because it was too high in the seat. I mildly commented on this. The barber answered:

"It's not high enough for me as it is. I always have to stoop."

He was a rather tall man.

Abashed, I suggested that a footstool might be provided for customers.

He answered with quite indifference: "I believe they do have them in some places."

He was a decent, sad, disappointed man, aged about thirty-five; and very badly shaved. No vice in him; but probably a touch of mysticism; assuredly a fatalist. I felt a certain sympathy with him, and I asked if business was good. No, it was not. X was nothing of a place. The season was far too short; in fact it scarcely existed. Constant "improvements" involved high rates—twelve shillings in the pound, and there were too few ratepayers, because most of the houses stood in large gardens. The owners of these gardens enjoyed the "improvements" on the sea-front, which he paid for. His rent was too heavy—fifty pounds a year, and he was rated at thirty-two. Such was his contempt of X, in which everything was wrong except his chairs—and even they were too low for him. He had been at Z, with his uncle. Now Z was a town! But he could not set up against his uncle, so he had come to X.

Two young men entered the front-shop. The barber immediately left me to attend to them. But as he reached the door between the two shops he startled me by turning round and muttering:

"Excuse me, sir."

Mollified by this unexpected urbanity, I waited cheerfully with my hair wet some time while he discussed at length with the two young men the repairing of a damaged tobacco-pipe. When he came back he parted my hair on the wrong side—sure sign of an inefficient barber. He had been barbering for probably twenty years and had not learned that a barber ought to note the disposition of a customer's hair before touching it. He was incapable, but not a bad sort. He took my money with kindly gloom, and wished me an amicable good-day, and I walked up the street away from the principal barber's hurriedly in order to get warm. The man's cross and sublime ignorance of himself was touching. He had not suspected his own incapacity. Above all, he had not guessed that he was the very incarnation of the spirit of British small retail commerce. Soon he and about ten thousand other barbers just like him will be discovering that something is wrong with the barber world, and, full of a grievance against the public, they will try to set it right by combining to raise prices.

Hemmed In By War

Switzerland occupies a unique position in Europe. "Switzerland's Neutrality," by GERALD MORGAN, will appear in the next issue.

The Jews and This War

By NORMAN HAPGOOD



A scene in Palestine.

ALL the world is making an issue out of Germany's outrage against Belgium, and such an issue is instructive and right. In mere suffering, however, Belgium does not compare with Poland, fought over back and forth by the Russian and German armies. If the agony forced on Belgium is nothing to the agonies through which Poland has been going, it is equally true that of all the Poles those who have suffered most cruelly are the Jews. Their position in Poland in times of peace is desperate. The anti-Semitism of the Russians is in the main confined to a class. The aristocratic, bureaucratic Russian disapproves the Jew, naturally. Suppression and exclusion fit his type of mind. He does not approve of the upward, intellectual strivings of the poor; and the poor Jew strives. But the Russian people in general have no especially strong feeling on the subject. With the Poles, however, there is a hostility that is permanent and widespread. It is not mere barbarism or ignorance. It grows out of a condition that would present difficulties in the most enlightened community now existing. If there be in one country a large proportion of persons who are different from the rest, in religion, in customs, in mental habit and sympathy, and very coherent, that situation will be resented by the majority. If the Poles and the Jews are ever able to get on smoothly together, therefore, it will not be until deep changes have taken place in mankind. Poland is in a favorable position to gain for herself something from the war, as the struggle goes on toward exhaustion. Russia on the one hand and

Germany and Austria on the other will be eager for the favor of the Poles. If there is actual autonomy as a result; the Jews will be worse off than ever. The Poles, governing themselves, will treat them worse than they have been treated. The armies of Russia contain about a quarter of a million Jews. Justly or unjustly the death rate among them is believed by many intelligent Jews to be higher than among any other class of Russian soldiers. Moreover, as civilians, they suffer most, because they are distrusted by both sides. When the Russians have possession of Poland or Galicia they look upon the Jews as possible spies for Germany; when the Germans possess those countries they suspect the Jew of favoring Russia. Add to those conditions the tradition of centuries, when in doubt persecute Jews, and the imagination staggers under the conception of what that race is undergoing now.

In Roumania the permanent political conditions are not dissimilar to those in Poland, since the number of Jews there is large enough to create persistent jealousy and suspicion. Just as Roumania has failed to carry out her treaty obligations to treat the Jews fairly, so, no doubt, will Poland fail to carry out any agreement that may be made on behalf of the Jews when the war is over.

In Germany the situation is different, but still difficult to see with hope. The cruder forms of oppression do not exist there. There is no pale of settlement, no denial of ordinary education. The discrimination is in the upper walks of life, in general exclusion from partici-

pation in university, political, and military life. Of course if the outcome of the war is such that Germany becomes a democratic country there may be a genuine gain for the Jews in that country, but there will probably be none as long as absolute mental subordination to the governing few by all classes is the basis of German civilization.

The greatest gain that may conceivably come to the world out of the terrific course of the present war is an increase in the principles of democracy everywhere as applied to classes of individuals and as applied to the rights of small nations. Applying this principle to the Jews there are only two places where there seems much chance of an immediate and definite step ahead. One is in Russia where it is conceivable that the cruder forms of oppression might be abolished, such as the pale of settlement and the great difficulties put in the way of acquiring even an ordinary education, and the restrictions on occupations. Russia is almost the only country where the prejudice against the Jews is to a large extent religious. The dominating class in Russia looks upon orthodoxy, upon the strength of the Greek Church, as essential to the strength of the empire. They look upon the empire as made up of heterogeneous elements which are difficult to hold together in unity and they consider the identity of Church and State as essential to this unity. Religious prejudice therefore becomes one with political prejudice, whereas in Roumania the prejudice which has shown itself in taking away from the Jews the rights guaranteed to them by

trity is mostly political. The increase of national feeling in Roumania has been rapid and the Roumanians have felt that the existence of the Jews made national unity more difficult. The situation, therefore, in Roumania is not at all likely to be improved by the war any more than it is in Poland. In both of those countries it may well be made worse.

The only place outside of Russia where there may be a distinct improvement on account of the war in Palestine. The question of what shall be the power exercising suzerainty over Palestine is not so important as the question of what the relation of Palestine to that power shall be. The desirable thing is a high degree of autonomy, allowing local institutions to develop actively and naturally, as indicated in the article on Zionism last week.

One aspect of the situation is of immediate concern to America. The best-informed opinion is that Russia will do nothing after the war. If she does not, and if Poland is worse, emigration will be immensely stimulated. Most of it will come to America, unless the Zionist movement is strong enough to divert a considerable part to Palestine. At a time when conditions make a temporary cessation of immigration desirable this is a fact of pressing interest to us.

One of the most frequent mistakes is thought about the Zionist movement is that it is in conflict with patriotism. As a matter of fact it will very much improve the quality of patriotism. There is a saying that every country has the Jews it deserves. A saying worth thinking about, as it is very profound. Jews are, as a whole, very patriotic wherever they live, but patriotism is not mere enthusiasm for a flag. It includes all the character and ability and insight of the person who feels it. Perhaps no part of the Zionist movement needs more explanation and enforcement than this fact that, instead of reducing the patriotism of the Jews who live in other countries, it will leave that patriotism at least equally strong and with a much finer idealistic and intellectual background.

The position of the Jew in England offers a problem of particular interest. It is one that will not be affected by the war directly, as the problems in other countries, such as Russia, Poland, Aus-

tria, Roumania, Turkey, possibly may be affected. Fifteen years ago there was almost no anti-Semitism in England. Now there is an amount that is at least discernible. In the last dozen years there has been a heavy Jewish immigration to England. Whether that fact has any connection with the increase of prejudice is a matter on which the most intelligent Jewish observers differ. Some say that prejudice begins wherever there is a large compact separate mass; others attribute it to a change in the attitude of the more conspicuous Jews, those who are getting on in the material struggle and have some freedom in deciding to what

be settled before long, either by a strengthening of the Jewish traditions or (if those traditions are not strengthened) by habitual familiarity with the higher Gentile standards. The Jews will not remain separate and non-Jewish. They will either reinforce their Judaism or they will cease to be a separate race.

The danger which they see in liberty is the danger of ceasing to be a separate people; the danger of losing the long line of tradition; the disappearance of special characteristics. The most final and easily understood form of disappearance of these race traits is of course in intermarriage. That form of marriage was forbidden by law almost everywhere

up to the French revolution. It is now permitted nearly everywhere, but is still forbidden in Russia, Austria (except with agnostics) Spain, Portugal, and Mohammedan countries. Scandinavian countries show the strongest tendency toward crossing. In Sweden Jews marry Christians more than they marry their own people. In Denmark the percentage is climbing rapidly, and now almost half the marriages of Jews are mixed. In Hungary, where mixed marriage has been permitted for twenty years, they amount to about 20 per cent of the Jewish total marriages; in Holland about 20 per cent; and in Germany a little more. In various other countries, such as England, France, and Italy, the intermarriage is mainly in the upper classes.

This tendency removes the Jew from the world even more rapidly than those statistics indicate, since the half-Jew marries a Gentile far more than half the time. In Prussia, for example, there are statistics to show that where the husband is a Jew about one-quarter of the children retain the Jewish faith, and where the wife is a Jewess about one-fifth. It is obvious that the children who become Christians are almost sure to marry Christians. The Jews who remain solid and unbroken, in blood, in tradition, in character, are in those countries where their racial integrity is protected by extreme discrimination, as in Poland, Roumania, Galicia, and Asia. A half-way state exists in the United States, Hungary, and various parts of Austria and Germany, where Jewish observances are kept up but are not exclusive. The class which has dropped



Boating in the river Jordan.

extent their ambitions and ideals shall cease to become Jewish and shall coincide with those of the surrounding Gentiles. At any rate its bearing on the subject of the present article is decidedly less than is the problem of the Jews in the United States.

The Jews, who have been amazingly able to exist through persecution, are now threatened with a greater danger. Can they exist in freedom? It is a question never asked of them before since the dispersion. It is being asked now by circumstances, notably in the United States, with a voice to which the most thoughtful Jews are giving troubled attention. I do not mean primarily the ordinary dangers of liberty acquired suddenly. The vice question will no doubt

be settled before long, either by a strengthening of the Jewish traditions or (if those traditions are not strengthened) by habitual familiarity with the higher Gentile standards. The Jews will not remain separate and non-Jewish. They will either reinforce their Judaism or they will cease to be a separate race.

almost all special Jewish customs, is mainly the wealthy class, in large cities of Europe and the United States.

The changes introduced in the world by the war are going to be so great that they are beyond calculation. Naturally having any direct interest in the outcome, hopes for some compensation when all is over. It seems to me that the possibility of an improved position for the Jews, no matter whether it be in Russia, Poland or Roumania, where the disabilities are so extreme, in Germany and Austria, where they are subtler, or in England and the United States, where they are merely social, the ultimate moral is the same. The ultimate moral is that improvement will be surest to come if the Jews are put on the same foundation as other nationalities; if they have a home of their own; if they develop their own institutions and their own qualities; and if they thus cease to be in a dependent and artificial relation to other peoples. If the Zionist movement is on a still stronger foundation after the war than before, the Jewish problem will be further advanced by that one fact than it could be by any

other. Realizing that truth the Jews who have seen the immense importance of Zionism are doing everything they can to keep it moving in spite of the upset brought to the work not only by war conditions in Palestine but by the destruction of the Zionist work in Germany and other warring countries. If the Zionist movement receives a new impetus, if political conditions in Palestine are favorable, and if the Jews throughout the world understand the soul of the movement, then Russia, Poland, Roumania, will be more likely to modify their laws, the prejudice in Germany and Austria will gradually lessen, and the social relations between the Jews and Gentiles in England and the United States will be immensely improved by the changed demeanor of the Jews themselves. The Jews will be relieved in the more despotic countries of the necessity of remaining if conditions are too harsh and in the more democratic countries they will be relieved of the necessity of keeping their national spirit and existence through extreme insistence on their own customs and on their race individuality, because the ser-

vival of Judaism and of its lasting and deep significance will be taken care of in its own home, and Jews, therefore, in a country like the United States, can feel freer to be merely Americans without being false to their race than they can possibly feel now. A Jew who abandons the customs of his people and close associations with his own people in the United States today, if he is a deeply thinking man, must have a certain guilty feeling that he is helping to destroy his historic race. The more successful the Zionist movement is, the nearer will come the time when the closer relation between the Jews who don't live in Palestine with the people among whom they happen to live will be freed from any such taint of disloyalty or hypocrisy.

From whatever angle, therefore, we study the Jew and their future, we come back to one of the most fertile and striking movements in present day history; the movement toward a moral freedom for a powerful race, and the finding of that mortal freedom in the possession of a local habitation, which is a necessity of a racial, intellectual and moral home.

This ends the series on the Jewish situation. There have been already valuable comments from readers. In a few weeks, when the suggestions are all in, Mr. Hopwood will take up the subject again and discuss the points submitted.

A Soldier's Views On God

The following opinions were written by a British Second Lieutenant directly after the battle of Neuve Chapelle.

OF COURSE Germany must be humiliated—otherwise one feels quite certain that some future generation will have to endure all that we are going through now. Yet I don't think I hate the Germans. We are instruments, or the agents of God, and God cannot hate. No such feeling as hate enters into it at all with me.

My platoon has exchanged places with another in full view of the German trenches. These "dug-outs" were not worthy of the name, they were scratched 1½ or 2 feet deep in the side of the hill, others covered with poles, brushwood, etc. The water pours through when it rains on to the recumbent figures of the men below. They have to be recumbent for there is no room for them to sit up. There are 6 or 7 of these little holes holding in all about 40 men, and there they have to be side by side during the hours of daylight unable to cook anything with no room for braziers. If they show a finger outside they get shot. My men all lay "doggo" and took it all without a murmur—marvelous fellows. My "dug-out" was a little better than the men's, the entrance was built up with sandbags and I could sit and sun myself and look through a periscope and examine the "Valley of the Shad-ows" through glasses. It must have been a smiling valley at one time, and even now the primroses are out in the thin

wood, and the little birds sing lustily—little rippers—I should like to thank them for it, for bullets are constantly dropping through the trees and shells too, I wonder why they stay. We found it impossible to improve these "dug-outs" because as soon as we began to dig we come across the long buried French dead. It is a horrid spot—there can't be many more trying to the nerves on the British front.

High Command Trenches were evolved owing to the impossibility of draining real trenches, but they could easily be knocked to pieces by artillery, but if one side did it the other could do the same, so both refrain. That is the absurd part of this war, it is carried on as much by mutual understanding as by mutual antagonism.

We had a very nice Church Parade again this afternoon, a gorgeous afternoon, and our Padre preached admirably and the men sing so well and listen with such reverence. I love these Parade Services. But he raised a point which set me thinking; he wondered whether everyone present had thanked God for his safe return from the trenches and the perils and dangers of last week. Now on self-examination I didn't think I had, but not through carelessness. I took it in this way. When you volunteer for war, you offer your life and your services for Him to take or

not as He sees fit, therefore, one should not, loquently speaking, pray for the extension of one's own life, that seems like praying for a partial withdrawing of the offering. Neither should one thank God for preserving one's life after offering it to Him—it is a free-will offering. I can't answer the question, or rather I can see both sides of it, and can answer it either way; it is not at all clear. One thing is clear—I have loved and do love my life much, too much to want to lose it and exchange it for some other more glorious existence.

I am immensely pleased with my men, more proud and pleased with them every day. They are loyal and true and their experiences are bringing out all that is best and finest in them. That is what War does apparently. It brings out all the finest qualities in every man and makes men of some who seemed poor specimens before. I am astonished at the mistaken opinion I had of some of these men. Their cheeriness and unflinching good temper fill me with admiration. They positively won't grumble, at least not in my hearing, even when they have good cause for it—when things are as bad as they can be. It is said the British soldier must always have his grumble, but that does not apply to the Territorials, or at any rate to my Platoon. It is a privilege to lead such men.



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The Anti-Papal Panic

As a Japanese Sees It

By ADACHI KINOSUKE

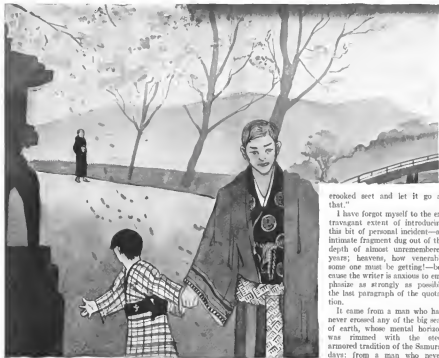
THIS is a mere heathen view of the theme—that of a busybody who is minding some one else's business. Therefore worthless, perhaps worse. It is offered with due humility and with an excuse: that an utter outsider, some-

ners. Also that there is one God who is the father of us all."

We walked on for some distance after that in silence. Then father added: "It is wrong for our Buddhist monks to fight him. I wish that all of us Confucianists

rified protest, "people say that he is a barbarian and teaches a crooked cult."

"We all talk that way. When a man is different from us, we call him a barbarian. When we can not understand what he teaches, we label his cult a



It was in the old Castle Town of Kameyama, years and years ago. We were out on an early morning stroll, father and I.

times, gets a better view of a mixup than the combatants themselves.

It was in the old Castle Town of Kameyama, years and years ago. We were out on an early morning stroll, father and I. Peach and apple blossoms were talking their April slang in perfume and the birds were talking back at them, I remember, I was as young as the year.

And we saw coming toward us a figure in lilisek. He was tall, almost gaunt and of alien build. He was the first Catholic missionary I had seen in my life. Father told me then, who he was; what he was trying to do in Kameyama; why he was so far away from his home, which, father thought, was in a country called France.

"He came to us," father told me, "to tell us that we are his brothers; that we are a lot of miserable heathen sin-

ners. Also that there is one God who is the father of us all." We walked on for some distance after that in silence.

"The trouble with us," father went on, "is that we think too much. We theorize, analyze, define, all with the head. We have almost forgot how to feel, it seems. We look down upon emotion as something crude, something childish at best. Our religion is a chaste image in stone, its lines and features perfectly correct and very cold. In fact we have no religion now. We have philosophy, a mere system of thought. That's all we have. He will do much good, that missionary."

"But, father-above," said I in hor-

crooked sect and let it go at that."

I have forgot myself to the extravagant extent of introducing this bit of personal incident—an intimate fragment dug out of the depth of almost unremembered years; heavens, how venerable some one must be getting!—because the writer is anxious to emphasize as strongly as possible the last paragraph of the quotation.

It came from a man who had never crossed any of the big seas of earth, whose mental horizon was rimmed with the steel armored tradition of the Samurai days: from a man who never read English, French, German, Italian, Slav or any other European languages. Then, too, it was spoken at the time when

the entire "civilized" world looked down upon Japan as the Broadway of today looks down upon Fiji and its islanders. Bear these facts in mind, kind reader. Then you may be able to see why all these anti-Catholic activities on the part of good Protestants and all these anti-Protestant denunciations fall upon the writer with a shock that leaves him open-mouthed.

Is this not the enlightened year of Grace, 1915? And the Protestants are among the leaders of modern thoughts; and there are I know some Catholics who look down upon the Protestant brethren with the pitying sympathy of the superior.

There is another thing, too, which makes the shock still more shocking. The writer has for some time plumed

himself (with a peacock's tail feather) on the fancy that he is somewhat acquainted with America and the Americans of the present day. He has known that the far horizon of the Middle West and the outlook upon the two oceans which frame in this country are not a particularly encouraging home for narrow sectarianism. Also he has been honored with many personal circumstances in this country, very happy ones indeed.

Some years ago, he called upon one of those men whom the front pages of daily newspapers are ever delighted to honor with an inch-high letters as "magnates" or "empire builders." In his private office, atop of his table was a small frame. In the frame, three lines were

Tokugawa shoguns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were not religious wars at all. The Buddhist, the Shintoist or the Confucianist had nothing to do with them. They were altogether political.

In her old age, Japan, somehow, attained a sort of enlightenment. She has achieved a sense of humor in matters religious. Two empires whose sole and entire reason for existence is the extension of the kingdom of Peace, Harmony, Truth and all the rest of the immaculate sisterhood can hardly kick up a rumpus between themselves without looking utterly ridiculous in the eyes of their neighbors and themselves.

A missionary—I believe he was a

conscience and settled conviction can alone produce—"I mean that I am a Christian, a Buddhist, a Shintoist, a Taoist—an humble and very ignorant follower of all the great teachers of earth from Plato to Hagel and Kant—yes at one and the same time. That is what I try to tell you."

By that time the missionary, who was a much older man than the student before him, although he was fresh from one of the great theological seminaries of America, recovered his composure. He remembered that once upon a venerable day, he too, had been a sophomore. He had seen in his day a freak in an intellectual zoo. Therefore:

"Indeed, you interest me immensely."



wrought in letters of silver upon the field of brass: (I am quoting them entirely from memory)—

There's so much good in the worst of us;
And so much bad in the best of us,
That 'tis folly for any of us
To criticize the rest of us.

Seeing these lines in the position of persistent emphasis in the sanctum of a lender of American industry cheered me a good deal. I had liked the American all along. This little frame made me admire him, made me think that I was utterly unworthy of his friendship.

Now, one does not usually go to the table of a six-cylinder business man for the latter day edition of the sermon on the Mount, neither for a profound canon of life. But one does go to the men of God, to the lyric quietude of a temple, Cathedral or a shrine for grace and peace that pass all understandings of earth. And right there in the temple, not in the business office we are met with an excitement so exaggerated and so undignified that one writer in this Weekly, some issues since, characterized it as a panic—"the anti-Papal Panic!"

This is, of course calling a spade a spade. Some of our friends might tell us that such comment comes with ill grace especially from the Japanese. True, the Japanese history is not at all poor in religious wars of the bitterest and the bloodiest. But those sable gowned monk-fighters were in their toothless decrepitude—indeed they were worse than that; their tomb stones were green mantled with moss—when Joseph de Maistre thought (and wrote) that the palladium of human society could be found in the union of "altar and throne." The persecution and massacre of Christians in Japan by Hideyoshi and the

Presbyterian—walked up Ginza Street in the City of Tokyo, not so many years ago. And Ginza is the Broadway of Japan. Coming down toward him, through the busy weavings of gay-colored kimono, he noticed a bright eyed young man just out of his teens. He noted also a student cap of the Imperial University of Tokyo on his head. An inspiration struck the missionary—ever mindful of his Master's business.

"I beg your pardon," said the missionary to the student, "you speak English, do you not? I see you are a University man."

"Yes, a little," admitted the guilty one modestly.

"I want to ask you a question," went on the missionary, "are you a Christian?"

A broad smile, very pleasant and utterly frank lighted up the features of the student; "Yes, sir!" said he promptly and as promptly his cap came off. He was standing in the presence of a man of Law. The missionary was pleased quite as much as his new-made friend:

"Now isn't that delightful," said he in all candor, "I just had a hunch" (yes, to that degree of familiarity, did his kindly nature tempt him) "I just had a hunch the minute I laid my eyes upon you—that you might be a Christian. So you are no longer a Buddhist—a Confucianist, perhaps?"

"Oh, yes, sir, indeed," made answer the student, to the eternal puzzlement of the missionary friend. "Yes I am a Buddhist. Yes, a Confucianist, too."

"You are what? What do you mean? I can not understand."

"I mean,"—this with all the gravity of features and posture which a clear

said the missionary from the height of his vantage, "What, just what is your creed, if I may ask? You won't think me impertinent?"

"I can—indeed always do—put my credo something like this: I believe that all the great cults of the world reflect certain phases of Truth. I do not believe that any one of them monopolizes the whole Truth. And that is all; of course I may be decidedly wrong. I usually am," added he with a modest smile.

This student's attitude is the attitude of what is popularly known as the New Nippon—the younger generation of the thinking half of Japan. In the opening month of 1912, Mr. Tokonami who was then holding the portfolio of the Vice-Minister of the Department of Home Affairs, proposed a plan to bring together the leading lights of the Christian, the Buddhist and the Shinto churches in Japan under one roof and that too, at the invitation of the Japanese Government. The idea was to get the leaders of religious thoughts in Japan to come together. The government wished to secure their assistance and cooperation in the matter of religious education of the people. That was the widely advertised purpose of the gathering. The real meaning of the meeting was this: Japan woke up at last. She had been too busy with Asian politics, with the building of super-Dreadnoughts, with the so-called commercial conquest of the continental Asian markets. She woke and found that a nation shall not live by bread alone. The meeting meant that Japan, in all seriousness, started gunning after a new religion, an ideal religion, the religion which would answer the soul hun-

ger of the people who had had pictures, images, lettered dogmas, hero-worship, nature-worship, fables and songs and found them all good in their way but not quite satisfying.

Coming out of such a country, such atmosphere and such times, the writer is certainly no fit critic or commentator on the anti-Catholic or anti-Protestant movement in this country. He is prejudiced, decidedly. The whole business is as shocking to him as turning the light house of European culture into a butcher shop. Besides, the large portion of the quarrel seems to be simply a question of words, adjectives, phrases.

The quotations made by Dr. W. W.

Prescott from a Roman Catholic text book, "Manual of Christian Doctrine," on the superiority of the authority of the Church over the State and on the unity of Church and State may look pretty red in the eyes of some of the posterity of the authors of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. At the same time, as Dr. Kelley points out, very few people are allowed any room to question how and why Barry acted for the defense of the colonies and Sheridan for the Union in the trying days of the Civil War. And when one reads Dr. Kelley explain that the authority of the Church is superior to that of a State "in as much as it was spiritual," the quotation from the above

mentioned Catholic text book does not appear quite so red.

Moreover, if Catholicism is as changeless as the rock of ages, thank the stars the Catholics are not. And even as a magic wand changes in its power and efficiency according to the hands which wield it, it may be that the evolution of our Catholic brethren would be a matter of much higher importance than the changelessness of their dogmas. And if the American Catholics—or at least a great majority of them—hold that superiority claimed for the authority of the church is purely spiritual, what doth it profit a common horse-sense citizen of the every-day world to lose his sleep over it?

The Mob

By TARLETON COLLIER

TWO or three little boys trotted ahead, running eagerly, their eyes big, sticks in their hands. Behind them was a single figure, a man who lurched rather than walked, his body inclined forward, his head down. He was red-faced and red-haired, and it was plain enough that no razor had touched his face for days. Over his left arm was slung his coat; his shirt, without a collar, was open at the throat, disclosing a stretch of grimy undershirt. And as he went he mumbled to himself.

Followed three men abreast, but walking with varied strides. There was disorder in the very tangle of their flailing legs. They were silent. One held an unlighted pipe between his lips; one carried the jagged half of a brick in each hand.

A little space separated these hurrying leaders from a straggling, swelling knot of men who strode after. There were many men—loose, unshaven, flushed faces; bare heads; an undertone of voices, muttering, muttering; held stiffly, at the end of stiff-dangling arms, sticks and stout clubs.

After them the column swelled and eddied. At the edges here and there were boys and young men: well-apparelled, incongruous figures, moving with a certain air of self-consciousness—idlers, there to see what might be seen.

Out of the mass arose a sudden yipping about, and a dozen voices caught up

the note and prolonged it in a shriller burst of fury. The seething level of bobbing heads bristled with sticks uplifted and waved in abrupt, vicious arcs.

A tall young man in overalls, afire with eagerness, ran from the mass and scurried along the edge to a place nearer the shambling red-beard leader. As he ran he held one hand against a bulging pocket.

The shouting increased in intensity, increased in volume; at the same time the tone became lower, deeper. Only occasional yells from the younger men and boys of the crowd arose above the rumbling level of sound. It was as if a flock of gigantic bees were buzzing and mumbling in their menace.

They walked in the middle of the street, their feet shuffling with an uneven swish-swish upon the smooth asphalt. That sound was as a breath, however, barely perceptible below the muttering rumble of their voices.

They passed a church; they passed a factory; they passed a row of tawdry little houses; they passed a store, and a boy among them lifted his stick and smashed the glass of a tiny show-window. A woman within screamed, and the boy's companions laughed their merry approval.

From the opposite direction slowly rolled an automobile, bearing one man, who looked at the straggling column calmly.

"Tear it up," yelled a voice when the machine had come abreast them. The man at the wheel merely looked at the ugly crowd, with something of indifference and something of defiance on his face; and no one raised a hand against his automobile.

They passed between two high fences, and came to a corner. The red-beard leader straightened suddenly, and loosed a hoarse shout, lifting a clenched fist. His followers yelled in chorus, and a mighty roar ran backward along the line. Sticks went up. Everybody quickened his pace. They had come upon a massive stone building with barred windows.

THE three little boys in front ducked their heads and ran back among the crowd. The well-dressed stragglers drifted to one side and stopped. The mass pushed forward toward the building of the barred windows.

"Bring him out," roared the red-beard leader.

"Bring him out," roared the chorus of his followers.

With a whim for another kind of justice than the law provided, they had come to take the law into their own hands. Above them towered the massive gray building, and it seemed it was invested with being, with a dignity, an inviolate calm; and it seemed too to be telling them they were unfit.

"Understanding," an unusual short story by Charles Inge will appear in next week's issue.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



TWO YEARS OLD TODAY!

Pen-and-Inklings forgets his toys in the business of cutting his birthday cake.

Team Work At Longwood

By HERBERT REED

LONGWOOD'S chief contribution to a brilliant lawn tennis season was the revival of team work in a highly individualistic game—an entry list of forty-five pairs in the doubles tournament with the consequent certainty of matches worth watching even in the early rounds. Genius, in the persons of R. Norris Williams, 2d, and Watson M. Washburn, won the tournament, but the matches in which these two singles experts participated were hardly worth watching from the viewpoint of the average man who is looking for pointers on team play and court generalship.

Two very fine individual players were able to come through with little combination play. The match really worth studying carefully, however, was that between Hackett and Pell and Craig Biddle and Harry Johnson, the last named one of the best doubles players it has been my good fortune to see. It took five sets to settle the argument, and in the course of that settlement one saw about every type of doubles play that could be well crowded into a single match. All four players were rich in experience, but Biddle and Johnson had had little practice together, and their team work was, therefore, all the more surprising.

HACKETT and Pell played what might well be called standard doubles tennis, coming up to the net together and retreating together whenever it became necessary to face the lobbing game, and that type of play was good enough to win. Yet strong as this team was it had a weakness, and to that weakness Johnson played again and again. Hackett and Pell, determined to command the centre of the court, left too much room on the outside, and it was this outside space that Johnson found for scoring strokes. That was the real fascination of the match—the search for a flaw in the work of a team that was playing doubles as it should be played. Biddle was strong overhead and especially valuable in making what appeared to be impossible "gets", while Johnson's drives down the line were an excellent complement to his partner's play. But Biddle and Johnson were facing one of the best doubles players the game has seen, paired with a man whose backhand strokes are the marvel of the tennis world. Later Hackett and Pell were defeated by Williams and Washburn, owing to genius, but not losing through any serious flaw in the type of game they played. This match was too one-sided to be worth watching as a sample of doubles play.

The ideal doubles team is not yet in sight, but it is safe to say, I think, that when it does appear it will use the court

generalship of Hackett and Pell and attempt to borrow something of the fire of Williams and Washburn when they are really aroused.

One other thing the Longwood tournament proved—that the mistakes of the loser, whether in doubles or singles, are usually the mistakes that are forced upon that loser. When one catches a Williams or a McLoughlin at his best one is forced to the defensive. In other words, the losing game really looks worse than it is. This was the case in the match

in which Williams overwhelmed Niles. The latter is a good player, with years of experience behind him, but he was helpless before the national champion in the final round. It was not that Niles' play was poor, but that Williams' was superlatively good.

The Californians did not fare any too well at Longwood. They are not accustomed to grass courts, and, as a result of the rain, the Longwood turf was heavy indeed. They did, however, have the opportunity to become accustomed to Eastern conditions. William M. Johnson is a familiar figure on Eastern courts, so tennis enthusiasts were more interested in the work of Griffin and Ward Dawson. Griffin was not at his best, but he showed that he had command of about every stroke in the game, albeit he is not so much given to the use of top spin as Washburn, Williams, McLoughlin and others of the ranking list. Griffin has an almost ideal tennis build and seems to be a master at varying his pace, using what Little calls floaters and fadesways. He employs an excellent service, hard to handle, and places it well. But he does not go in for the sharp break of the other Californians.

Griffin's service apparently does not use up too much energy, and, indeed, every stroke he makes shows economy of strength. Both Griffin and Dawson are living proofs that there can be quite as much variety in tennis on the Pacific Coast as in the East. Maurice McLoughlin has explained why there has been a tendency to overemphasize the scoring strokes on the Californian courts, and even he, the original apostle of pace, is today taking more thought of court generalship than of the making of strokes for the stroke's sake.

DAWSON plays clean-cut tennis, minus any geographical label, and his early fall at Longwood is hardly an indication of his real worth. The Southern California champion has an especially good backhand, and all his strokes are of the crisp variety. It was Dawson's luck to be obliged to face another coming tennis player in Watters, of Louisiana. Watters played excellent tennis in the earlier rounds, but seemed to be suffering from stage fright when he tackled Williams. The Southerner's game is so fundamentally sound that it cannot but improve with tournament experience.



W. M. Washburn

Apropos of a Band Concert

By EDWIN BJORKMAN

THE band proved well trained and well conducted. Several numbers were played remarkably well. I don't think I have ever heard the finale of Liszt's "Les Préludes" rendered with more force and verve. But it was neither the music nor the excellence of the performance that produced such a startling effect on my mind.

No, some association of ideas traceable to the band itself—to the very fact of its being a band—swept me irresistibly out of the here and now into the mystic twilight realms of far away and long ago. It was as if a magic carpet had been placed under my feet, and in a sort of rapturous swoon I was carried backward through those shaded groves of shadowland where the bygone years lie buried, each one with its neatly numbered stone at the head of its grass-grown mound.

This flight of dream or fancy brought me back to the city of my birth—to Stockholm, the city reared on island hills, with fresh waters on one side, the salt sea on the other, and brisk, hawling streams coursing through its very heart. Once more I breathed the witching air of those Northern summer nights whose pale and diffused light seems to be radiating from the earth itself. Once more I was living in those careless, indiscreet, pre-neurasthenic days when music was just music—a thing of joy to set the heart dancing with gladness—and when the blare of a band and the glare of light on its brasses appealed with equal strength to unsophisticated senses. And a host of old memories that had long lain dormant and seemingly dead took on a semblance of flesh and blood.

Once more I was a chubby, red-checked boy of four. It had occurred to my father to test my courage and intellect by sending me on a pretended errand to the home of his sister in another part of the city. Torn between pride and fear, my mother had finally granted her consent to the experiment. Did I know the way? Of course! Did I dare to go alone? Of course! Would I go straight to my aunt's house? Of course!

My way took me across the Holy Ghost Island. There, at the foot of the beautiful old stone bridge, in the shadow of the Royal Castle, and almost on a level with the seething rapids of the North River, lies a little park to which the Stockholmians are wont to flock in summer time for the purpose of drinking Swedish punch and hearing the band play. The band was playing as I passed—a visiting military band in coats of bright red with white trimmings.

I faltered. There was lead in my feet. I stopped entirely. Temptation had me by the throat. I yielded. As fast as my little legs could carry me, I scurried down the broad granite stairs

leading to the park and pushed my way to the front of the music pavilion. There I stood, obvious to errands and parental injunctions, looking and listening as if there were no life at all beyond those moments of total surrender. But no sooner had the last note died out than I turned and ran—for my life to regain the straight road. And as I slipped out of reach of further temptation, my father, who was following me unseen, made up his mind that I must surely be destined for great things. And my mother agreed with him when she heard of it.

Then my memory leapt forward, scorning the old family legends. After months of military drilling, the boys in the upper classes of my school were marching proudly through the streets of the city with "real" guns on their shoulders. I was very small for my age. I belonged to the lowest class included. For days my heart had been aching with fear. But they had let me come in the end. The air was full of sunshine and spring winds. The yellow and blue flag was snapping noisily overhead. The band was playing "Sons of a nation that has bled on Narva's heath and Polish moors." I was wearing the uniform cap of my "gymnasium," with its wide crown of black silk. I had a leather belt around my waist and blank cartridges in the box behind. The gun weighed a ton. My shoulders ached. My lips were parched. But the band was playing, the boys were swinging along with the resolute stride characteristic of Swedish training, and I would have died rather than fail to keep step with the rest. At last we reached the drill grounds outside the city, and there we found a whole regiment of real soldiers—one of the Life Guards—maneuvering across the sun-stepped plain side by side with our own puny troop. What a day for a lad of fourteen!

THE scene grew blurred and cleared again—and it seemed for a moment as if it had not changed. Still I found myself on the military drill grounds outside of Stockholm, but now as a conscript soldier in the ranks of that same regiment of Life Guards. It was Sunday with a white and blue sky overhead. We were fretting in awkward full-dress uniforms not our own. The usual morning drill had been passed up. Instead we were marched to a clearing in the midst of our ensvas city. There we formed in open square, with the colonel in the centre and the band at one corner. Young scuffers we were, one and all, whether rich or poor outside the ranks. But when the band began to play "A mighty fortress is our Lord," and seven hundred voices took up the old hymn, so deeply fraught with past glories, struggles and aspirations, then I, for one, felt a stirring at heart that joined me

in sudden kinship to all the men through all the world who, through all the ages, have yearned and prayed for a sense of unity with something larger than their own little selves.

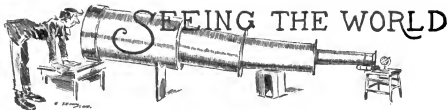
Then the scene changed completely and shrilly. I was sitting in a New York theatre. From the stage a famous band was pouring forth a medley of "national airs." Right in the midst of that motley throng of familiar melodies, without the least apparent reason, the bandmen rose in unison and struck up "America." Slowly the people caught the suggestion and straggled to their feet as if not quite sure of its being the right thing to do. I alone remained seated. The young woman by my side rose with the rest and implored me in a whisper to follow her example. But I sat still, raging inwardly at those who were making an empty mummery of what my own, over-serious Scandinavian heart kept hidden within itself as something sacred. When it was all over, and the band, seated once more, was playing out "Yankee Doodle" in brisk-neck time, I felt that a chasm had opened between myself and my companion. And my heart told me that she was not the right one for me.

And then another face, another scene, broke through the mist of my dreams.

It was a summer evening at an ocean beach. We were two on the boardwalk. The sea was pulsing gently at our feet. The full moon had strung its transient path of silver across the trembling waters. A band was playing in the distance—playing "The Blue Danube." There must have been other people around, but we were not aware of them. We were talking softly. Eye clung to eye. Soul was seeking soul. We were talking of the years to come, and of two lives lived as one without sacrifice of either. Then I woke up . . .

There she was at my side as in the dream, and the band was playing "The Blue Danube," but nine years had passed since our talk on the boardwalk that summer evening, when the ocean was murmuring its ancient, unsolved riddles into our unheeding ears. Instinctively my hand went out in search of hers, and she, feeling its pressure, knew I had been thinking of her. But just in what manner she could not guess. Nor did I tell her afterwards. And she will not know until she reads this.

Do you wonder at my feeling so grateful toward that band that I am seized with a sense of remorse at what I have just written? For in order to give in reasonable proportion to what I received, I should have devoted my remarks exclusively to the band and the music. And here I have been talking of nothing but myself and a lot of half forgotten memories. But such is the way of man, you know, that he must speak of whatsoever fills his heart to overflowing.



Heaven in the Same State

A lady visiting in Onkley this week from Western Kansas; that is, farther west than we are, came to the editor's dandelion patch and asked if we cared if she carried away some of the seed. She wanted to plant 'em! She loves dandelion greens and says they do not grow in her town. We said, "Lady, you may come right here and camp. We will furnish board and room and you can pick dandelion seed for the next sixty days. Take them home and throw 'em around just as careless as you can, and when you wake up next spring the whole town where you live will be dandelions." What kind of a town must it be where there isn't any dandelions? That is too good to be true. That ain't no town; that's Heaven!

—The Onkley (Kans.) Graphic.

How Socialists Are Made

Ralph Williams returned home with a \$10.23 dog. Branson Dett'y's hands are getting sore from the effects of the box.

—Pike Notes in the Waverley (O.) Watchman.

Acknowledging A Mistake

Made a sad mistake the other day. Announced that Glen Toole had been elected secretary of the Gooks. Bill Johnson, of the Chamber of Commerce, came around yesterday and bawled and went on terrible. Told him we'd overlooked the fact that he'd been named for the office. Also, more in sorrow than in anger, we casually mentioned the fact that if he had done any secretarialing it had escaped our notice. Still, he can have the office. But just for that we're going to name Mr. Toole for the office of the Most Royal Talk Potater.

—The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Crops

We read where a 16-year-old Georgia boy is raising 116 bushels of corn to the acre, and when we think of those other 16-year-old Georgia boys who are trying to raise skinny mustaches on one inch of lip we feel like going out and tearing down a house or something else very fierce.

—The Macon (Ga.) News.

In His Brother's Wake

Frank Boggs has a new motorcycle. He will blow his horn and the girls will clear the track and growl about the smell left back. Along will come his brother Nelson with his brand new Leginear and pick them all up by the ear.

—The Beaver's Falls (Pa.) Review.

How He Caught It

Grant Victor caught a forty-pound catfish. He sent the fish to Superintendent Hopkins of the Frisco, with his compliments. There are various stories

Praise for the Band

We feel it incumbent upon us to say a few words of praise for the citizens band of Portage. On two occasions lately we have listened to them discoursing music to the people of this town. Under the leadership, it appears, or Arthur Cullen, they are fast becoming a credit to this town and, being composed of young men having the asset of learning now at their command that will at each rehearsal be enlisted in their playing that time should not eradicate but will form a nucleus that will give them more knowledge of this art and in the end they will be a credit to themselves, this town and the community.

We do not state this on account of the leader being a relative of ours. We merely give credit where it is due. We are not ashamed to say on hearing them play away from home "That is the Portage band." Listen to them closely when playing, the perfect union, all the notes blended together when each instrument is required, will make them soon the leaders of the county. The paved streets now will afford them an egress for outdoor practice.

—Portage (Pa.) Press.

A Dignified Man

Jeff Blythe is the most dignified man you ever saw. When his hat blows off he never takes the trouble to chase it, but lets the spectators do it for him. He won't loaf anywhere only in some big national bank, and actually struts while he is sitting down.

—Liberty Note in the Rogers (Ark.) Democrat.

Fitting

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Post are the happy parents of a 11-pound son and are almost induced to name him "Parcel."

—The Mercyville (In.) Banner.

Glommer Gets Pinched

We know the accident which happened to Major Young last Tuesday. He was trying to glom a handful of peanuts from the Jenkins peanut roaster when he accidentally stuck his little finger in the machinery, and the top of the finger is there yet.

—The Riverton (Cal.) Republic.

Where Mothers Get Their Grey Hair



St. Joseph. (Mo.) News Press.

as to how Grant caught the fish, but the most reasonable one we heard was that the fish was out in a wheat field feeding, and Mr. Victor slipped up on it and roped it before it could get back in the water.

—The Afton (Tenn.) American.

Anticipating Voters

Just as we go to press, it is learned that Mayor Fred A. Hinkel, of Hamilton, has flown the coop. It is alleged that, in two weeks, he will return to the city with his helpmate. It is to be hoped that in due time the household will be numerously represented by a brood of young Hinkels of true socialistic proclivities.

—Hamilton (O.) Socialist.

Fool's Gold

X—The Prince Comes Home



The Prince Comes Home

THE funds furnished me upon leaving prison were meagre. I reached Richmond without a cent remaining, and set out forthwith for home on foot. I felt a great longing to see my village once more, to talk with my old friends, to greet my Mother. I was full of a weariness, a wish just to rest and to find, if I might, a haven where affection dwelt.

As I trudged along the dusty road in the sun, gaunt, ill-clad, worn, I wondered whether I would find that which I sought, whether doors and hearts would open to me or whether there would be only the blank face of aversion waiting. I thought of the day so long ago when I had left to go out into the world, a boy with hope high and untried courage strong—I was to come back like the Prince in the fairy tale in triumph bringing gifts and glory, dassing my humble one-time comrades, laying my purple trophies proudly at my Mother's feet! A smile half bitter, half pitying curled my lips. Poor dreams, I thought, poor ravished youthful dreams!

It seemed—the village—not greatly changed when I arrived, yet somehow shrunken and colorless as if the life memories had given it were lacking. I saw no one that I knew on my way to our cottage, which looked, too, smaller and shabbier than memory had painted it, yet dear now for all that.

I saw beyond the white picket fence a thickest figure, bent nearly double, groaning and talking loudly to itself as it gathered sticks and dropped them in a capacious gingham apron. It was Old

Mollie, faithful though decrepit, bewailing her lot as of old—more, I knew, as an accompaniment to her work and as consolation to her soul than as a genuine plaint.

She seemed even stouter and blacker than I remembered her—the one reality more real than recollection. The cotton handkerchief she wore today, as turban, was red with white dots, a sign of fair weather.

"Howdy, Mollie!" I called across the fence.

The bent figure straightened and wheeled with astonishing alacrity, the apron flew wide and the firewood. She flung her hands on high in a gesture of amazement and incredulity.

"Oh, Lawd! O Lawd!" she cried shrilly. "Hits de boy back. He done come back at las' to his Mammy an' Ole Mollie!"

She waddled quickly toward me and grasped my hand in both her own while tears rained down her cheeks.

"Come in de house—come in an' see yo' Mammy," she begged. "She sholy bonin' to see you, Honey! She bin right po'ly, yo' Mammy has. I reek'n she be mighty glad yo' back. Lawdy! O Lawd!"

We went in together and Mollie stood in the doorway of the room as I entered and walked softly toward the bed where my Mother lay.

She was lying still and quiet, her eyes closed as if asleep. And as I looked at her my heart swelled and a lump of distress came into my throat. She seemed so small, so thin and weak.

I leaned over and kissed her forehead as lightly as I could. A little shiver passed over her and her eyes opened wide and looked up into mine. There came a light into them that lightened her whole face. The lines of her face softened into the faintest of wistful smiles. She put one frail arm about my shoulder and held me close.

"Sonny," she whispered, "You've come back, thank God! My boy, my boy!"

With the soft pressure of her arm and the sound of her weak voice my self-control, that had withstood so many and so much sterner tests fell away like ice melted in the sun, and the tight strings of my heart were loosened. I dropped on my knees by the bed and my head fell forward upon it. And sobs that seemed unending shook me.

My Mother laid a light hand on my head and patted it gently, as if I were again a child.

"There, there, Sonny!" she whispered. "You've come home—it's good that you've come home!"

I could not answer. I could only keep my head tight pressed against the coverlet, the while those tearing sobs came one upon another from the depths of my being.

There was so much I would have said! We live in moments not in years, and in this flaming moment I seemed to gain a throne of insight never won before. The long years that had gone by since I had been here, the years of selfishness and vain desire passed instantly before me, not like a picture but like a feeling or a thought. I saw behind their

"That is the knight Faith," said the voice.

The knight who rode upon the right hand seemed but a youth, yet courage beyond belief shone from his face and from his dauntless eyes. His armor was all of silver and his shield gleamed dazzling in the sunlight. A sword of red gold with jewelled haft swung at his side and his helmet plume seemed made of the rainbow, so bright and colorful it flashed.

"That is the fair knight Hope," said the voice in my ear.

I looked at the knight between these two and I saw that he wore no helm but a crown of flowers, and his face was as the morning for brightness. He was smiling and seemed most joyous, with no thought for the peril that awaited; in his eyes there was no place for fear. He wore as armor from neck to feet a silken robe of purest white, girt with a fair sash of red. And to the right hand and to the left as he rode he scattered flowers and smiles.

"That is Love," said the voice.

But a shiver of fear ran rippling to my ears at the words and I feared greatly for Love, unarmed yet unafraid.

Then those three knights returned to the far end of the meadow and wheeled, and stood waiting. And a cloud came over the face of the sun so that there was twilight on the meadow. And a wailing came from the wood like the long cry of wolves. And anon there burst forth from the wood in a great clamor three dreadful shapes, black-armored and on coal black steeds. Fear-seen they were, and it seemed smoke and flame were roused them as they rode, and my heart grew cold with terror as I watched them, shrieking, charge madly up the field.

"That is Hate," said the voice, "and Ignorance, and Cruelty!"

And as they charged the two knights Faith and Hope set lances in rest and hurried to meet them and they came all together with a great shock in the centre of the field. And Faith and Hope fought valiantly; their swords clashed and rang. But those black-armored knights were stronger than they, and unhorsed them and beat them to their knees and made as if to slay them.

Then was I ware of how the third knight, him with no helm but flowers, and no armor but the white silken robe, peered softly forward, blossoms in both hands and a gay smile upon his lips, and came between the knights. And he stretched both hands toward the black knights and scattered flowers before them, and I saw how his lips moved as if in greeting.

But now were the black knights more furious still than ever they had been before. And they dashed forward all together with a loud outcry and came amain upon Love and smote him grisly strokes so that he fell down there upon the grass. And his blood dyed all the white robe red.

But the knights who had done this, when they saw what they had done, made grievous dole. And suddenly they turned their swords each against his fellows and so shortly slew one another without mercy.

Then the knights Faith and Hope lifted Love's head and made much ado

over him and lamented bitterly. And they passed their hands over his wounds and lo! by a miracle suddenly Love arose from the grass of the meadow and his wounds were whole again and his face was smiling. Only his silken robe was still red from the blood of his body.

And now it seemed as if that concourse set up all at once a wild and joyous shout. And there came those who knelt before Love and caught the flowers he scattered and hid them in their bosoms and their hair. And all the people were chanting, it seemed, together.

I wondered in my dream what this might portend. And the voice came again in my ear, saying: "This is the toady Life and the knight Love is proven victor therein."

Then I heard the murmur of the assembly, so faint to my ears before, growing louder and clearer. And the words of the chant came to me. And it seemed that I had known them of old.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," rose the chant, "and know not Love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all

knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not Love, it profiteth me nothing. . . . And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Love, these three; but the greatest of these is Love."

In my dream I thought the chant ceased and the fair green meadow and the crowd therein faded and grew dim. All that remained was the smiling face of Love and the sweet light in his eyes. And I knew then, with a knowledge deeper than thought, that nevermore would I fear for Love, the pure and puissant knight; and that nevermore would I fail to render him homage and hold him my liege lord.

IT HARDLY seemed that I had awakened, so cheerily the birds were singing and so blue was the sky above and so warmly happy did I feel.

"It is peace," I murmured, "the peace that passeth understanding."

With the words my eyes wandered—or were they rather led—to a face smiling down upon me, a wondrous face,



"FATHERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." No. 9

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland "Father of Religious Liberty in America"

HISTORY proves, to their eternal honor, that the Catholics were the first in America to advocate the Freedom of all men to worship at any shrine they chose to bend a knee. Of all the cavaliers of Maryland, none were more noble and more adored. Liberty more than Charles Carroll, who, with his kinsman, Archbishop John Carroll, strove for the heretofore rights of mankind to practice Civil and Religious Liberty. Carroll was one of the richest and most learned men in the Colonies, and when he peevishly effaced his name to our immortal Declaration of Independence he courted the confiscation of his vast estates. A bystander facetiously remarked, as he did so, "There goes a few millions." He was elected to the National Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, but illness forbade his attendance. His cousin, though, Daniel Carroll, signed our National Law, which forever guarantees to Americans Civil, Religious and Personal Lib-

erty. Carroll's manners were easy, affable and graceful; in all the elegancies of polite society few men were his superior. His hospitality was nothing short of royal and he was a lifetime user of light wines and barley beers. He died in his 95th year, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was looked upon with reverential regard by rich and poor alike. Fifty-eight years ago Anheuser-Busch launched their great institution and have always brewed honest beers—the kind the illustrious Carroll loved to quaff. Day by day their famous beers have grown in popular favor, until 7500 people are constantly required to keep pace with the public demand. Their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of all other beers by millions of bottles.

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brown and lit by luminous eyes, framed in the dark-green leaves. And for a breath I thought that I was dreaming still. But then a smile rounded the contours of the face and I knew that I was not dreaming.

"Carol! Carol!" I cried, "I thought for a moment you were another, one that I loved years ago, your sister Alison. It was the way she came!"

"I have left her only a little while," said Carol, pushing through the leaves and seating herself upon the ground beside me. "She has told me of that time—and of you. . . . I saw you leave your house—I must confess it, I was watching. Perhaps I shouldn't have followed—but I thought. . . . You've had hard times, I know. . . . I thought perhaps you might welcome a friend."

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Birth Control or Self Control

BY CAROLINE SWAN WILLIAMSON

SHOULD we create without a forethought, is it not a soul as well as a body that we are responsible for? No gift is so rare, so inspiring to our truer, better selves. A baby's helplessness and innocence arouses the better in all of us, we call one depraved, that does not love them.

Are we not endowed with a free will as well as the power of creation. We excuse our uncontrolled passion with God's command to multiply; this was given to a depopulated earth, and not to us. Perfection or quality and not quantity should be our aim. Has lust so dimmed our vision that we forget our God-given power. Self or sexual control will not only give quality to our unborn but will lessen quantity. Sensuality is a crime, a sin against our Creator, our unborn, society and our selves. Selfishly we create a soul without a thought but for the moment.

The pity is those that are hampered by lack of physical and mental vitality, terrible hereditaries, poverty, shame, excessive passion and lack of will power. No act of life is so profoundly full of glorious reward, or so full of wretched misery. Man has so shamed his God-given right.

Little Rock, Ark.

Yellow

BY L. F. STERNMANN

AT THE head of your publication you call the letter "A Journal of Civilization," which certainly does not conform with the articles contained therein regarding the war.

You know full well, being educated people, that the insinuations and slurs cast upon the German people and their government are deliberate lies, yet you persist in printing your nasty articles. Every broadminded, real American citizen certainly does not side with the views as set forth in your "yellow" journal and must despise you, as I do.

Hilo, Hawaii.

Et Hoc Venus Omne

BY N. H. LOOMIS

GREAT is the "Safety Valve"—don't plug it up. Let the heathen rage—it's a good thing they have had the opportunity to show themselves up. It has taught the rest of us—the real, the unhyphenated, Americans—how badly mistaken we have been in supposing that

all of our German immigrants had become loyal Americans. Of course they all protest their loyalty to this, the country of their adoption; but with the notable exception of Prof. Kuno Franke—to whom all honor!—their protests sound very hollow.

Chicago, Ill.

Birth Control and Justice

BY STERLING BOWEN

APPARENTLY the consensus of Catholic opinion on birth control appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 26. In answer, one must decide many questions: may birth be rightfully regulated? Does Sex exist solely for propagation or, in smaller part, also for the consummation of such love as that in which the mystics see an analogy to God's love for the human soul? Will man deteriorate if given contraceptive devices? And then the Catholic opinion is well grafted on theology.

Exonerated for birth control would seem the logical first task.

To turn to the biblical examples of God's disapproval of contraception cited in HARPER'S WEEKLY; Noah's was a unique case. Being the father of the only family, he was commanded to replenish the earth. He incurred our everlasting gratitude by so loyally meeting the exigency before which he found himself placed. As to Psalm 127, which says "as arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are the children of youth. Happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them," 'tis true. But Hiawatha could never have run down the roebuck with more arrows than his quiver would hold without leaving some of them behind him on the ground.

Has Christ, or Paul, or the composer of Psalm 127, or whoever was God's legate in the laying of the command upon Noah been known to teach or to even imply that moderation is not one of the primal factors in holy and expedient human conduct? Are we to believe that moderation as advocated pertains only to the use of alcohol and to base pleasure?

Have those great men quoted as our guides upheld Quantity as superior to Quality? And is it a sin to suggest that four feeble children out of eight in one family is Quantity, whereas four normal and healthy children out of four in another family is Quality?

Picture a man and wife whose combined resources will support, besides themselves, four children, that support including education, sanitation, and nourishment. Would Christ, or will any-

one in Christ's name, command that man and woman to bring four more children into the world, when to do so would be to impose Quantity without Quality on humanity? Would Christ say "give us people" or would he say "give us men and women?"

This last point would seem an admission of belief that Sex had another function than propagation. So be it. Consummation of love does not imply nor admit inordinate practices.

It has been said that to regulate birth is to deny certain souls the sunshine of our planet. Has anyone counted the souls at our gates and can anyone prove that to impose upon each family the burden of supporting ten children would not exclude even then a host of infants? We may suppose that for Heaven many are called but few are chosen. In other words, those admitted who have a place. In that case, conceding Heaven and the Last Judgment, there must be many knocking at the gates of Heaven, as, likewise, we must have many knocking at the gates of Earth, whether we practice birth control or not. The one soul which today we leave knocking at our gates must be with God until we allow him or her entrance into our world, in which case it would be no hardship to let that soul wait a generation or so, until there is a place here for him or for her. On the other hand, to let that soul in today may mean condemnation to a life of hell for him or for her, or for others. Then, too, when we consider the vast number of people here now, it seems probable that that soul, or some other on its account, would, after earthly death, be kept waiting at Heaven's gate for longer than a generation.

Why not import one more of Heaven's practices to add to the many we now have? Why not establish a Judgment here on earth, based on the capability of parents? That would not condemn children for what they may have done before they came here. It would avoid many had things they might do after they arrive, were there no room here for them.

Perhaps, too, a little more such mother-love on the part of the Nation toward its babies would give us better and happier men, women, and children, a more harmonious adjustment of our social and economic troubles, less poverty, less greed, greater opportunities and more time for brotherly love.

Also, when the new filtered stream of life began to pour into Heaven would not St. Peter smile beneath his halo and wave us Heaven's blessing?

Ypsilanti, Mich.

Saving

HARPER'S WEEKLY is edited solely for its readers. You will find that it tells you facts you want to know and, may be, cannot obtain elsewhere; and it tells those facts interestingly. It offers an illuminating and inspiring commentary on international events of importance, on national politics and policies, and on human progress. Business and finance, sports, the stage, are under expert guidance in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Its illustrations are chosen with care, and its cartoons and humor have a nation-wide reputation. Fiction appears only occasionally; the standard is high. Whatever appears in HARPER'S WEEKLY, is there because it is the best obtainable on its particular subject, and because it serves a real purpose of social progress, or culture, or entertainment.

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Journal of Civilization



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Do We Want Ships?

HARPER'S WEEKLY did not make up its mind hastily on the shipping bill when it was before Congress. It has given the most patient hearing to the arguments of those who oppose the bill and it has read everything it could find on the subject. A similar bill will doubtless be introduced next winter, and we believe it will have a far better chance of passing than it had last winter. The country was led to hesitate, even as this weekly was led to hesitate, by the mass of conflicting statements. Plenty of time has elapsed now, however, for the subject to be thought out with all adequate care. Something has been lost, no doubt, through not acting promptly and taking advantage of the exceptionally favorable situation created by the European war. Much has been gained, on the other hand, by giving the fullest opportunity to those who oppose the measure. It must be said that the more they have elaborated their case the weaker it has seemed. It is merely the old cry raised by private interests wherever any extension of government function is proposed. Private capital has to be extraordinarily enlightened before it will give up its hold on anything, even if it is something of which it makes practically no use. The arguments which it has been putting out against the initiative of the government in starting a merchant marine have been self-contradictory. It has asked the people to keep their hands off, and to let the big business interests build up a merchant marine, and in the next breath it has claimed that the big business interest cannot possibly undertake such a task under our navigation laws. It is obvious that those navigation laws will never be changed for the benefit of a few people who would like to go into a merchant marine business if they could be assured of amazing profits, no risk, and laws made entirely for their benefit. Since the passage of the La Follette Seaman's bill this inconsistency has been made still greater, as the shipping interests have treated this act as another reason for their own unwillingness to undertake the work of giving us a merchant marine.

There is no doubt that strong emphasis was given to the movement for government help by the Pan-American Financial Conference last Spring. That Conference was attended by business men and bankers from the United States as well as from all the principal South American countries, and it put constant emphasis on the need of ocean transportation facilities. The Chairman of the Argentine Delegation asked: "How can we trade with you unless we can communicate with you?" It is extremely probable

that we could capture practically the whole of the Central and South American markets if we were in a position to supply the demand. The South is at present troubled with its cotton situation. If the cotton manufacturers were prepared to turn out the kind of cotton goods desired in South America they could take the business at once, and they would be far more likely to arrange for the production of such goods if they could depend on regular transportation and reasonable rates. Foreign steamship owners may increase freight rates over night. They often make the rates too high.

There has been no answer that we have seen, that has amounted to anything, to the argument that the government of the United States has since 1902 owned the entire capital stock of the Panama Railroad Company, which owns and operates a line of steamships from New York to Panama, and that these ships have been operated at a profit every year. Since the European war broke out the service has been maintained, and there has been no increase in the passenger or freight rates. Under the plan proposed during the last session of Congress this principle was to be carried a little further. It is but a slight extension not only of the principle of the Panama line but of the principle of the Federal Reserve Act. That act was sharply opposed by most of the financial interests before it was passed, but it is now admitted even by them that the whole business situation is improved by the passage of power away from the big concentrated financial houses to a body in which the government plays a large part.

Another argument which has been made stronger by the war, is that any navy needs auxiliaries, and if we intend to increase our defensive power, the proposed step would simply and at once strengthen us on the auxiliary side.

Germany has doubtless gone too far in the direction of leadership by government. It is equally clear that certain other countries, including England and the United States, have gone too far in the direction of allowing private interests unregulated power, and in the direction of using their governments in too timid, unenterprising and unleading a manner. We can learn from any successful nation, especially if its faults and merits are the opposite of ours. The weakness of the United States is in allowing itself as a nation to be controlled and frightened by a few men at the heads of its principal industries.

We are convinced that if a shipping bill along the lines proposed is passed next winter, it will in a few years be as unquestioned as the Federal Reserve Act is unquestioned today.

Vengeance Likely

MUCH as *Harper's Weekly* dislikes to see Tammany Hall regain any of its shattered strength, it feels that, as present developments indicate, the issue in New York next November will be home-rule, and the Republicans, through their control of the legislature and the Constitutional Convention, and through their record in both, will have to be punished for their oppression of the great city. Mr. Louis Marshall a conspicuous Republican, has recently emitted this:

Among various schemes which have been proposed there have been those which relate to embarking on the business of a public utility corporation, the running of street railroads, the operating of electric light plants for the sale of electric light or gas plants for the purpose of the sale of gas. There have been those who suggested forming various mercantile enterprises, the conduct of stores for the sale to the public of goods at reasonable or cost prices. There has been one enterprising gentleman in one of the cities of this State who has sought to empower his municipality to engage in the business of selling milk to the inhabitants, and with milk would go butter, cheese, and buttermilk. There are those who think that it is within the power of the municipality to deal in coal or ice or any other subject of merchandise. There is no limit to which these gentlemen that have these grand ideas will not go. Are you prepared in the year 1915 to embark on such a Socialist enterprise?

Boss Barnes himself could scarcely be more sane and sane. If the Republican party thinks the state of New York should tell the city of New York what it ought to do about milk and butter, then the Republican party is due for violent punishment in November, no matter what the incidental advantage to Tammany may be. Unhappily we in American politics can only do about one thing at a time. It is a good suggestion of our friend the New Republic that the Progressive party, by keeping itself alive, even if unimportant in the national election, may do a service by helping to bring about separateness in national, state, and city issues. Unfortunately the confusion is likely to prevail in New York in November, and if it does the home-rule issue will and ought to be the point on which the blanket voter expresses his choice.

German-American Publicity

IT SEEMS to be very difficult for those Americans who are really German in birth and breeding to learn how to handle opinion in this country. This does not apply to the *New York Mail*, which, we take it, is being conducted by men who know the American point of view and how to play upon it. It does apply to those who really live in a German atmosphere, whether it be an actual German, like Dr. Dernburg, or a German-American, like Henry Weismann, Congressman Bartholdt, or the editor of *The Fotherland*. We notice in that distinguished publication, by the way that Congressman Bartholdt, who comes as near to being the official leader of the German-Americans as anybody, observes that *The Fotherland* is a "valiant champion in the campaign of education." In our issue of August 14th we printed a fac-simile of a letter signed by Richard Bartholdt, showing that Cong. resman endeavoring to get favors

out of the North-German Lloyd, on the ground that he was to be a member of the Immigration Committee and that immigration would be an important factor in the deliberations of the next Congress. Does it not seem that the campaign of education among the German-Americans might include some attention to the standards of their leaders in home politics?

Mr. Weismann in the same issue returns to his attack on the Administration, and *The Fotherland* observes that in calling Mr. Wilson "a political bankrupt" Mr. Weismann "voiced the opinions of millions of his fellow-citizens." Our German-American contemporary also pays an eloquent tribute to William Randolph Hearst for his opposition to the Administration, and prints the picture of the Editor of the newspaper which Mr. Hearst conducts in New York in the German language.

The *New York World* has done a genuine service in procuring documents illustrating the extent to which the German government is financially backing the German organs masquerading as American.

The next step of German propoganda masquerading as neutrality and peace seems to be the National Convention at Chicago on September 5th and 6th. It has been sending out press materials to the farm newspapers, calling attention to the low price of everything, even down to lettuce, and trying to line up the agricultural interests with the movement. Richard Bartholdt, above-mentioned leader of the German-American faction, is one of the Vice-Presidents and Edmund von Mach, who has been so active in defending the German cause in this country, is another Vice-Chairman.

A Surmise

IF WE were at war with Germany, and fighting on land in Europe with the Allies, we should have a spy problem more delicate than that of any other country. The disappointing behavior of the German-Americans in the present troubles between Germany and the United States has created one frame of mind in our general public, and another in the German part of it, which would furnish our army officers with one of their most unpleasant problems. There would be no chance of any rebellion among German-Americans, unless there were conscription, and doubtless there would be no conscription unless it were modified to meet the situation. But while there would be no rebellion there would be such a division of sympathy, after so insistent a German-American propaganda, that the spy business would flourish like a green bay tree. Probably it would be rendered of comparatively slight importance by the difficulties of communicating with the German armies, ships, and governments; and it would scarcely take generally such violent form as blowing up American bridges, buildings, and vessels.

Estimating Human Sense

THERE lies before us a document that has singular interest because of the freshness with which it shows how human nature is regarded by the type of mind that makes its living out of studying weakness and playing on it. It is the advice that the Go-Pain Company of Boston gives to its selling agents. When the agent enters a small town, he is to look up a minister. He is to tell the minister that

he desires to distribute "Go-Pain" in the "cause of humanity." He is to make the acquaintance of the school-teacher, and seek the opportunity to stand at the door and hand circulars to the children as they pass out to go home. He is to go to Church on Sunday and endeavor to secure an invitation from some prominent person whom he may meet there. To everybody he is to explain that he is in town for the benefit of the inhabitants, bringing to them the greatest blessing known to mankind. "Go-Pain is not intended for any specific pain or disease, but for any and every pain wherever it may exist." He is to seek out the country reporter; whereupon, as the circular states, he will be likely to get "a good reading in his paper." One fails to estimate human nature adequately unless one keeps in touch with the patent medicine philosophy.

Investments

ANOTHER document lying on our desk also keeps our mind from dwelling too much on politics and insists that it consider the mind of man. This document is *The B. C. C. Record*, of Nyon, Switzerland. It is the organ of The Bond Certificates Club. All you have to do is to send \$1 and you get in on a complicated series of chances which we have not studied out carefully, but which seem to assure your winning from a thousand to a hundred thousand dollars worth of Panama, Ottoman, or Egyptian bonds. About these bonds the circular states: "There's nothing, odd, fishy, or uneaney in their composition." Along with this document goes another one in the form of a letter saying that in the present stage of the existence of this planet everybody wants money. It recommends the bond investments of The Bond Certificates Club as "a novel and practical system of making money on coöperative principles and without risk. A chance of securing a profit in the region of a thousand to one is not to be found every day and is well worth grasping."

If you are anxious never to forget the frailty of human intelligence you might give up half an hour a week to keeping in touch with the methods of get-rich-quick concerns, not forgetting the other half hour with the literature of patent medicines.

Welcome Charles

NOBODY has a stronger right to be a candidate for the Presidency than Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana. Not even Penrose or Smoot, Cannon or Barnes would represent more accurately a return to prosperity and common sense. In certain other candidates, like Weeks, the underlying safety and sanity are overlaid with a touch of clever modernity, but in Fairbanks the good old virtues appear unmixed with baser matter. Again we say, welcome Charles.

Bathing Suits

AS SUMMER draws to an end city councils and policemen along various beaches are relieved of the task of deciding just how long a skirt makes a bathing suit moral. And while they are chasing away ladies with unsatisfactory skirts, the land attire more and more recognizes two supports to even the female form. How long will it be before we have gone to the devil altogether?

Moths and Salt

SPEAKING of bathing suits, many owners, finding them full of holes, unjustly suspect moths, when it is only rotting brought about by failure to wash out the salt. We meant to write this editorial earlier in the summer, when it would have done some good but forgot it.

Repartee

SOME time ago we printed a number of the most famous repartees and received many interesting suggestions from our readers. One of the best comes along now, a number of months after the subject was up.

When the famous advocate Curran was arguing a certain point before Lord Clare, his lordship interrupted with "If that argument is correct I must burn all my law books."

"No, your Lordship," Curran replied, "you had better read them."

Cavalry and Babies

THE movement toward a life for women better adjusted to the conditions of today was called the feminist movement merely because it had to have a name. It drew a bad one. Also it is widely misunderstood. It is supposed by its opponents to be anti-domestic. Actually it is an attempt in a rapidly changing world to preserve the meaning of the home. Any race in which women, through voluntary or involuntary over-specialization, lose the instincts and powers of maternity is doomed anyway, and need not be worried over. No movement can be fairly judged by its less informed and less intelligent adherents. There are no doubt women who over-value intellectual concentration compared with serenity, of specialized knowledge compared with wisdom, of conspicuousness compared with patience. There are some who think we do things only by trying to do them; who do not understand that many of the most beautiful things merely grow. But any cause has its narrower spirits. The body of enlightened women today are not asking to imitate the virtues of a cavalry leader. They know the different functions of themselves and men. They are asking to develop their own native qualities in a world made sunny for them; to be rid of superstitions, of forms left behind by changing circumstances; and to keep essentials. They know that nothing is more important than motherhood, and that motherhood means giving, giving, always giving. All they ask is choice in the way of giving; the substitution of design for waste. No woman's movement desires to keep the baby from being the centre of the universe. Nobody realizes better than progressive women do that, for forming an atmosphere in which a young family can happily grow up, virtues are required different from those developed in men by specialized competition. Let Nature alone to see that the woman who is a general human being will be the one whose type survives. Our need is the simpler one of overcoming reactionary greed. Only by adaptation are the old values kept. Ours is the task of permitting women to show their natural traits freely, in a new world of schools and factories. As that is all the feminist movement means there is small need for fright.

Tomorrow's School and Tomorrow's Race

By PETER M. MICHELSON



THE longer the average American boy or girl remains in the average American school, the farther he drops below the standard set for average American boys and girls. That is the amazing truth about an institution that has been our brag since the Revolution.

For a great many years now, the National Mouth Hygiene Association has been telling the school authorities of the country to "hire a dentist." Dr. William Osler of Johns Hopkins University and Dr. Frank Mayo of Rochester have given the same advice. Dr. Osler has pointed out that the germs of scarlet fever frequently hide in the cavities of the teeth. Dr. Mayo has been able to trace infections in surgical wounds to the micro-organisms sometimes found at the roots of teeth. But if all the germs in creation chose the teeth of school children as an incubator to hatch out their young, the school directors could not see what business that was of their's.

However the hygiene association was not discouraged. It continued to give advice even though "wise men" would not listen, until one day a school board was found that was ready to hear what the crusaders for healthy mouths had to say. No one knows how it happened. Possibly the board of education was tired of having these nuisances around and decided that the only way to get rid of them was to give them what they wanted. Be that as it may, the association finally got permission to look into the mouths of the school children of Cleveland.

The result was startling. It showed conditions even worse than the association had contended. Ninety-eight per cent of all the school children in Cleveland were found to have mouths, potentially, if not actually responsible for ill health.

The crusaders decided to prove to Cleveland what it was losing through these defective mouths. After look-

ing over the city pretty thoroughly, they went to a school in the slums, the Marion School, and selected twenty-seven children who were to form an object lesson to the whole city, yes, and to the country as well. They chose these twenty-seven children because, in all Cleveland, they had been unable to find twenty-seven children with mouths in worse condition.

Most of the selected children were behind in their school work. Just to prove that this stupidity was not in-born a psychologist was called in. He gave tests to show the mental efficiency of the children. Then the dentist started his work. Dirty teeth were cleaned; decayed teeth were filled and then the tooth brush was introduced. The youngsters were taught how to brush their teeth and how to eat their food. At the end of a year, the psychologist again made his tests.

The result is best told in the story of the worst boy in school. He was a bad boy. He was rebellious. He was deceitful. He was a nuisance in the schoolroom, the terror of the yard. But he was also a rather puny, sickly boy, one of five children whose mother was dead and whose father spent his days in a sweat shop, pressing caps to provide a living for his children.

The worst boy in school is no longer the worst boy. In fact, so his teachers report, he is quiet and gentlemanly and takes a decided interest in his school work. After a year, the psychological chart shows an increased mental efficiency. The dentist did it.

In this same city of Cleveland, a little girl was found who had spent hours each day over a lesson that other children learned in minutes. At the end of the day, her head ached so that she had to be put to bed. The reason was that her eyes were crossed. When the dentist came, he pulled a tooth. The tooth had pressed on a nerve connecting with her eyes. Relieved of this pressure, the eyes naturally adjusted themselves.

The longer the average American boy or girl remains

in the average American public school, the farther he drops below the standard set for average American boys and girls. Mr. E. A. Wreidt, of the Chicago Civic Club, made an investigation of retardation in the schools of that city. His investigation showed that at the age of eight years, only 13.2 per cent of the children are behind their classes, but this percentage grows larger and larger with increasing age, until at 15, more than one-half of the children are below the standard.

We have gotten past the point where we close our eyes very tight and simply by repeating a thing often enough convince ourselves that it is so. There was a time when we shut our eyes tight and told ourselves that children left school because they had to work to keep from starving. Now we know that a great many more children leave school because the school can not hold their interest than leave on account of economic necessity. When our doctor discovers that one medicine doesn't agree with us, he prescribes another. But when John Henry's educational medicine doesn't agree with him and he lags behind his class and becomes more dissatisfied with his work the longer he remains in school, there is no new medicine for him to try. So we take him out of school.

How much physical disability has to do with this lack of interest was pretty clearly shown by the Cleveland experiment. The reader, in the light of that experiment, may consider the following

1,000,000 have now or have had tuberculous disease of the lungs; about (5 per cent) 1,000,000 at least have spinal curvature, flat foot or some other moderate deformity serious enough to interfere with health; over (5 per cent) 1,000,000 have defective hearing; about (25 per cent) 5,000,000 have



The blackboard is trying and when not in use should be covered

defective vision; about (25 per cent) 5,000,000 are suffering from malnutrition, in many cases due in part to one or more of the other defects enumerated; over (30 per cent) 6,000,000 have enlarged tonsils, adenoids or enlarged cervical glands which need attention; over (50 per cent) 10,000,000 (in some

schools as high as 98 per cent) have defective teeth; several millions of these children possess each two or more of the handicapping defects."

What are we doing about it now? Recently the Russell Sage Foundation set out to answer this question. The Sage report covers 1038 cities. Only 443 cities report systems of medical inspection and, in only 214 of these, does the work include a complete physical examination conducted by doctors. Imagine the stupidity of a system that looks down a child's throat for diphtheria symptoms and takes no notice of his enlarged tonsils, that sounds his lungs for tuberculosis and can't see his flat chest with its lessened vitality to resist tuberculosis.

Does this system pay? I mean does it pay in dollars

and cents. The state of Minnesota discovered that 40,000 of her children were held back in their classes for one year because of decreased vitality due to adenoids and enlarged tonsils.

If it costs \$25 per annum to educate a child, Min-



Dental inspection in public schools

facts and answer for himself the question "What are we going to do about it?"

Of all pupils in the schools of this country, "From (1½ to 2 per cent) 300,000 to 400,000 have organic heart disease; probably (5 per cent)

ness's loss was \$1,000,000 due to this one defect.

If it doesn't pay, then what are we going to do about it? We can begin by doing nothing at all—nothing that will send children into the world with a handicap that they did not have when they entered school. To do only that much will require a revolution.

It would be possible to point out how children's eyesight is injured in school through squinting all day at trying blackboards or because the windows are not set above the level of his head; how backs are made crooked by the old-fashioned bench still in use in some of the country schools or by the unscientific desk in the city school and how unhealthy schoolrooms generally lessen the vitality of children to withstand disease.

There are many remedies that can be suggested for these ills, such as expensive air washing machinery, expensive heating apparatus, soft-colored screens to be pulled down over blackboards when they are not in use and other paraphernalia of like nature. But there is a much simpler more direct method.

It is to build all open air school rooms. These school-rooms are now being adopted generally for tubercular or anæmic children. There is no reason why they can not be adopted for normal children. The question of ventilation is disposed of at once. Likewise is the heating problem because there is no heat. All children are uniformly dressed to withstand the cold. There is no danger that Jane will be overheated because she has too much clothing while Mary shivers because she has not clothes enough. The blackboard problem is solved by the use of the portable blackboard while soft colored shades settle the lighting question.

The School and its New Duty

England and France, and more recently America, have begun to take stock of their human resources. France, after the Napoleonic war, discovered that there was a falling off in the stature of her men.

England started her campaign to build a stronger race of men in the public school. School feeding was no new thing in her schools then. Only in the United States is it looked upon as an experiment. For twenty years it had been tried out in England in a limited way. In the schools of Manchester, one public spirited citizen bore the expense of feeding the children and managed so well that 84 per cent of this cost went into the food. Then by a special act, parliament removed the burden from the shoulders of philanthropists and placed it upon the communities.

The fact that there were hungry children was considered reason enough for feeding them. But some people contend that feeding children has no educational value and consequently is not within the province of the school. A teacher in a Maine country school started a lunch counter; she acted as commissary and the children cooked the food. Then one day, she found that, quite unconsciously, she had been teaching when she imagined she had only been filling empty stomachs. The realization came when she discovered that napkins and forks were being used in homes that had never known them before.

In the Philippine Islands, the government applied this principle in another direction. A plague of cholera broke out among the natives. Instead of following custom by closing the schools, the authorities opened them. Each school became a demonstrating station for teaching little Filipinos how to take care of themselves and their parents. The cholera was worsted.

Social and industrial diseases can be treated in this way. Children can be taught the danger of unguarded machinery, the hygiene of hours of labor and of fresh air and light and the knowledge will light the factory and ventilate the tenement.

By controlling environment, the school can overcome defects which formerly were ascribed to heredity. That is what school men have only recently come to realize.

In its new relation to the community, then, the school can not remain silent much longer upon a question which vitally affects the future of the nation.

The School of Tomorrow

The city of New York must spend millions of dollars to provide adequate school facilities for all of its children, many of whom are now attending sessions on one-third or one-half time. Here is New York's opportunity to build up an institution which will be an inspiration to the whole country.

Let her go out into the open country and there build a school on the scale of Columbia University, capable of caring for 10,000 children.

Building on such a scale, the city can provide gymnasiums, playgrounds and lunch rooms at minimum cost. It can provide two or more classes for each grade so that children may be graded according to mental age. No child need be held back in all of his studies because he is backward in one. It can provide shops so that boys, grown tired of ordinary routine, will learn a trade in school and will be more efficient in that trade when the separation from the school finally does occur. In this way, the falling off of school attendance will decrease.

The cost of transporting pupils from their city homes to their country school will be met by the city. It will be paid out of the money that the city will save by buying land in the country instead of in Manhattan. But this cost will grow less every year because the people will follow the school from the tenement into the life giving freedom of the country. In bringing about this change, the school will be living up to its new tradition and its new responsibility.

There will be an efficient corps of doctors, dentists, physical directors and last but not least expert psychologists. They will perform the same service for this human factory that the sorter does for the silk factory, picking the good from the bad and prescribing for each child the particular kind of treatment he should have before he is allowed to go out of the factory. The doctor will prescribe for the child medically and will pass him to the physical director to develop his body. The psychologist will prescribe his educational medicine.

When the normal child has passed through this hypothetical school, he will be given a guaranty card that will be a protection to himself and to his employer, such a card as the following:

William Smith, age , has completed grades of school. He has the equipment, mental and physical, for occupation. Owing to physical condition, he should avoid trade. He can, without injury to his health, work indoors hours, or outdoors hours.

There is nothing Utopian in this school. It is not even original. Every suggestion is being carried out in some part of the world today. I have simply assembled the parts of the machine and set each wheel so that it "doth with its teeth take hold of another and sets that a work toward a third and so all move one with another when they are in their right places for the end for which the watch is made."

To those who are afraid that this school is moving forward too rapidly, the scientist of today answers "For over a thousand years, you have made haste slowly. In a thousand years, you have evolved from the school, that enslaved to the Greeks and their classic literature, the school, which aims to educate the few, the less than two per cent who finish the universities." Pointing to the 15,000,000 defective children, he adds "We can't do worse than you have done."

Switzerland's Neutrality

By GERALD MORGAN



SWITZERLAND is the one real neutral in this war. Composed as she is of Germans, French and Italians, her newspapers unite in saying that a departure from neutrality would mean the end of the nation.

The German cantons of Switzerland are known as *La Suisse Allemande*, the others as *La Suisse Romande*. United as all Swiss are beneath their country's

open a town as there is in Europe. Yet side by side with this development of liberation there exists an intellectual and practical devotion to the Swiss national ideal which the Swiss Romandes proudly declare to be the fruit of centuries of individualism. It is indeed a practical devotion in which practical sacrifices have been made—payment of military taxes, endurance of military service,

pline, self-imposed, the achievement of centuries of free thought and free speech. We can assume it in times of stress like these, as we can take down the rifle which rests on the chimney wall, but when the danger is past we have the right to divest ourselves of both. And in the meantime, consider, you Swiss of German sympathies (at least intellectually) that we are making sacrifices



flag, a curious conflict of ideas has nevertheless arisen between the two sections of the republic. The essence of this conflict is the definition of liberation and freedom, in support of which ideas Swiss of all races believe themselves to be the historical frontiersmen of modern civilization.

In *La Suisse Romande* freedom means individualism as opposed to the power of the State. The phrase, well known in America, that that country is governed best which is governed least is a well accepted tenet in Geneva. In fact the idea is carried to the extreme that a man has a right to go to hell in his own way provided he interferes with nobody else; and Geneva has been for years as wide

obedience to a political censorship, restraint of public and even private opinion. Intellectually the sacrifices are even greater—the temporary subordination of individualism to the Power of the State. And to the German Cantons the Swiss Romandes say: "Consider the fine quality of our disci-

A Swiss Battery on its way to the frontier.

which are not sacrifices to you, for to you it is the State which counts more than the Individual."

For the idea of liberty in *La Suisse Allemande* is not the same. The projects of the German military caste, militarism, *leit-majestät*, the various forms which imperialism assumes are conceptions as repugnant in Berne as in Geneva. But the other side of German kultur, universal discipline, the sinking of every man's will in the will of the State, the creation thereby of a coral insect society which becomes to all men an earthly dispenser of the good things of life and gives also a heavenly surcease from the responsibility of thinking for one's self—that is an idea which no German can either find repugnant himself or imagine anyone else's finding repugnant. And the Swiss German is so far a German also.

So Berne says to Geneva, "We really do not understand, brothers, what it is of which you are complaining. Our good government has simply taken measures, against a military and political problem, which are intended to define our united attitude toward the world—an attitude in which you likewise agree. In time of danger to whom are we to give added power except to the State? You agree. Discipline and order must be maintained, who can object to discipline and order?"

Yet there is a danger in discipline and order, carried too far, just as there is a danger in indiscipline and disorder. Too much discipline and order mean that men stop thinking for themselves, and then along come the soldiers and do their thinking for them.

And on the other hand individualism carried too far means indiscipline and disorder, quick social remedies, false prophets, the unrest of never knowing what

is right and what is wrong, lack of preparation for danger through never agreeing where the danger lies, but chiefly that fundamental unrest which is a danger in itself. Geneva, being one of the oldest free cities in the world, understands her own unrest and knows from centuries' experience that temporarily she must confide her individuality to the State. Only it is an experience which she does not enjoy and she would appreciate it if Berne could only understand, a thing which Berne is constitutionally unable to do.

Individualism carried too far leads to anarchy. The opposite theory that the State not only equals but also transcends infallibility; its component parts has perhaps not thus far in the world's history been proved or disproved, but even in the eyes of Berne and Zürich the German Empire is not at the present time



Swiss army engineers building road in the Alps

displaying a happy development of this theory. The Swiss, who are the oldest republicans in the modern world, have throughout their whole national existence been forced to face facts, and have learned that their theories of democratic government must oscillate between extremes and change with a chang-

ing world. To teach their young men how to think and equally to teach them how to be physically fit to defend themselves —that is the simple basis which must remain unchanged while conceptions of the State vary.

AND in the meantime, whenever an aeroplane flies over Swiss territory, they do not ask to whom it belongs. They simply shoot at it, and 400,000 well armed men are backing up each shot. That has done more than anything else to prove to an unregenerate world that the Swiss have a right to think.

Out Our Way

By EUGENE WOOD

OUT our way, the same as other places, there are two kinds of people, the tender-minded who love to believe all sorts of interesting and occult things, and the tough-minded who don't believe in anything above the roof, and who begin to sneer the minute you tell them about the wonderful things that a person in whom you have implicit confidence told you somebody told him.

They don't get along very well together, the tender-minded and the tough-minded. At least Mr. Abram Cole and Cap'n John Billy Sammis don't, and they are, respectively the leading representatives of the tender-minded and the tough-minded out our way. They don't speak, at least Mr. Cole doesn't see Cap'n Sammis any more, not even at

mail-time, and they have P. O. Lock Boxes 383 and 385.

Mr. Cole is quite sure that it won't be long now before we shall be communicating with the inhabitants of Mars telepathically.

"Ah, mind-readin'!" scoffed Cap'n John Billy, "w'oy, they ain't noink into it."

"How so?"

"Well," replied Mr. Cole, "I got a friend out in Denver, I correspond with an' he thinks the same as I do about this here-tele-path. So I wrote to him to try an experiment. I said for him on a Thursday evening, the 27th of August at 8 o'clock to go into a catamorce condition—"

"And I was to will him to do something. And he was to write me what he

done. So when it come that day and hour, I willed him to do something, and he wrote back to me that he let all bolts go on his mind and all of a sudden he felt like gittin' up and playin' a tune on his fiddle. Which was just exactly what I willed him to do. Now how do you account for that? Ain't that mind-readin'?"

"What time o' day was it you willed him to play the fiddle?"

"Eight o'clock in the evening. And that same hour he got the mind-wave I sent out."

"Seemingly I ain't convinced yit," said Cap'n John Billy, the tough-minded old sai'or-man, "an' won't be till you tell me how it can be 8 o'clock out in Denver at the same time when it's 8 o'clock in Long Island?"

Plattsburg--What is It?

By H. D. WHEELER

Drawings By Oliver Herford

TO THE private of the Thirtieth U. S. Infantry it is largely a matter of feet.

To the uniformed passenger in a Delaware & Hudson coach, if he chances to see it as he passes, it is about fifteen acres of flat meadow, reaching down to the shore of Lake Champlain, laid out into streets of khaki-colored tents and sprinkled with men in drab clothing.

To the great majority of the business men there, it is a serious business. To some of them, to be sure, it is little more than an outing; with a very few, perhaps, it is a pose.

To General Leonard Wood and his staff officers, as well as to many of the "Rookies" in camp, it is a promise of new things—things which may break down inertia and prejudice and build up instead a national sense of responsibility and a realization of the peril that lies in the path of a nation unprepared; things that may tear away false standards and worn out traditions and create a new measure of what is real democracy and true patriotism.

"Right shoulder—arms! Hup! Hup! Hup! That's better. Now don't forget the count. Port—arms! Hup! Hup! You should stand immovable while at attention. Form that habit. Present—arms! Hup! Order—arms! Hup! Hup! Hup!"

This time, a son of one of the first families of one of the first cities of the land, has missed the count. The rifle, to him, has come to be no longer a rifle, but a terrifying, mocking piece of something, all over knobs and sharp points, which must be grasped this way or that, according to the strange words that come from the cavalry officer out in front. He is a bit conspicuous, anyway, this man,

by reason of a Perfect Fifty-two and a tendency toward knock-knee. The drill officer explains the movement to him while the company rests. "Company—attention! Present—arms! Hup! Hup! Hup! Order—arms! Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!" At last he has it! His legs ache. His neck aches. There is a sort of gone feeling somewhere near his belt. But his rifle is where it should be; his shoulders are where they should be; his hands are where they should be. His eyes are straight ahead. While he prays inwardly for "Company—rest!" he gives thanks to all the gods of war that he has caught on. It is a triumph. Besides, the sweat dripping off his chin tells him that he is losing weight, that the conditioning process, which somehow he could not find time for at home, has begun. He will never lead a charge or man a gun, this man. Too much food and too little activity have barred the way to stringy muscles and an enduring body, for good. But in case of trouble he is going to be able to show hard, tough young fellows how to handle themselves and what is put into their heads.

From the first day of the camp the determination to learn at least as much as this was the prevailing element of the spirit among the business men—this, and a desire to protest against our national inertia in the face of what we have recently learned of war. There was the man from Maine, for example. He is well-known in the politics of his state. He had been to California, and returned East for the sole purpose of attending the camp. He was telling me about it on the ride to Plattsburg.

"It makes a man's blood boil," he said, "to think that out of all this nation only



"The rifle, to him, has come to be no longer a rifle."

a few hundred take it upon themselves to learn something about the use of arms. These few men are spending their time and their own money to go out and be shot at if time comes when somebody's got to be shot at. That's the size of it. I don't want to go up there. I don't like that kind of work. I'm going, though, in the hope that for every man there there will be one at home who is ashamed of himself or at least jolted out of his complacency. If enough get ashamed, or jolted, their representatives in Congress will have to do something."

Whatever the motive, the men at Plattsburg went there for a purpose. The serious intent, the earnestness, the



"They ought to been at it since they was kids, really, off and on, anyway."

agerness to learn was apparent to the most indolent and casual spectator.

The military training camp for business men, as an institution, is a place of upsets. The jolt from the well-ordered groove of business and professional life was unquestionably a violent one for hundreds of the men at camp. Yet if there were any misgivings in the hearts of the nattily dressed men of affairs who piled out of the special trains into the early morning drizzle only to wait in line as they chanced to get into line, to have their credentials examined, to pay their thirty dollars for the course, not one gave a sign of it. Yet to step from a position of leadership, from a "that's him" pedestal in your business or social world into a condition of living where your identity is fixed by a number and group and your station by the grade to which you may force yourself by sheer ability to learn and to endure, must come in the nature of a shock. It is no child's play to break through the habits that have been formed by wealth and power and on an instant to touch your hat brim and to say "Yes, sir!" to "You there! Clean up that mess of paper in 'C' Company street!" from a hard-jawed young man whose only evident right to talk that way is that he has on his hat a cord different in color from the one of your own.

Ordinary curiosity sent me to "A" Company on the first afternoon in camp. "A" Company was to drill. In "A" Company is listed John P. Mitchell, Number 1204, Squad 2. I was curious to see the Mayor of New York handle his rifle.

Mr. Mitchell, as is his habit, attended diligently to the business in hand. The novelty of his position and what he was doing eliminated, and speculation as to why he was doing it removed, there was little that was noteworthy in Company "A" drill that afternoon.

"They do fine," was the verdict of a private of the regulars. There were a half-dozen of our hired soldiers sprawled on the grass, watching the drill with keen interest and not a little amusement.

"Yes, they do,—not," was a disgusted rejoinder.

"Go on! They're doing better than you did the first day."

"I was rotten, maybe. I'll admit I was never as rotten as that."

"The Mayor does fine. What?"

"Where's he at?"

"Two, front rank."

("Port—arms! Hup! Hup! Hup!")

"He's been there before."

"He looks fit, too."

"He'll go through all right—if his

"The spirit shown by these men is the most hopeful sign of the times in all that speaks for national preparedness and consequently for peace. It indicates a growing sense of obligation on the part of our people to prepare to discharge their full duty as citizens in safeguarding the institutions which have been handed down to us."—Leonard Wood in a statement to HARPER'S WEEKLY at the end of the second day of training at Plattsburg.

feet are good. But some of the rest of em—good night!"

"They'll harden up."

"In a month? Go on. They'll never get by the hikes their college boys took—not in a million years.

"It's the hikes that count these days," the man of war explained to me. "This stuff, 'manual of arms' they call it, it ain't really worth a damn and they're cuttin' a lot of it out. It's so now that we're mighty little on the drill ground. It's all field work and big hikes."

"It's condition that counts?"

"You bet. And knowin' how to do the thing you're set to. These lads' feet,

The seasoned soldier sees the camp of business men as a question of physical efficiency—of feet. This particular soldier told me that he had read or heard nothing of the Swiss system or the Australian system under which citizen soldiers have "been at it since they was kids—off and on, anyway;" yet he was expressing one theory of national defense which has the support of some of our ablest civil and military officers.

Some army officers and a very large portion of the citizens who have been at the Plattsburg camp see something more than the problem of "feet." They see the possibility of equipping a highly intelligent citizen with technical and practical knowledge sufficient to fit him to whip volunteers into fighting assets in case of a necessity for armed defense. In training schools such as the one at Plattsburg Barracks, the officers expect to find some men who will be physically fit and well enough trained for active service in the field at any time; others who will be valuable in places where strength and bodily endurance are not the real essentials of efficient service.

And there are a few of the military men at Plattsburg, as well as a very great many of the students, who see something much bigger than "feet;" something bigger even than the development of embryonic war material.

Cochrane, Carnegie, Straight; Malone, Keogh, Mitchell; Park, Fish, Roosevelt; Iselin, Chandler, Root; Crippins, Martin, Stewart; Van Rensselaer, Cochran, Rummy; Pierpont, Kip, O'Shaughnessy; Betebel, Waldo, Butterworth; Adams, Starrow, Codman; Cabot, Adams, Emory; Prince, Sever, Morrison; Packard, Gardner, Tuckerman; Grant, Bullis, Bacon; Homans, Fearing, Clothier, Stewart.

To those taking a lively interest in the puzzle of our national defense, these names, with scores of others equally familiar, stripped of all personal and individual associations, mean leadership in national thought, a definite force of example, a real power to throw behind the admonitions of our presidents, our war secretaries and our military men, from Washington, Adams and Jefferson down to Wilson, Garrison and Wood.

To the man who has not been there, Plattsburg may appear to be anything from a romp to a revolution.

It is not a romp.

Is it a revolution? The complete answer to that lies somewhere beyond Plattsburg.

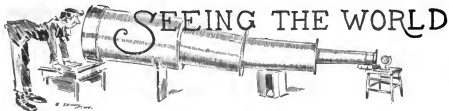


"It is no child's play to break through the habits formed by wealth and power and on an instant to touch your hat brim and say, 'Yes, sir!'"

now. Even them slim ones have got no feet to last a hard hike. That takes time. You can't make good feet in a month, never. It's foolish. They ought to been at it since they was kids, really, off and on, anyway. This sort of stuff will loosen 'em up and learn 'em to think quick and obey orders prompt. That's all. But you got to hand it to them fellows. They're game. That's hard graft there. It don't look like it much, maybe. But take it from me, it is. But it ain't all there is to soldierin'. Not by a hill of a sight."

And there is one view of Plattsburg.

Mr. Wheeler's third article, printed next week, will be called "Plattsburg—How It Works."



The Deep Voice

Our good friend, Bennett Staekhouse, of Mullins tried to pronounce Przemysl the other day, and broke a collar bone.

—The Marion (S. C.) Star.

Needs Her Name

Mrs. Nancy Hooper who formerly was Mrs. Damita, is suing for divorce in the Iola district court. She complains that there were so many things to give sufficient provocation that she wants her former name restored so she can say it again.

—The Iola (Kans.) Register.

A Knock Out

No, gentle reader, you do not owe us anything. Your subscription is either paid in advance or you are simply carrying around some of our money.

—The Lowell (Mich.) Leader.

Evil Days

E. M. Fowler, formerly of this city, has at last come near the end of his row. He has tried a good many places and a good many vocations, but at last he has struck bottom. He has recently took unto himself a wife and has purchased the Rogers Republican, changed its name to the Rogers Advocate, changed its politics from republican to democratic, and now if he will get himself a con-
leg and fiddle his politics will be complete.

—The Berryville (N. Ark.) Star.

Wasted Opportunity

Mr and Mrs. M. H. Drinkwater were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Malt.

—Correspondence of the Rutland (Vt.) News.

to dismiss the appeal of the defendants from Municipal Court was upheld in the Third Division Pulaski Circuit Court yesterday and a judgment for the plaintiff for \$100.36 allowed to stand. Owing to a desire to save space in preparing the Court records the entire name of the defendant society was not given. It is: "The American Charitable Society of Western Thinkers of the United States, Department of the Brother and Sisterhood of the Sons of David, Daughters of Athens, the Good Samaritan and the Floating Palace of the South."

—The Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

A Buckeye Don Juan

Frank Cave has one girl for every day in the week, two on Sunday. Good for Frank.

—South Perry note in the Logan (O.) Journal.

The Oft Voiced Lament

One third of the fools in the country think they can beat a lawyer expounding the laws. One half think they can beat the doctor in healing the sick. Two-thirds of them think they can put the minister in the hole expounding the gospel, and all of them think they can beat the editor running a paper.

—The Lenoireville (Mo.) Headlight.

His Wife is Coming Back from the Country



THOMAS IN DETROIT NEWS

Never Will Be

News item you never see: "In response to an editor's earnest appeal all delinquent subscribers promptly flocked in by hundreds and paid up all back dues with 6 per cent. interest."

—The Winooski (S. C.) News and Herald.

—The Bradley (S. D.) Globe

A Good Match

J. Cuthbert Younghood Kansas City 26
Joanna C. Lively, Caldwell, Kas. 30
—Marriage Licenses in the Kansas City Star.

A.C.S.W.T.U.S.D.B.S.S.D.A. G.S.F.P.S.

A motion of the plaintiff in the case of Mary Jordan vs. The American Charitable Society of Western Thinkers, negro,

Not Quite Eclipsed

Judge J. C. Jones went to Laguna Dam late this afternoon to marry "Billy" Babb and a young lady of his choice of that section.

—The Yuma (Ariz.) Examiner.

He Didn't Even Try

While out hunting the other day George Rader accidentally shot the nose-off one of his horses. Yes, George is some shot.

—The Linn (Mo.) Democrat.



ISN'T IT JUST AB



Jealousy and Sport

By N. H.



Martha Hedman and Wallace Eddinger as nurse and patient.

DEFY anybody to see *The Boomerang* without liking it. This article is not a concealed advertisement, but almost equals one in the thorough nature of its endorsement. In the old days when I was an habitual dramatic critic I used to be interested in nearly

everything, had as well as good. Now, with my mind on Bulgaria, profit-sharing, short ballot, or concessions in China, I am more subject to ennui in the theatre, and frequently find it there. Of course not the same things here everybody. The summer-girl shows mostly stupify me, whereas the *Mada* has a mysterious influence on my dear friend the average red-blooded man. But here is a chance for us to come together. The high-brow and the low-brow can lie down like the lamb and the lion. He with the front of Aristotle may avoid warfare with the sturdy anthropoid. *The Boomerang* is not so great as to offend anybody, and it has qualities to make nearly any species of person smile long after the

subsy has deposited him at home. The theme is simple, as a theme should be. A young man loves a maid, who shows tendencies to draw away from him toward another. This threatened departure of the maid causes the young man discomfort. He loses weight and cheerfulness and acquires nervous distress. His mother is sure there is a serious lurking disease. His physician, seeing the malady correctly, prescribes an injection every day of a certain abstruse serum (H_2O in fact) and has this serum administered for a month by a singularly beautiful nurse. The fair servitor also has to watch over and amuse the youth at other hours, so she becomes a visitor in his mother's house. The girl who has been tinged with caprice becomes jealous of the nurse and consequently circles back violently toward the youth. Meantime the doctor, subconsciously, and the nurse, consciously, had fallen in love with each other. The doctor becomes jealous, unwittingly taking his own prescription, or being hit with his own boomerang. Presumably both couples live happily ever after.

This story is unfolded with a profusion of amusing incidents, such as the ordering by the doctor to the patient of the exact treatment of the girl to bring her back; the dictation of letters to write to her; the slight signs that are to the jealous confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ. It is because the workmanship is so smooth, because there are



Puzzle: find the jealous lover!

The Amateur Crown

By HERBERT REED



A view of the course of the Detroit Country Club where the Amateur Golf Championship will be held.

THERE is no golf but American golf these days and were proof of the continued popularity of the game without the aid of international stimulus needed, there could hardly be a better than the size and quality of the entry list for the Amateur Championship at Detroit. The field is thoroughly representative in the ocean to ocean sense in that it numbers Francis Ouimet from Farthest East, Charles Evans, the darling of the Middle West, and Harry K. B. Davis from Farthest West, representative in quality in that it includes champions both past and present, and representative in point of time in that among the former champions who will play is Herbert M. Harriman, who held the title in 1899, and whose golf covers more than two decades of fairly active competition.

Incidentally, it may be added that the favorites for the title this year are young men who also have made something of a record for sportsmanship, who represent no particular school of golf, who can hardly be said to be the slaves of hobbies, and who are as independent as they make them. Perhaps not every golfer knows that the grip used by Jerome Travers, former Amateur and present open champion is one that violates every principle laid down by Harry Vardon, that Ouimet, who is something of a putter every-now and then, puts in a style that many experts believe to be radically wrong, that Evans has a mind of his own when it comes to the choice between the woods and the irons under certain conditions, and that Harry Davis every now and then violates all the laws of the Medes and the Persians, not to mention St. Andrews, and gets away with it.

Probably Evans would shock the old-

timer less than any of the others, for every move he makes is a delight to the eye, but it must not for a moment be thought that his style is the least bit slavish. Chick has played perfect golf, yes and bold golf too, again and again, but has too often been so unfortunate as to find himself playing this perfect, this bold golf, against an opponent who for the moment is playing, unesunny, "impossible" golf.

Of Travers, of course, much is expected, for although his winning of the Open title was hardly as dramatic as Ouimet's victory over Vardon and Ray, it was not without its thrills, for it confirms the suspicions of many good judges that Jerome D. was one of the greatest golfers who ever swung a club, and in using the term "one of the greatest" I am mindful of the restrictions placed on its use by H. H. Hilton, who is chary of superlatives. Already a wonderful match player, he proved that he was also at last a great medal player, and having won the Open he will be hard indeed to stop short of a double triumph.

Travers has the true golfing temperament in that he has tournament courage of the highest type, as has Ouimet, although the present Amateur Champion is perhaps somewhat the colder of the two. In a sense these two players are constantly working with rather different sets of problems. Ouimet, in his concentration on his own actual play is concerned with obliterating his opponent, the gallery and everything else from his mind, while Travers, at all times keenly conscious of everything, applies constantly, and under fire, remarkable correctives to his own natural faults and momentary lapses.

It is of course possible that the men

whom we have come to look upon as the Big Three will be menaced by some unheard of young man who as yet has had no publicity, but match play at thirty-six holes is a test of Class, and up to date the Big Three and Class are synonymous. There is, however, a possibility that either in the course of this tournament or later the Big Three will have to be expanded into the Big Four. The man I expect to make a strong bid for inclusion among the elect is Harry K. B. Davis, of the Presidio Golf Club of San Francisco, a total stranger to Eastern golf. I would recommend Eastern pilgrims whose destination is the gallery at Detroit to follow Davis in some of his early rounds, especially the match play rounds. From what I saw of his work in the course of the Panama-Pacific Exposition tournament I do not think he is the type of player that is troubled by a strange course.

Just a word here about Ned Sawyer, Chick Evans's greatest Middle Western rival, who is not of the Big Three, but who is always dangerous. There is no doubt that after winning his Western title Evans let down not a little, but it is none the less worth remarking that in a match at the Park Ridge Country Club, Sawyer was at one time nine up on the champion, and for nine holes played golf that had been able to sustain it would have won him almost any title. It is possible that some day Sawyer will be able to sustain such a pace throughout a tournament, in which case he too will join the charmed circle labeled Class. At all events this Amateur Championship, even without foreign entries, with the possible exception of a player or two from Canada, promises to be memorable indeed.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD

Father Wilhelm

"YOU are old Father Wilhelm," the Crown prince said,

"And the hair's growing thin on your pate;
Do you think you are perfectly right in your head—
The way you've been acting of late?"

"In my youth," Father Wilhelm replied to his son,
"I hated my honor to stain
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."



"You are old," said the Prince, "and your head is too light
For anything stronger than water;
Yet you talk without ceasing from morning till night;
Do you think at your age, that you oughter?"

"In my youth," said the Kaiser, "I lived upon raw
Spanish onions, I ate with my knife;
And the strength that those onions gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the Prince, "and you're getting quite
bent,
And rheumatic, yet only just now,
You turned a back somersault into your tent—
Pray why did you do it, and how?"

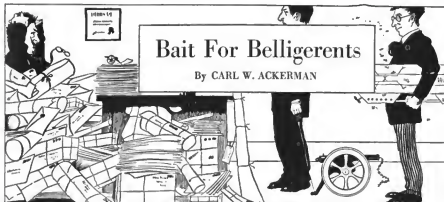
"In my youth" Kaiser Wilhelm replied to the Prince,
"I kept all my muscles in training;
And I've practised one thing that I learned, ever since—
And that's to go in when it's raining."



"You are old," said the Kronprins, "and one would sup-
pose,
You would be just a little more humble;
Yet you balance your crown on the end of your nose,
Aren't you frightened some day it will tumble?"

"Your questions my boy, are getting too free,"
The Kaiser with anger protested—
"Your impudence borders on *Leser Majestät*;
Be off, or I'll have you arrested."





Simple Simons have airships five feet long, cannons to shoot barbed wire and Zeppelins to drop bumble-bees.

ORDINARILY an American manufacturer would not offer to sell the French Ambassador a million pairs of socks. But these are extraordinary times, and the belligerent embassies in Washington are swamped with extraordinary plans. Germany has been offered an airship "that folds up and can be carried by one man like a knapsack." England has been asked to buy a cannon to shoot barbed wire and a bomb to carry bumble bees.

Theodore Roosevelt warned the country recently that at least two powers had war plans to seize New York and San Francisco and hold them as hostages. Although that might be possible a New York engineer has submitted to the German Embassy for Germany's use against London and Paris a poisonous gas bomb which could be employed for just such a purpose. In writing to the embassy he said:

"My invention will answer fully the fears of the English for the past few years. They always feared German invasion by night with poisonous air bombs. My discovery will justify their fear. No human being can resist its effects.

"If an aeroplane fleet were to invade the city of New York and drop such bombs down into the streets (according to air currents) every one of the five million inhabitants would be at its mercy within one hour. The most certain way to beat the enemy is to take away his pure air and make him breathe poisoned air instead."

One would think to read the heterogeneous letters received at the German Embassy that they were dreams of hothouse minds for wars among pigmies. Within less than two months after war was declared 167 of these fantastical letters were sent to the embassy. The other belligerents were bothered too. Spirit messages from W. T. Sted, the famous English writer drowned aboard

the Titanic, were sent by "writing mediums." Copies of petitions to President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan were sent to the ambassadors. But by far the most fantastical ones proposed "inventions."

"If you will either come, or send a confidential agent," wrote a man from Pittsburgh to the German ambassador, "I will take you to a small town in Pennsylvania and show you what I regard as the best form of aeroplane (some engine trouble), the body of a fish, wings of a bird, looks like a sailing pigeon, it belongs to my son. "I will take you to a quiet room," he wrote, "and show you the true underlying

"to distribute millions of leaflets over the Russian armies saying in substance that any Russian prisoners who will enlist on the side of Germany will be treated as German subjects and poisoned after the war.

"I would love to see a revolt in the Russian army," she wrote, adding as a parting wish: "Please send me an autograph postcard."

Making a free-hand sketch of a Zeppelin a man from Trenton, N. J., sent this letter:

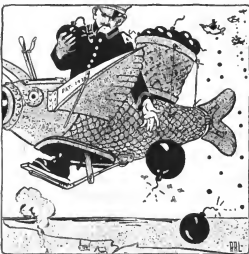
"Permit me to suggest that the dirigibles and aeroplanes be equipped with powerful magnets distributed so as to attract the steel bullets fired at them at certain heights and velocities. These magnets are to be fastened on rivets easily revolved and with rubber bumpers to lessen the force when struck."

At the beginning of hostilities the German-American cable was cut and Herr Haniel von Haimbussen, chargé of German Embassy was unable to communicate with the Berlin Foreign office. This disturbed some Americans more than it did Herr Haniel

"For heaven's sake, get in touch with Germany in some way," said one of the letters to the Chargé. "Former King Leopold had a secret underground railway built from Brussels to Paris. One account said this railway was built in case an uprising should occur against Leopold so he could get away. Another was that Leopold's wife accused him of building it so he could visit his women friends in Paris."

"If this be true," he said "all your main staff and army in Brussels could be blown to pieces."

Buffalo, N. Y., has a most prolific "inventor." In August this man wrote the German Embassy that he had invented, "among other things," a submarine, an airship and a new machine gun. "The submarine is 60 feet long," he said, "and capable of acting as an undertaker for



"I expect to see untold thousands in use by single riders."

principals of aviation with which I have been familiar some fifty-seven or eight years. Will demonstrate to you with a toy and show you pictures of engines to operate same. I expect to see untold thousands in use by single riders after a while. It is the airship of the future.

"Will be pleased to have a nice time with you."

A Kansas school teacher wrote that Germany should use its Zeppelins



"The motive power is supplied entirely by the weight of the occupant."

British dreadnoughts." The aeroplane, he declared, could stop at any point in the air to drop down bombs or take observations. His machine gun was to fire all shots, about 25 at a time, "at the same height. For instance, if one shot hits a man in the breast, all other shots do the same." As a reference the "inventor" gave two Buffalo hanks and the Superintendent of Police.

Ordinary aeroplanes are said to be expensive but there are some for sale in St. Louis for only \$750.

"I would like to ascertain," wrote this genius, "whether the German government would entertain a proposition to adopt a new type of airship which is so constructed that it folds up and can be carried by one

man like a knapsack. Its size when open is 54 inches by 32 inches; it carries one or two men; it is made of iron and weighs about 75 pounds. The motive power is supplied entirely by the weight of the occupant. It will stay in the air as long as desired and could cross the ocean. During my experimental work I built sixteen models of this machine. The last one worked perfectly. I will build one for you for \$750."

A man from Detroit who said he had just returned from England where he met English army officers lately home from India, sent some prescriptions for cholera and dysentery. These officers told him they found that two tablespoonful of onion juice cured "any case of cholera" while "pork drippings



"The most certain way to beat the enemy is to take away his pure air."

burned the color of toasted coffee and mixed with flour cured dysentery. I think above is worth telegraphing to Vienna," he added.

At the beginning of the war, the "drummers" for American manufacturers were hounded in Washington. These salesmen tried all their arts on the embassy secretaries and some of them got to the ambassadors. But it was not long before the salesmen learned that most of the supplies were being purchased by the belligerent consuls in New York. There was a rapid exodus.

And when the initial order came in, England wanted first of all 500,000 shaving brushes and 50,000 hair brushes.

Miss Pankhurst on French Soldiers

The following is an extract from a letter written by Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who is now living in Paris, and closely observing the state of French opinion.

YOU and all Americans must be passing through an anxious time just now; your crisis is so long drawn out. We had very little time for worry and meditation before the storm broke over us. The whole thing was extraordinarily sudden so far as we are concerned. It is hard to realize that already a year has passed since the war began. The time has seemed long in a certain sense, and yet in another it has gone in a flash.

A great many of the French soldiers are returning from the front for a few days holiday. The difference between the men who went off to the war in August 1914 and now return and go away again in July 1915, is very remarkable indeed. At their first departure they were wonderfully brave of course, but one saw that they were ready for victory or death, they were uncertain of the result and felt that the hour of their country's destruction might have come. Now they are calm, and as one sees them walking about the city one realizes they

have a new strength; they are quite certain of victory—the favorite expression being "nous les aurons." As for a winter campaign, they are already quite prepared in their minds for that. They see that it is necessary and make no more of it than people do of night which is to be followed by morning.

AMERICANS use a good deal, do they not, that very expressive word *poise*? That is precisely what the French soldiers now have to a very remarkable degree. It is in fact the first word that presents itself to one's mind on seeing any of them. On all hands I hear how delighted and comforted their families are at finding them so hopeful and contented and confident of a triumphant end to the war, however long the end may be deferred. I think it may interest you to have these impressions.

Obviously the greatest test of the soldier's morale comes at the moment when a brief experience of all the comfort and affection that his home provides, and

after knowing the delight of being back in Paris, he has to wend his way again to the front, and all the hardships and dangers that await him there including the rigours of a winter campaign.

The second parting is also the severest test that could be applied to the civilian, and both soldiers and civilians come through it in a marvelous way. All this is to me a very sure pledge of victory, and is even more important than the question of munitions, important though this is.

The question of cotton is being much discussed in London, and it is hoped that cotton will soon be put on the contraband list and some arrangement made to prevent loss to the cotton growers of the Southern States. It is a great pity this was not done at the beginning of the war. It would have obviated friction between the United States and the Allies and might have brought the war to an end before now—and what a blessing that would have been, if only in the saving of human life.

Understanding

By CHARLES INGE

"THERE'S the good old Thames,"
Though Winnie Fairhand had
only whispered, as the train
rumbled over the river bridge in sight
of Windsor Castle, her companion
started excessively.

"Yes: the good old Thames," he said,
in a dogged attempt at jouniteness,
straightway smoothing the knees of his
trousers to relieve the moisture of his
hands which was not all best.

"Oh, but you should have come in
your flannels!" She repeated her original
protest with extra emphasis, whispered
because of the other passengers; and her
small open face, a little daring about the
eyes, puckered in dismay at his thick
brown suit.

"Yes: I should have," he announced;
and again he wiped his hands, palm-
downwards, over his knees.

For Daniel Ribbin had no flannels;
never had had; never expected to have
any. They were outside his scheme of
things, which even in his twenty-fifth
year included little more than a con-
scientious, if rather stolid, desire to as-
sist his energetic mother worthily in her
stationery shop over which they lived.

His implied possession of flannels
ranked with the morning's precautions
necessary for this day on the river. He
did not like them. For Daniel Ribbin
was new at subterfuge; even the es-
capade itself, suggested by Winnie more
as a challenge to his awkward homage,
but accepted by him as a slur on his
manliness, had long ago become only a
compulsory fulfillment of his sudden,
unaccountable bravado.

But these things were minor shames.
The real, over-awarding horror—the
horror that kept him an automaton ex-
cept for his hands, that troubled his
faithful eyes, and gave his solemn face
a look of guilty self-consciousness—was
the deed that had made this fulfillment
possible. The thought of it kept giving
him a nasty sensation in his throat that
made him swallow and moisten his lips.

It was a sorry beginning to a day on
the sparkling water beneath the blue
and white glories of the shining sky, with
this girl, so waywardly confident but so
desirable, who had come as a boarder
into his mother's house in North London.

His confession on the landing stage,
while the boatman got ready the skiff,
produced further protest, this time really
aggrieved.

"Can't row! Honestly? But . . ."
and then because of the dull crimson of
his distress, Winnie made light of the
absurdity—"Well, we must have a
waterman; more expense. But don't be
downhearted!"

To Daniel the presence of that water-
man, with his hairy brown arms and
battered straw hat, was the final dis-
illusionment. He had not realized how
close he would be, preventing any sort of
privacy. The deprivation completed his
remorse. He had risked so much, had
offended his scruples so wantonly, had
suffered such stinging repentance for no

more intimacy than he could have en-
gaged from a trem ride. So he
thought; and as they moved forward
over the sun-lit spaces of water to the
rhythmical sound of the oars in the rail-
locks, the day came to be for him a hor-
rible masquerade.

While Winnie, trailing a band in the
cool water ecstatically, chattered without
pause, he pictured the inevitable dis-
grace. It included the very irony of
retribution; with the quickened insight
of the repentant he saw now the inevi-
table end to the little favors of attention
vouchsafed to him by this wonderful
creature who had come into the limited
routine of his life to awe and captivate
him with her cheeriness, her assurance
and her gay talk of life such as is seen
by an unattached assistant in a fash-
ionable milliner's. He glanced at her now
and then in answering her chaff, won-
dering how she would look in anger.
Even her occasional outbursts of appre-
ciation, which ordinarily would have been
received with such gratitude, only re-
minded him of the consequences he must
go back to.

Gradually these consequences posses-
sed him entirely. They darkened the Sun,
and made the dancing reflections evil
shapes of danger, and the peaceful fields
of browsing sheep a mockery; he began
to see suspicion in the grim, weather-
beaten face of the waterman, and the
man's unintelligible greeting to the look-
keeper he construed into some sinister
reference to himself. Thus separately
and in turn he suffered all the penalties
of conscientious guilt.

At lunch even Winnie remarked on his
wooden attempts at conversation. Seated
stagnantly against a willow amid the ar-
rayed contents of a heavy rush basket,
she twitted him:

"Why so more-than-usual quiet?"—
she patted the ground in invitation—"Lunch is served, sir!"—and because he
still stared after the boatman who had
trudged off up a field path in search of
refreshment, she added a little sharply:
"Sorry you brought me?"

He dragged away from envying the
men's peace of mind, and for very re-
lief plunged into bravado: "Sorry! By
George, no!"—and out of his effort, as
sometimes comes with desperate pre-
tence, came a curious change of mind.
He laughed, repented with unconscious
emphasis, "By George, no!" He sat
down emphatically, grinning at her.
"This is just the thing for me! Ma
sorry! What made you think so?" He
did not wait for her reply, being still
feared of her questions, but launched
forth into an excessive declaration of his
enjoyment.

He spoke a little too loud, his rha-
sodies were a little too extravagant, also
he fidgetted continually; but to Winnie,
accustomed to the mannerisms of those
seeking servility and prolonged credit,
his enthusiasm seemed real. Also the
little signals of his returning homage
were welcome.

She answered him with chaff and just
a little coquetry, so that he began to
imagine himself really indifferent. Nor
was it entirely imagination. During the
days of yielding and in the remorse after
actual accomplishment he had reached
his limit. The strain of unusual guilt,
piling up within his simple mind, had
momentarily distorted his remorse into
a semblance of recklessness. For the
time his traditional rectitude slipped
from him; supported by the false com-
fort of food, he even imagined some
eventual escape.

He became awkwardly hilarious. He
threw little pellets of bread at her, and,
in packing up, put a small screw of
newspaper on the brim of her hat. It
was the fictitious hilarity of desperation,
but it transformed him, so that Winnie
began to get disappointed in him. For
beneath all her sprightliness was the real
dignity of independence; and it was the
contrast of his seriousness that had at-
tracted her. She feared he would over-
step the boundaries.

This he was trying desperately to do
to complete what he considered was the
correct attitude. He felt he ought to
kiss her; and once, as he passed the re-
mains of a cake to put back into the
basket, his hand cloed over her fingers;
he would have kept it there.

But always some instinct of diffidence
just restrained him. It was not so much
his natural shyness as respect; for from
the beginning he had put her on a pedes-
tal.

Yet in his warped mood he repudiated
himself, and tried her once, clumsily: "I
say, aren't we rather far apart for a
couple picnicing?"

"Near enough for me, thanks."

SPRAWLING, as he was to coincide
with his mood, he turned his face to
her, managing a laugh; but her reproof
relieved him, made him grateful. This
sense of gratitude jerked him up onto his
elbow; and then the reason of it came,
flooding the real, staid simplicity of his
mind which had suddenly come back. It
was because he loved her that he was
glad she had reproved him; it had been
his love for her, his desire to stand well
with her that had influenced him to—

He groaned in the realization of his
folly, as spectres of those waiting con-
sequences rose up again. For the sake
of a mistaken method of winning her ap-
proval he had done that which would
forever debar her from speaking to him
again—when it was found out. He
grunted like some stricken animal in
pain.

"Indigestion?" she asked, flippantly to
make amends for her snub.

But he only shook his head, having
fallen back into dependency. With the
return of the waterman his reaction was
complete.

So the voyage back was for him a repeti-
tion of the morning, made more miser-
able because it was the return. In the
silence he once thought of confession:

but Winnie was so gay, so downright, he felt she would not understand his temptation, would turn from him in scorn. That he would have to suffer soon enough.

Somehow he answered her conversation, joined her in feeding the swans from the place where they had tea after landing, acquiesced dumbly in her brief inspection of the Castle afterwards. But in the train remorse descended on him like a pall; and in self-defense he pleaded a headache from the Sun.

That was the beginning of an initiation. She fussed over him, making him put up his feet. Her practical sympathy surprised him and also made him feel, in a faithful sort of way, more than ever guilty. She commanded him to lean his head back against the cushion. She even accused herself:

"I've been chattering away like a dozen magpies!" she exclaimed, "never thinking of you; and you've given me such a lovely day! I've been a pig!"

Her self-abasement added to his distress, though it stirred something beneath his weight of dread; but he would not allow it: "You've been awfully kind to a chap like me."

"If" The hopeless trouble in his eyes held her while the color came into her cheeks; she tried to be gay but was only shy: "Not me! It's you who've been kind"—and because of that something honest and stolid about him which had touched her sprightly nature she adieu, quite softly, looking away, "You're too humble, you are."

He coughed in his confusion. The unusual tone had completed his repentance; and she, turning suddenly afraid of her own forwardness, saw it happening within him.

"What's the matter?" she cried out. Some rising force was moving him awkwardly; his face, lighted abnormally by the lowered Sun, worked painfully.

"I'm a thief!"
The words were pushed out, he moving apologetically with the effort of them. Because she said nothing he turned to look: "Did you hear what I said?"

She shook her head, her face gone suddenly florid; it had come to her at once what he meant, confirmed by a dozen little trifles in his manner since he had asked her.

He seemed wound up: "But I am! I've stolen," he jerked out, "stolen, because I wanted to swagger before you," he went on in pitiless accusation of himself, because she still only shook her head, "And I've got no flannels."

Her lips moved, but she could only look. Some new feeling, the result of what she had heard, was coming within her absorbing all her capacities.

While they sat staring—he looking for the condemnation which did not come, she curiously transfixed with something dawning in her face—the train ran into the junction.

An ample woman bundled in; and they had to suffer her pleasantries and reply to them; at least Winnie did, though every commonplace she spoke and listened to seemed an outrage on the tense communion of suffering and sympathy which the woman had interrupted. Daniel only stared stupidly, occasionally nodding his head. At the third station the woman got out with many farewells.

As the train commenced to move again



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Books

The Good Soldier, by Ford Madox Hueffer. John Lane Company. \$1.25.

The author calls this the saddest story. In form and method the tale though written in the first person, inevitably suggests Joseph Conrad; but this is not to say that the book is not unique and entirely Mr. Hueffer's own. The hearts of five people, of whom the teller of the tale is one, are stripped bare. Without didacticism or moralizing the "saddest story" is alive with a restrained but ever present passion that lifts it into reality. If literature (as some doubt) is being created today, "The Good Soldier" must indubitably be placed under that heading.

The New World Religion. By Josiah Strong. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.

Dr. Strong's book does not fulfil the claim of its title, nor of the cover announcement which calls his discovery—the discovery of Christ's true religion—a discovery more far reaching than the discovery of America. The author is more interesting when he gives his own views than in the copious quotations with which he embellishes and supports them.

Prayer for Peace and Other Poems, by William Samuel Johnson. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25 net.

The Prayer for Peace whose title serves as title for this book of poems won favorable comment when published originally in *The Forum*. It has also received the endorsement of Colonel Roosevelt, who used it as introduction to his recent book on the War. It is easily the best hit of work Mr. Johnson offers. The other poems are classified under the following heads: War Poems; Life and Art; Patria Days; Sonnets, and Ballads. There are forty-seven in all.

The Indiscreet Letter, by Eleanor Halliwell Abbott. The Century Co. \$50 net.

The story begins in a train whereon travel the Youngish Girl, the Traveling Salesman and the Young Electrician. The latter besides being "one delicious mess of toil and old clothes and smiling, blue-eyed indifference" was said to possess "one of those extraordinary sweet, extraordinarily vital, strangely mysterious, utterly unexplainable masculine faces that fill your senses with an odd, impersonal disquietude, an itching unrest, like the hazy, teasing reminder of some previous existence in a prehistoric cave, or, more tormenting still, with the tingling, psychic prophecy of some amazing emotional experience yet to come." The author does not inform us as to whether the fortunate owner of the face was clean shaven or not.

Professionals, by John Curtis Underwood. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.00.

Mr. Underwood fills two hundred and seventy-three pages with his poems, which are almost without exception of the swinging, balladic form Kipling so

frequently employed and Robert Service more recently used. The poet's viewpoint on the whole meets present day demands well and many of his lines have a courageous, reverent quality that thrills.

Arnold's Little Brother, by Edna A. Brown. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. \$1.20.

This is one of those occasional juvenile books that possesses some of the wholesomeness that distinguished the Alcotts and other juvenile writers of years ago. From every point of view the book is old-fashioned, yet always well told. The one blemish is the episode of the amateur theatricals. And why must *Amice-u-Wonderland* be called a fairy tale?

The Red Laugh, Leonidas Audreief. Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.00.

The war in Europe may be supposed to have created a demand for this horrible thriller. There are so many Russian writers awaiting translation that it seems the greater pity that this morbid story of insanity should be reissued.

Homeric Scenes, by John Jay Chapman. Lawrence J. Gomme, \$60.

In this attractively put together little book Mr. Chapman has presented seven dramatizations from the *Iliad*. Every one is an episode in the life of Achilles. The text is made up of renderings from the original and of some passages of Mr. Chapman's invention. With the exception of one episode they are all written in blank verse and for the most part they preserve the spirit of Homer with only now and then an intrusion of modernity.

The Dramatic Index for 1914, the Boston Book Co., Boston, Mass. \$3.50.

This is the sixth volume of this carefully compiled and extremely useful reference work. All articles and photographs referring to the American and English stages are carefully indexed. In addition there is a bibliography of books relating to the drama and a list of printed plays. The book is so useful and so much work has been done in compiling it that it does seem that the exact date of production of plays might have been given. At present only the month is printed.

Aspects of Modern Drama, by Frank Wadleigh Chandler. Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.

Of all the recent books dealing with the modern drama and in number they are only few less than the books about the war, Professor Chandler's volume is the most comprehensive. Certainly no other of the recent commentators upon things of the theatre set himself such a task as did this writer. Nearly 300 modern plays are classified under the different headings, such as "the problem of divorce," "family studies," "drama of satire," "the tyranny of love," "wayward woman," etc. The digests of plays are

exceedingly well done, and will save future students of the drama some laborious reading. If there is any fault with the author's scheme and arrangement it is that certain of the plays selected have been out of the world's acting repertoire for some time. We are of the opinion that the inclusion of a number of Ameri-



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can plays that have stood the test would have enhanced the value of this work.

The Record of Nicholas Freydon, and Autobiograph. Gerorge H. Doran, Co., New York. \$1.50.

The anonymous book will always have a certain lure for the curious reader. Mystery surrounding an author always quickens the interest. Who is he? Is the book fiction or fact? In London this autobiography aroused the keenest interest, and it was the consensus of opinion that the work was at least in part the life story of some noted novelist. Some of the internal evidence points to Morley Roberts and some to the late George Gissing. There is in fact much reason to believe that the Australian experiences were not undergone by the same man who went through the abyss of London's underworld. In England it was the descriptions of Freydon's life in London that made for the success of the book. Here it will undoubtedly be the life of the boy of ten who set out in the Ariadne, a sailing vessel, for Australia with his broken-down father, their life together on the beached boat and the descriptions of the Australian bush.

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The Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

Within the last few years the scope and the limits of poetry have been ever increased and widened so that today it is at times difficult to tell whether some writing is poetry. Mr. Masters and his most ardent admirers will probably maintain with considerable plausibility that this collection of verse is poetry. Some of it undoubtedly is. Other portions would seem to gain greatly had not they been handicapped by an arbitrary verse form. Spoon River is a village of very little charm and inhabited by people who are almost all morally weak. True Mr. Masters finds a few unblemished souls, but as the mistakes of humanity are usually more dramatic he confines most of his attention to the erring ones. Since it is part of the scheme, and a very novel point it is, that his subjects confess from the immensity of the grave an increased impression of despairing weakness is given. It would have been better taste to have omitted altogether the verses about the Philippines and the Army.

Everyman's Library. Twenty-one new volumes. E. P. Dutton, New York. Cloth \$3.5; leather \$7.0.

The publishers of this library—probably the most comprehensive cheap library in the history of publishing—are forging ahead to the anticipated one thousand titles. This library is not a mere grouping of the obvious classics. The list of the last twenty-one volumes will show the wide range of selection and the titles included which have hitherto not been procurable in cheap editions. The editing under the super-

vision of Ernest Rhys is practically always dependable. The new titles are: *The Life of Robert Browning*, by Edward Dowden; *Cesar's Gallic War and other Commentaries*, translated by W. A. McDevitte. With an introduction by Thomas de Quincey; *Corioli's Essays*. With a note by James Russell Lowell, in two volumes; *Short Studies*, by James Anthony Froude, in two volumes; *The Story of a Peasant*, by Ericmann-Chatrian, translated by C. J. Hogarth, in two volumes; *The Subaltern*, by Reverend George Robert Gleig; *Windsor Castle*, by Harrison Ainsworth; *Tom Cringle's Log*, by Michael Scott; *Poor Folk and the Gambler*, by Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky; *Josephus's Wars of the Jews*, with an introduction by Dr. Jacob Hart; *History of the French Revolution from 1789 to 1814*, by F. A. M. Mignet; *British Historical Speeches and Orations*, compiled by Ernest Rhys; *Poems by Ralph Waldo Emerson*, with an introduction by Charles M. Bakewell; *Brand: A Dramatic Poem*, by Henrik Ibsen, translated by F. E. Garrett, with an introduction by Philip H. Wicksteed; *Hemströlinga. The Olaf Sagas*, by Snorre Sturlasson, translated by Samuel Laing, with an introduction and foreword by Jno. Beveridge; *Rights of Man*, being an answer to Mr. Burke's attack on the French Revolution, by Thomas Paine, with a preface by the author and an introduction by George Jacob Holyoske; *Boon's the Advancement of Learning*, with an introduction by G. W. Kitchen, M. A.; *Trovels in France and Italy during the Years 1787, 1788, and 1789*, by Arthur Young, with an introduction by Thomas Olvy; *Tales of Ancient Greece*, by Sir George W. Cox, Bart.

What They Think Of Us

"WE HAVE heard in the South the virtues of a college president admitted, but the gentleman nevertheless dismissed with the observation that 'he wasn't in the war.'"
—*HARPER'S WEEKLY.*

The editorial writer just quoted probably is older than some of the rest of us, and may have heard the remark he says he heard. But he will travel a long time in the present-day South before he hears it again. Broadminded judgment of human nature, tolerance for the faults and failings of others is nowhere to be found in greater abundance than in the Sunny South. Southerners do not measure men with yard sticks. Differences over religious belief do not prevent the warmest friendships here; suffrage agitation does not divide us, nor do arguments over the European war bring us to blows. Recognition of the vagaries and foibles to which human nature is subject has ever brought it about that a man who votes the Republican ticket may, by the display of redeeming virtues, rise to a position of business and social influence.

—Little Rock, Ark., Democrat.

WE ARE indebted to HARPER'S WEEKLY for the assurance that a victory like that embodied in the La

Follette bill can not be snatched away. This bill is now known as the seaman's law. It goes into effect November 1. By the time its provisions become operative the seamen in whose interest it was passed will find their occupation gone. With these provisions the Pacific Mail Steamship company and the Robert Dollar company can not comply and remain in business. They must haul down the flag, to the great gratification of Japan, which will fall heir to a monopoly of transpacific trade.

As the party now in power committed itself to the rehabilitation of our merchant marine, it has furnished itself with an interesting text for its next national platform. It can "point with pride" to the victory which HARPER'S WEEKLY says can not be snatched away. It can glorify the achievement of establishing at sea the American standard of living. It can assert that it has filed a claim upon the gratitude of seamen, if any can be found. They will be difficult to discover.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

SEE an article in HARPER'S WEEKLY entitled, "Why Workmen Drink." Summed up, we judge it's because they feel like it.

—New York City Evening Journal.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Action

CONDUCT is three-quarters of life. At least so philosophers tell us. Thought is little if it is disconnected entirely from character and action. Indeed, it cannot be so disconnected and remain true thought. If it has reality it is a part of us altogether, and therefore is inevitably a part of our conduct. The influence is reciprocal. It works backward and forward. Our character is not complete if it does not express itself in thought, in conscious ideals; and our expressed ideals are mere toys if we do not live them out. Socrates unwilling to take the hemlock would not be Socrates at all.

Let us not, therefore, grieve too much if the United States, in the present turmoil, is compelled to pay a price for her convictions. That penalty is merely the law of life. There is nothing valuable we have that we do not pay for. He who dreams of something for nothing is on the road to weakness. Whatever we are compelled to do let us do with heroism, not with parsimony. Let us do it without hate, without blindness, but let us do it thoroughly. Big and rich and young, let us show, in whatever we may be compelled to do, a fibre unweakened by luxury and security, a courage and an ability to sacrifice not inferior to Serbia, Belgium, France, or Germany; not inferior to any country anywhere.

If destiny has a test in store for us now it will not be the first time. If we took up arms in 1775 against a tax it was not against paying the money, but against the principle behind the tax. The farmers at Lexington and Concord were not militarists. They were not unenlightened. Not one of us today is sorry that they stood behind their idols, or that Washington was there, through the weary years, to make them see their task through. Not one of us is sorry that there was a Lincoln in the white house in the dark years between Bull Run and Gettysburg.

To the Mexican and Spanish Wars, and to the War of 1812, we look back with other feelings. They may all have made for good in the end, but there is much in them in which we can take no pride. Happily today, to whatever efforts we may be summoned, we have already proved our patience, our devotion to principle, and we stand ready to prove that our virility is not inferior to our charity. We do not stand isolated and alone. We have been standing as the greatest of the neutral nations, the custodian of the hopes, the dreams, the ideals of smaller countries. Would, indeed, we might play out that rôle altogether in gentleness; but play it out we must, and completely, whether with gentleness or force. In

peace or in strife the exaction is the same, to follow the stars as we see them, not too delicately to count our money and our blood.

With the peace-at-any-price idealists we have intense sympathy, although not being of them. In their bosoms also lie courage and devotion, and many fair dreams that will be more solidly buttressed in a better world. It is not that we fail to love the world they are struggling to prepare. It is only that to us the task seems double: to prepare that world, and at the same time to deal with the situations offered to us in the world we now inhabit. And it is our faith that a better world, one in which virility and gentleness dwell side by side, will come more surely if we follow our banners heroically now than if we prove able only to dream of the future, not to act in the present. As to that other class of pacifists, not the brave idealists but the too luxurious reckoners of dollars and of suffering, to them we say:

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us out
That capability and Godlike reason
To fast in us unus'd.

It is a matter of being sure, then acting. For thirteen months this country, led by a fearless thinker, a dreamer as well as a man of action, a man fully tinged with modern humanitarianism, has been calm, aloof, reflecting. Many an occasion has come, and passed, which rashness might have seized upon as the signal for casting the die. Amid the jeers of European newspapers, hysterical Americans abroad, noisy patriots at home, the country, represented by its President, stood in Olympian superiority. What mattered ebullient or diatribes? We were doing our thinking for ourselves. We were scorching our hearts, being true to our minds, inquiring humbly of the Infinite. After long months, we, favored custodian of untrammelled reflection, took our final stand. After that all was in the hands of God. Nothing remained to us but consistency at any cost. It has been incumbent on us to be great in patience and self-control. It has not been less incumbent on us to be great, if necessary, in the efforts and the sacrifices of action. The one without the other is feebleness. Thought without conduct is a decoration, a fringe. Nay, worse, it is falsehood. We have thought nobly, if we meant what we said; ignobly, if we did not. Though patience is a part of grandeur, faltering is not. Faltering is cowardice, and cowardice is death.

The Shoemaker's Last

THE "FATHERLAND" speaks of Professor Hugo Münsterberg as "the foremost psychologist." When Mr. Münsterberg came over to Harvard from Germany he stood high among the younger physiological-psychologists of his country. He got it into



his head, however, that he was a great thinker on numberless questions, the vaguer the better, and it is a sad fact, perhaps not altogether without significance, that his reputation in his own field has declined just as his attempt to express opinions on every known subject has persisted.

Courage In Georgia

IS THERE any chance that the prevailing shame and dismay will find any echo in effective action in Georgia? Small indeed, is the hope that enough citizens of that State will be found, with courage, insight, and purpose sufficient to bring members of the mob to trial and to see that the trial is conducted in desperate earnest, selecting the most respectable members of the butchering gang to put on trial, creating an atmosphere in which a determined judge and a determined prosecutor might hope to secure a true jury with an intention of finding the truth. Nothing is more sickening than the voice of the people can be when it is filled with stupid hate and underlying beastly love of cruelty. Nothing is more sickening, unless it be the voice of the leaders of the beast, the men of the type of the mayor of Atlanta and the Reverend Thomas Dixon. It is one of the cases where no hope is. If citizens of Georgia rose to this occasion, they could not only wipe out the shame, they could put glory in its stead; but, since there is no hope, why toy with such an idea.

J. G. Woodward's record was so rotten already as to be a disgrace to the city of which he is the mayor. What shall be said of it now? What hope is there of a jury that will convict mob-murderers in a city which would choose such a man for mayor, knowing what he was like when it chose him?

A Japanese View

THE part of our government in limiting Japanese power over China was hinted at in these editorials two weeks ago. A Japanese reader thinks we misunderstood the intentions of his country. He thinks Japan has never wished to acquire over China anything that could be called sovereignty; that which she sought was merely opportunity to develop the mighty resources of China and to get her own normal share of the resulting trade. As to the further demands, he says they must be understood in the light of the well-known Chinese feeling about "face." If a demand is made for 20c, a ministry that grants it will be thrown out of office with indignation in a moment. If, however, the country wishing 20c de-

mands \$200, and later comes down to 20c, a Chinese foreign minister can throw his chest out while he reports thus: "Look what those bandits tried to do to our country. They tried to collect \$200! But I put it all over them. I forced them to be content with only 20c." An understanding of this psychology, our Japanese reader assures us, was the source of Japan's action during the recent crisis.

Saying It Out

WHAT spectacles lurk behind heroic phrases! Mr. Maurice Browne, of the Chicago Little Theatre Company in an address introductory to a performance of *The Trojan Women*, recalled the traditional language of conquest: "They put the men to the sword and led the women into captivity." For a moment there was felt by the audience the romance of epic victory, a half-revealed glory of great deeds. "Yet that means," the speaker continued, "that means, simply: 'Putting the men to the sword'—cutting their throats; 'leading the women into captivity'—ropeing them, and then making them slaves." The vision was changed. It is the lot of modern social-thinkers to deal in just such a censored, faded terminology. For instance, there is "unemployment." With its colors blocked in unemployment means simply "starving them." And "self-interest": We speak of it casually as a motive well recognized among economists. Behind it is the man who believes that drink is a human blight, but who "votes wet" because his family owns vineyards. "Reactionary" is used nowadays to indicate a certain complexion of political thought. Who sees its real features as the word is used? "Corrupt government" has its own background of crime, disease, death. Crime, disease, death—and drunkenness and starvation. . . . Without such picture contents words are merely words. It is wise sometimes to drape the pictures, in the interests of deliberation. It is imperative frequently that we disclose them for the reality of our thought.

A New Machine

WHEN William Hole Thompson was elected mayor of Chicago various reasons were given for his victory, the reason that attracted most attention being that he ran not as an American but as a German, which displeased the voters of Cook County. Thompson is making at least as bad a mayor as he was expected to make. He appointed Fred Lundin to divide his patronage, and Lundin was the backbone of the old Lorimer Lincoln League. Ward committeemen who had been anti-Lorimer have had no consideration from the present administration. Men who led the fight for Lorimer in former years have been dug up and strengthened in their influence. This does not mean by any means that Lorimer is to regain his influence, but only that Thompson is making a Thompson machine out of the material that composed the old Lorimer machine. One difference will be that whereas Lorimer was a professional Catholic in politics, it looks as if the Thompson machine is to be equally professional anti-Catholic. Patronage, of course, is the backbone of a machine of this kind. The Civil Service Commission which Thompson has appointed is headed by a Lorimer spoilsman, Percy B. Coffin. Lundin maintains

elaborate quarters in the Sherman House with more hangers-on than the mayor, and an interview with him is more difficult to obtain than with the mayor. There is no use anyway in seeing the mayor since he refers all job-hunters to Lundin, and job-hunting is the principal activity around the city hall. Jobs occupy about the same position there that wheat does on the Board of Trade. A job-hunter has to make good. At the present moment he is handed a petition for Lowden for governor as his first qualification. Just what is expected of the henchman in the future has not been revealed but Lundin, who is a patent-medicine manufacturer and seller, knows his business, and will find enough for everybody to do. He has already succeeded in putting over a number of clever schemes, such as "a day of prayer" following the settlement of the carpenter strike, and in such an atmosphere he can appoint a dentist to be smoke inspector, and a druggist to be public-service commissioner, and saloon keepers for real-estate experts, and an unknown woman for commissioner of public welfare, without doing himself or Thompson any immediate harm.

It is a great little mess Chicago has got itself into.

Wealth and Mastery

IT WAS a magnificent saying on the Roman tomb, "What I gave away I still have." Of a rich man who was niggardly Diogenes said: "That man's property owns him." We all know it. We can all say it over. How many act on it? How many are



there, with many possessions, who are not the slaves of their possessions? It is the reason one seldom finds among the rich that ease of thought and feeling, that freedom of soul, found among the intelligent poor.

The Present Champion

AT ONE time we were inclined to think the championship in rubber-stamp phrases, both in newspapers and in conversation, belonged to "leaps and bounds." Lately "you cannot eat your cake and have it" has been sprinting and gives signs of actually taking the lead.

Holding the Bat

WAS there ever a really great batter who failed to hold his bat at the end? Yes, two: Old Cap Anson and Willie Keeler. Neither had the free swing of perfect form, as illustrated by Lajoie, Baker, and Cobb. Both, especially Keeler, were particularly notable for sureness. They are exceptions. Usually perfect form in holding the bat, in swinging it, and in standing, goes with greatness. There is one great batter today, Jackson, who is faulty in his standing; and there is one batter, who is at least a notable pinch hitter, Caldwell, who holds the bat far up, as Anson and Keeler did.

What Color Is Jealousy?

IN LAST week's issue of this paper was a discussion of a play dealing with jealousy. The point has been raised whether jealousy is green or yellow. Most people speak of it as the green-eyed monster, referring to *Iago's* description. The whole sentence in *Othello* is baffling. Theobald, the brilliant surmiser of "habbied o' green fields," first objected to the reading:

Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Theobald suggested "doth make the meat it feeds on," a most accurate statement about jealousy, whatever you may say about the monster. Edwin Booth accepted "make" for a time and then reluctantly went back to "mock," tapping his heart as he said it. Certainly the cat-tribe mock the meat they feed on, and we have no right to emend Shakespeare if the original reading makes sense. So we have to leave green to Shakespeare, especially as in the *Merchant of Venice* he speaks of "green-eyed jealousy." But is not yellow a better choice, since green is the color of hope and yellow the prevailing tint in jaundice?

Sleep

CERVANTES and Shakespeare perhaps have done the best talking there is about sleep. What is said in *Don Quixote* by way of tribute to that interlude in life is much what *Macbeth* says. Perhaps both the Spanish and the English genius were sound sleepers, as they certainly were men who knew trouble. That is the marvelous combination—to be pained, harassed, discouraged by the time the day is ended, and then to settle into the bed with entire confidence, based on many savings before, that peace is at hand and that in the morning the world will look bright and possible. He of the minor key, like Shelley, sees a tragic resemblance:

How wonderful is Sleep,
Sleep and his brother Death.

But to him who loves life and regrets death sleep is scarcely less lovely. And it was for its power to serve us in this life on earth that Cervantes and Shakespeare gave it such noble celebration.

Irony

SARCASM is harsh, and even satire is severe, but their brother irony may be gentle, caressing. It may have all the sympathy in the world, only with it the memory of ages of experience. It has seen so many lives. It has seen such myriad times the heart of man bud with the same hope, his mind undertake adventures with the same confidence. Irony, with a kind and large vision, may be one of the most endearing qualities. It keeps enthusiasm from being foolish, sympathy from being soft, hope and faith from losing prospective. It is an intellectual element in our perception, that does not kill the visions of the heart, although it casts its own light over them. It is necessary to high comedy. It is the smile on the face of knowledge. "Mona Lisa" is not less loving because she understands.

Plattsburg—How It Works

By
H. D. WHEELER



A first lesson with the service rifle.

EVEN a big idea, to become dynamic, must have a handle to it.

The military instruction camp for business and professional men, near Plattsburg barracks, New York, is only the handle to a big idea. As is natural, the handle has seemed to be more in the public attention than the idea. It is easier to get hold of, for one thing; for another, it is unique in its form, something wholly new in American military mechanics. Still, it is only the handle. The idea may be as big as the Prussian militaristic idea, as powerful for good as that is for evil. Nobody knows yet; not even the man who evolved it.

Through the camp at Plattsburg, military genius is trying so to turn the idea that national thought will move toward a proposition that democracy can be armed for defense without altering the relations between the civil and the military authority; to convert the peril of inertia into the security of alertness without the slightest retrogression in the direction of militarism.

Something over twelve hundred men, many of them leaders in the nation's business and professional life, have been fighting sham battles over a large area in the northern part of New York State. Into these encounters have gone all the hardships of war that seasoned fighters could devise without the use of the ammunition

of real warfare. These men at Plattsburg took into their mimic campaign the knowledge and the toughened

bodies acquired through weeks of severe training. They had endured, during those weeks, the equalizing process that goes with a uniform,—a temporary flattening out of business and social distinctions, competing for higher ground only on their ability to master the tasks set by their officers. With some, the desire for health, for better bodies, was what kept them at it day after day, from reveils to taps; with others it was a determination to become fit for military leadership; with the major portion it was a desire to support the big idea through the power of their example and of their unvoiced protest against national heedlessness.



Captain Halstead Dorey, a professional fighter—with an imagination.

The man at the handle is Halstead Dorey. Dorey is a captain in the Fourth U. S. Infantry. He is senior aid on the staff of General Leonard Wood. For ten years and more he has been one of the most prominent of our younger regular officers. He came out of West Point in 1897. He has seen service in the Spanish War, in the Philippine campaigns and at Vera Cruz.

Dorey is a fighting man—with an imagination. He sees the big idea—also the importance of his present command. At Plattsburg he faced a situation without precedent. Really big men in business, in politics, in law, in social life, were his "rookies." The bare fact that they were there

it is or not, you will know that the man next you in the ranks is doing it just as you are."

It started on that basis. The members of the camp were immediately organized into two battalions, or about two-thirds of a full regiment. The students were assigned to companies by lot. The men in each com-



Close-order drill.

pany were assigned to squads according to height; then to tents, six men to a tent, four tents to three squads. From there on, through the successful solving of problems arising from the natural mental alertness of students who progressed far more rapidly than had been anticipated, the course reached an approximate standardization. The course being completed at Plattsburg now, it is probable, will be little altered in succeeding camps.

in that relation he recognized as an important one. A soldier first of all—a professional fighter and an expert in his profession, he went before his command as just that. At his first assembly he said:

"Gentlemen, you are here to learn certain things wholly unfamiliar to the most of you. You are here in order that if ever you are called upon to command a company of volunteers or to assist in the organization of one, you will know how to go about your work. You are here to master the essentials of what will go into the performance of such a duty. Your status here is that of cadets. On duty, your relations to your officers are strictly official. Off duty, the relation is that which exists between gentlemen. We all speak the same language here. We are all doing the same thing, in the same way. We think that way is the best way. Whether

The training is made to accord with the policy of our army that men in all branches of the service must know how to take part in infantry action. The men in the auxiliary branches have to receive the basic training of the soldier. All have to do some of their work on foot. Throughout the training camp, infantry training is given in the morning. This training progresses from the manual of arms, through close-order drill, the mechanics of extended order (skirmish), advance and rear-guard actions, outpost duty, company problems and finally battalion and regimental problems. The manual of arms and the close-order drill are intended primarily for the discipline necessary to the handling of bodies of men with the least possible confusion. The company problems in minor tactics involve the work learned in the study of extended order. The problem of outwitting or outfighting an imaginary enemy whose position is known, progresses naturally from the question of what a single company ought to do about it, to



A class in artillery, studying the mechanism of a field piece.

that of what a battalion should do, and finally to what a regiment should do. As the work progresses from company to regiment, the intricacies of the situation increase, military activity covers larger and larger areas, until finally there is a flesh and blood enemy in the shape of regular troops to cope with, and a mimic campaign on a large scale.

Running along with all this tactical training there is target practise with the service rifle during the second and third weeks, instruction in trench digging, first aid treatment, and such other work as might fall to a man of the line in actual battle.

The afternoons are devoted to specialized study. Every man in camp must choose one special course. The cavalry course is open only to those who have had previous experience astride. This work embraces close-order troop practise, some sabre practise, extended order and scout work and cavalry minor tactics. For

tary point of view, is to offer the means, for those who are impelled to fit themselves for intelligent patriotic service. It gives to just such men as are at Plattsburg now, a chance of finding themselves, as military units. When they leave Plattsburg, the most of them will want to go further. They will know what to study and how to study. In all the wars of our history there have been patriotic men with the colors who had at best the haziest of ideas as to where they would fit into a fighting machine. Good engineers were wasted in the cavalry and good infantry men in the signal corps.

This first camp at Plattsburg has turned out something near a thousand men who are able to assume, with greater or less degree of success, the functions of officers should a crisis come immediately. The most of these men will become more and more proficient.

For a successful defense against an attempted invasion by any first-class power, we should need an army



"Like this!"

those who have elected field artillery, there is instruction in the mechanism of a field piece, the use of range finders, selection of position and sub-calibre practise. The students in military engineering, work in cooperation with a company of regulars. Instruction is given in topography, map drawing, entrenching, bridge building and road making. The signal-corps students are made familiar with the various methods of transmitting messages. They are taught the use of flags, the telephone, the telegraph, the wireless and the heliograph. They learn how to handle the field wireless, carried on pack mules and motor trucks. Telegraphy is not taught. Courses in military hygiene and camp sanitation are given for those who desire training for the medical department. The doctors in camp, especially, are made familiar with the medical and surgical tools of war.

That, in its barest skeleton, is a military instruction camp. Its purpose is not to turn out a finished officer in four weeks. Its first purpose, from the purely mili-

of not less than half a million men. Our army organization calls for fifty officers to a regiment of 2000 men. For an adequate land force we should have immediate need for 12,500 officers, without counting generals, their aids, and officers in the supply departments. Nor does this figure embrace what we should require in reserve.

As a military school, solely, the Plattsburg camp has accomplished everything that was expected of it, and more.

Whether, in the men who have been there, the things that have been said there, the protest that has gone out from there, it has been powerful enough to set in motion the big idea that is behind it, cannot yet be seen. Our traditional military policy is based on the proposition that a trained citizen soldiery, in time of national peril, shall expand a small, tired peace nucleus to proportions adequate to the emergency. We have been indolently contemplating that proposition for a century and a quarter. And now we have what has been going on at Plattsburg.

"Plattsburg—Will It Work?" is the title of Mr. Wheeler's next article on the training camp.

General Joffre

By GERALD MORGAN



should be promoted. In telling this story I also should like to keep something in reserve, but in any case there is a strong feeling not only in Russia, but also in France, that there is such a thing as being too sound.

On the other hand the soldiers love Joffre, because they know that when they are ordered against the certain death of machine guns and barbed wire it is for a military reason, not a political one. He stands between his men and the politicians, patiently but like a rock. Few realize the chicanery of disappointed politicians, the ambitions of political generals against which ceaseless resistance must be made if France is to be saved, and that is what Joffre is doing.

Two other stories are told of him both of which I know to be true. A Sister of Charity sent him a pair of knitted gloves. He wrote personally thanking her, but what he said at the moment was gravely, "I am glad they no longer remember against me my old opinions." He was once politically opposed to the Catholic orders, but he was humanly glad to be forgiven.

Another time two British officers were by mistake billeted in a house already occupied by a French staff major. They arrived late at night and threw the Frenchman out bodily. Being an officer of some prominence he brought the case to Joffre himself. Joffre listened patiently until the story of the outrage was finished. Then he said, "Are the British our allies?" "Yes," replied the officer. "Are they fighting for France on French soil?" he asked. "Yes," replied the officer. "Then give them everything," said General Joffre, and closed the subject.

The truth is that Joffre's great qualities are patience, endurance and practical common sense. Ever since last November the House of Deputies (some of them) and some generals have been hammering away at him without the slightest effect. When the Germans begin their hammering—as no doubt they will—they will in my opinion succeed no better. Joffre may not be the ideal leader for that march across the Rhine, but a better man to bar the way to Paris cannot be found in France.

IT IS a fact not realized in America that General Joffre has never had the reputation of possessing military genius, or even of outstanding military talent. His services to France and England are invaluable, but for other reasons.

Here, for instance, is a story related to me by an officer of prominence which is distinctly critical of Joffre's military methods. Last winter it was decided that the army of General de l'Angle de Cary should attack all along the line in Champagne. An order to the effect was written at Joffre's headquarters—an order which was a model of brevity and distinctness. General de l'Angle de Cary received it, and another order, also a model of brevity and distinctness was directed to his five corps commanders. But first, since De l'Angle de Cary was not to be supported by the armies on either side of him, he be'd (according to all the military books) two corps in reserve. The corps commanders received the order, wrote each one another order of brevity and distinctness to his divisional commanders, but in every case (according to all the military books) held one division in reserve. The divisional commanders passed on the order to their brigadiers, holding each one a brigade in reserve. The brigadiers each held one regiment in reserve. The regimental commanders each held one battalion in reserve. The battalion commanders each he'd one company in reserve, and the general attack by five army corps was actually undertaken by eighteen companies. The Germans are still in Champagne, and my informant (who is 30 years old) says that younger men



General Joffre and General French meet and review British forces at the front.

The Topsy-Turvy of War

By MAX RITTENBERG

ONE-ARMED Gentleman, optimistic, strong and healthy, is prepared to visit wounded and give to those having the use of one hand only encouraging and useful hints on general independence, using knife and fork, tying boot-laces and ties, shaving, dressing, etc."

This is one of scores of quaint, half-patetic, half-humorous advertisements in the English newspapers evoked by the war. It is illustrative of the shuffle of fortune's cards. Here is a man whose loss of limb has hitherto relegated him to the background of life. Today he can make himself really useful with his specialized knowledge. Without doubt he will build up quite a profitable practice as consultant.

The Psychometrist and Clairvoyant has been enjoying a veritable boom in trade ever since August 1914. People have crowded on him to consult the stars, the crystal or the magic sands. They want a peep into the future, a glimpse of the fate of relations at the war, a horoscope of the Kaiser. One occultist whose sanctorum abuts on Piccadilly has been doing a very lively trade in Kaiser. He has also established a "Telepathic War News Bureau," which receives and transmits messages without the blue-pencilling of the censor. The rates are of course higher than the cable tolls, but it is claimed that the service is much speedier.

The Boy Scout has also come into his kingdom. Thousands of him have volunteered for active service, and have been employed on aide-de-camp duty at the War Office and other government departments. He has a little blue ticket which gives him the freedom of London's buses, tubes and trams, and very proud he is of his duties and privileges. However, one sad story has to be recorded. A patriotic Boy Scout was lent by the War Office to an amateur ambulance corps organized by Mayfair ladies with an itch for the limelight. Listen to what happened to him:

"There were a lot of dressed-up society women all trying to give orders to one another. One of them said to me: 'I hope you have come here prepared to obey orders.' Wasn't that enough to put a chap's back up for the start?"

"I was quite prepared to do my duty, and I didn't answer her back. They sent me upstairs to the nursery, where a lot of girls and flappers were learning to become nurses. For the first day they did nothing but put bandages and splints and tourniquets on me, and I tell

you, if our chaps made such a muddle of it as they did, we'd duck them in a horse-trough.

"The next day they made me undress and get into bed, and they spent the whole time changing sheets under me, feeding me on the bally gruel they made, and messing about with me.

"The next day it came to the limit. Those idiots of girls were being taught how to hold a sponge and how to tell when hot water is hot! The lady who was instructing them washed me pretty nearly all over, and then left me for them to practise on. Seven of them washed my face, one after the other; but when the eighth came along, a flapper of seventeen with a grin on her face like a bally Cheshire cat, all ready to dab the soap-suds into my eyes, I said: 'No, I'm dashed if I will!'

"I jumped out of bed, put on my uniform, went off and wrote to Kitchener about it. I got no reply; so I resigned from my company. I want you to know that I'm quite ready to do anything a soldier ought to do, but I absolutely will not let eight grinning Cheshire cats wash my face one after another. That's final!"

Doctors' Commons, where special marriage licenses are issued, has been enjoying the time of its life. Everybody who is going to the front, expects to go, or hopes to go, is getting hastily married. The idea is that one's best girl is thereby entitled to a government allowance as a wife, and a pension as a widow. If one could marry three or four of one's best girls, it would be even better for all concerned, but the technical difficulties to be overcome have not made the plan of wide application up to the present. By the end of the war, perhaps, polygamy may have to be legally blessed in Europe to redress the balance of male and female.

One hears the quaintest stories from Doctors' Commons. A couple describing themselves as Roman Catholics were told that they could not be granted a special license. The fiancé had to leave for the war straightaway. It was a dilemma. The girl sobbed, but the man rose to the occasion. "Let's be Church of England," he suggested, and within five minutes they were Church of England and legally entitled to a special license.

In another case the bride-to-be was a Jewess. It was necessary to obtain a signature from a bishop. Doctors' Commons scoured around for a handy bishop. London proved to be on active

service, and Kensington and Stepney were out of town. Finally they reached the bishop of _____ in the midst of delivering a temperance lecture. He was hustled away in a taxi, very uncertain as to his ecclesiastical functions in such a case. He had a vague idea that he must cross-question the bride on her religious beliefs and fitness for the marriage state. But when he found her at the church, all anxiety and tears, the only question he could summon up courage to trouble her with was this: "Well, my dear, what do you think about the war?"

Thirty thousand of London's citizens have enrolled themselves as special constables. They have four hours of duty per night and get no pay for it. All grades of society, from dukes to dustmen, are now in the police, with the insignia of a blue-and-white armband, a whistle and a truncheon. They are set to guard bridges, wharves, reservoirs, electric light works, sewage pumping stations. So far, they have had to contend more with shummy smells than German spies. However, at any moment things may break lively, and then the specials will be mobilized, parked into motor-buses, and sped off to the coast to arrest invaders.

The opulent Stock Exchange people have fallen from their high estate. Cigars and champagne are only memories of the past. They have enlisted, or sought for posts in all directions. One of these unfortunates advertised his willingness to catch trout and salmon, or shoot grouse and partridge, by way of creating a fresh career.

Militant suffragism has suffered an eclipse. What is the slashing of a Rokeby "Venus" against the destruction of Louvain? How paltry the burning of a mere village church against the lordly laying waste of the cathedral of Rheims! Kaiser Attila has set a standard which it will be hopeless to emulate.

No, the Suffragettes have dropped militancy, and—all credit to them—and are helping with the plain and unlighted duties of the citizeness. In the topsyturvy of war, they are sewing night-shirts and making homely comforts for the sick.

Of all those fallen from high places with the dull thud, the most notable are the fashion despots of Paris. What was to have been the fantastic absurdity of fashion for autumn, 1914, no one of the shopping public knows or secretly cares.

Dress? Why, dress today is for practical use!

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD

Lime
Light
Lyrics



IV.
The
Boomerang

*A Boomerang's a thing that when it hits you, hurts you something frightful.
But when you get it from the pen of Smith and Maper it's quite delightful.*

A DOCTOR'S office—bright and airy
With germ-proof tiles and nickel plating
The Doctor—smart but solitary,
For his first patient watchfully waiting.

Into this sterile wilderness
Drifts like a breath from some oasis
A Nurse whose tact and politesse
Soon puts things on a paying basis.

She lands a patient on the spot,
The Doctor beams, then doubt assails him;
He takes the temperature—"Great Scott!
It's normal! What the devil ails him?"

He feels the pulse; result the same,
When in the office, some one utters
A certain pretty lady's name.
Good gracious, how the pulse then flutters!

"Hal!" cries the Doctor, with
a smile,
Triumphant, sweet, trans-
cending Huyler
"How long, pray tell me, have
you been
In love, my boy, with Miss
Grace Tyler?"

A case of Love (with com-
plications)
Such is the Doctor's diag-
nosis.
His treatment—Counter Irr-
itation
And Absence, in prodigious
doses.



His Love cure brings him practise, fame,
And flushed with pride he tells his wise
Assistant, how to play Love's game
She listens, mute, with downcast eyes.

He teaches her 'tis by deceit,
One turns Love's trick (excuse his slang)
Suspecting not, in his conceit,
He's monkeying with a Boomerang.

Ere long, laid low by his own "dope,"
Gone his conceit—his buoyant carriage,
He seeks the Nurse, his only hope
The desperate remedy of—Marriage.



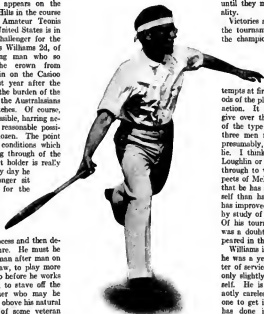
A Champion and His Challengers

By HERBERT REED

EVERY man who appears on the courts at Forest Hills in the course of the National Amateur Tennis Championship of the United States is in the strictest sense a challenger for the title held by R. Norris Williams 2d, of Philadelphia, the young man who so brilliantly wrested the crown from Maurice E. McLoughlin on the Casino courts at Newport last year after the Californian had borne the burden of the fruitless battle against the Australasians in the Davis Cup matches. Of course, on form, it is easily possible, barring accidents, to reduce the reasonable possibilities to say half a dozen. The point is that under present conditions which provide for the playing through of the holder of the title, that holder is really defending his title every day he plays. He can no longer sit quietly by and wait for the weeding out of the contestants down to one man whom he can study thoroughly in the course of the wearing elimination process and then defeat almost at his leisure. He must be prepared to eliminate man after man on his own side of the draw, to play more than one stirring match before he works his way into the final, to stave off the rush of some newcomer who may be playing for the moment above his natural game, or the assault of some veteran who, always sound in generalship and rich in experience, is in the throes of a renaissance of technique.

Granted a style with a sound foundation, it is the day-by-day adaptation of play to the task in hand, to the opponent who must be defeated, that takes the really great player through his side of the draw to the final round. And in the final round it is the man himself that counts for the extra ounce of coordinated power and skill that retains or gains the title. So under present conditions, no title worth holding can be otherwise than truly won.

The title holder has advantages and disadvantages, which seem to me just about balance, to my way of thinking. In the course of playing through the champion will meet now a man to whom his prestige is a deterrent, again a man to whom it is an encouragement. Of this latter class was Robert D. Wrenn,



Karl Behr in midcareer. This extremely high-strung player got his game in hand so well in the early tournaments that he numbered among his victims Clothier, Fe'l and McLoughlin. He succumbed to Williams at Seabright after a gallant battle.

who in his palmy days revelled in the task of defeating men who in technique were his superiors and who were rich in titles

until they met this indomitable personality.

Victories and defeats in the course of the tournaments up to the opening of the championship mean little, I think, when one confines oneself to a study of the point analysis. These matches mean much, however, when one attempts at first hand a study of the methods of the players involved as revealed in action. It would easily be possible to give over this entire article to a study of the type of play of any one of the three men ranked at the top, and so, presumably, favorites of the tennis public. I think that either Williams, McLoughlin or Behr has it in him to come through to victory, but I like the prospects of McLoughlin because of the fact that he has a greater mastery over himself than has either of the others, and has improved more than either in a year by study of the game and by self-study. Of his tournament-courage there never was a doubt from the time he first appeared in the East.

Williams is a much better player than he was a year ago, notably in the matter of service and court-generalship, but only slightly more in command of himself. He is still, upon occasion, buoyantly careless. Behr has practically no one to get in hand but himself, and he has done just that this season with greater frequency and more impressively than in many a day. So there, in a few lines, is my impression of the three, in the gaining of which I have not even bothered to keep score. These three men are the Probabilities.

After the three leaders comes R. Lindley Murray, who will not appear at Forest Hills this season, and in fifth place one finds William J. Clothier, who is by no means the Clothier of old. Now we come to the Possibilities, almost any one of whom might win the title—George M. Church, a really remarkable tennis

player with an excellent head; Frederick B. Alexander, a annoy veteran who is always dangerous; Clarence J. Griffes from the Pacific coast, and William M. Johnston from the same section, both with well rounded games built on the California foundation of pace; Watson M. Washburn, whose beautiful, heady tennis is just a



Behr storting the tennis world. The picture shows how the greatest net player in the land has driven the brilliant McLoughlin to a purely defensive backline game, and so to defeat, this in the final round for the Achelus Cup at Seabright.

trifle lacking in fire; Wallace M. Johnson, master of a variety of teasing strokes; Theodore R. Pell, the greatest backhand player in the country, who is at times unaccountably lethargic; Nathaniel W. Niles, and G. P. Gardner, both clear-headed, hard-driving, aggressive veterans. Chik among the newcomers will be Ward Dawson, from southern California, whose game is more on the Eastern style than on lines that we have come to consider typical Californian; and D.M. Watters, of Louisiana, who has forged his way to the top in the South, but who seems lacking in tournament experience against men who are in his own class or better. Dawson did not last long either at Longwood or Newport, and was not by any means remarkable at Seabright, but the good tennis is in him none the less, and I have an idea that he will do much better at Forest Hills.

For the moment, however, place to the champion! What has Williams shown throughout the early tournaments, and what are his chances of retaining his title? In the first place, this year as last, there is not one Williams, but three—the Williams who from the opening of a match is thoroughly in command of all his strokes, and, compelling his opponent to play the type of game forced upon him, is brilliantly all but unbeatable; the Williams who starts poorly, perhaps carelessly, sets himself a difficult task through his own slovenly play, and then comes through to victory with as brilliant a display of generalship and stroking as the game has ever seen; and the Williams who is distinctly, if boyishly and good-naturedly second-class or worse from start to finish. I have seen all three of these Williams this season. Probably each of the three will appear at one time or another in the course of the championship. Either of the first two is almost sure to get into the final round, and the first has an excellent chance of retaining the championship, while the second, should he appear on that day, or perhaps even in the semifinal, has little chance. The third is not worth discussing.

Williams, as was to have been expected, was no match for the Californians on their own asphalt courts. To get his game up to its proper plane the champion must find the conditions that suit him, and these conditions, of course, will be at hand at Forest Hills. On his return from the Pacific coast Williams played through to the challenge round of the Longwood tourney, having at least one narrow escape due to what looked like laziness, but was really indifference, and then was simply slaughtered by McLoughlin, the Californian earning permanent possession of the Longwood Challenge Bowl. This challenge round was played on a footing that made it utterly impossible for Williams to put forward his best game, a game that depends so largely upon his ability to make his strokes from the best possible positions. This match proved absolutely nothing, but earlier matches proved that the champion could play practically perfect tennis when the conditions were right and the spirit moved him. They proved that in the matter of actual technique the Williams of this year is far ahead of the Williams of a year ago. His terrific service, however,

was not seen at its best until he faced Karl Behr in the challenge round for the Achilles Cup at Seabright. Here were courts and conditions that suited Williams admirably, and although he started rather poorly, he rose to heights in the course of this match that I have never before seen him attain.

The problem was to defeat Behr's marvelous net game by passing him, and this problem the champion solved. It required great tennis-courage to keep steadily driving for the side lines, allowing a margin of safety of hardly more than two inches, when stroke after stroke showed Williams that he had yet to get the range. Yet this dogged if outwardly cheerful insistence on playing the game as he had set out to play it undoubtedly had its discouraging effect upon Behr even when the ball struck out of court. Here was the sharp distinction between the two men—failure due to his own faults troubled Behr mightily, Williams not at all. As the match progressed Williams got the range, and thereafter was unbeatable. He simply ruined Behr's game, and kept him away from the net. He also tured on his own terrific service, taking chances with the second ball, knowing full well that a few service aces would go a long way toward demoralizing this particular adversary.

I wonder if any but McLoughlin himself knows exactly what he has been doing this season. Probably not, and yet here is a guess. I believe he has been preparing himself in the course of the early tournaments, come victory or defeat, to put on the greatest tennis of his career at Forest Hills—even greater tennis than he displayed against Norman Brookes in the famous Davis Cup match of a year ago. Satisfied with his game at the net, he has played almost constantly in the back court. Sometimes, to be sure, he has been driven there, but most of the time, I believe, he has maintained his position there from choice. He has been working steadily upon his deep driving and passing game. Against Behr at Seabright McLoughlin was undoubtedly beaten on the merits of the match, for against Behr at his best no man can presume to merely practise strikes. Yet I think in the championship, should the Californian meet Behr, he will prove an entirely different McLoughlin, with all parts of his game neatly welded together.

In no former year of his career has McLoughlin been so deep a student of the game itself and of his own methods. He has gotten himself well in hand, and in the matter of judgment I believe he is ahead of Williams and infinitely far ahead of Behr. If there is anything left to know about tennis, including his own weaknesses, I do not believe that the Californian has missed it. His dearest ambition has been to regain his title as champion, and I think he has allowed nothing to divert him on the way. As this is written McLoughlin is playing Wallace Johnson, the chop-stroke expert at Newport, so that by the time the Pacific coast star comes up to the cham-

ionship he will have faced every really distinct type of play there is in this country without having shown his own game at its best. I expect of him nothing particularly radical—only better tennis than he has ever played before. If he can produce that I do not see who is going to stop him without playing super-tennis.

Admirers of Karl Behr, and he has hosts of them, have been greatly pleased by a certain steadying down and self-mastery on the part of their favorite from time to time this season. Critics will tell you that



Ward Dawson, California's latest. The newcomer from the Pacific coast, this time from the southern section of "Tennisland," took a long time to find himself under Eastern conditions.

Behr's strokes are not orthodox. This is something to be forgotten as quickly as possible. Behr, in building up his game, has shown independence, which to some of the old guard is a crime in tennis as in golf. Behr's style, like his remarkably nervous temperament, is unlike that of any other man in the game, but he is a truly great tennis player none the less. Twice this year he got his game going as it ought to go—once against Clothier at Glen Cove, and again against McLoughlin at Seabright—with the result that he literally swept his opponents before him. Behr's biggest battle is with himself. His style of play is, of course, the product of his temperament, and so long as that temperament is on duty in the furor of actual play and not between strokes he is formidable to the last degree. He takes too much out of himself, however, and between strokes his struggle to gain command of himself is patent even to the man in the grand stand. If that control comes to him in his big matches at Forest Hills he will bear watching.

William M. Johnston I consider another dangerous man this year. He is better than a year ago by a wide margin, if his type of play at Newport is any criterion. He was not up to the mark at Longwood, but has rounded out his game markedly since then, building in some really splendid driving from the base line, and, indeed, improving all his ground strokes. He has had enough play in the East to have become thoroughly accustomed to Eastern conditions, and next to McLoughlin I consider him the best of the Californians.



DESTROY!



W.J. ENRIGHT

Uncle Sam's Forest Physicians

By WILLIAM P. LAWSON



Reconnaissance showing Biltmore stick in use. Crew engaged at logging, calipers, and recording diameter measurements.

"CONSERVATION" is a big word; it means a whole lot of things.

But one thing (and this cannot be overemphasized) it emphatically does not mean—at least as applied to the Government's forest policy—and that is putting a fence around the National Forests and letting them rot in cloistered futility. Conservation, as the word is used by the Forest Service, means use. Not disuse, or misuse; but proper, intelligent, common-sense use.

To work this policy out in detail a certain amount of knowledge concerning trees is necessary. The Forest Service, to fulfill its avowed aims, must have the benefit of expert technical advice and assistance. When a man is ill he usually calls in the doctor. Sometimes, if he be wise in his generation, he calls him in before. This is Uncle Sam's theory—the theory of preventive medicine applied to the National Forests. The "woodlot" is at present in a fairly healthy condition. Uncle Sam has not believed in waiting for the nation's five hundred and thirty-nine million feet of timber to show signs of marked debility before getting a diagnosis and prescribing a course of treatment. Hence the corps of permanently employed technical men in the Forest Service—trained forest physicians.

The graduate of a school of forestry who passes a Civil Service examination and enters the Forest Service with the title of Forest Assistant does not, of course, jump right into important investigative or constructive work. He does not at this stage of his career have much to do with shaping the national timber policy. Like the interne, to follow out our medical metaphor, the newly appointed Forest Assistant serves a very thorough apprenticeship before his pro-

fessional opinion carries weight. Like the fledging civil engineer (whose first real job consists of pulling a nightmare of a surveyor's chain through long miles of assorted country to the musical slogan of "Stück-Stück!") the embryo forester is inclined to credit his first few years of field work to experience.

This is not to say, by any means, that his efforts during this period are a dead loss. The government has the reputation of getting its money's worth in return for the salaries it pays. And when we learn that the Forest Assistant receives \$1100 a year to begin with it may safely be assumed that the recipient is giving up therefor \$1100 worth of work.

The trouble is—looking at it from the Forest Assistant's standpoint—the character of the work during his novitiate may not coincide with his preconceived ideas on the subject. This is a disadvantage which he shares, I believe, with a certain proportion of graduates from schools and colleges in general. But that does not make it easier in any individual instance.

Take a case of this sort on the Apache National Forest of Arizona. One William Higgins, an ambitious and serious-minded youth, after taking a diploma and honors from an Eastern school of forestry, passed the Civil Service tests and received an appointment as Forest Assistant assigned on the Apache.

The headquarters of this particular forest are at Springerville, a small town about a hundred miles south of the Santa Fé railroad. From Holbrook, on the Santa Fé, a stage route runs to Springerville. Higgins, upon leaving the train, found that the "stage" was a buckboard drawn by two pessimistic cow-ponies and driven by an egregiously loquacious character named Hank Ferris.

The trip took three days. Higgins finally arrived at Springerville with his favorite pair of calipers, a Swedish increment borer, a number of excellent books on technical forestry and a burning ambition to put some of his pet silvicultural theories into immediate operation. He was tired that night and appeared thoughtful. His mood was attributed to the rigors of the journey west, to the monotony of the hundred miles of malpais-covered plains he had just crossed, and to the three days' conversation with Ferris.

The Supervisor let him rest until late the next morning, then called him over to the office.

"Ever done much work in the woods?" was the first question.

Higgins confessed that his experience in this respect was limited.

"Well," said the Supervisor, "you'll have to get on to things gradually, I reckon. Major Catlin, one of our rangers, is starting out today to look over the condition of the range down on Blue River, and you can go along with him. It will be a good chance for you to learn something about forest conditions on the Apache—topography, timber, trails and range. When you get back I'll assign you to a district to help out the ranger for a while. Some of the district men are pretty well tied up now with homestead work and free use business and they can use an assistant to advantage."

"Why-er-do you mean I'll be under the orders of a ranger? I thought I was to work here in an advisory capacity in regard to silvicultural problems. I'm not familiar with the administrative end of the work."

"I know you're not," said the Supervisor, dryly, "but you will be! Now look

here, Higgins," he went on, "we might as well understand each other right at the go off. There's a lot of all sorts of work to be done here. I've got a million and a quarter acres of national forest to take care of and about a dozen men to do it with. Problems that require technical training in forestry are constantly coming up and I want your advice when I can use it. But in the meantime the routine business of the forest has got to go on and I want you to fit yourself first of all to help out in any way and in any capacity in which you may be for the time being most valuable. It's what we all have to do and it's necessary experience any way you look at it. If you make good on it you'll get the chance you want in your special line later. How about it?"

The Forest Assistant decided to accompany Major Catlin.

This worthy was a character; an old stager who had grown up with the country, insofar as the country could be said to have grown up at all. It was a rare treat to him to break in a tenderfoot.

They camped the first night about ten miles from town, at a park in the forest called Milligan Flats.

"Ever taste rattlesnake?" asked the

others. It's shore good." As he spoke he opened a tin of canned eel which he had brought along for the other's special benefit. "See how nice and white the meat is!"

Higgins didn't eat much supper.

Later he was instructed in the art of dish-washing. The major took it all as a matter of course, and Higgins did not see fit to rebel.

The Forest Assistant was tired out, saddle-worn, cross and sleepy. He kept dropping behind the others, and finally, in an unlucky moment, took the wrong trail. When he discovered his mistake he was lost. Of course he should have waited until morning and followed his tracks back to the right road. Instead he kept on.

After traveling most of the night he came to an emergency cabin where fire tools and "chuck" for fire fighters were stored. This seemed a haven of refuge. He turned in and slept like a log for hours. When he awoke the sun was high. He looked around and dug out an assortment of food, but remembered suddenly that he didn't know how to cook. Later—much later—he admitted that he lived for three days on breakfast food and condensed milk, until such time



A Forest Service Camp.

As he was finishing his task a cow-puncher rode into camp. "I jes' seen a batch of Indians over by Nutrioso, major," he said. "They was ten or twelve of them—broke off the Apache Reservation, I reckon—an' they must-a had forty deer hides among 'em. Looks like you'll have to round 'em up!"

The major might have planned this

as the major had escorted his Indians into town, returned to the Milligan Flats camp, and trailed his assistant to the fire cabin, which Higgins had been afraid to leave.

This was one of a number of amusing but at the time rather trying experiences that this particular Forest Assistant went through before his education



Forest ranger gaging East Ellis Creek, where gages have been established in cooperation with the Geological Survey.

major carelessly as he began preparations for supper.

"Great Scott! No!" said Higgins.

"That's too bad," said his companion, "I've laid in right smart of canned rat-

surprise (he was quite capable of it), but as it happened he hadn't. He was more excited than Higgins. All three men set out without delay on the trail of the Indians.

was finished. But Higgins, it should be stated, was exceptional in one respect—his utter lack of any sort of preliminary woods experience. As a general thing, even though the Forest Assistant is a city

or town-bred man, he gets some real field training as a feature of his course in the technical school or secures an appointment as fire guard or timber estimator on a National Forest during the summers of his school period. Work of this kind gives him a fairly definite idea of what he will be up against after graduation and drills him to some extent in camp practice and the simpler phases of woods work.

In the matter of deciding how and where to obtain the technical training for his profession the would-be forester has today an embarrassment, almost, of riches. It was different a few years ago, but today there are twenty-three schools in the United States which grant a degree in forestry and forty more which include one or more forestry subjects in their curricula.

The preparation of the Forest Assistant is thorough. He must be well grounded in the principles of dendrology, the study of the structure and identification of individual tree species; in silviculture, the science which treats of the life of trees in the forest and the principles of producing and tending forests; in forest management, or intensive administration of forests; in mensuration, the science of growth and yield. Methods and costs of logging in every part of the country are investigated; lumbering is studied in all its branches; a knowledge of surveying and of type and topographic mapping is required. Lectures on fire damage and fire protection are given in most schools. In addition to this book knowledge a certain amount of time is spent in the field, usually in summer, working out on the ground the methods of applying practically the theories taken up during the winter session.

The very first job for the Forest Assistant is to become familiar with local conditions. Under this head may be included the ability to take care of himself and his horses in the woods. This knowledge, the necessity for which has been already touched upon, is a prerequisite to every branch of Forest Service field work. The new man must learn the roads and trails in his Forest, the cabins and camping places, the tree species and timber conditions, the timber and wood sale situation.

To gain this knowledge in the best and

speediest manner he will be put to work, almost invariably, under some experienced man, as was Higgins under the major. He may mark or scale timber on an existing timber sale; he may be assigned to a "cruising" or timber estimating crew; he may help run out and report on a homestead claim. In fire season he may patrol or make fire lines, or fight fire. He may help on planting projects, or in seed collecting, or in a forest nursery or experiment station. He may land on a district with a ranger to assist in routine administrative work. But whatever he does or wherever he is stationed he is learning things that make him more and more valuable to the Service as time goes on.

He is on trial. His efforts are watched and his personality sized up; further assignments will depend upon his general efficiency and his special aptitude for a particular line of work. If he shows peculiar ability in matters of administration he may prove to be Supervisor material and get in line for that responsible position. If he is of an investigative turn of mind he may lean to special forest studies or experiments, and attain the grade of Forest Examiner. In any event field work in the Service is broad enough for a Forest Assistant of good natural ability to rise in time to some position of ever-growing interest and responsibility.

There are today six hundred or more trained foresters in the United States. Of these about three hundred are employed by the Forest Service in various capacities, from Chief Forester Graves down to the thirty-five Forest Assistants appointed last spring. When these technical men have gained sufficient experience they are intrusted with the investigative and experimental work upon which national forest policies are founded. And in addition to the general principles evolved and put into operation on the Government's forest reserves as a whole, each National Forest is managed in detail according to a scheme drawn up to fit local conditions and needs. This "forest working plan," as it is called, contains a record of timber resources and a comprehensive policy for their present and future utilization, designed in the light of the findings of scientific forestry.

"Reconnaissance," or forest stock-tak-

ing, an estimate and tabulation of timber and a description of logging possibilities topographically considered, is an essential part of every forest working plan. And since it is necessary for the men in charge of reconnaissance crews to have a thorough grasp of the principles of forest management, as well as superior executive ability, trained foresters usually conduct such work.

Other special lines of advanced work which the technical man may superintend are timber sales, fire lines and fire protective systems, reforestation projects, yield volume and growth studies of tree species, and work at the various forest experiment stations. From the ranks of the technical men come the chiefs of planting and sylvics in the districts or at Washington and in many cases the higher administrative officers of the Service.

There are no Blakes among the number and but rarely does a man enter the service with the total lack of woods experience possessed by Higgins.

Such types are rare and incidental. They have been mentioned merely for the sake of contrast. The trained forester in the Service, whether Westerner or Easterner by birth, is more often than not one who knows the woods as he knows his first reader, who has supplemented an early interest in and a familiarity with the forest by a later scientific training. And there are too in the Service a considerable number of practical foresters who have never seen the inside of a school of forestry, who have gained what knowledge of this science they possess from first hand research and a study of forestry literature carried out alone and often under very real difficulties.

Such men get along. They prove up. For after all success in forestry as in most things depends primarily upon the personal equation. The youth who sees in the life of the forester a wholesome, out-of-door existence, a career of infinite possibilities for service and growth and happiness, can surely succeed in measurably realizing his ideal if he has the right stuff in him. He must know his business, of course, whatever the means he adopts to that end; but he must first of all—with no exceptions—assay one hundred per cent pure man.

Yes,

We took Mr. Allen up.

A Day in the Rice Districts

By ESTHER HURLAN

"LITTLE birds who are also loved by the high gods who live in the heavens and have spread out all the forests and the river banks for your feeding, we will indeed leave you a share when we harvest, but do not now disturb our fields, lest there be not enough rice for our little children through the long winter."

Such was the prayer, or polite request, I found written on a strip of yellow cloth waving from a bamboo pole above a ripening rice field. I begged it (with the assistance of a very new and shining twenty yen piece—the price of a hundred such printed petitions) from an old farmer near Tokyo. In its stead, I substituted my handkerchief, confident in my crass Occidental materialism, that it would be equally potent in the eyes of the "little birds."

I had noticed a number of these inscriptions during my trolley ride into the rice district back of Yokohama alternating with occasional *cocashi* (scare crows) of fairly modern fashioning—frequently merely a cross of straw topped by a straw hat. Sometimes there were little bells, but oftener a few of these petitions about the outskirts of the little plots (by courtesy called fields) were accompanied by many quite prayerless fluttering rags overtopping the waving green heads of grain—presumably in the hope that the "little birds" would not feel it necessary to read them all, but would take for granted that all bore equally fervent petitions. It carried my thought back to that exquisite, most tenderly appealing prayer in "Chanticleer"—"Oh god of little birds"—and yet further to the old Puritan definition of these upward-tendering desires of the heart—"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed." Perhaps it was something in the expression of my face that made the old man at my side urge me, by all the arts and gestures known to a very charming hospitality, to come up the path to his home and rest a little;—perhaps a Japanese can't refrain from hospitality.

I had left the tram-car at one of the little rice villages for the express purpose of seeing something of the home life and when the old planter invited me to his house I tried to bow and smile my way as quickly as possible into his confidence. Japanese intercourse consists largely of bows. At least two must



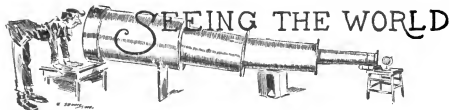
preface all conversation or intercourse of any sort—even inquiry as to the price of articles displayed on the sidewalk for sale. Otherwise, one is regarded little better than a highwayman. Therefore, when I entered the home of the old rice planter, I turned on the full battery of my bowing machinery in the hope that I might be taken at once into the bosom of the family. Circumstantially, such a reception was practically inevitable, since the house consisted of a single room of stone walls, board floor, strewn with home-made rice-straw mats and bamboo-screen doors and windows covered with coarse translucent paper.

Though my host was obviously aged, his wife could not have been more than twenty-one or two. She was unusually pretty and every movement was full of dainty grace, assured, unharried. I had already learned three words—"Mizu" (water), "doka" (please), and "arigato" (thank you). I was very thirsty and the Japanese love to give. My pretty hostess was delighted that I wanted two gourds full of water to drink and hastened to bring me ten as well, and rice cakes, besides figs and grapes from her own dooryard.

They piled mats, one upon another, on the floor and other mats on a low bamboo seat just outside the door and gave me to understand that I could choose where I would dine. I chose the dooryard and there, on a bamboo tray with morning glory leaves for doily and napkin, and with many hospitable salutations, I was served with a truly refreshing and delicious meal. I ate

perforce with my fingers, not yet having acquired the art of chopsticks and there certainly being no fork or spoon available for miles. Two of the children—a pixielike mite of a girl in black kimono and scarlet obi and a boy of perhaps three years, who had apparently been too busy with his mud pies to concern himself with any clothing whatever—came to the arch of the trellis and regarded me solemnly in silence. The baby—a brown scrap of a thing sprawled, face down, on its mother's green and yellow kimonoed back—for all the world like a little soft-shelled crab in leek and celery garnishing—continued to sleep soundly while my hostess drew water and reached up into the higher branches of the fig tree for some fruit that had just been opened by the sun, and did a number of other things—any one of which awakened a baby with an American outfit of nerves, however weary.

My watch, when I drew it out to assure myself I might linger yet another five minutes, excited the liveliest interest in the entire family. Even the old man, apparently, had rarely if ever before seen such a thing. I learned afterward that it was unlikely that any one of these villagers had ever spent so much as a day in any large city or were familiar with their own country side for more than a mile's radius about their homes. Yet monotonous of their lives had not made them sodden, as is so often the case among our own poorer classes, nor dulled one fine perception of artistic effect or fine impulse of hospitality.



A Dainty Gift for a Lady

Bush Childs captured a hawk measuring five feet from tip to tip, using a broken buggy whip. He has delivered the bird to Mrs. Neill, the wife of Deputy United States Marshall Neill, who resides near Maxin's hill.
—The Fulton (Ky.) News.

This Cop Should Be Made Chief

We regret to say that something should be done to stop the dissipation of our young friend Clarence Snodgrass. A few nights ago he put his foot on a brass rail in front of a Canal street show window and addressing a dummy within said: "Borkeeper make me a cocktail, but don't put too much sugar in it." And he remained there waiting for the drink to be served until a policeman informed him that he would find a third parlor around the corner where the lights were bright and the mixologists accommodating.
—The New Orleans (La.) States.

A Class Paper

On the Local's subscription list there are neither millionaires, quack doctors, dentists, fortune tellers, jewelers, opticians, plumbers, butchers, negroes, preachers, school teachers, music teachers, section bosses, florists, actors, sailors, miners, state, county nor town officers, gamblers nor drunkards, and it is read each week by more than one thousand persons.—The Amsterdam (Mo.) Local.

Fish!

On McLellan is repairing his scales and will soon be ready for use.
—The Washington (O.) Republican.

Better Than Poodles

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Brogan are nursing sixteen little pigs.
—The Lane (W. Va.) Recorder.

His Honor on the Job

The return of springtime has fully impressed each resident of our up-to-date village of Carey with renewed energy

in helping Dame Nature to improve the exalted environment in its progressive activities so effectively maintained within her borders, demonstrating the high grade ideals of her social and business relation with her citizenship and the stranger which chance to visit her domicile.—Joseph F. Wonders, Mayor.
—The Carey (O.) Times.

With the Big Bugs

Miss Ollie Gobble was in our midst last Thursday. It is rumored that Miss Ollie is about to commit matrimony. Eugene Snoozer had the misfortune to lose a mole last week.

The Embarrassing Question



By Joseph. (Mo.) News-Press.

Otis Pancake and Jenny Drybread were married at the West Bobolink parrotage on Friday afternoon.

John Cackle is very sick with something the matter with his bronchial tubes at this writing.

Elen Pumpenbour visited here Saturday. Ellen looks just as young as she did 25 years ago.
—The Ardenmore (W. Va.) News.

Progressive Spirit Gone

Things are very quiet here. We never hear of a dog fight any more and since our o'd ent is dead we seldom hear of a cat fight and the drunken yell are things of the past. Oh, for the good old days!
—Correspondence of the Cadiz (O.) Republican.

A Lightning Jar

We are having a lot of rain just now as we'd as thunder and lightning. The lightning struck Peter Varchat's doorway fence gate and made alivers of it. The gate is some three feet from the house. It jarred them up some. I mean the people in the house.
—Sandsfield Note in the Berkshire (Mass.) Eagle.

Heaven Kissed

An Iowa man suggests that the road-sides of every important highway should be adorned with flowers. It is a fine idea and we might add that it would be nice to tie a pink ribbon to each fence post along the road and wrap the wires with hunting, but with wheat at a dollar and a half a bushel no farmer is going to waste any time or ground decorating the highways. Things look pretty good in Kansas just as they are thank you.
—The Iola (Kans.) Register.

Quite Glad

Friends will be pleased to learn that Ray Gates is taking a course in undertaking and embalming.
—The Bradley (S. D.) Globe.

Unrest

We won't tell who it was, but during the holidays a certain young man took one of our young salesladies home one night. He said that he stole a kiss from her and when we asked him what she said about it, he told us confidentially that she said, "Will that be all?"
—The Carlisle (Ark.) Independent.

Getting the News

A. E. Lewis figured in a runaway here Tuesday p. m. What the animal became frightened at is not known.
—The Georgetown (Ill.) News.

We Do Not Believe Everything We Read

Mrs. Isabel Patton, of this town, and one of the most estimable matrons, is the father of a nine-pound boy.
—The Bayou (Miss.) Gazette.

Russia's Man of the Hour

By V. A. TSANOFF

Mr. Tsanoff's doubt whether Gutchkoff will finally be put in charge of the munition question in Russia thus far remains unsolved. The appointment if made will be very dramatic in view of Gutchkoff's history in spite of the fact that he is a great friend of the Minister of War, Polivanoff, who is now at the head of a commission for increasing the supply of munitions in Russia. That commission includes also three members of the Duma and three members of the State Council. The fact that these parliamentary bodies are represented on so important a special commission shows that the war has made those bodies more influential. Gutchkoff's day may come yet.

THE *Retch* of Petrograd prints a report that Alexander Gutchkoff is about to be appointed Assistant Minister of War, and put in charge of a department for war materials; like L'oyd George in England, and Albert Thomas in France.

A better choice could not be made by Nicholas II, but it is doubtful whether it will be made.

The son of an Oldbeliever dissident and of a French mother, educated in economics at the University of Berlin, became gradually prominent in finance in Moscow, he was first heard of ten years ago, when under circumstances similar, if not altogether the same, as those of today, the czarism of Russia, under the pressure of military reverses, overcame its repugnance to control of the government by the governed.

Much occurred in Russian home relations in consequence of Oyama, Nogri, Kuroki's drive to sweeten—for liberal-minded Russians—the Manchurian pill, just as much has recently appeared on the Russian home horizon to reconcile thinking Russia with the Galician disappointment, no matter how disconsolate Russia's western allies may feel about it. In consonance with Russian experience in all of her three past wars, the Russian eagle has weakened its hold at home just as soon as it did so on the battle-field.

When the Far Eastern war filled the hearts of Jews, Poles and landless peasants with a hope such as comes once a century, the issue of the federalization of Russia, and the forcible expropriation of landed properties was formally moved at a congress of Russian Liberal leaders in Moscow, Gutchkoff as a minority of one, cast his vote for the unity of Russia and against federalism.

Scarcely a landed proprietor in Russia dared hope then that autocracy would weather the storm; rows of houses in the residential streets of Petrograd and Moscow, remained with windows boarded up for over a year, this masters being away with their entire families to the Riviera and to every part of western Europe. That was the period when seven hundred estates were pogromed in Saratoff province, and hundreds in every other part of Russia—and when the anchor of the established order, in Berlin, considered whether the hydra of Russian anarchy would not ultimately have to be beaten off by a St. George of Prussia, after having been allowed time enough to wreck pretty thoroughly the prospects of Germany's eastern neighbor.

Gutchkoff did not falter when the drumhead court-martial law was thrust threateningly in the face of Russian revolution by Peter Arkadievitch Stolypin.

I was luncheoning with Gutchkoff in a Moscow hotel when the newspaper extra containing the first announcement—including full details—of the rapid-fire justice which Stolypin had had promulgated by virtue of paragraph 87, was brought to our table. He read it carefully, allowing no trace of emotion to break across the impenetrable mask of his face. As he lifted his eyes from the reading with a word or two he expressed approval of Stolypin's act, which was to restore order at the cost of thousands of lives, young lives, mostly, sacrificing themselves for the cause of freedom as they conceived it, before a bar of justice which was allowed by law a maximum of 72 hours after the arrest of a suspect, to examine, indict, try, convict, sentence, and execute him.

With a majority behind him, pledged to support Stolypin, in the Third Duma, Gutchkoff's first step was a crowdfellian one. Gutchkoff formed a Committee of Imperial Defense, and had himself elected chairman of it, and saw to it that no one was elected to a membership in that committee who belonged to the Opposition. He insisted on having only such as he considered loyal sons of Russia associated with him in his characteristical work. Army and navy affairs, and parliamentary, or more correctly legislative, preoccupation with them, stamped the work of the Third Duma, under Gutchkoff's guidance.

HAD it not been for these years of productive labor on the very marrow of failure in Pacific Asia, Russia could not have fought in this war.

Gutchkoff's first speech on military affairs in the Duma was a more astounding sample of his courage than anything he had done up to that time. He had hrensted the revolutionary current, he showed he could hrenst the reactionary one. The grand dukes and their meddling in the army was the topic he dared expound. He exposed the corruption which marked this grand-ducal trail in one department of army life, and the favoritism and inefficiency which marked it, in another department. Four grand dukes altogether were singled out, to the amazement of the Duma and of Russia. The purpose of the blow was to free the emperor of the grand-ducal clique, and restore to the monarch his prerogatives; to free the army departments of outside interference and reinstate the minister of war into his rightful authority; and to gain for the Duma a voice in this vital matter by force of her achievement in cleaning the Augean stables.

Against the grand dukes Gutchkoff was at least partial, though gradually, successful. He had in this crusade the intrepid Finn, General Roediger, Minis-

ter of War, as an ally, and General Polivanoff, Assistant Minister of War, after an interval, also. Roediger told persons of weaker fiber that a peace was always open for him in the Finnish Senate, and that he did not mind losing his post in a campaign of this sort. On a question involving the Duma's right to sanction the establishment of a naval general staff, thus penetrating far into what might be considered the exclusive province of the supreme power, the upper chamber picked up enough courage to resist the lower one. All the irresponsible influences of reactionism which Gutchkoff had been fighting against massed themselves behind the Council of the Empire. Witte also saw his chance against Stolypin in this struggle. Stolypin, the Duma, and Gutchkoff were worsted in the test. The emperor vetoed the bill which his ministers had approved of, but which his irresponsible advisors assured him infringed upon his prerogatives. In order to preserve formal authority, he surrendered that real monarchical unity of authority which Gutchkoff had been erecting. Stolypin, however, could not be spared; he remained, a broken reed, as *Jeopde* to the edifice, until malignant influences in his own Department of the Interior caused his death at Kiev by assassination on the part of a police spy.

Yet the good work accomplished did not go for naught. Duma members, for the first time in Russia's history, had entered into army and navy life, had formed the acquaintance of all the leading officers in the central government of these services. Visits to arsenals, ship-building yards, barracks, military schools and academies had been made by the Duma Committee on Imperial Defense. Czarism's mightiest arm, the military, had learned to see in the legislature, not an enemy but a friend. For the Duma by word, and by deed, by voting enormous credits for army and navy, had shown that the cause of Russia's armed might in the councils of the nations was a cause dear to the people's deputies.

The chopping off of Roediger's official head, in consequence of the temporary sacrandancy of the clique around the throne, did not discredit Gutchkoff. When Roediger's successor, Sukhomlinoff, showed himself more attached to the clique than to the representative institutions, a conflict arose, which Gutchkoff did not seek too strenuously to avoid.

Polivanoff, the present minister of war, then assistant minister, supported by all the earnest and serious-minded body of Russian officialdom, maintained unclouded, close and intimate relations with the Duma. He spent longer hours at the Tauride Palace, explaining army

facts, and longings, to deputies, gaining their interest in army affairs than he did at the ministry of war. Sukhomlinoff scarcely deigned to pay a visit to the Duma's palace, and for over a year did not open his mouth before the assembly.

The Miasoyedoff case then presented itself, an opportune chance to try strength with the refractory minister. Miasoyedoff was a gendarmier officer who had been removed from the German frontier on account of too intimate relations with Germans in exalted station, and suspected of assisting German agents crossing and recrossing the frontier. Yet he had worked his way into the confidence of Sukhomlinoff, and was actually put in charge of a new department of *fishes*, spying upon army officers, and counter spying Germany. Armed with material furnished

him by the minister of war, Gutchkoff openly attacked the minister of war in the Miasoyedoff case. A duel followed, in which Miasoyedoff fired at Gutchkoff and missed, Gutchkoff firing in the air. Further duels with editors of newspapers were preparing, when the Minister was forced to beat an advisable retreat, in the face of an adverse sentiment among army circles in Petrograd. He was not dropped entirely, but he was put out of the way.

Miasoyedoff's degradation and execution by hanging as a German spy, several months ago, in the course of the war, found the climax of this particular episode.

Gutchkoff's wage was the customary one for all obedience to duty unto the end. He was not elected to the Fourth Duma, the voters, mostly landholders, functionaries and priests—obedient to

court nodes—preferring an invertebrate, and the Cadets and other Opposition groups, fearful of this Duma-army combination, preferring a straight Liberal ideologist, without a will of his own.

In the humbler rôle of city councillor for Petrograd, Gutchkoff has been giving the capital good water, by no means an easy or inconsiderable achievement in a country and city where the cholera is almost endemic.

Having fought for the Boers in South Africa, and done much in Red Cross work throughout the Manchurian war, Gutchkoff left for the front with the first Red Cross hospital last year, and he has scarcely passed more than a night on any of his hurried, business visits, at the capital since.

Such is the personality of the man who may yet be destined, if things become bad enough, to enter through the assistant minister of war's door into the citadel of Russian government where no will, intellect or intense devotion to country can match his own. Gutchkoff is in an infinitely greater degree the dominating Liberal man than Stolypin—who nevertheless maintained representative institutions in Russia—ever could have been.

The ruler of all the Russias cannot find a better servant at this juncture than the man who helped give him the army, and who identified the legislature with the cause of military and naval might.

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The Refugee

By WILLIAM P. LAWSON

I HAVE fled far from the fields of death; and fleeing
Sought peace among the hills here
and the trees
And sought surcease of horror—hope of seeing
God's face among the flowers, in the breeze
To hear God's voice say hope. Oh, madness, madness!
War's voice it is that thunders down the wind
The lightnings are his eyes; not God's!
Just sadness
By day, by night tears in night's eyes I find.
Is it—my hope of peace—beyond foreseeing?
Death is triumphant now and hatred king:
There is no peace on earth, good-will deceiving—
There is no God of Love—no birds to sing:
My hell is with me always, peace-defying.
If I could die, would I find peace by dying?

The Woman in the Theatre

By ARTHUR POLLOCK .

THIS is the era of the woman in the drama. Nothing so well demonstrates the changing attitude of the world toward woman and the increasing importance attributed to her position in society as the effect she is having upon all phases of the theatre.

The status of woman at any period in history has been reflected on its stage. Like a barometer the theatre has registered the pressure of woman at different times upon the attention of the world. Hence, for half a century or so, as each of all the various successive stages in the advance of feminism has added to that pressure, the drama has been quick to record its swift and steady increase. But the theatre has been more than merely a sensitive instrument responsive to changing circumstance: It has played an active and effective part in the progress of woman's affairs. And she in return has come to take so important a part in the affairs of the theatre that woman now is a dominating factor in all things theatrical.

In every department of the drama of the present she is at work, and in every department her presence is felt and bears much fruit. Plays are being made by women: For the first time in the history of the theatre the feminine pen—as "The Piper," "Chains," and "Rutherford & Son" will amply prove—is producing sound and impressive drama. In the art of acting the greatest growth is to be found among the feminine members of the profession: When, at the end of each season, the critic comes to remark upon the promise of the newcomers to the ranks of those successful on the stage he finds the majority of the younger generation to be women; good material among the men is decidedly scarce. As a play-producer, woman has had a hand in the renaissance of the English stage; Janet Achurch was of material aid in intro-

ducing Ibsen to the English-speaking playgoer; the production of Hedda Gabler by Elizabeth Robins and Marion Lea launched Ibsen successfully in America; and the Irish national theatre owes much to Lady Gregory and Miss Horniman, the latter of whom was also the sponsor of the repertory-theatre movement in England and is replenishing the British stage continuously with well-trained and intelligent actors.

Devising, acting and producing drama is not, however, the sole extent of woman's service to the stage. Women it

also is whom plays are being planned and written and presented especially for. What the public wants today and largely what the public gets is what the women want. They are the chief components of the modern audience. It is they who inspire much and support all of the worthiest stage supplies. The influence of the thoughtful, more receptive-minded woman playgoer is gradually ridding the drama of the incubus of the tired business man's abortive taste, and the enervating effect of the friebling matinee girl is being offset by the pres-

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TOWN & COUNTRY keys its comment to the tone of the drawing-room. It is a pictorial paper, but it selects its pictures with a view to the eternal interest that exists in people who do noteworthy things.

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It is doubtful, indeed, judged by the character of its contents and appearance, if a higher standard of quality could be attained in periodical publishing.

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ence in the theatre, in continually increasing numbers, of the more sensible, less aimless of her sex, whose interests are in ideas and not in personalities. The most promising attempt of recent years to improve the quality of the dramatic output is being made by the Drama League in its efforts to alter the public's attitude toward the theatre; and the Drama League is an outgrowth of a woman's club and numbers now among its members many thousand women.

All of which has not by any means always been the case. Woman as an influencing factor is very young in the theatre. As a producer of plays she is one of the theatre's few real novelties; as an interpreter of feminine rôles her history is by no means lengthy, and, for the greater part of the drama's history her attendance as a spectator at theatrical performances has, when not actually prohibited, been frowned upon and made unpleasant for her. Plays for many centuries have aimed to feed the masculine eye and ear and mind almost exclusively. The world for long has been in many ways a man's world, and the mirror held up to nature in the theatre has sedulously reflected that fact.

But so important an element has woman now become in the theatre that in England she has a play-house entirely her own. For, as a result of the efforts of the Actresses' Franchise League, there has been established at the Coronet, The Women's Theatre. There Björnson's Gauntlet and Mrs. Bernard Shaw's translation of Briseux's *La Femme Seule*, both typical plays of the time, are presented.

The most significant fact, however, in all the evidence of the rise of woman in the drama has not yet been mentioned here. It is the fact that she has come to be the subject of the majority of modern plays. She seems today to be the straw without which the dramatist fears to attempt to make his dramatic brick. He likes to have his plot concerned almost entirely with some crisis in a woman's life. He is looking now at all the old stories from the woman's point of view and, from his new position on the woman's side of the fence, finding some

seemingly fresh situations he had not previously been able to discern.

Woman as a material for drama did not come into her own until the nineteenth century. Previous to that, it is true, she had played her part in the drama of each succeeding period, but she played it with the passivity of a pawn. Shakespeare in this respect was typical of his time. Juliet may have had more common sense and initiative than her lover, Portia was more resourceful than the men she found herself among, and Lady Macbeth had more than a finger in the fate of her ambitious husband; but whatever may be said of Shakespeare's heroines and their importance as divinities shaping others' ends, he seldom cared in the least to make their sex significant. He put them in his plays because they happened to be at hand; they were among the useful tools of his trade.

It was in the nineteenth century that the playwright really discovered woman. He saw for the first time that life could be looked at through other than masculine eyes. It was the younger Dumas who really began the discussion of the many circumstances in women's lives that seemed to be in need of adjustment. Seizing upon Dumas's innovation, Ibsen with it perfected the modern social drama; and thereupon the doom of the theatre were thrown open for women: Nora, Hilda, Rebecca, Hilde, Mrs. Alving—each in her own way throws light upon some side of woman's positions, character and needs.

Ibsen has been followed by Shaw, Björnson, Sundermann, Pmero, Jones and others. To name the contemporary plays in which women are objects of chief interest would make an interminable list; for the drama of today is the drama of every woman in her humor.



VANITY FAIR

Vanity Fair is a new kind of magazine. There is nothing else like it in the United States.

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distribution. Nothing was further from our thoughts.

While we acknowledge that the Hoover Commission does wonderful work, and while we believe that individual help could not be as effective and generally beneficial as is this systematic and organized assistance, we know full well that a Socialist management must come through and from the people and not from some charitable agency from above. Besides the distribution of the means of life alone does not, by any means, constitute Socialistic management so long as the means of production remain in the hands of a small privileged minority of the people.

What we did say, or meant to say, was that the efficiency of the work of the Hoover Commission proved the Socialist contention that centralization is more capable and more conducive to greater advantages in every way, for everybody concerned than the individualistic, haphazard way of dealing with conditions and institutions of the capitalist society.

For this reason you will understand that we cannot see anything Socialistic in the war-measures of Germany nor in the national construction of the Panama Canal. Both may prove that the nation is by far better able to undertake to deal with emergencies or to execute big undertakings, but they certainly are not Socialistic in the sense of the International Socialist movement.

Finally let us say that we agree with you that it would be much better for Belgium to continue—at least until the time is ripe for the Socialist Society—in the old capitalist way than to live

under American benevolence in the form of the Hoover Commission on the one side and Prussian militarism on the other.

New York City.

The Real Ireland

BY ADA GIFFORD

A COPY of your magazine dated July 19th has been given to me with an article entitled "Ireland and the War."

I want to tell you in a straight-forward manner that I consider this article the most insulting and grossly ignorant misrepresentation of the Irish race I have ever read. I am a native of Dublin, Ireland, and a personal friend of A. E. whom you quote without catching the real meaning of his lines. A. E. wrote those lines meaning that he hoped for a free and independent Ireland as does any thinking Irishman.

Do you think that the few Irish slaves whom you met voiced the opinion of the nation, no more than does the subsidized New York press voice the opinions of the American people. Those men get fat salaries from the British Government and have to say those things. I know for a fact that recruiting in Ireland has been an utter failure though the British Government has done everything and spent thousands of dollars to have the world believe otherwise, and I can back up what I say. It makes my blood boil to read your sneering remarks about the intellect of the Irish race and the ridiculous stories of them not knowing what side Germany was fighting on, and people thinking that a Parliament

was already sitting in Ireland, trying to prove to Americans that the Irish are a race of idiots or worse.

My friend please write on a subject of which you know something because I see you are quite an able man, but leave the Irish race alone and do not try to revive that long extinct animal, the stage Irishman. As far as Irish intellect in America goes everyone knows that it occupies the highest niche everywhere, most of the leading judges and lawyers being of Irish birth or blood. Your present Mayor is the son of a well-known Irish rebel, your first admiral, Jack Barry was an Irishman. But every Irishman whose brilliance has made him world famed is always claimed as an Englishman, like G. Bernard Shaw, who came from Dublin, or John P. Holland the inventor of the submarine who is claimed as an American and whose life work is claimed as an American invention.

I hope to meet you some day and tell you a little of the real Ireland and to set at naught the lying stories of the traitorous John Redmond under whose influence you have apparently fallen.

New York City.

Through

BY FRED L. SCHRADER

I HAVE been a reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY for thirty years, but I am through with the Weekly forever in view of the indefensible partisanship you have displayed in your writings and cartoons on the present war.

New York City.

How To Increase Your Living Power, Health Promoting Power, Mind Power, Will Power and Pleasure Obtaining Power To An Unusual Degree without Inconvenience, Apparatus, Drugs, Loss of Time or Study Through Conscious Evolution

The Story of "Conscious Evolution" and Its Discoverer

By DONALD RICHARDSON

THE simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health, life and pleasures of the body depend upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

When, however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual energy and potency—who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how without inconvenience, apparatus, drugs, study or loss of time, we can put unusual health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body and mind the maximum of health, pleasure and power, and do this in a very perfectly natural, easy and practical way—then we are all attention.

A Great Secret of Life

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer in the realm of physiological science. Some day the complete history of "Conscious Evolution" and its discoverer will be recorded, with all its immense significance and far-reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over two hundred thousand cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life. Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, and happy than they were before. He advances them a tremendous way along the line of human development. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods. He has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind.

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution Based on a Knowledge of all Sciences

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discovers with learned fluency on the science of "Conscious Evolution" which embraces all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on his particular specialty—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda system of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the wisdom of his "Conscious Evolution."

The Aim of Conscious Evolution is Better Minds, Better Bodies, Better Health and More Intense Pleasures

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, faddists or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan comprehends the complete development of the human being—increased of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power, and in fact, greater cohesiveness to live and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well, and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Swoboda is a Man Who is Centuries in Advance of His Time

His discovery of conscious evolution is itself of epochal importance. But its scientific and successful application is more wonderful still.

The feat of Franklin in drawing the electric spark from the clouds was a wonder of the time. Yet it took a hundred years to master the secret of that electric spark and harness the giant force of electricity to the use of mankind. Swoboda not only discovered the marvelous secret and principle of Conscious Evolution, but applies it to individuals with results that are incalculable. Swoboda might, indeed, be called a specialist for the human race.

A single electric spark is of little importance. But intensify that spark and multiply it a millionfold, and you have the power, the heat and the dazzling lights of a great city. So with our cells, says Swoboda. Quicken one, and make a little difference. But energize and intensify them all, and you have a "live-wire" human being with mental and physical potency plus—the Swoboda kind of body and mind.

What would happen to a business man who allowed half of his workmen to idle away at their machines, not only losing their own time and effort but interfering with the producing power of the rest of the force? Yet that is exactly what the average human being does with the workers in his physiological factory. You have a most ingenious, pleasure and power producing machine in your possession—the machine that means health or weakness, pleasure, happiness, success, or failure, and yet, you allow it to practically run itself or erroneously believe that when a machine is ready to completely crumble that some physician possesses the magic power of restoring your health and life through the use of a drug. Far from securing health and pleasure, however, this resort to and belief in extraneous assistance, really encourages physical and mental decay, because it weakens by non-use and neglect, the body's natural resources, power, and means of recuperation.

The Human Body is a "War Machine"

The commander who goes into battle with an inept army is handicapped at the start. The man who goes into the battle of life with his physiological forces far below par is fated to meet at least partial failure. The great bulk of us are hardly

drawing on our tremendous stores of energy and vitality. We are letting our cells grow stale and sluggish. Our human machine should be running in perfect condition in order that we may get the most out of it—before we can enjoy its full powers in ecstasies and rounded fashion. Strengthen the vitality of those cells and you not only make the body more alive but the brain more susceptible to new ideas from without, as well as greatly increase its own power to generate ideas. Many a man is getting a great deal of pleasure out of his mind but nothing out of his body.

Peace de Leon's fountain of youth died with him. Your fountain of youth will die with you. Swoboda's fountain of youth is still alive itself. Through Conscious Evolution only can you drink to the full of the fountain of youth.

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can through the conscious use of the principles of Evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamo, with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity,—100 per cent. efficient.

If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are, according to the Swoboda Standard, indeed mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and even greater realization of health, energy and pleasure.

Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its every form and variety of conditions. It scientifically reduces excessive blood pressure, restores elasticity to arteries and turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure.

No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution will be subject to indigestion, bowel sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fog, sleeplessness, nervousness, or any functional difficulty of any character.

Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Little Book

This book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It makes clear Swoboda's new theory of the mind and body. It starts, educates and enlightens. It tells how the cells build the body and how to organize them beyond the point where nature left off, for each one of us. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course; the information which it imparts cannot be duplicated elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities through conscious evolution of the cells; it explains Swoboda's discoveries and what they are doing for thousands of men and women of every age and condition. It tells of the Dangers and after effects of Exercise, and Conscious Deep Breathing. Swoboda's book shows how any one may possess unusual health and vitality.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind and for showing you how you may be able to attain greater pleasure and in every way a superior life.

Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles of evolution, which Swoboda discovered. It will open new avenues through which you may become successful, in satisfying your most intense desires. It is not a dry treatise on physiology; on the contrary, it tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you need to know, about the body and mind and the laws of their evolution.

Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of this book while it is free. Address: Alois P. Swoboda, 1323 Acacia Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Journal of Civilization

Edited by **NORMAN HAPGOOD**

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What Is America Worth?

UNDER the caption "Our Country" we endeavored in the issue of August 21st to sum up what the United States had thus far done that could fairly be called contributive to the world's progress. An intelligent reader makes the objection that we omitted an aspect of our history that is of all perhaps the most important. It is an aspect that we thought of and omitted of set intention.

What we credited to the United States was, briefly stated, political genius in its beginnings and mechanical ingenuity since. The point that our reader believes should have been added is that ours is the first experiment in democracy ever made on a very large scale.

The reason we did not add that third item in the list of historical values is that a mere experiment, however large, is not what we were discussing. Until the experiment is a proved success it would fall under the head of hopes, of possibilities, that we also mentioned. It is a large, new, fertile ground; the nation started with profound idleness; and of course the question of how they work out is extremely interesting. There is no excuse, however, for stating that the question is yet answered. There is no excuse for assurance that, apart from the advantage of our natural resources, the United States has anything to offer its citizen of higher value than he would inherit if born in Denmark, Switzerland, or Holland. There is no doubt that the just-now-hated Germany has done some excellent things for her inhabitants that we have not done for ours. There is no doubt that there are a dozen intellectually mature persons in France to one in our land.

Before we settle back into acquiescence in any glorious-destiny talk we shall have to wait awhile at least. A sound that has clamored loud in our ears during the last weeks comes from Atlanta. Terribly dramatic is that savagery, but it is not the only caution against smugness. The Colorado situation, which was in the centre of the stage a little while ago, hardly proves genius in working out the principle of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The next presidential campaign seems likely to bring before the public some sharp issues of principle versus greed. Take the proposal to put back a Hanna tariff, for example. Watch the arguments put forward in behalf of returning to the old system. See how high-minded they will be. Consider them not only in relation to freedom of opportunity in this country, but in relation to the world's effort to free itself from causes of war. Consider the discussion of Mexico, and see whether the motives are always the

purest. Apply the same test throughout, in the ferment that will be active between now and November 1916, and then you will be in better training to say whether the United States can claim ethical and intellectual leadership today.

Are We United?

DIFFICULTIES to big souls are inspirations. The problems to be solved, the obstacles to be overcome, by the government of the United States, in a predicament like the present, have been and will be enormous; but however formidable they are, they will be met, in fearless calm, by the Administration and by the people standing behind it. There will be no stampede, no trepidation, no noise. When a sound democracy is well led, it will respond to the best. Our democracy is being led today in a spirit that fears not foreign enemies, great responsibilities, criticism by jingos or pacifists, and has the brains to carry through a program chosen deliberately, and with insight, and with obvious approval of the public.

The difficulties are of many kinds. The German-Americans have so conducted themselves that a new immigration bill will probably be introduced next winter. As the Germans are all literate, the President's veto of the last bill is dramatically justified. There may possibly be some arbitrary method of restricting volume, in order to give us time for digestion. There are also likely to be bills aimed against the attempt of foreign governments to acquire directly or indirectly control of American munition plants and American newspapers.

More seriously important than the German-American defection, which would, we believe, never become active traitorousness in a war, is the petty disloyalty brought about by partisan envy and hatred. Mr. Hearst, Col. Roosevelt, and a few Republicans playing the same game, like Jim Mann, can do more to embarrass us than all the Bartholdts and Ridders. They can do more, but they cannot really break the unity of the country, for the single reason that the country knows bias and bile when it sees them. We have yet to meet anybody who believes the Hearst-Roosevelt vocabulary to be free of the sad expression of human envy. Partisanship may not end at the water's edge for everybody, but it will end there for the mass of American citizens. They know that reluctant criticism is valuable even in such a crisis, but they also know that eager and vindictive hostility, based on disappointment and ambition, is not a banner under which they themselves would care to march.

Barnes to the Rescue

THE Republican boss of New York is making a valiant fight against what he calls special privilege. Barnes has, in our guess, a rather honest mind. He feels the value of his cause. His gore rises at the idea that the prevailing instincts should be shackled. If protection is given to the majority against conquest and exploitation, Barnes sees the sun setting over all that is beautiful in our social life. His mission is to prevent the lamb from obtaining special privileges against the lion.

Cheer Up

CERTAIN Republicans (most excellent men, some of them) are worried for fear home rule will be made the dominant issue in New York in the next election. They call it playing politics. They think the issue is dragged in to make Democratic votes. They are mistaken. The most independent men will be among the leaders in that fight if it becomes necessary—men who care little for party labels. The issue is in their own hands. If the legislative investigating committee plays politics in its investigation of what is none of its business, New York City affairs, the party that appointed it must suffer. If the Constitutional Convention hands us bunk for home rule, the party dominating that convention must suffer. There is no way out. But there is the "if". Let the committee act as sympathetic statesmen, let the convention recognize the great city's freedom, and they will avoid this issue. Otherwise they squeal in vain, cry "politics" in vain. Their only safety is in large-minded statesmanship.

The Greatest Puzzle

COLONEL ROOSEVELT usually has a purpose up his sleeve. He probably has a plan in his reiteration that the United States signed a treaty agreeing to protect Belgium. He says it every day or so. In his last outburst she is "The weak whom we covenanted to protect." Col. Roosevelt writes history. He presumably knows that, so far from accepting that responsibility at The Hague, we explicitly disavowed it. What is the answer? Perhaps his acceptance of the good old principle that if a thing is asserted often enough it will be believed.

Another related question that bothers people is this: The colonel keeps demanding from Mr. Wilson deeds instead of words, acts instead of eloquence. If he means that Mr. Wilson ought to fight, even if he can get what he wants without fighting, would it not be a little more like the colonel's magnificent and red-blooded courage to say so?

Agitation

GOVERNMENT by commission is growing in volume in this country, but it cannot be said that the last few years have increased its success. Politics have hurt it in some places, as in the public utility commissions of Wisconsin, New York, and Massachusetts. The immense difficulties of the subject matter, with lack of unity, plan, and substantive law, have hurt it in the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The Commission on Industrial Relations was a

mere investigation committee, but it ought to have given light that would have helped all our commissions, helped Congress, and helped the thinking public. Instead of helping it has made the whole subject of regulation and industrial legislation more difficult. When it was appointed it was expected to present facts, with only such recommendations as might grow out of hard study of the facts. The chairman was a very brilliant man, but he chose to make agitation for his views the main business of the commission, with little that can fairly be called investigation at all. Therefore, all the reports, aggregating some two hundred thousand words, will be neglected by the public and by Congress.

A Railroad Grievance

POSTMASTER-GENERAL BURLERSON does not accept the theory of the railroads that they are being robbed in the carriage of the mails. He owes, then, to them and to the public a statement of his views. His defense is supposed to be that the government pays its fair share of the costs of running passenger trains. Well, that position badly needs proof, but if proved it is no answer, for the passenger trains do not pay their share of the total. The roads received too little for the mails even before the parcel-post. When that addition was made the unfairness to them was increased vastly.

Atrocity Planned Ahead

BERLIN sends word that the assistant architect of the city of Cologne has been chosen to supervise the rebuilding of Belgium. His job will be to "prevent the introduction of bad or mediocre architecture."



Belgium gets it going and coming. Germany has brought about progress in many fields in recent years, but when it comes to taste in building, wow! The Allies will now fight until the last man dies rather than let the Germans spread their esthetic culture.

Keeping at It

GOVERNMENT by public row is a definition of democracy. Sometimes the row is needed. The rumpus over savings-bank insurance last winter in Massachusetts, and the victory in the legislature for an extension of the work, have had a beneficial effect in the volume of business done. July was the biggest month (the August figures are not before us) savings-bank insurance has had since it began, and June was the next to the biggest. The correctness of the scheme was long ago proved and it is now a question of public interest. Hence the value of a well-staged rumpus.

Mexico

LIKE the European situation Mexico has offered us a problem not of simple elements but of complex. It has been the desire to help toward a solution without the intrusion of our force; to be tolerant toward Mexico's own efforts; to inspire confidence in

South America; to make Europe believe in our preference of principle to gusty passion and dollars; and to help ourselves believe in that effort. Mr. Taft said while president: "We must avoid in every way that which is called intervention and use all the patience possible, with prayers that some power may arise there to bring about peace in that great country." Mr. Taft protested against the treatment of Madero. He did not intervene and he did not recognize Huerta. He courteously left Mr. Wilson as free as possible, when his term expired with the problem unsolved. It is unsolved still, but at least we have thus far avoided butchering Mexicans, and if we are ever compelled to do it, the most pacific will have been impressed with our reluctance to take the bloody road to quiet.

Civilization

GOVERNOR HARRIS' remark, connecting the disgrace to his State of the Frank lynching with the lack of woman suffrage, was a bold and brilliant one, and will probably have consequences throughout the country. Mrs. Shaw scored a bull's-eye when she pointed out that the stage of development in chivalry that expresses itself in such justice is the stage that, under male suffrage, made the age of consent ten years! Thus did the noble male protect woman and keep her pure soul from being tarnished by participation in moral legislation.

The Summer Man

AS THE world changes, it becomes in some ways perhaps less interesting. Certainly it acquires new problems; new especially in volume. The whole human race is now considered, where before it was the glory, the conquests, the genius of the few. Democracy has yet to prove itself in artistic genius the equal of aristocracy.

On the other side of the ledger, however, there is an increasing amount. Sing, O Muse, the new summer girl, increasing incredibly in charm, and the



new summer man, taking a vastly changed place in the cosmic scheme. The new summer girl no longer dresses and sits about, waiting, forlorn, in hordes for the scarce and necessary male. She plays tennis and golf, fishes, sails, canoes, climbs mountains, studies, and campaigns. If her summer home possesses masculine youth, she deems that an advantage, but looks over the specimens carefully. No noodleheads for her. No asses swaggering in the mere fact of trowsers. She prefers men if they have anything of genuine interest, but to a fool or a coxcomb she much prefers her paddlo or her geometry. What better can happen to the world than that the choicest women can await, serenely, the choicest men? What better, for breeding upward, than the lessened importance of the he-mutt? The antique summer man is gone. Heaven rest his soul, his disappearance is a boon.

Praise and Blame

A FRIEND of ours put us in a hole the other day. We were discussing the relations of individuals and we observed that blame seldom accomplished much. "I notice," the friend observed, "that you have spent a good deal of space proving from white,



yellow, and gray papers that Germany was to blame." He had us embarrassed for a time. Then it came to us that there are cases when the establishment of a principle is inseparable from fixing responsibility. This frequently holds with individuals in political office or with great business power. It may even hold in purely private relations, though in them, as outsiders are not concerned, it is nearly always true that if the relations are to continue and have worth it is by mutual comprehension and atmosphere and not by proving things by argument. It is hard to see how we can in statecraft and government establish the principles and procedures we believe in without also exposing those who reject them.

What Is Bad Air?

THE difficulty of comprehending even those facts which are daily of most importance to us is shown by the revolutionary discoveries made in New York within the last year or so regarding what makes air injurious in crowded buildings, such as schools or theatres. We were brought up to suppose it was $C O_2$, breathed out from the lungs. Now we find there is seldom a sufficient lack of pure air to do much harm and the oppression comes from humidity and temperature. Almost every day medicine takes some step ahead, whether in some such homely field as air or digestion (in digestion also nearly all our exact knowledge is recent) or in the more striking regions of surgery and in treatment of the great devastating diseases.

Good Conversation

ALONGSIDE of reading, a blend of nature, conversation stands as a prime stimulant and consolation of the intelligent. Two qualities it needs, if it is to be in the best sense an art: It requires knowledge of present affairs and of history, and it requires an interest in the human heart. Without public affairs, history, art, it tends to become mere gossip. With those, but without keen interest in the heart and its adventures, it tends to become heavy and pedantic. The best talkers alive today, on the whole, are probably the cultivated French. They love language, they debate about politics, religion, economics, but also the most serious of them will talk of love, death, and hope. The best talker ever known to the present writer, William James, had a mind stored with many things, but not impeded by them. He was as close to human feeling at fifty as it is possible to be at twenty. He could talk with a philosopher, a lawyer, a lonely widow, a green and striving youth. To talk well is to know much, but it is also to expose the soul; to expose it with manners and taste, but fully and with enjoyment.

Hooking Up Football and Poker

By HERBERT REED

THAT there is a valuable principle even in a game played by the totally unprincipled has already been proved by the system of football developed by Percy Haughton and his capable aids at Harvard University. The form of attack used by the Crimson in its big games last year was based on the principle of the old Shell Game that used to flourish—and for all I know still flourishes—in the b'gosh country of both fact and fiction. Yet even in these days of broad-minded football when hard-pressed coaches and players leave no source of inspiration unexplored in their endeavor to baffle the enemy by small deceptions that in the great American college game are not considered sinful, appears now and then an innocent who has never heard of the Shell Game. It is of record that one since-famous quarterback was compelled early in his course of instruction at the hands of his very able coach, to delve into the mysteries of the Shell Game, using the original implements for that purpose. Three walnut shells and a pea do not add mightily to the annual football budget of any institution, but a study of their possibilities when in conjunction does add mysteriously and effectively to the attack, as Yale and Princeton can rise up and testify after never-to-be-forgotten experiences against the Shell-Game principle as applied to football by the Harvard strategists.

It is to be feared that earnest spectators who watched Harvard's attack in full swing last year never bothered themselves of the Shell Game, and thus were baffled quite as much as Harvard's opponents, although in better position, in the grand stand, to unravel that attack. Had they considered the ball as the humble but efficient pea, the four backs and the two ends as shells manipulated by the unseen master-player who sat upon the side-line bench, they might have realized after a little cold study that here was the Shell Game at the zenith of its efficiency, since while there remained still but the one pea, there were now six shells in the hands of the master-player instead of three—might have realized that the old and discredited Shell Game had been revived and adapted and applied to the search for the shortest paths to worthy ends—the same being touchdowns.

The earnest student of football—and this I hope the thousands upon thousands of spectators who support the great college game will ultimately become—will add greatly to his enjoyment of the fall season if he will seek to read into football some of

the principles of other games with which he may be familiar—games of the head, games of the hand, or both. For instance, there are gathering-shots and position-play in billiards, and there are gathering-moves and position-play in football almost without end. Yes, doubter, they are there—even principles of Bridge, Euchre, Bezique, Golf and Tennis, Hearts, and perhaps a dash of Old Maid. Walter Camp is an authority on Bridge, and Percy Haughton is no beginner when equipped with a peck of cards. The connection is obvious. I have had a first-class coach point out to me many things that added to his football wisdom that were gained from a careful study of the different values of the pieces used in Chess, and point them out convincingly. Fielding Yost plays many mysterious games of his own. He is no mere pencil and paper strategist. Far more resourceful he. He will arise about the dog-watch and get into the game. An ash-receiver will do for centre, the rest of the line can be filled out with such knick-knacks as come in handy, the half-backs may well be buttons, with a formidable inkwell going in at full-back. With their coach thus equipped for his study of strategy and grand tactics, let Michigan's foes beware.

Coming now to the matter in hand, and having established, I hope, some connection between football and other games, let me state that while the Shell Game, as applied to football, will again be largely in evidence this season, there will also be frequent application of one of the great principles of the thoroughly American game of Poker. There was a distinct revival of Poker-in-Football last season, and this year Poker principles will be all the more in evidence.

I am asked again and again by the average spectator, "Just what is this lateral or Rugby passing-game we hear so much about?" Friend, it is Poker—it is Bluff. It is the task of the attack to make the bluff go, that of the defense to call it. The next time you see a string of backs, neatly spaced out, legging it in the general direction of the side-line, with the last man or perhaps the next to the last man carrying the ball quite brazenly out there in the open, you will know that these men are bluffing. There are, of course, moves that may be made in the event of the bluff being called, but the men start on their crablike excursion with every confidence in their ability to make the bluff go. These men carry out their bluff by passing the ball.



HARRY LEGORE, YALE'S KINGPIN PASSER

In the Poker attack now in process of development by the Elis, this fast back is usually the man who makes the wide run after receiving the lateral pass, or turns the play into a forward pass if he finds the defense coming in on him too fast.



HARVARD COMBINING BLUFF AND DECEPTION.

A sample of the deadly attack built around Shell-Game principles that swamped the Princeton defense at Cambridge a year ago. Hordwick has taken the ball for a twenty-yard gain from his position at end, the shuffling of the Crimson backs having coaxed the entire Tiger defense out of position.

When next you see a group of backs coming up to the line side-stepping, shifting and shuttling, moving like

shuffled cards, you will know that these men are practising deception, are playing the Shell Game. They carry it out by changing their direction and pace, speeding up here, slowing down there, and slipping the ball, at the same time concealing it as much as possible, one to another, and perhaps even back again.

Shell-Game football is sifty and deceptive, while Poker-football is brazen. What an effective combination — deception and impudence! Now you coax your enemy, now you bluff him.

When you play Shell-Game football you say in effect to your enemy: "Well now, who's got the ball and where's he going? Guess. When you play Poker-football you remark, with unctious: "Well, here we all are. No deception about this. Look us all over, ball included you'll see that all the time—and even then you'll not know what we've got. We don't know ourselves. What we do depends upon what you do. If you don't do a lot of things we'll do any one of several things and get away with it." Crudely put, no doubt, but stripped of "technical stuff."

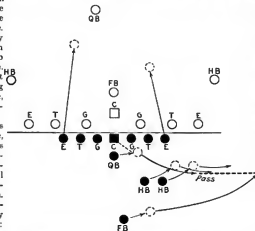
When these two types of attack are going smoothly the defense is in for a busy time. It cannot meet deception with deception nor im-

puudence with impudence to any great extent. When you are defending against these two brands of attack

about all you can say is: "Go ahead, Bill, pull the funny stuff. We'll have a couple of men in there on top of you throwing fits right in the middle of the works, and a few others out here not lunging forward and coincidentally examining their shoe-laces, but head up and looking you over, and if you've got any care-free people wandering around loose they'll have close company not of their choosing." And that, in the language of the football tribe, is the principle of defense.

The lateral, or Rugby-pass, is new in American football largely to the extent to which it is being developed in connection with the forward-pass. Teams of the Eighties used lateral-passing to a very large degree, although this passing had not the indeterminate feature so strongly marked as it is today. The accompanying diagrams explain the technique of the simplest form of the play as nearly as can be done with pencil and paper, and nothing more need be added to them. A close study of them will, I am sure, convince any fair student of the game of the infinite latent possibilities in the play.

Hinkey last year revived the lateral-passing at Yale largely in the hope of turning out a scoring team, for which



This play, a very simple one, embodies all the important principles of the passing-game. It is made from kick formation, the most valuable formation known to football. As indicated by the dotted circles in the diagram the backfield men jump a yard or two to the right an instant before the ball is snapped. Both in the original position and after the jump is made there is the threat of a kick, a pass, lateral or forward, or a run. This is the most difficult situation for the defense to face. After the ball is snapped the backs run in the direction indicated by the arrows and the two ends go down the field. The quarterback takes the ball and breaks to the right, all the backs taking plenty of room behind the line of scrimmage. At all stages of the play the man with the ball must be the judge of what the defense seems bent upon doing. Responsibility goes with the ball. If the defensive halfback and end come in the quarterback will be forced to get rid of the ball. In that case he can either pass it laterally to either of the two halfbacks or the fullback (preferably to the last named since he has more room in which to work) or hurl it down the field to whichever end appears to be in the best position to take the forward pass. If the defensive halfback and end do not come in the quarterback can continue his run or pass laterally to any one of the other three backs who seems to be in better position to make the gain longer. Every one of the backs keeps the ends in sight. They might be covered by the defense when the quarterback has the ball and uncovered an instant later when the ball has gone laterally to the fullback. The ideal finish to the play is a forward-pass after a lateral-pass, as was the case when Yale made its quick-fire touchdown against Princeton last year. In the highest development of the play, one of the ends is counted upon for effective cross-blocking.

there was a great and growing demand at New Haven, regardless of what might happen on the defense. Harvard took up the study of the plays principally in order to devise a satisfactory defense against them, while Princeton tackled the revived style largely through the efforts of Donald Grant Herring, who had played English-Rugby football with Oxford, as well as the old American game with Princeton. His idea was, of course, a combination of the two styles of attack, in the proper proportion. As the season wore on Princeton lost its grip on the "new stuff," but that did not mean that the attempt was an utter failure. I have no doubt that the Tigers, under Rush, will open the game wide this year.

But as far back as 1893 Princeton worked at least one lateral-pass in a big game that should have opened the eyes of football men all over the country to the possibilities of this type of play. Many old-timers who saw that play operate for a gain of many yards, a gain that ended just short of a touchdown, never knew exactly how the play was worked, so I shall explain it here, for the benefit alike of the old-timer and the newcomer, as nearly as I can: Princeton was using series-plays from a single signal, something that is very difficult to do nowadays, and the series in which the long-pass had a part was not used until late in the game, and, unfortunately for the Tigers, too far from Yale's goal. Up to this time the ball on every play had passed through the hands of Phil King at quarterback. He was always in a crouching position when he received the ball from Balliet at centre. Also, Frank Morse, at half, had been used for short-line plunges directed, with only the slightest variations, at one spot. The signal for the series was given, and Morse was used in one of his regular and expected plunges. Followed a quick lineup, and in this the combination of bluff

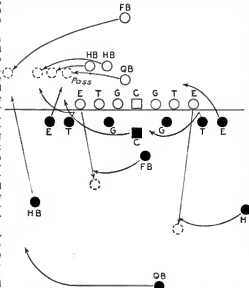
and deception went into effect. King stood straight up in his regular position back of Balliet, centre, while Morse was left far to one side, slowly limping toward the line of scrimmage. It did not occur to the Yale men that any play would be made until King had bent down to his work, nor did they pay any attention to Morse. No one covered him. Suddenly Trenchard crossed back of the line from his position at end, took the ball from Balliet,

and shot a long, lateral-pass—twenty yards or more—to Morse, who was away in a hurry. The Yale forwards and first-line of defense were caught flatfooted, and had it not been for Frank Butterworth, Yale's last defense, the Tiger-half would have been certain of a touchdown. Yost used some plays built on this theory last season, but possibilities along this line have been far from exhausted.

There is, of course, a marked difference between this type of play and the lateral-passing that Yale is putting on this season after the propitious start made a year ago. In the play described the ultimate destination of

the ball was a fixed quantity so far as the attack was concerned, while in the Yale-play the man who carries the ball on the pass from the centre does not know until the defense develops just which of several things he will do with it. As used by Yale the lateral-passing has traveled out to one side, but as yet has not traveled back again, a perfectly feasible further development of the play, and one common enough in English Rugby. So far Yale has been content to sweep the defense to the right and then cross the man with the ball sharply to the left when a sweeping run to the right or a forward-pass seemed ill-advised, but I have no doubt that in course of time the ball itself will travel to the left even when not sent to the left down the field in a forward-pass to an end or back.

It has been extremely difficult to get conservative football men to see the possibilities in this lateral-passing. They saw only the danger, forgetting that this style of passing can be covered quite as well as forward-passing. Yet fully five years ago Fred Daly, the old Yale captain, and now coach at Williams, worked out the theory and besought the Yale coaches to put it into action, and Walter Camp heartily indorsed the style of attack after he had seen the remarkable Australian All-Blacks, the greatest passing-team in the world, in action. Out on the Pacific coast, J. A. Pipal, while teaching regular American football to Occidental College, for three years has been building the Rugby-passing into their game. Prof. Gettell, at Trinity, four years ago was working out the indeterminate-passing plays, and there were others, too numerous to mention, thinking along the same lines.



The theory of defense against lateral and forward-passing is to develop the play as quickly as possible—force the man with the ball to make his choice at once and then cover every man eligible to receive the ball. These eligibles will be three of the backs and the two ends. To develop the play two men must get in back of the scrimmage-line and after the man with the ball, and must get in fast. Some coaches send in the tackles, some the guards, but since the ends encounter the least resistance, I think, they are the men who should go in as the Army sent them in against the Navy last fall. Under this system the tackles will have to play a "head up," or "stalling" defense. In reality they will be extra ends, waiting to see what the real ends, who go in, are able to develop. This allows the halfback to come straight up, past the line of scrimmage, to cover the outside-back whether he has the ball or not. The tackle should be able to get out and cover one of the halfbacks, while the "loose centre," swinging wide, can take care of what might develop against the normal tackle position. Both ends will have to be covered down the field. The fullback can go back with one of them, the right-halfback with the other, the quarterback crossing in the direction of the play but making sure to keep free from downfield interferers. This, of course, weakens the line between the tackles, and especially in the guard positions, but with the tackles "waiting" they ought to be able to cross toward centre behind their own line as well as swing out. Men playing this type of defense will have to make up their minds to give ground from time to time, but ought to have at least a fair chance against the more dangerous open play.

Blacks, the greatest passing-team in the world, in action. Out on the Pacific coast, J. A. Pipal, while teaching regular American football to Occidental College, for three years has been building the Rugby-passing into their game. Prof. Gettell, at Trinity, four years ago was working out the indeterminate-passing plays, and there were others, too numerous to mention, thinking along the same lines.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



SUMMER PESTS

IV

THE "COPPER"-HEAD

(Known to the Indians as the g'wan-g'wan)

A pest of our public parks, where it is the terror of spooony couples. When about to attack it emits a peculiar warning cry of G'wan-g'wan from which it is said to derive its Indian name.

Plattsburg—Will It Work?

By H. D. WHEELER



THERE was once a Great Man. From early youth he was accustomed to saying Great Things. Many times each year he went before the Tents of His People and propounded Doctrines. And many there were who followed him and flourished with him. Now it came about that he caused it to be proclaimed: "There will be no more Strife." And there was Strife. And many peoples rose one against the other. And they slew mightily. And the Great Man went again before the Tents of His people and he comforted them. And he chided them because that some were found doubting, some found whetting Battle-Axes, some reading Strange Books and Noisome Scripts. To these Sinful Ones he propounded yet a new Doctrine: "The wickedness of man is abroad. It is not for us, nor is it of us. We don't want to fight, so we are not going to fight. But even if we should have to fight, between a Sunrise and a Sunset

we should have a Million Fighters on the Ich."

And jeers, and cries of Bosh and Flub-dub were heard in the land. And many Men of Peace there were, from the East, from the West, from the North and from the South, who waxed exceeding sore. And they mocked the Doctrine of Penceantynprice. And they girded themselves as for Battle and they turned their Faces toward a Place that is called Plattsburg. And the Words upon their Lips were "While there is yet time."

The future of the Plattsburg idea probably depends more on the element of time than on any other one circumstance. Sudden need, within the next two or three years, for more armed troops than the United States has ready, would immediately make the citizens' training camp a necessary military machine rather than a test of a broad theory

of national defense. With the United States at war, we should face the problem of grinding out soldiers. We should have upon our hands the important business of turning our national resources of men and material into fighting energy. For the most part, we should have to conduct this business as we have done in all the wars of our history—by means of the machinery of actual conflict. Throughout our military history, that has been our practice. Our military policy is quite another thing. There is no fuller nor truer demonstration of the soundness of our policy and of the frightful price of our disregard of it, than is contained in the full story of our wars. Our historians very generally have drawn our attention in the direction of the country's ultimate triumphs, ignoring entirely or touching lightly on the needless delays, the dreadful waste of life, and the unnecessary pouring out of treasure that have followed the folly of



A lecture in camp.

making real battle-fields the training camps for national defense.

This tendency to ignore the disagreeable truths of our history has become a national habit. During the bitter years from 1861 to 1865 we had constantly before us the spectacle of two armies, both extemporized, learning war efficiency by the process of actual warfare. At the opening of the Civil War, officers and men alike were unfit for the work demanded of them. Units lacked cohesion, officers lacked the knowledge and training successfully to cooperate. At Bull Run, one force was disorganized by victory, the other by defeat. The war was in its third year before either army could be rated as a balanced military organization.

A supply of trained instructors is the vital factor in the making of an army. We are in a situation today where all our material for military leadership in war is hardly enough to supply the officers necessary for our regular army and the militia. In the event of war, we should, once more, have no course open save to throw raw troops into the field and watch them stumble toward efficiency through the desperate school of experience in battle. We have not more than 50,000 trained troops immediately available, and it would take six weeks or more to increase this force by 100,000 men, organized without uniformity, incompletely trained, short of officers, of artillery, of ammunition and of auxiliaries. Three hundred thousand men supported by a field army of half a million and the whole backed by a strong reserve strength,

would not be more than enough to guarantee a successful defense should we be attacked by land.

The amount of fighting material which a camp such as the one at Plattsburg could furnish would be infinitesimal in

It takes notice of the real facts of our military history.

It confines itself strictly to a military policy established in the infancy of the Republic.

It has for its object the creation of men for the immediate protection of our institutions, the defense of our national honor without waste, without delay, and without confusion. It is an idea looking toward national military efficiency proportionate to our place among the nations of the world.

If it works, it will operate, probably, along lines that will mark a compromise between the convictions of the really patriotic ultrapatriots and those of the equally patriotic proponents of compulsory training for all citizens. For even the stimulus of threatened war has not been enough to dispel the fear of militarism nor to destroy the power of the mere word. There is still determined opposition to the idea back of the Plattsburg training camp.

Nevertheless, the effort toward citizen training has gained ground. A few facts are already established.

The Plattsburg experiment was successful.

In actual knowledge and in military skill developed, the camp was far more productive than had been anticipated. Mechanically, the idea will work. But it is a long way from a military experiment to a national institution. A body of 1,200 trained men or

12,000 trained men, even were those men skillful officers, is far from being what was contemplated when our military policy was formulated by us in accepting a professional, hired army as



Getting a field-battery into position; target-practice; skirmish.

a part of our means of national defense, we stipulated that this fighting force should be merely the skeleton upon which, in time of war, we should build from our citizenship a fighting power adequate in any emergency we might face.

From the earliest days of our history it was recognized as essential that for this small, trained body to expand to proportions necessary for any emergency, there should be ready at all times private citizens whose training should be uniform with that of the hired soldier. And there grew up, as a result of the insistence of Washington and other national leaders, what we now know as the "organized militia." It was hoped that in the militia organizations would be found the instruments which would supply the material for quick, orderly and efficient expansion of our regular army. After years of endeavor to bring the militia into this relation and to bring the regular army into coordination with the militia, the most of those who have examined, even in the most casual manner, our materials of defense, have been convinced that the country may never hope to apply its traditional military policy by means of the organized militia.

The fault does not lie in the members of the militia, nor in its leadership; in the rank and file of the regular army, nor in its officers. The fault lies with our political system. Militia organizations are administered in the local interest. The individual State is disinclined to devote funds for building up and maintaining branches of the service which will be of no benefit and of no use in any probable emergency which may arise within the State. Federal appropriations for militia purposes will inevitably become diverted into chan-

nels which do not make for uniformity between State organizations and the regular army. In training, in equipment, in discipline, and in organization, the organized militia today is ridiculously inefficient as compared with any first-class fighting machine.

The units are so absurdly small and so lacking in organization and equipment that even an approach to conditions of uniformity between the militia organizations and the regular army is impossible. According to the latest complete figures, out of approximately 1600 companies of infantry, over a thousand are below their prescribed minimum strength. In no arm of the service is the average up to the required standard. The militia is particularly weak in field artillery. As nearly as can be reckoned there is a shortage of 85 batteries of field-artillery, 75 troops of cavalry, 25 companies of engineers, 10 signal companies, 26 field hospitals, 33 ambulance companies, 12 ammunition trains and 12 supply trains. Owing to lack of facilities, one-fourth of the militia cannot receive proper drill or necessary instruction in target-practice.

There have been many efforts to remedy this condition. The New York militia is a notable example. Yet even the leadership of the militia recognizes that if our national theory of citizen soldiery is to be applied we must have something more. It was because many of our statesmen, our leading army officers, and the most prominent of our militia officers became convinced of this that the idea of the Students' Training Camp was evolved.

Major-General John F. O'Ryan, in command of the New York National Guard, holds this view:

Personally I look forward with much optimism to the practical results to be gained from the student military camps by the National Guard of this State and by the country at large. Their establishment by Major-General Wood was undoubtedly one of the biggest steps yet taken to increase in a broad way our military efficiency, and undoubtedly these camps have an important place in the military policy of the government.

The training camps for college students was the first step. The intention from the beginning has been to supply first, a reserve of men capable of becoming officers in emergency, that through these men we may have a means of training bodies of raw recruits before sending them untrained and undisciplined into battle.

THE Plattsburg camp has been carrying the students' training camp a step further. So successful was this first experiment in the training of business and professional men that it has now been decided to extend the camp idea and to offer opportunity to greater numbers.

Will it work?

It cannot be expected that it will produce an adequate defensive strength immediately. If a war should come to us now such as to require large defensive land forces, we should have to struggle through to ultimate triumph by way of the costly process of training our soldiers in battle. If this country is fortunate enough to avoid such a conflict, it is going to have a chance to determine whether it will accept the proposition that its citizens should be trained as soldiers and that those citizens can be trained as soldiers without danger of the nation being governed or guided by the wishes and ambitions of its army officers.

The Unit

By CORNELIA STERRETT PENFIELD

IT HAD been a nasty accident. No patrolman had appeared as yet, but the most curious of the crowd kept his distance from the hulk on the pavement, still quivering a bit. A trickle of red coaled slowly across the cement to the gutter.

A woman on the edge of the crowd fainted, creating a minor diversion.

With the shuddering satisfaction that comforts some witnesses of a tragedy, the group awaited the arrival of the ambulance. No one cared to give personal attention to what had a moment before been clearing an office window fifteen stories up.

A snub-nosed limousine snuffed along the curb slowly on account of the crowd.

The occupant, a tall woman, in fashionable mourning, glanced over the heads and saw. In an instant she was gently asking her way through the front rank. She knelt down, careless of the coze, and called two of the foremost onlookers to aid her reshape the Thing out of its twisted mass. Those she spoke to shrank back into the crowd.

Clin-ug! The white-garbed intern shimmered toward her. He bent over the Thing, nodded affirmation to a whisper from the woman, then turned to look for a possible patrolman.

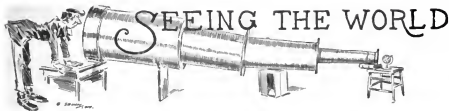
The woman rose slowly, "I am sorry I could do nothing," she said. "It will be too bad, should he leave a widow; but, of course, he is only one."

The intern sought her eyes inquiringly, "It's an unusually horrible case. Not many quite so bad—but you've probably been long in practice—"

"You misunderstand. I am not a nurse. I am a *contourière*—Madame Antoinette. Last spring my husband died fighting for France. I was passed through the lines, and I saw that battlefield. . . ."

"If one like this, think you, is terrible, what do you know of thousands who perish even as he—or worse?"

"One—one hundred—that, perhaps is terrible: but one thousand—one hundred thousand—that we call glorious! Bah!" The intern looked up again. But she had gone.



Incriminating

He was holding the mule while the brute was grazing and all at once something happened and the first thing John recalls is that he was kinder coming to himself and was lying on the ground with a skinned head and he don't know whether the mule kicked him, shoved him over and stepped on his head or just what that happened, but he does know that he was all alone, just he and the mule, and that he has a mighty sore head.

—The Galt (Mo.) Sun.

Where Sport Shirts Are Rare

Attorney Emmett Houser, of Fort Valley, came up yesterday and bought a middy blouse. We are gonna get one good look at him in it even if he charges to come in.

—The Maron (Ga.) Telegraph.

The Breach

Notice—I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife. (Mrs. Nellie Hedges) on or after this date.

(Signed) W. B. Hedges. Notice—Mrs. Nellie Hedges doesn't understand an advertisement appearing in the Sunday Whig—Mr. Hedges does not now and never has paid any of Mrs. Hedges' bills.

—The Quincy (Ill.) Whig.

They Would Never Be Missed

Every town has individuals that would never be missed, should they silently fold their tents and steal away. The person who cannot say a good word for the town, and are continually knocking every enterprise within its borders, should pack up and go, and sooner the better.

—The Griffin (Ga.) News.

The Editor Swears?

"Please send me a few copies of the paper containing the obituary of my aunt. Also publish the enclosed clipping of the marriage of my niece, who lives in Lebanon. And I wish you would mention in your local column, if it does

not cost anything, that I have two bull calves for sale. As my subscription is out, please stop my paper. Times are too bad to waste money on newspapers."

—The Campbellville (Ky.) News Journal.

Henry Has a Story

"Henry, the fisherman," tried his luck in Mud Creek waters last Wednesday. He will tell you the rest.

—The Steuben (N. Y.) Advocate.

We Are Waiting to Hear

D. H. Denison sold the Frazier boys a steer calf at \$40 and done drove him

Getting at the Facts

The Telegram has been busy for the past week and a number of very important items have occurred that have not been mentioned in this paper for the reason that the editor has not had time to investigate the facts and our reporter has been busy also.

—The Norton (Kans.) Telegram.

How Impossible!

Deeds of surprising romance may surround the Bug, and it may be bathed in gobs of glittering glory; but we hardly think that many songs will be dedicated to it. For example, how impossible!

"On the Bosom of the Beautiful Bug."

—The Corpus Christi (Tex.) Caller.

Do You Remember the First Time You Tried to Shave?



St. Joseph, (Mo.) Free-Press.

Handing It to Doc

Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard has been doing considerable literary work lately. It would be most excellent if all her time were taken up that way.

—The Encampment (Wyo.) Herald.

Not According to Rules

There was a false report sent in to The Press about Joe Richards having his nose broken while umpiring at Maple Ridge. The report should of meant that he should of had it broken. Otherwise, but a bad split lip, there is nothing the matter with him.

—The Evershamb (O.) Press.

Real Hosts

One of the most social events of the season was held Saturday night at the home of Paul and Lawrence White.

—The Doyersville (Ia.) News.

home. What do you know about it?

—Tullvanis note in the Ethel (Mo.) Courier.

Saws That Go Astray

The old saying "There is honor among thieves" received its death blow last week, when they stole Pearl Hannah Morse's pig. It was the only one she had, and if they must steal, it seems as if they might have taken some one that was better able to lose than Miss Morse.

—The Norway (Mo.) Advertiser.

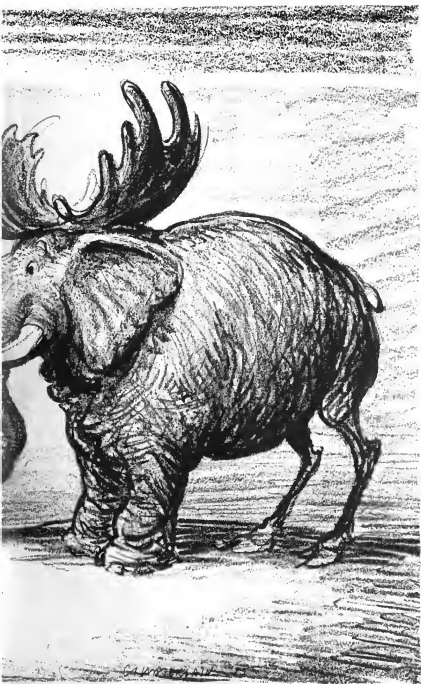
No Use Arguing

A reader of the Lexington papers wrote a note to the editor telling him he was "the biggest liar of all the newspaper artists in that line in the entire state." The editor comes back by saying if the person got the information from his wife, he simply hasn't the heart to argue the matter.

—The Dunville (Ky.) Messenger.



T. R.: "HE LOOKS J



AS GOOD THAT WAY"

The Old-Time Fiddlers' Convention

By BOB DEAN

DOWN in Huntington, West Virginia, they have just held an Old-Time Fiddlers' Convention. Fiddlers from the mountain fastnesses of four States came on mules, trains, bicycles, in wagons and afoot to compete for prizes, which included everything from a pair of live ducks to a felt mattress. Never before did such a large gathering of old-time fiddlers congregate. "Come and fetch your fiddle" was the slogan, and over a hundred and fifty responded to the call. The convention lasted two days.

Fiddling is not to be confused with violin playing. The two arts are quite distinct. Notes on a sheet of music mean no more to an old-time fiddler than they do to a Patagonian Indian. The fiddler knows his art in his mother's knees, not because he yearns after infinite soul-expression, but simply because there is a fiddle handy. And he is no sodden conformist; he has his own individual conception of how "Turkey in the Straw," "Arkansas Traveler," "Sourwood Mountain," "Pop! Goes the Weasel," and "Dixie" should be played.

These fiddlers are as welcome in every cabin-gathering of the mountain-folk, as were the troubadours of old. They take their art seriously. Every one of them not only admits, under pressure, he is the best fiddler in any State in the Union, but declines it quite

grandly, with a grand overture by the entire assembly, playing "The Arkansas Traveler." It was a riot! No word in the English language can describe the sound. The effect upon the audience was electrical—they rose to their feet and yelled for more. But the ringmaster or impresario, or referee, or whatever his title was, quieted the audience by holding up a majestic hand and shaking his head. Then he introduced the timekeeper, a beetle-browed man who held a watch in one hand and a



large dinner-bell in the other—probably a boarding-house husband. And then the contests began.

Each contestant was given sixty seconds in which to play a solo—that is, sixty seconds after he got into his stride; for real old-time harmony without a flying start is impossible. They'd commence sawing very slowly, and gradually work up to a high pitch of fiddling-emotion. But once started, the timekeeper's bell had no more effect on them than if they were deaf. The other fiddlers had to lend their assistance, and stop them by main force. As might be expected, such partisan interference would often lead to hot words, and sometimes the fiddler would appeal to the audience for a fair show, claiming the timekeeper was cutting him short.

But the action was not limited solely to the contestants. When a fiddler with lots of enthusiasm in his bow-arm took his turn, some of the spectators (no doubt inspired quite as much by a certain colorless liquid they sipped at frequent intervals from St. Jacob's Oil bottles, as by the music itself) would leap from their chairs with a yell and dance with the abandon of old Sitting Bull's ghost dancers.

One old man, seventy-eight years old danced so furiously that he fell to the stage unconscious, and physicians had to rush to his assistance. Yet, twenty minutes later, this same old man was up and at it again. Such is the sub-

tle power of the fiddle.

As these fiddlers differed in their interpretations, so they differed in their manner of playing. For instance, Jay W. May, of West Virginia, winner of a handsome set of false teeth, played left-handed with his fiddle at the right side of his head.

Jesse Claypool, of Lincoln County, West Virginia, winner of the gold championship medal of the four States, played with his whole body, swaying to and fro with his shoulders, keeping time with his knees. He was easily one of the most popular fiddlers with the audience. The spectators admired the vivacity he put into his rendition of "John Brown's Funeral" song. Most of them danced while he was playing.

Captain J. W. Thomas, of Chesapeake, Ohio, winner of a resplendent silk necktie, played with more staidness, if less obvious enjoyment. He was a typical backwoodsman—keen, lanky and unemotional. He sat very erect, with legs crossed, and held his fiddle in his lap and his bow-hand well below his knees.

Herr Professor Gehren, of Marietta, Ohio, had for his specialty "The Mocking-Bird." Music and nature lovers who are not familiar with the startling fidelity with which a mocking-bird can imitate howling dogs, unhappy phonographs, squealing pigs and wretched guinea-hens would have found his performance most enlightening. His versatile mocking-bird would bark at an imaginary tramp, howl sadly at the moon, and suddenly shift to the inbetta shriek of an excited guinea-hen. It would imitate a phonographic bag-pipe and, the next minute, grant in giggish ecstasy over an ear of corn. The professor was rewarded with a jar of green-gage plums.

Miss Etta Bailey, champion lady fiddler, whose rendition of "Leather Breeches" easily outclassed that of any masculine artist, sat sidewise to the audience, and played with considerable spirit. Being the leading exponent of women's rights in the fiddling world, she was, naturally, a favorite with the audience.

But the most conspicuous fiddler of them all was D. L. Skren, of Jackson





County, West Virginia. Mr. Skeen weighed almost three hundred and ten pounds and claimed the heavyweight

fiddling championship of the world. In his arms a fiddle looked lüputan. He tucked his instrument coyly under one ear—but he could play! And he was an impressario. He directed the grand overture, appropriately shirt-sleeved and felt-hatted.

Moreover, he won an attractive bottle of toilet water for his ability to play "Pop! Goes the Weasel" in the greatest number of ways. His ingenuity was surprising. His weasel would pop to valve time and then explode like a rapid-fire gun, in the most approved fox-trot rhythm. Moreover, he had a number of naive variations. Straight "popping" wasn't good enough for his weasel: it could pop up the scale, trill an *alla capella*, and then pop down again. The award of the toilet water to Mr. Skeen was well-deserved.

From the contestant's standpoint, at least, the convention was a triumph. And with the art of old-time fiddling dying out before the onslaught of the fox-trotting phonograph, such a unique



convention as these fiddlers held is historic, as well as amusing.

The Woman Who Did

By ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

"IT WAS a difficult will to draw up," remarked my legal friend last night during our after-dinner smoke. We had been talking of the radicalism of a certain well-known New York woman who had just died. She was a client of his. "She didn't believe in inheritance, you know, 'in a property organized state,' she would add, and she did in fact leave most of her property away from her children to the public. But as the State is not yet doing its duty by its invalid or aged citizens she held, it seemed just to her to provide for her children in case of old age or illness. And in this connection she had me put into the will a particular clause that is likely to figure in a day or two in newspaper headlines: A provision about an endowment for her daughter at times of childbirth." "Didn't your client believe in State pensions for mothers?" I asked. "To be sure, but as the State of New York has taken only its first infant step in that direction, here again she thought she should fill the gap, for her girl's sake."

"How old is the girl?" "About twenty-three. She graduated a year or two ago from the Pulitzer School of Journalism and she's been working in a newspaper office. . . . Her mother believed in girls working, as you might suppose, and older women too. As for women with little children she thought they ought to be free to choose between looking after the children, full time or part time, and working, full time or part time. And it was the State, she held, should afford them the choice, not the children's fathers."

"PERHAPS the State would be more dependable," I laughed, "more dependable than husbands or lovers, but I don't see why the State need be responsible for mothers' pensions—except in last resort. Why not a mixed system? Why should not parents endow daughters for maternity—just like your client—only they might do it as well in their lifetime, insure their daughters, so to speak. . . . Instead of giving them a mar-

riage portion, insure them. . . . Maternity insurance!" I exclaimed, excited by the prospect, "Maternity insurance, why isn't that a key to the problem of the economic independence of women, to the most vexing part of the problem at least, the relations between independence and maternity? Maternity insurance by one or another of the person concerned, by parents or grandparents, by some benevolent aunt or friend or by the girl herself before she marries, or even by the man she marries. Let that appeal be made to our Man of Chivalry. Let him give economic independence to her he would protect against anxiety, including the anxiety of being dependent from day to day on him."

As we churked over this acid test for the chivalry of American mythology our talk veered—to American sentimentalism. But the prospect of a country-wide, class-wide system of maternity insurance continues to glitter in my eyes. What do the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY think of it?

Next week's issue will contain an article by Postmaster-General Burleson entitled "Our Postal Savings and the War."

"Bravery, What Is It"

By THOMAS GILMAN

NOT the least surprising element in the present European war is the courage in battle displayed by men who have had no previous military experience. It seems almost incredible that the average peace-loving man who has never seen an army rifle should be transformed, almost over night, into a courageous fighting unit. We in America, who are fortunately unfamiliar with warfare, do not realize that this metamorphosis is the logical result of the conditions of the modern battle.

Fear, in war as in anything else, is largely caused by what one sees or hears. In the modern battle there is almost nothing to see, except, of course, the condition of one's companions—well, wounded or dead. The use of smokeless powder makes the enemy's positions and movements invisible. The bursting of the shell, with its little puff of gray smoke, is more soothing than terrorizing to the eye. It is what one *hears* that first makes one afraid in battle. There was much good, sound logic in the practise accredited to the ancient Chinese of making big noises and bad smells to terrorize the enemy. In modern warfare the deafening noise of the cannon and the smells of the dead horses and men cause most of the horror.

If you, reader, were to enter a battle today, you would first hear the rattle of the attack—the beelike buzz of rifle bullets overhead, the "plumb" of a few striking the soil, and the "putt, putt, putt" of many machine guns, quite like the sound of the steam drill you are accustomed to. Then would come the distant sound of the cannon—like a burst of dynamite—the first whining, then fairly shrieking sound of the shell as it comes, seemingly slow as a freight train, before it bursts noisily overhead as a mocking echo of the cannon that sent it.

At first you would be afraid, perhaps. Then you become fascinated by the buzzing sounds overhead. The command

would come! Your own rifle would crack in your ear. The jolt of the butt would send the blood chasing through every vein in your body. With that delightful, unearthy feeling one experiences just before falling under the power of chloroform, you would enter the battle as fearlessly as you would cross a crowded city street, cautiously, it may be, but unafraid. For if a man inhales freely of the anesthetic of fight, he becomes brave, in what bravery is supposed to amount to.

Thus nature has kind ways, even in the artificial warfare made by man. As she brings the anesthesia of delirium when one is in physical or mental pain, so she causes a something to overcome a man in battle, to make him unafraid. The lower a man's intelligence, the easier it is for him to act without fear. His less acute nerve-centres do not permit him to feel pain to the degree which the highly organized man does, nor to feel fear, the forerunner of pain. It is a question of imagination.

This fact was vividly impressed on my mind during a battle which I, as a correspondent, was permitted to witness. We were sitting under cover, watching a herd of horses grazing quietly in a pretty park in front of us. The animals had become used to the noise of the shells which the enemy had been hurling for several days. A shell would burst over their heads, and a horse would stagger and fall, his horn perforated by shrapnel pellets, or torn in ragged cuts by the curved pieces of iron shells. One might call these horses brave, and award them with decorations of honor. They showed no fear, and would have done the bidding of a master, under any danger. But they were horses, and, lacking imagination, were not susceptible to terror. They had at first been afraid of the sound, but had soon learned that it did not harm them. So they grazed peacefully until death came. On the contrary, the dog—a more intelligent animal—never becomes used to fire. On one oc-

casional I saw droves of several hundred dogs leaving a town which was being bombarded, and running to the safety of the hills.

But, once the mania of battle clutches, the intelligent and the ignorant men are equally courageous. Like runaway horses, they are temporarily insane. Even those who are not fighting—the criers, photographers and correspondents—frequently feel the soldiers' insanity. This was my experience when reporting my first battle. It was necessary for me to move to a safer position with a small group of unmounted men. As we crept along, the soldiers fired frequently to put up a show of numbers. A bullet dug into the earth in front of me, tossing dirt into my eyes. In a moment I flew into a fit of anger. I involuntarily took the position of a rifleman—which, strangely enough, is that of the boxer: the left arm extended and slightly bent, the right held close to the head as a guard, or to finger the trigger. In those few minutes I lost all my fear. As we worked forward my body swayed as if rowing a boat. I was fighting, killing. Upon reaching cover I awoke. I realized that my only weapons were a stub pencil and a penknife. I was afraid again.

Correspondents, no doubt suffering from the same malady, have been known to seize a rifle and commence firing—an action which is looked upon by most "war men" as a dangerous practise, since it may endanger the noncombatant position of his fellows. Those wearing the Red Cross have been equally indiscreet.

If those who have no direct interest in the engagement become maddened with this battle mania, how easy must it be for the man fighting for his country to overcome his timidity. He is not only fired with the fever of fight; he is stirred with ideas of patriotism, backed by a hatred of the enemy. It would be the exceptional man who would not act courageously in such circumstances.

Discontent

By MARK HARMON

BELOVED, it is a long, long road we go!
Ah, long indeed—this wondrous path we know—
Up peaks of Time—and down its valleys low,
Past lily worlds—adrift in night's lagoon.
Strange, we should hark back to one afternoon.

A myriad leagues together through God's land;
Space prairies—by an arching splendor spanned—
Where suns do flower wild on either hand;
Yet—this far going found us wistful soon
For one small earth—one mellow afternoon.

A myriad years of multicolored days,
Stars misty—red and gold—a woven maze;
Stars we would give for red-gold autumn ways.
Now pray we, sweet—on this fair Sirian moon—
Asking—an Indian-summer afternoon.

The Cook's Tour

By LEM ALLEN

Dear Sir and Editor

LAST summer a feller by name of Allingham was here on the ranch where I hin cookin and he was always writin when he wasnt talkin. I asked him what he was writin ond he said stories and I said stories and he said yes stories ond I said what kind of stories and he said humorist stories. By which, I says what do you mean, not havin learned at that time many of the words he used to talk by. I write for a church weekly he says, stories of personal experience they are. Do you mean your experiences I says, oh no he says, they would be too serious and besides they wouldnt print them. Oh no, he says I sign other peoples names. I bleeve I could write stories like that I says and sign my own name to them, because I've had many experiences.

And I can easy git more I says, anytime by taking a trip. Thats usually how theyre got, he says I mean a horseback trip, I says Its irrelevant, he says. So I didnt say any more because I git tired asking him what his words mean sometimes and I wanted to say something I was thinking of.

Is there much money in it, I says, writing stories of experiences I mean.

It depends he says what the experiences are and who writes them now there is the travelog he says that is much in vogue and one or two of them taken by famous authors lately have created a good deal of eomment. Whats that I says and he says its the same as money only not so erude.

Could I git money from your paper by writin out my experiences I says. No, he says its a humorist paper as I tole you he says, and your not a humorist, only material—which no reel humorist can afford to be, he says and luffed at himself which putt him in a good humor.

Ill tell you he says why not write out your experiences and send them to a serious paper. How do you mean serious I says, and the says Oh one that makes money—youave got to be serious about that he says. Yes you do, I agreed. Because thats been one of my experiences.

Well how about it he says. Oh Ill



Lem Allen
the author.



My two horses. Sianna is the grey one and Brownie is the other. They are feedin.*

think it over I says, because Im slow but sure and I didnt want to promus right away.

Well Mr Editor I hin thikin it over endurin the last year and Mr Editor here's what I think.

I bin cookin at the Bar 2 ranch which is near the town of Las Vegas in New Mexico often on for a matter of seven

year and Im pretty favorable known as fur west as Flagstaff, Arizona and as fur south as Magdalena and Silver City, New Mexico. Now if it would be serious enough for you I could take a trip down through some of them cow towns till I had pretty nigh covered the interstin porshans of New Mexico which is a very interstin state and little known away from the Harvey houses on the Santa Fe where they sell meals and the Indines sell potry and such.

I could talk with all the promnaot punchers and the citizens wherever I went if they was interstin and I would tell you what they say they think. Also if anathin was to happeo on the way I could tell you that. I kin read and write as you kin judge from this letter so my stuff would be interstin and Im kind of a ruffek so that would be good because

I kin mix with more people and git their idees better than if I was keerful about myself.

Im not much on loog words but I got some pretty hefty ooes from that feller Allingham I was telling you about. And I kin pick up more from diffrant people as I go along. Another thing I got a camera box that feller left here with me on account of my savin him in a mixup which

I aint got time to tell you about now but maybe I will someday if we should meet ond you want I should.

Allingham learned me to use that camera box so as to anop pitchers which isnt so hard once you git the hang of it and my idder is if I kin snap pitchers of the promnaot people I meet and some of the scenery it will be interstin. For instanz the new flagpole in Vegas is right pretty, in front of the court house. To show you how good I am at takin pitchers I inclose a few snap shots I made. I inclose one of myself on which I have wrote the name so you kin know who it is. I have called it the Author which will be all right if you dont use it without you print the stuff I will send you because then by that time if you print it I will be an Author.

In the pitcher I am standin up and

holding a rope hobble for to hobble a horse with when you leave him out at night so he cant git fur only so fur as he kin git by takin short jumps although I have knowed hosses made a practise of gittin away could putt many miles between themselves and camp before sump dem em.

I inclose some other pitchers but I neednt to tell you who they are of because my letter is going to be longer than I thought for now and I got to git chuck before the boys come in. I will write on the pitchers so you will know what they are.

Now Mr Editor my idee is this I got a good pony here in fert two but the grey is better than the brown. I am inclosing you a snap shot of them and they are good hosses. The grey one is name Siamma an Indine name I guess though I dont know the language nor dont want to. I got him from an Indine over in the Pecos country for 35 dollars. He is a good boss gon on seven only he is ruff gaited a mite and dont stand guard so faithful. The other one is called Brownie from his color which is brown. He is a good pony and wuth 75 dollars although he will pitch if he thinks he kin git away with it. He dont pitch nothin regular with me.

Now I could take these two ponies and pack one and travel one place to another and tell you interstin things you would like to know. I could tell them like in a diry which I learned how to make up one summer I cooked for some of the fores service boys.

In a diry you putt the dite of the month up at the top and write down underneath what happens and how you git along. I could write a lot for you so you could pick out what you want and send me the rest back I wont mind. And if you kin fix up my writin into print with all them little marks like what they have in books I would like it because I could read it better to the boys when it come out.

I will guarantee to tell you interstin things in the diry even if I have to start somethin though it aint what it useta be out here but not exactly stuck up and keferl yit. Some interstin things once in a while happen.

For instans the other day in camp here one of the boys Henery Wllets by name the secon from the left hand, I mean the left hand of the one lookin at the pitcher in the pitcher I inclose of three of my frens on which I have wrote three of my frens there names aint of much importance. I would have wrote Henerys name on it only I didnt know I was gon to tell you this here story.

Anyway this is the story Henery took a shot at a Mexrian the other day and chused him outa camp and the Mexria has been lynin for him ever since which is dangerous because when you cant see a Mexrian hes lible to do you some damsee but if you kin see him hes afearid you might be able to shoot better he kin and he aint takin enny chances. Theys pruden eriters.

I took a pitcher of the Mexrian jest before he was shot at and I inclose it. He was laughin becuz he had broke into Henerys bed whilst nobuddy was lookin and drink up might nigh a half quart of rattlesnake whisky Henery was aavin up to have a time wuth Saturday night at the bossle down to Vegas.

You kin see by his laughin how happy the Mexrian is not havin been shot at yit and Henery was happy too I guess because at that time he was ridin into camp. When he discovered the whisky was drinkd he bowed up considerable and they both on em him and the Mexrian was the wuss off which some people might argy a point again whisky but Im tolrant thataway.

For instans it was interstin however and so you see I could send you some good things to print and would be much obliged if you would give me your ideeas on my proposition and what you think of it. Now I got to git chuck or them punchers will be in here wofin around like they was hongry.

Yours respectfully Lem Allen.

Poserip.

I him holdin up the letter I wrote you for a spell soe to think it ever again keferl it doesnt do to be sudden. And I was thinking of takin it over to Vegas to mail it to you next week but in the meantime that feller Allingham come back to the ranch fer another summer and I bin talkin to him and this is what he says.

I showed him the letter and asked him what he thought of my idee and he says fine and I says well I gues Ill send the letter and he says wait a little while I want to think. I says what for and he says Oh jest to be ekesteric and I said whats that and he said you ought to know. So I didnt say no more Im pashant so I let him think a while.

ITs a good idee he says finally but theys other things more important to sell stories than ideeas they are a drug on the market he says yes he says every story with an idee into it should be labeld poison under a stringent law so as editors wont take them by mistake. Sometimes they do now and the results is awful.

Its the way a story is wrote he says or who wrote it either one. Well I says as fur as my reputation goes I been in jail oyr wunst down on Turkey creek and that was a year ago and they wouldnt of caught me then only I took the wrong boss and he give out on me dern him.

Well we kin let that point pass says Allingham then and turn to the alternative because if youre not notorious enuff you got to depen on your writin. Its that Im reely worryin over. Well I says I practised considerable. I aint never tole you but I got a gal back east in Oklahoma and I done wrote her might nigh every week fur gin on three year and she thinks I got a reel good hand.

I dont mean that he says I mean your

style Oh well I says I aint never tried much fur style in camp but wait well I git gon on this trup and git my new neck handkerchief and the spurs I bought offen that there city feller from Tucson last summer. Oh says Allingham, lissen. I mean this way, ef you was readin some other fellers style in writin which would you rather has stuff wuth entertainin and ammosoin or made you want to git up and kick the camp boom. Well I says it helps a lot to kick that there ornery dawg wunst in so often, because I make it a pint not to admist nothin in an argymnt I dont unnerstand. Im plumb cautious thataway.

Then I says maybe you mean I should be ammosoin I reckon I could if I tried. I duano he says them editors is a long ways off maybe you aint got money enuff to let em git a good look at you. But I duano he says you might git by nt that your life enuff. Ill tell you what Ill do he says ef you draw up a root for the toor he says and send your letter jest as it stands to the editor soe he can git yore unsensord style and he falls for it and the toor isnt too long he says Ill jest about go along with you and keep you out of mischief.

Which was funny becuz Im pruden and hes not and its been proved afore now. I allus git him outa muxups not him me and I tole him so. Oh I mean litry mischief he says Ill go over your stuff he says and fix it up jest enuff soe theyll know whats your tryin to say and I says thats very kind and he says not at all have you thought of a name for your story and I says no only driven from home might be a good one. Well he says seein as you aint got no home and you aint been drove except by ambishun it might smack of fikabun he says as that would be fatal. Only reel stuff that one has lived hisself is considered interstin nowadays even if its isnt.

I got it he says well call it the cook's toor and tell the editor Im to go along so he neednt to be discouraged and tell the editor Im gon to let you write jest as you talk if I kin he says only I must be hy to expregate it with my pensil be says becuz fair women and innocent children may read your stuff he says.

So thats what Im doin Mr Editor and I hope whats Ive wrote will please you and if not I kin do better. And if you like what Ive wrote I will start gittin some chuck together and draw whats a comin to me from the boss and me and Allingham will start out. I would of sent you a pitcher of Allingham only when I tole him he said somethin which he made me promus not to write down because it contained too many ideeas and they was too well said for plain homefolks to understand, which he says reads your paper for which Im glad becuz Im lookin forward to bein one myself some day. Oh I should of tole you Im twenty four years ole and was born in Oklahoma at a small town.

Hoping you will take up my proposition I remain yours respectfully

—LEM ALLEN.

As was announced last week, HARPER'S WEEKLY "took up" Mr. Allen's "proposition." His second letter will appear next week.



The girls do all the haymaking on the farm of Sleighton.

Back of a Thousand "Backwards"

By CHARLES ERVIN REITZEL

Instructor in Economics, Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania.

CIVILIZATION may well be measured by the progress made in prison reform. From a condition of barbarous torture and semicivilized brutality where prisoners were regarded as veritable incarnations of the devil, we have advanced to a standard of thought wherein the convicts are considered natural results of poorly regulated social forces. The former system inflicted ghastly punishment upon the unfortunates. The latter method brings regeneration into the lives of the prisoners as well as attempts to prevent crime by a proper control and shaping of the environment in which people live. The older system was static and hopeless. The newer is dynamic and hopeful. The old portrays whipping-posts, stocks and dungeons; the new, workshops, farms, and schools.

The enthusiastic spirit of this newer view is felt the moment one places foot on Sleighton Farm. Sleighton happens to be a reform school of one hundred and forty acres, nestled in the rolling hills of Delaware County twenty miles southwest of Philadelphia. Here, during the last five years, the courts of eastern Pennsylvania committed exactly one thousand girls. Here seventy-five live-wire college women, bubbling over with enthusiasm lend their training and effort to interpreting life to these young prisoners. What has already been accomplished for

the girls committed, as well as the knowledge obtained regarding vice and crime, make for a decided optimism in penal procedure. The whole newer attitude cannot help engulfing one with hopes of permanent crime-solution, or at least of permanent crime-control.

interrogations in mind, a six-months' investigation brought to light most interesting and enlightening facts.

Back of the immediate overt act which sends the girl to Sleighton lurk three casual influences leading to her downfall.

First—Lack of family-control;

Second—Inadequacy of family-income;

Third—Lack of education. These are the undercurrents that catch the young girls. It is here that we find the undertow which carries them into deep seas.

The Lack of Good Family-Control

By carefully looking into the home conditions we are appalled by the fact that ninety per cent of them never had any so-called "family-life." Only eighty-seven families were found in which both father and mother lived in a normal relation to each other and to society. In the remainder, one or both parents were criminal, immoral, dead, strayed, or unknown. The

lack of good family-life becomes apparent when we consult the smaller chart on the following page.

It should be no surprise to learn that delinquent children come from such poor family-backing. On the other hand, it would be cause for wonder



Mrs. Martha P. Folconer, Sleighton's Superintendent.

Consider, then, these one thousand young girls, all under twenty-one, and seventy-five per cent of them under sixteen years of age. Where did they come from? What underlying forces have shoved and pushed these unfortunates headlong into vice? With some such

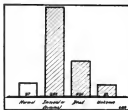


It isn't all hard work at Slighton.

should anything different happen. We might as well expect wheat to grow on an ash heap as to expect good children from such influences.

The nature of a family in which either the father or mother is criminal or immoral needs no further description here, both as regards the effect on the children and on society. It is highly important, however, that we give attention to the situation of a family in which death enters, especially the death of the breadwinner. At the time of death human sympathy plays its part. Kind neighbors, in poorer families, always help over immediate difficulties. But after the burial, then the trouble! Often the mother, through necessity, goes out to work, leaving the children to "hit the streets." Again, should it be the mother who has been taken away, another dangerous predicament is encountered. The

been rent asunder, then just so long must society expect to reap the fruits of vice and crime. Some form of pension, insurance, charitable contribution, and fam-



Showing the lack of family-control.

ily visiting must be used to keep the family intact and normal, if a real saving of children is to occur.

They are innumerable from commitment. Of the thousand families studied, not one had more than an annual income of \$800; sixty per cent had less than \$600; while twenty-five per cent had less than \$300. Five hundred and ninety-three fathers, and two hundred and fifty mothers, were workers. Of the parents who worked only one hundred and six had learned a trade, while most of them filled jobs such as day laborers, day workers, servants, drivers and teamsters. In all these families we find the wage viciously low, and their livelihood following in like description. These one thousand girls seem to be but faint portmays of the poor economic surroundings in which they have been reared. Many of them are cheaply-paid factory-hands, some are inmates of miners' hovels, while still others are but feeble products of feeble-minded and degenerate parents.

Reared, as they are, in misery and squalor, it is but natural to expect them to break, and finally to end in penal institutions.

The results of low incomes such as are brought to the surface by this investigation show but one of the black shadows cast by our low American wage. As Dr. Scott Nearing has well put it: "The wage-rate paid by industry placed side by side with the cost of family-health and decency, reveals an appalling situation. There are certain well-recognized principles of social expediency: That wages must prevent poverty and dependence; and that families must be able to live as self-respecting units in a community."¹ A study of incomes earned by the families under consideration leads force to Dr. Nearing's statements. The

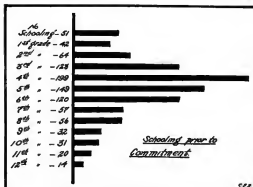


Chart showing the lack of proper education.

The Inadequacy of Family-Incomes

The rich and mighty need have little fear of reform-school life for their chil-

dring. They form the breeding-ground where thrive the germs of degeneracy. And just so long as society refuses to take upon itself the moral and social responsibility of keeping a careful watch over families which have

1. "The Adequacy of the American Wage," American Academy of Political and Social Science, May, 1915.

people from whom these inmates have come are living on inadequate, and, if you please, ineffect wages. And more! Even granting that the bread-winner is worth no higher wage, both the innocent children and society itself are expensively suffering from the low incomes paid. Not alone the girl committed, but we are the losers. It is we who pay the penal up-keep.

Lack of Education

Contrary to popular belief, the girl criminals are not in the main foreigners, nor are they native-born of foreign parentage.

They are in a large percentage (93%) native-born, and have a native parentage of sixty-five per cent. Let us dispel from our minds the gross error that criminals are "ignorant foreigners." By far the largest number of the girls are native whites with native-white parents. There is truth, however, in the charge that our criminals are ignorant. The chart on the previous page gives some idea of the very little education the young women have had.

Or in a somewhat different arrangement we have—

- 80%—Never further than 6th grade;
- 18%—Between 6th and 12th grade;
- 2%—Twelfth grade or over.

These statistics show blind ignorance raised to the nth power. And only those who have come in contact with the girls upon their admission to Sleighton can appreciate what nth-power ignorance really is. At first thought, the novice is certain to consider them impossible; it is only after getting into the hands of trained workers that the latent capacities creep to the fore and show their existence.

Such are the three factors comprising the ghastly trinity which force our girls into dependency, crime, immorality, and destitution—poor family-control, low income, and blind ignorance. These are the powers that daily turn out the product for penal institutions; these are the forces back of a thousand "backwards" that "beat our people to pieces and grind the faces of the poor."

Now to the brighter side: Just as all the evil forces form a phalanx-power to weigh down the girls into vicious and criminal action, so also do the forces of regeneration band together in the way of improvement and uplift. As Mrs. Martha Falconer, Sleighton's superintendent, claims, "only by using all the forces of human control can we ever expect to offset former evils. We must work together to interpret life in its fullest meaning to our young women who are committed here. It is our business to give controls, training, and vision that the family, church, school, and factory have been unable to give."

This gives us the direct clue to the careful selection of the executives, administrators and teachers employed. College women well-trained in the social sciences are the sole applicants considered. In addition to their academic requirements the officers must show a spirit of incentive and an energetic endeavor which will be quickly adopted by the students. Enthusiasm is contagious. And it is just this glowing enthusiasm for whole-hearted work that has placed this school in the vanguard of modern penal methods. People without a vision of achievement—those bat-blind for the

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worth-while possibilities lying dormant in the girls commuted—find little favor at Sleighton. The people at this farm do things. They move! When they work and when they play, they work and play hard.

Let us trace the activities which are so beneficial to the inmates' development: Before entering the general life of the farm at least a month is spent in "The Reception Cottage." Here it is made certain that the physical and mental condition is fit for regular work soon to be taken up. It is during this probation period that the latent possibilities are brought to the surface and tested out. After this initial stage comes the real life of Sleighton. According to her age, mental capacity, and choice of job, the girl goes into one of the twelve "honor cottages." At "honor cottages" a call for the manifestation of her self-respect is made. For most of the girls it is the first time they have been placed in a position where responsibility is required. She learns to know immediately that she is now to be punished by her sins, not for them. Further, that guilt for such punishment is determined not by a domineering hierarchy of power, but by her own classmates. Woman suffrage is in force. Each girl votes for the mayor and all other government officials. These hear complaints, try cases, suggest improvements; in fact, take full responsibility for cottage activities. Such training soon teaches the girl self-control. While at work, be it on farm, or in shop, or at school, or in kitchen, she is under the guidance of the college women well-trained in these different lines.

The spirit of contest, which, stated in sociological terminology, means the power to enter into "group activity" is developed in the sports and amusements. The cottage having the best-kept lawn, the fastest baseball team, the quickest corn-buskers, or the highest honors in the pageants carries off valuable prizes. The annual "social-workers" parade portrays the great interest taken by the different cottages in being clever and original in their demonstrations.

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A girl's regular duties at Sleighton are equally divided, so far as time is concerned, between book or mental training, manual work and manual training, and athletics. The whole time covered amounts to about nine hours a day. How different this life is from the old "stay in the cell" methods of former days!

Teachers as well as students are being encouraged to advance in their work. Lectures by university professors and instructors are given weekly, while many of the officers are pursuing lines of higher study at colleges in Philadelphia. Quoting Mrs. Falconer, "We do not want any officers who do not wish to grow—stagnation means death both to them and to their teaching ability."

No girl committed has a definite sentence. All are "indeterminates." The length of time depends on:

First—The ability and advancement shown by the girl;

Second—The fact that she has a position guaranteed;

Third—The fact that this position is satisfactory to the institution.

Both legal and moral forces do all in their power to help the girl to move upward until she is twenty-one, after which time the moral influence continues very strong, even though the legal rights are lost.

Has this system of paroling proven successful? Most decidedly—Yes! Remember that all the girls graduating from Sleighton are constantly under the watch and visitation of the farm officials. Any who fall from grace are returned. Statistics regarding the success of those paroled are difficult to obtain. But it has been found that less than twenty per cent are again delinquent. And often it is unjust to centre blame upon those returned. Many have completed the work for which they were employed; others may have become sick, and as a result have returned for medical aid; or, as often happens, the girls may prefer the work at Sleighton to their present place or position.

The facts force upon us the conclusion that reformation at Sleighton really does reform. Yes, and better, it regenerates. Those who have watched for many years the hundreds of girls who come and go testify heartily as to the undreamed-of results attained. The inmates are given new ideals and a new environment. Only a few revert.

It has been suggested that we, the public, bear the burden of penal upkeep. Now let us go further: In addition, it is we who do much to make the prisoner. Negatively, through our neglect, dangerous environments are allowed to collect their toll in degenerate people. The indictment of criminal neglect is upon our heads just so long as we do not take interest in seeing that the income, family-life, environment, and education given to people is sufficient to maintain standards that are normal. Otherwise we are antisocial. There is needed a broader, enlightened conscience of our social responsibility. We need also to tear ourselves from antique prejudices which brand prisoners as hopeless. And lastly, we need a sixth sense commonly called "common sense" to realize that the people who go down, very often go down because of forces over which they have had no control.

In War Time

By A. H. GLEASON

THE indignity done by this war is not that it has killed men. Poverty and disease do that, and time itself. It is a worse evil that useful men are mangled by it, so that they lead out what remains of life in illness and pottering attempts at work. In a London lodging-house where the writer boarded, the "up-stairs maid" had looked forward to the Christmas season as the time when she and her lover would be married. But he came back from Mons with his left arm off at the shoulder and his right arm off at the elbow. He is making his recovery in the hospital, but he will never be good for much, certainly good for nothing as the head of a working-folk's household. So the marriage will not come to pass.



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Sequels to "A Doll's House"

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the English reviewers of "A Doll's House" were busy turning themselves into controversialists by abusing Ibsen for bringing controversy into art, the only way they could find to protect the hearthstone of things-as-they-were, was to deny Nora's right to a life of her own. For some unknown reason—probably confidence in their case—they neglected the very plausible rebuttal of prophesying disaster for Nora outside Torvald's protecting walls.

Twenty-five years later, as time is counted—and several centuries—as social thought goes, we are taking up that neglected point. And the curious part is that it is not the conservatives who are exposing the plight of the lone woman—perhaps because conservatives on the Nora question are pretty hard to find nowadays. It is the radicals who are glooming over Nora's future, such men as Brieux and Galworthy.

They face the world as it is; they aren't making a pleasant picture of it as an incentive to our Noras. Indeed they realize only too keenly that the working world is not an easy place for any one. Mr. Galworthy thus pictures it for such a woman in his delicately wrought play, *The Fugitive*.

Brieux, in *La Femme Seule*—from reports of the English version, *Woman on Her Own*, recently acted in London—sees nothing better. For he confronts his Thérèse, not only with man as a lusty brute who controls her bread and butter, but with man as an envious fellow-workman, "jealous of her attempts to do without him and afraid of being dominated by her in industry." His Nora is not a married woman who goes "on her own"; that is not necessary in presenting the problem for France. She has lost her dot and so her fiancé—that is enough. She must face the world. Now she is not a weak woman; she can write and she can organize. Yet in journalism she learns that the employer who can save her from financial ruin is the man who will consign her to another run. And when she enters the labor market, via a provincial bookbinder, and organizes the women employees, she finds men against her on the financial, as on the sex plane. In fear of feminine competition, they destroy her union and enforce her discharge. In the end, we see her going back to Paris and her fiancé—as his mistress.

Galworthy's Nora is named Clare Dedmond—the inevitable aristocratic touch. She has her Torvald: "his face is broad, comely, glossy shaved, but with neat mustaches. His eyes, clear, small and blue-gray, have little speculation. His hair is well brushed." Not a formidable indictment, perhaps, but enough to such a fine-bred thing as this Nora. Ibsen's "miracle of miracles"—communion that shall be marriage—has gone from them. There is nothing for Clare but to defy his shibboleth, "There

are things one does not do," and go on strike.

Clare's history is less affirmative, less self-assertive, than Thérèse's. She found it impossible to load up her father with more expenses and her shadow. So she tried work. Not as Brieux's women, for something besides mere food, for her fellow. Clare simply clerked. There were men, and there was deadly monotony, and there was her Torvald, tracking her down. After that came Kenneth Malise, the Dr. Rank of this doll's house, a Dr. Rank who did not die before his love could touch this Nora. Even life with Malise must end, for she brought only the disaster of a suit for damages upon him. So she left him—that the suit might be withdrawn—and six months later found her in the Café Gascony, Piccadilly, seeking a new master—for the night. The Noras might meet there on common ground.

But that is not the end with Galworthy. We must be in at the death, after the good old Ibsenite fashion: Clare poisons herself in the restaurant to the chorus of a mock hunting-party, "This day a stag must die." There the playwrights differ. Brieux gathers up no loose ends into a conventional bit of crape. He sees a greater tragedy for Nora—a tragedy of both life and death—the living-out of social consequences.

Galworthy's lady is "too fine and not fine enough," through to the end. She is too fine to live a prostitute, like Thérèse, not fine enough to live it with the faith in life and hope in the future that Thérèse may have. The outcome for such a woman so placed can be death and nothing else. It is "in character." And there we have the ultimate distinction between the two plays. *La Femme Seule* is social drama. *The Fugitive* is a tragedy of character.

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Marinette, Wis.

Life-Boat Laws in Alaska

By B. S. ROOBY

YOUR sensible and public-spirited editorials regarding the Eastland disaster at Chicago, and your calling attention to the peculiar attitude of ship owners toward any national law requiring them to make proper provision for the safety of passengers is indeed timely. But let me call your attention to this: For years those in charge of our national ship inspection permitted the violation of our specific law as to life-boat provisions on passenger-carrying boats. I have particular knowledge of the matter as to Alaska, where I was United States attorney of the second division at Nome. For years nothing but the grace of the Lord and the splendid seamanship of the ship captains prevented the worst sort of disasters in the bleak and stormy and uncharted waters of Alaska, because all the passenger boats failed to carry life-boats or rafts more than enough to float a small one-fourth of the humans they carried. The law, then as now, provided that every passenger boat over the smallest coasters should carry life-boats and life-rafts sufficient to float every passenger and member of the crew in case of disaster. The English Board of Trade rules did not conform to our law in this regard, and contained no requirement at all as to boats of more than seven thousand tons displacement. Those in charge of our shipping throughout the nation issued regulations to govern the subject, and provided that ships of a certain size should provide so many cubic feet of displacement or floatability of life-boats and rafts, but when this provision was translated back to space for human beings, it was as woefully inadequate as the English provision. Owing to complaints made before me by incoming passengers, whose lives had been endangered in such boats, I examined the law, and found how it was being violated throughout the nation, and had been violated for years. Through the Department of Justice I made a strenuous row over the matter, and our department at

last made threat to the Department of Commerce that it would take the matter in hand itself, unless something was done to remedy the evil. I went from Nome to San Francisco to see about it, and I threatened to indict the inspectors or whoever should be found responsible for the continued violation of law. Then the row started in earnest. The ship owners started in trying to have me removed from office, but I was backed by the Department of Justice, and showed up the conditions as they were. While this was going on the Titanic went down, and lo! in a night wire word went out from headquarters in Washington to all inspectors, to hold every ship attempting to sail without sufficient life-boats and life-rafts, until the law had been complied with. The order almost stopped traffic for two or three weeks. Everything that could answer requirements as a life-boat along our whole Pacific coast was bought up for that purpose, carpenters by the hundred were put to work making life-boats and life-rafts, and shops everywhere were put

on the rush to comply with the law as it stood on our statute books, and which had been violated for years. Ships that had to sail were obliged to reduce their passenger lists sometimes as much as three-fourths, before they would be given clearance. For some reason, and notwithstanding the loss of the Titanic, the newspapers did not call attention to this long continued violation of our law, or to this translation into cubic floatability of the specific and plain provision of the law in the regulations. Any one could read the law, but only scholars could re-translate this cubic displacement back into floatability of human beings, and so it did not appear to have been noticed that the regulations, which thus appeared to excuse the inspectors, were a clear violation of the statute requiring life-boat and raft space sufficient to float every member of the crew and every passenger. Until the Titanic disaster, there had been no attempt to enforce the life-boat law. I think it is being properly enforced now.

Albuquerque, N. M.

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What We Want

OUT of the world-war the United States undertakes to save the reality of moral principle. Protection of Americans who happen to be in the danger-zone is merely the incident that brings the principles within our jurisdiction. Sometimes force must be used to preserve principle, but that method is more likely to destroy principle than to preserve it. Therefore if principle can be made effective by being held up to the light, by being insisted on, by the realization of its rightness, the victory is more fertile and progressive by far than is a victory won through blows. Of course, this is a conclusion that a certain type of intelligence can never understand. That type admires and trusts only excitement. It is happy only on strong meat. An able and interesting but military-minded newspaper, the *New York Tribune*, observes:

The weakest thing in the whole history of Mr. Wilson's administration has been his complete faith in the empire of words.

The *New York Evening Post* well said that, regarding Mr. Wilson's conduct of the submarine issue, Colonel Roosevelt's objection was that as much might have been accomplished with more noise. The *Tribune's* view and Colonel Roosevelt's may seem at first sight opposite, but they are identical. They both celebrate the flourished stick, the obvious and familiar forms of force. They both distrust, and a little despise, reliance on the solving power of ideas. Ideas when expressed, of course, are words, and the President's ability to use words helps him to triumphant insistence on ideas. The country at large is glad to have in the Presidency a man who would rather make conquests of principle through firm patience, if possible, than through force or fury, because the conquests are then more unmixed, more certain, and more durable. After the *Arabic* sank, ten people proffered the President advice by telegram in forty-eight hours; ten out of a hundred million. The gravity of the sinking was recognized, but the people felt that their representative was expressing their best thought, and by silence they sent their confidence.

The American purpose, in this bitter time, is to combat the theory that laboriously acquired moral standards can be abrogated by the sword. The best way to strengthen those standards is to use them. By winning with them instead of with coarser weapons, the President can keep the ideal alive in the surest way. We must be ready to back the world's moral rights with force if necessary, but we must realize, that if we can avoid that necessity and still success-

fully enforce our principles, our triumph is finer and more lasting than it could possibly be through force of arms. We can best assure the survival of ideals in the future by using ideals successfully in the present.

Our Defense

WHEN the present war began, and *Harper's Weekly* formulated its convictions on national defense, it insisted that any sound policy must seek better results per dollar of appropriation. It took the position that, as we spend almost as much on our army now as Germany or France, and counting pensions more than twice as much as either, we could not expect to be in a satisfactory military condition until we reformed our ideas. We also pointed out that Switzerland had an infinitely more effective system, and one entirely without injury to civic conditions, at a cost of less than one-thirtieth of what we spend. Even omitting our enormous pension lists, the navy costs us more than that of any other country except Great Britain. We at that time expressed doubt whether Congress, with all the bowls from various localities which enjoy army posts, navy yards, favored contracts, could be led to take a more statesmanlike view of national defenses. Our opinion is unchanged. A policy of wasteful expense would not be permanent. If we haven't sense and character enough to make a reasonable system of defense out of our present total cost, which almost equals that of France and Germany combined, we do not deserve safety anyway. Mere expense is no permanent solution. Efficiency, patriotism, freedom from political and business graft, must be procured, if our position is to be actually more secure.

Quotation

AN OLD scholar, dying, gave his son this parting advice, "Verify your quotations." Also, it is well to foresee how far a quotation may lead when given in full. Was not Mr. George W. Perkins' proposal that the fitting Progressive hymn should now be, *Lead, Kindly Light*, made without due thought? Immediately follows, "Amid the encircling gloom." Does "the night is dark and I am far from home," imply regret that the old party was ever abandoned, and bewilderment in the effort to return? Another part of Newman's hymn runs:

Those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Those lines will suit some of the returning wanderers but not all.

Navy Auxiliaries

THE argument for government leadership in building up our merchant marine takes in many respects the same course as the argument about the new currency system. Before that system became a fact, the warnings against it implied the doctrine that only bankers were fit judges of banking principles. Now a similar idea is rampant, that only men with money invested in shipping are fit to be heard on the need of government's doing what private so-called enterprise has failed to do. Awesome phrases about the government's going into the banking business were noisy then, as phrases about the government's going into the shipping business are noisy now. What a state should we have been in now if the government had not moved to cure banking evils! And if the banks had not taken any stock under the new system, the government would have taken it all; just as in the proposed Shipping bill it will take all, if private capital takes none.

Naturally just now, in the excitement of the war, the aspect of the question that excites most popular attention is the naval reserve. Everybody agrees that our navy is not homogeneous, and that a navy not homogeneous would be badly off in war. One thing it lacks most sadly is auxiliaries. Interesting figures on this subject have been compiled by the Secretary of the Navy, in response to an inquiry from the Secretary of the Treasury. The estimate is that to bring our present fleet to its maximum efficiency in time of war there would be required about 400 merchant vessels for auxiliaries, with a total of 1,172,000 gross tonnage. In addition, should our own coast be invested or even occasionally visited, there would be required a large number of small vessels fitted for mine sweeping; at least 324, of about 150 gross tons each.

Some of these vessels are as follows:

Fleet Scouts: Number required: 32. Characteristics: Fast passenger vessels, of high speed, great steaming radius and good sea-keeping qualities. Speed 16 knots. District Scouts: Number required: 20. Characteristics: Small coastwise steamers good sea-keeping qualities, fair steaming radius. Speed not less than 13 knots. Gross tonnage, 1500-2000 tons. Fifteen mine planters. Not less than 324 mine sweepers. Four fleet colliers. At least 200 service colliers. Fifty-seven depot colliers. Seven fleet oilers (tankers). Thirty-five service oilers. At least 5 depot oilers. Six supply ships: Characteristics: Type of vessel, "Iowa," Passenger service America-Hawaiian S. S. Co. Four transports: Passenger vessels capable of carrying at least 1000 men with their impedimenta. Speed at least 14 knots. Gross tonnage, at least 4000 tons. Three repair ships. Eight ammunition supply ships: Type of vessel, "Pastores" United Fruit Co. Four hospital ships. Three mine depot ships. Two destroyer tenders. Two submarine tenders. Four fleet tenders (tugs.)

We have given enough of the characteristics to hint at the extent and variety of the problem. Obviously the tonnage required cannot be supplied from vessels now under American registry. Should the government take steps, or should it not, to supply this most important element of an efficient navy?

Now then, if we are to have these naval auxiliaries, are they to rot in idleness, waiting for war, or are they to be made useful in peace? If they are used they will not only pay for their existence, but they will be supplying us with trained men also. And

they must be trained Americans. Hence the naval importance of the La Follette Seaman's Act.

The government would use the ships on routes selected with reference to the development of our commerce where development is needed most; rates would be fixed with the same object in view; and with the same object the quality of the service rendered would be determined. Does anybody seriously believe that any so extensive a step will be taken at all if it is not taken by our government?

Hearst Accuracy

THE Hearst newspapers all are compelled, as a matter of loyalty to their owners' private politics, to hammer the administration, and they do it with childlike innocence. For instance:

There are several statutes which restrict American ship owners in the management of their business. They cannot buy ships when they like. They cannot hire crews when they like. They cannot prevent crews from deserting their ships.

What is the statute about buying ships? Or hiring crews? It would help us a lot to know. As to "deserting," that refers to the Seaman's law, not yet in operation. The conditions under which a seaman will be able, under the act, to leave his job, are carefully prescribed. If seamen are to be slaves, you won't have Americans on the sea.

Heroes

AS TO the stanch little band of German Socialists who dare to declare for the brotherhood of man, demand an end to the reign of hate, and speak out against the aggressive demands of their own country, are there braver hearts in all Europe? At home they are repressed and ostracized. From their brother Socialists in France and England they receive small help. Will their loyalty be rewarded? Yes. Slowly they will gather glory, and also recruits, by the persecutions they suffer. One day they will be reckoned among Germany's heroes. When Germany becomes liberal, they will be powerful in cabinet and legislature. It is not beyond the bounds of credibility that one of them may live to be president of a republic.

Aeneas comforted his companions in adversity thus: "You have approached both Scylla's fury, and those deep roaring rocks; you are not unacquainted with the dens of the Cyclops; resume then your courage, and dismiss your desponding fears; perhaps hereafter it may delight you to remember these sufferings. Through various machinances, through so many perilous adventures, we steer to Latium, where the Fates give us prospect of peaceful settlements." So with one increasing group among the German Socialists. Stick to it, stout-hearted brothers; your time is coming. You will remember, years hence, how some of you stood to your guns in 1915.

Labor and War

DURING the Welsh strike, and other labor troubles connected with the war, nearly all the emphasis, outside of Socialist and Labor circles, has been on the lack of patriotism involved in striking at such a time. Of course that is one side of it. The other

side was refreshingly put by a writer in *The Trimmed Lamp* who said:

I cannot but feel that if I had to live the life which can be seen in the slums of any city, I would be far from possessing any affection for the nation which permitted such a life to be, and even, more or less consciously, obstructed efforts at change. I believe that I would consider it a vastly higher and more profitable type of patriotism to starve in a sympathetic strike against selfish privilege than to join with privilege in a war on a foreign foe.

We are all excited now, but down in our hearts, in silence, we must admit that the occasional violence of labor is aimed at a better object than the unspeakable violence of this war is aimed at; and that the constant sacrifices suffered by labor during strikes are for an object far more clear than any of those for which such mighty sacrifices are now being required from every class, including the class whose life at any time is little except endurance.

Chicago's Mayor

IN OUR issue of September 4th we gave our opinion of the present city administration in Chicago, including special mention of Percy B. Coffin, president of the Civil Service Commission. We are pleased to see that the Civil Service Reform Association of Chicago is active on the trail of Coffin, although the chance of getting his scalp with such a mayor as Thompson at the head of the government is slight. Mr. Thompson said to the voters of Chicago:

I favor upholding in spirit and in letter the City of Chicago Civil Service law, . . . Temporary appointment provisions of the Civil Service Act should only be exercised as the law implies—"To prevent the stoppage of public business, or meet extraordinary exigencies, and neither political or any other considerations inimical to the public service should have weight. My attitude on the right-of-hearing clause in Section 12 of the act will be in strict conformity with the plain provisions of same, which grants "an opportunity to be heard in his own defense" to every officer or employee prior to removal or discharge who may have written charges preferred against him.

Since the Civil Service Commissioners were appointed, on April 26th, they have been busy laying off everybody they could who was appointed for efficiency, and rushing in their henchmen on all sorts of subterfuges, including the subterfuge of temporary work, which Thompson had particularly promised would not be used. The eagerness to get rid of employees who were of no political use is illustrated by one case in which an employee in the classified service, whose job was wanted for a temporary appointment, was thrown out so precipitately that *his official discharge paper on file in the office of the Commission is stamped "approved" two days before the stamp of its receipt.*

The Commission was created to uphold the Civil Service laws. What more disgraceful spectacle than for a Civil Service Commission to be discharging its own Civil Service employees in order to fill the places with temporary appointees rewarded for partisan labors.

Thompson is making about as bad a record as any mayor could make.

The Demand for Cheerfulness

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO'S yielding to public taste, against his own judgment, in giving a happy ending to his latest play, is put by him on the special ground of the general desire for cheerfulness during the war. In England and the United States managers are strong for a happy spirit in plays in the present circumstances. That is an old demand of theirs, however, and they are apt to catch at any excuse. Public taste made Pinero change the *Profligate* and Kipling the *Light That Failed*, and has forced numberless authors to tuck on perfunctory and illogical endings. France and Germany have riper dramatic taste. They are both paying more heavily for the war than England, but in Paris and Berlin the demand is for the classics in the theatre, not for lazy cheer and dramatic anodyne. The theatre in those countries is an institution that means much to the most intelligent people, while in England and the United States it is in the main at least nothing better than a commonplace device for killing time.

Coolness and Enthusiasm

THE passing of Chief Bender brings sadness to all philosophic fans. Bender had to a thrilling degree one of the two elements of greatness in action. He was about the coolest thing ever seen in emergencies. He lacked enthusiasm. He had not a steady and lasting interest. Many nerves do their best in smooth circumstances. A few summon best their resources when pressure is severe. Nobody ever saw Bender alarmed. If he will not go down to history with Radbourne, Clarkson, Mathewson, it is only partly because he could not pitch as frequently. It is partly because they were cool and enthusiastic, while he was only cool. He was cynical. He had the nerves but not the morals to stand at the top. Indifference cost him several good years and much reputation.

Bitter Sweet

THERE are some natures of whom it is impossible to say when they are happy and when they are not. In them there is no sharp line between sadness and enjoyment. Melancholy overlaps happiness. The sweeter a joy the more inevitably does it contain the flavor of tragedy. That even ordinary dispositions have this intermingling, this almost indistinguishable light and shade, is shown by the popularity of the serio-comic, and by the popularity of fairly sad sentiment. In higher forms it is found in most poets. How can one tell just when Shelley is happy; or rather how can one divide at any moment his complex feelings into sorrow or joy? The writer of the *Skylark* found pleasure in sadness and sadness in pleasure. Similarly, in Heine's most familiar poem, seeing the charm and beauty of youth brought inevitably its accompanying pain. The poor beetle that we tread upon knows only corporal suffering, and (pace Shakespeare) very little of that. The higher the mental development, the more is pain distilled from each fact of life, even from joy; but on the other hand, thank heaven, the more also is there worth and significance in every fact of life, even in sorrow.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



SUMMER PESTS

V

THE PUFF-ADDER

Nicotina Dupustifuma

Like the *Copper-head* a pest of our public parks, it emits noxious fumes which, while not actually poisonous, are excessively annoying to occupants of the benches—certain species, however, (*space for ad*) are not only harmless but justly popular.

London in War-Time

By W. T. COLYER

NOT long ago there appeared in *Punch* a cartoon showing a dinner-party taking place in a cellar.

The fare was of the poorest, and every one of the diners was depicted as a nervous wreck. This was a representation, so the cartoonist explained, of London life as imagined in Berlin. In a time like the present there is plenty of scope for imagination, and some strange fictions certainly gain currency. The present article presents an unvarnished record of the external changes in London life, as they appeared to one who has recently left that city after being in business there for fourteen years:

The first and most striking change is, of course, the multitude of soldiers. Those who speak as though the British armies were composed mainly of Scotchmen and Colonials are talking nonsense. The soldiers who throng the metropolis are, to a very large extent, themselves Londoners. The overwhelming majority of them are Englishmen. By the way, wherever one turns, one comes upon soldiers; preoccupied and always hurrying staff-officers, with scarlet bands around their caps (these, especially in the neighborhood of the War-Office); battalions of Territorials on route marches; military bands everywhere; sentries with fixed bayonets guarding railroad tunnels and bridges, electric light stations, gas and water works and the like; recruiting sergeants with brilliant ribbons in their caps; soldiers taking their pleasures on furlough; wounded soldiers, hobbling on crutches or carrying their arms in slings, or sunning themselves in the porches or on the verandas of the great hospitals, or being taken for airings in taxicabs. Of the men who are not in khaki, a large proportion are wearing badges of one sort or another to indicate that they are "on war-service," special constables, or members of the various volunteer corps which are giving military-training to men who are ineligible for the regular forces.

Besides the ordinary soldiers and sailors, a new class of fighting-men are much in evidence with their apparatus: I mean the anti-aircraft section, in their blue uniforms, and with their great grey motor lorries and cars carrying sinister-looking guns pointing up into the heavens. Here and there one comes upon an anti-aircraft gun upon a more solid and lofty foundation, guarded by men in the same blue uniform. If common talk is to be believed, there are many more of these guns mounted in places not exposed to public view. At night the section is even more in evidence than during the day—with its brilliant searchlights sweeping the skies, and, on the occasions of Zeppelin raids, with its armored cars rushing about to take up favorable positions. While on the subject of aircraft, it may be mentioned that, for a considerable time, the flying-exhibitions at the great aerodrome at Hendon, a suburb on the north-western fringe of London, were prohibited. They have now been resumed. One occasionally sees a British airship or observation balloon hovering over the city, and not infrequently suburban residents are awakened in the "wee sma' hours" by the whizz of an army aeroplane. But so limited is the effect of the Zeppelins that only residents in the localities actually passed over are aware that a raid is taking place.

From Zeppelins to pineards may seem a far cry. The transition is suggested by the drawings which are posted up in various public places, and from which the civilian-population may gradually learn to distinguish British from German aircraft. These drawings are

accompanied by full directions, issued by authority of the chief commissioner of police, as to the wisest things to do in various contingencies. Other placards contain lists of regulations and offenses under the Defense of the Realm Act—an act of Parliament which legalizes almost any orders or prohibitions the government may choose to issue. Then there are the innumerable and highly-colored posters urging young men to enlist in the armies and informing them exactly how to do so. Some of these posters are in very dubious taste, and their wording is a little difficult to reconcile with the lofty moral sentiments expressed concerning the war by Mr. Asquith and other members of the government. It should, however, be remembered that these posters are not strictly official publications. The responsibility for them rests with the semi-official Recruiting Committee, in consultation with professional advertisers who seem to think that you should appeal to a man to lay down his life for his country by precisely the same methods that you would use to persuade him to buy *So-and-So's* soup or *Somebody Else's* tea.

In the street-cars and on the railroads you are again reminded that you live in a city liable to Zeppelin attacks. All blinds must be drawn after dark in the trains, and passengers are warned to make certain that the train is actually stopping at a station, before they alight. Under the English system of providing doors for each compartment of the carriage, out of which the passenger steps directly onto the platform, it is much easier than in America to alight in error, and to do so may mean a nasty fall in the dark, perhaps onto a parallel line of tracks. In the street-cars all lamps are darkened, and it is impossible to read the newspaper with any comfort in the dim light. When crossing bridges over water all lights are extinguished, as the glow cast upon water has been found to be very helpful to airmen trying to locate themselves at night. For similar reasons all brilliant shop-fronts and powerful headlights on automobiles which would cast a glow on the surface of the streets are prohibited. The street-lamps also are darkened, and all vehicles, including bicycles, must carry red tail-lights to minimize the risks of accidents. The oculists are quarreling among themselves as to whether the condition of the streets at night is going to be good or bad for their business; some saying that the darkness will rest the businessman's eyes, others that the sharp contrasts between normal lighting within doors and the pitchy blackness without will be a bad strain.

The service of motor-omnibuses is much curtailed, as the buses are being used in hundreds for army transport purposes. The newspapers occasionally bring out photographs of them by roadsides "somewhere in France," with their old route numbers and destinations still visible after all the wear and tear they have undergone.

Notwithstanding the libels of armchair cynics, the amusements of the people are vitally affected. There has been no first-class cricket this summer; and sport generally has languished. There were football matches last season, it is true; but even in war-time the hardy-driven workers need some relaxation, and they probably do more good in refreshing themselves by occasionally watching a football match than is ever done by the amply leisured gentlemen who waste time and temper in writing sneering criticisms upon them. Musical societies are seriously affected by the death of male singers

and players. Great sections of the people's parks are taken for military purposes, and the four great show places of London, the Crystal Palace, Earl's Court, the White City, and the Alexandra Palace, have been in the possession of the authorities for many months as camps for British troops, Belgian refugees or German prisoners.

Finally, one cannot help noticing the activities of women. The bulk of the suffrage societies have converted themselves into voluntary organizations for emergency work in connection with the war. So far did the National Union of Women Suffrage Societies go in this direction that serious changes have taken place at headquarters, owing to the objections of a minority containing some of the ablest and hitherto most trusted leaders. On every hand one sees uniformed women belonging to the various nursing organizations and to the emergency corps that have been formed with the view

of carrying on the nation's business by the substitution of temporary female labor for that of men who have joined the forces. Women are serving in stores, working elevators, acting as booking clerks and ticket collectors on the railroads, forming special police corps for the advice and protection of girls and women in the neighborhoods of the military camps, filling up vacancies in banks and other business offices, turning up in all sorts of unexpected places. For domestic service they are almost unobtainable. The other changes I have mentioned seem temporary and incidental, and it is said that the influx of womanhood into the business activities of the nation is of a similar character. Perhaps so. Nevertheless, the intelligent observer cannot help wondering whether, despite the most positive assertions to the contrary, he is not witnessing, in this influx of femininity to the fields of masculine endeavor, the beginning of a social revolution.

An Old Wife's Song

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

When I was young and my days were long
I heard my grandmother's spinning-song,
She sang and spun while I sat by her knee
And this was the song my granny sang me:
*"The man shall take and the woman give
All the days that they both shall live,
Woman shall give and the man shall take
Till the sky fall through and the wide earth break!"*

When I was young and the world was new
I loved a lad and he loved me true;
He could have won me easy as could be,
But oh, he was still with the fear of me:
I longed to speak and to make him glad,
But I was a lass and he a lad,
I could not speak though no word be spoken,
And I held my tongue till my heart was broken:
*For woman gives and the man must take
Though her life may spoil and her heart may break—
For man must take and the woman give,
Though it spoils all the days that they both must live!*

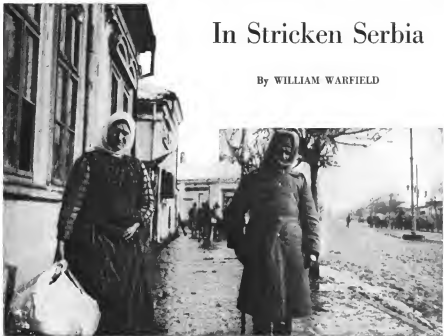
When I was grown and was full wife-old
A man there came and his love was bold;
I wished him neither nigh nor yet away,
I had no will to tell him yea or nay
But a lass must wed ere her fading, and in sooth
All a woman's gold is her face and her youth.
So I gave him my hand, though 'twas naught to me,
For what but a wife e'en a poor lass be?
*For man will take and o woman give—
What is there else when o woman has to live?
For woman must give if the man will take,
And buy with her youth till her youth shall break!*

When my man was wed and his love was through
I bore him a son, as I was glad to do,
When he was through with courting and enlling me his
dear
I bore him a man-child for each wedded year:
I gave them my youth and my looks and my tear:
I gave them the strength of all my years,
So my life was broken when they went from me,
Yet what beside a mother may a good wife be?
*For woman gives and the man will take
And ga his ways though her heart may break—
For man shall take and the woman give
All through the years she is bound to live!*

And now I'm old and none pays me heed,
For I've no gift that a man may need,
And when I was young a long time ago,
For this is never my world I used to know!
For down through the land a maid may pass
As if she were a lad and not a lady-lass,
She gives and she takes, and stands or may fall
As if she were a strong man and not a maid at all
*And she takes what she'd take, and she gives what
she'd give,
For this is o world where o lass must live—
And can it be that the world's made new
And the sky is follen and the world brake through?*

In Stricken Serbia

By WILLIAM WARFIELD



NOWHERE in Europe has the hand of war fallen more heavily than in Serbia. Not even in Belgium and Poland have the material and moral resources of the people been taxed to such an extent. With her sister kingdom and contiguous ally, Montenegro, she is so shut up in her distant corner of Europe as to be almost inaccessible to those who have been generously succoring the other suffering lands. Had the Serbs not been a people of extraordinary hardihood they could never have survived the frightful onslaught of Austria or the almost equally frightful epidemic that succeeded it.

These two experiences are now passing into history, and only their scars remain. There is not an Austrian left in Serbian territory except the thousands of prisoners that swarm in every city, and the typhus that claimed victims by the thousand is now disappearing. But we are never allowed to forget that a state of war exists. The bombardment of Belgrade, which began almost a year ago, still continues at intervals, but less one-sidedly than before. On the hills above the city there are now four British naval batteries, two French and one Russian, while six French aeroplanes are now accommodated in the valley behind, well out of range of the Austrian fire. We have learned to recognize immediately the sound of one of these machines buzzing overhead and the detonation of the shrapnel shells that the enemy send to greet the birdmen every time they venture across the river. Almost every day finds little groups of citizens gathering in the streets to watch the puffs of smoke approach nearer and nearer to the daring aviator until, having made his observations he returns to the shelter of

the hills, leaving behind the last shells that burst with the sharp claps overhead. Nor are these groups quite out of danger from flying metal. Though no deaths have as yet been reported, a perfect hail of bullets fell one day in the grounds of the American Red Cross Hospital, causing a general rush for shelter.

The Austrian aviators are not inactive either. Only a few days ago we were treated with a spectacular battle in the sky, during which the Frenchman outmaneuvered his antagonist and drove him back across the Save. One of their reconnaissances was so successful, however, as to discover the position of one of the British batteries. A bombardment was opened soon after of a most terrific character. Twelve-inch shells were used, and planted with remarkable accuracy. We could hear the "whoosh, whoosh" of the projectiles coming through the air, and then the ear-splitting detonation and the sharp whirring of jagged fragments flying in all directions. The first shell fell quite short, and the second, but soon two fell in succession directly between the guns blowing up the connecting trenches. Another blast made a crater eight feet deep and twenty feet in diameter within fifteen yards of one of the guns and so powerful was the concussion that one of the men was thrown flat on the ground, though unscathed. This was the only injury done, however, for the guns were thereafter moved to another position. The appearance of the ground afterward was sufficiently striking. The huge craters made by the shells were scattered widely over the position and at almost every step fragments of shell could be picked up. The projectiles did not all burst, and we

found that those that failed to burst went through the soil as if that had been butter, making a clean hole twenty feet deep by actual measurement.

One of the chief objects of the batteries is to prevent boats going down the Danube to communicate with Constantinople through Bulgaria. It is now two months since the last determined effort was made to get a large store of ammunition out by this route. The barge that contained it was hit by a shell from a Serbian battery which detonated the cargo causing such a tremendous explosion that fragments of the barge were thrown far up on shore. It is only a week, however, since a small despatch-boat tried to get by under the protection of one of the famous monitors. It was discovered and bombarded from all sides by the Serbs and their allies. The shells hursting over the Danube with vivid flashes of light presented a beautiful, if terrible, picture. The Austrians soon began to retaliate, firing at the batteries and into the city, so that the air became vibrant with the pandemonium of firing and hursting shells. A burst of flame on the despatch-boat showed that it was hit and we saw it run ashore. Then the monitor retired and the con-nomading died down. But a parting shot from the Austrians fired into the city struck the house next to the British Legation, blew its whole front into the street and killed a man and two children. It was their revenge for the loss of their boat. Belgrade has lost practically all of its public buildings, and many dwelling houses, but the casualties in the city have not been very severe. It is the region in the northwest of Serbia where the Austrians first invaded the country that has suffered most. Its chief town is



Shabats, a port on the Save, of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, unfortified, and practically undefended. At the beginning of hostilities a hail of shells was poured into it in spite of the article in The Hague Convention that prohibits the bombardment of unfortified places. Long after



Above—A Serbian family leaving the ruins of what was once "home."
Below—The primitive method of drawing water in Serbia.

every soldier had been withdrawn this shelling continued. Then the Austrians crossed the river, announced through their press that they had taken the great fortress of Shabats, set the city on fire, cracked the safes and pillaged the stores. All the men who remained, and many women, were imprisoned in the suburb which had been half ruined by the shell-fire. Then squads were marched out from time to time and shot while the others were sent across into Hungary to internment camps where hundreds have since died of disease. At the time of my visit the city was a mass of ruins, the walls alone remaining, pierced by shells and gutted by fire, excepting only a few buildings that had been used by the Austrians. The name of Shabats deserves to go down to history with that of Louvain.

The countryside for miles around shares the devastation of its capital. In the villages almost every house is burned as well as the outbuildings, with which have perished reserve supplies of food, implements and household necessities. The cooking utensils, being of copper,

were gathered up by cart-loads and sent to the Austrian munition factories. Thousands of refugees fled before this destruction and many of them are now returning in thin, wasted groups of women and children. I have seen them, homeless and helpless, poking amid the ruins of their burned cottages, aimlessly striving to recover something from the general desolation. They are utterly destitute and dependent upon the charity of their more fortunate neighbors. There is absolutely nothing to eat in this region but maize, to the use of which the invaders were not accustomed though it is an important crop here. Most of it was burned but fortunately some remains, though practically all the wheat and live stock was consumed or carried away. To feed these sufferers from outside is almost impossible as the country is not reached by the Serbian railway system, and the roads are utterly ruined by the passage and repassage of the armies. Ox-carts alone can make the journey, and these are very scarce because so many cattle have either been killed for food or lost in service.

defeat in August and above it is Mt. Gutchevo, scene of the most stubborn fighting in Serbia. It is a long ridge rising some three thousand feet above the broad valley of the meandering Drina across which rise the lofty heights of Bosnia. Ascending the slopes through upland pastures and groves of beech we found on the summit proof of the bitter contest that was waged there for two months. After their defeat at Mt. Tser the Austrians entrenched themselves strongly along the top of the ridge. The Serbs climbed up through the beech woods, foot by foot, yard by yard, until they dug their trenches also along the top of the ridge. There they are today, often within twenty yards of the Austrian positions. The whole summit of the ridge is littered with the paraphernalia of war, cartridge cases, broken rifles, shell fragments, caps, coats, canteens, hand grenades, and in some places unburied bodies that no one has had time to cover. Where the fighting took place in the woods the trees have been riddled through and through with bullets, and many trees have fallen from the effects

A little, narrow-gauge railway runs from Shabats across the northwestern corner of Serbia to Lasnica on the Drina. This little town has suffered almost as much as its larger neighbor, as its streets of blackened walls attest. Near by it is Mt. Tser where the Austrians suffered their terrible

of rifle-fire alone. The Austrian side of the hill is terraced with rows of neatly built huts arranged according to battalions. An examination of this evidence shows that the Austrians had reserves enough to work in three shifts according to the usual method of trench fighting. On the Serbian side, however, no such arrangement appears, for the Serbs had no reserves but had to keep at it all the time. I met a young reservist who had been called to the colors from a law school and had found himself on Gutchovo soon after. He told me that for seven weeks he never left the trenches. Food was served to the men there and they slept in dugouts cut in the side. This began in the height of summer and continued until the leaves had fallen, when the Serbs had to retire before the third invasion that ended in the final terrible defeat of the Austrians in December.

When I saw it Gutchovo was fresh with new leaves and rich pastures that there were no herds to enjoy. Picturesque farmsteads, nestling amid blossoming fruit trees, were deserted, or inhabited only by tired, destitute women and children. This is the condition of the countryside for miles around and far along the road to Valievo. This way bears the unmistakable signs of having been the scene of a frantic flight and an unremitting pursuit. Broken wagons are encountered, places where ammunition and equipment have been burned or buried, and innumerable shallow graves of transport-animals.

Valievo is the northwestern terminus of the Serbian railway system being connected by a narrow-gauge road with the main line from Nish to Belgrade. It is a pretty little town of wide streets and one-storied, stuccoed houses. On account of its railway facilities it is the headquarters of the first Serbian army although situated one hundred miles from the frontier by road. The Austrians too used it for their headquarters but fortunately their career of frightfulness was over when they reached it, and they did no more than carry off a

few innocent citizens into captivity. Their organization here, however, was utterly demoralized, and when the Serbs entered the city after a battle on the outskirts they found a dreadful confusion. Crowding the station platform were sick and wounded that had had no attention for days, while the hospitals were crowded to the limit of their capacity. Food supplies, munitions and equipment of all sorts were left lying around, and the quarters occupied by soldiers and officers were in an incoercible state of disorder and insanitation. Added to this there were in and about the town thousands of

crowding in from all sides. Meanwhile the railroad was thrown open to traffic practically free and the panic-stricken refugees made their way to Nish and other localities carrying the infection with them. Congestion made it necessary to move prisoners away by the thousand to all parts of the kingdom. Wounded men followed carrying typhus to every hospital centre in Serbia. Fresh outbreaks in various places caused local stampedes so that the disease was carried to every possible locality from Belgrade to Gevgeli on the Greek frontier, where it ran through the American Red Cross Hospital, causing the death of two doctors and bringing down nine out of twelve nurses. In Valievo at the end of January there were over three thousand cases; in March the number had gone down to one thousand six hundred; and by the end of April to nine hundred. Today there are everywhere a few new cases appearing from time to time but the back of the epidemic is broken and it remains to stamp out the last trace of infection so that the disease may not return with renewed virulence next winter.

To accomplish this end the friends and allies of Serbia have rallied bravely to her aid. A British mission from the Royal Army Medical Corps arrived in February and immediately stopped passenger traffic on the railways for a month, taking the first step toward preventing the spread of the disease. Lady Paget's mission, the units of the American Red Cross and a large force of French army doctors were already on the ground and did incalculable service in caring for the stricken.

Against the Austrians and against typhus Serbia is now well guarded. The problem that remains unsolved is how to keep the wolf from the door of the ordinary peasant. Agriculture is at a standstill in many districts, and carried on only by old men and women in others. Both in America and in England a certain amount of work is being done for agricultural relief, but more must be undertaken, if this brave little country is to be saved from the danger of famine. The crying need of Serbia today is for agricultural relief.



Above—Remains of a house in Belgrade struck by an Austrian shell.
Below—The Army Museum in Belgrade, destroyed by the Austrian bombardment.

refugees from the desolated districts.

Among the sick lying on that station platform, without protection from the December cold, in the hospitals and the race shelters of the refugees, was an enemy destined to prove even more dangerous than Austria. Typhus had broken out among the disorganized troops in Valievo, and spread to the refugees. Breeding rapidly in the filth of those surroundings it soon reached a point at which it could not be checked. The Serbs always treat wounded prisoners equally as well as their own men and so, not knowing the nature of the disease that had broken out, they treated them all in the same hospitals. The result was that all soon caught the epidemic, and it spread to the soldiers, and the thousands of prisoners that were

Opposition to Family Limitations

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

A ROYAL COMMISSION, considering the falling birth-rate of New South Wales, in 1904, reported that it was due to the artificial limitation of families, and that this limitation was pernicious from every viewpoint.

The New South Wales changing birth-rate is typical of newly-developed countries. In 1860, 42.11 babies were born per thousand population. This is a high rate for a civilized country. The circumstances were these: Thousands of settlers were flocking into the country. The large proportion of these were men and women of child-producing age. Thousands of babies who might have been born in Great Britain were born instead in New South Wales. The population contained very few elderly people. These two factors made the number of infants in proportion to the rest of the population abnormally large.

Forty years later these exceptional conditions had changed. The population no longer held so unusually large a proportion of child-producing couples. More over, living-conditions had altered. The natural resources of the land did not yield so quick a return. Frontier conditions had given way to town and city ways. Life offered more physical comfort, but competition made the struggle for existence more complicated. At this time knowledge of contraception began to be disseminated. The birth-rate fell rapidly from the high point of 42.11 in 1860 until in 1903 it had gone down to 25.55 per thousand. It was in the following year that the Royal Commission gathered to consider the matter.

The chief witnesses were ministers, doctors and pharmacists. Each one expressed the deepest horror and disgust at the "moral perversion" which showed itself in the artificial limitation of families.

In a previous article we quoted the denunciations of the Catholic bishop. The Protestant ministers were equally emphatic. The Most Rev. William Saunderson Smith, Lord Archbishop of Sydney, Metropolitan and Primate, said:

"I think this practise is a sin against God, a sin against nature, and a sin against society."

Another Church of England clergyman testified:

"My own view in regard to this question would be summed up practically in one word, 'Murder.'"

The pharmacists and doctors who followed the clergymen were equally vehement in their protests of disapproval. The opinion was sometimes expressed that a woman who used contraceptives would be likely to use abortifacients, but no one continued this form of reasoning to its logical conclusion that, once the habit fastened itself upon her she would proceed to infanticide, and then, the habit growing stronger, to the murder of her older children, and finally—unhappy creature—to a herodian slaughter of the innocents.

The physicians lumping together all forms of contraception brought a blanket charge against them. They ignored the fact that some contraceptives are used by men and some by women and by the emphasis on the effect upon women. They charge contraception with impairing or ruining general health, bringing on distress of mind or body, filling the insane asylums with women, deranging the nervous system, encouraging invalidism, affecting the curability of some forms of insanity and making women look old. The data upon which these opinions are based is not given.

The only reply which regulationists can make to the general assertion that the limitation of families is always harmful is the equally general assertion that it is not always harmful. This battle-dore-and-shuttlecock form of discussion brings us nowhere. 'Tis mince—'Tis mince.

A more concrete statement is: "This mass of evidence simply proves that the practise of preventing conception, no matter what method is adopted, is the cause of many dire ills, far worse than any bad consequences that could naturally result from the bearing and rearing of children. That some year there were in New South Wales 305 deaths in childhood and the average for the 12 previous years had been 6.9 per thousand. Among the consequences which are less dire than the consequences of contraception are puerperal phlegmasia alba, doleus, embolus, sudden death, puerperal septicaemia, etcetera. Women accept these risks with extraordinary matter-of-factness and it becomes any man to minimize the dangers of child-bearing to enlarge upon the dangers of limitation. Far better would it be for anti-regulationists to submit definite figures of the mortality, insanity, and morbidity resulting from the artificially controlled limitation of families, for comparison.

OTHER witnesses testified that limitation results in the loss of self-respect and distinct disintegration of character. Said one:

"The effect upon the character of those who follow such practises would be a very complete one. One of the early effects would be diminution of religious feeling, with the loss of any appreciable religion whatever. Next there would be a loss of the philanthropic feeling, a decline in sympathy; even neighborliness and good citizenship and almost everything you could associate with the word 'enthusiasm' would be threatened and likely to disappear. The mental and moral effects I take to be unmistakable."

The profound disapproval of the limitation of families expressed by the Royal Commission had an extraordinary effect upon the birth-rate, for extra babies were born even as the commission was speaking its stern denunciations. The year previous the rate had been only

25.55 per thousand. That year it was 27.06. It continued to rise every year, till in 1912 it was 29.90. Better still, the death-rate, which had fallen with the lowered birth-rate, continued to fall. Ross states that New South Wales, with lower birth-rate than England's, has less than one-half England's sterile marriages. The country is famous for its low infant-mortality. The result of this happy combination is a remarkable increase in population. The natural increase for 1912 was 19.04 per thousand population. New South Wales exhibits that most desirable of all conditions: A low and very generally regulated birth-rate, and as a parallel, a very low death-rate.

TWO other opponents of family limitation by contraception, I group with the Royal Commission, in order to show from what widely differing grounds anti-regulationists reach their common decision: Alfred Baker Read, an English sociological writer, is a strange colleague. He holds that contraception will result in a lowered birth-rate only in the better stock, without affecting the poor stock because its practise calls for "a great amount of moral character, or self-restraint, or thoughtfulness for the future." Yet he feels keenly the disadvantages of overlarge families. A method must be found of reducing the size of families without shearing the joy from passion. Mr. Read finds this method in—infanticide. In all seriousness he advises reviving the Spartan custom of putting to death undesirable infants. This will, he tells us, avoid the sin and restraint of contraception as well as the danger and pain of abortion at the same time that it brings small-family prosperity to the individual and the nation.

A third viewpoint is presented by Dr. F. W. Foerster, of the University of Zurich, in his *Marriage and the Sex Problem*: Although not a Catholic he walks by their side in this discussion to a certain point, where he turns in a diametrically opposite direction. Dr. Foerster believes in the fundamental antagonism of body and spirit and teaches that man can attain to spiritual heights only by repression of material desires. Concerning the limitation of families, Dr. Foerster feels that prevention of conception merely frees sex from producing its normal results; the very results which have in the past so powerfully contributed toward self-discipline and self-control.

Thus, three dissimilar judges, the New South Wales Commission, Alfred Baker Read, and Dr. Foerster, unite in stigmatizing contraception as a sin for three different reasons: Because it lowers the birth-rate; because it interferes with passion, and because it removes responsibilities. And the respective remedies offered are: Unlimited child-bearing, infanticide, and sexual abstinence.



A Musty Fort in a Modern Crisis

By ALLENE TUPPER WILKES

IF YOU would dream dreams and see visions there can be no better time or place than at the hour of sunset on the malecón of Vera Cruz.

Earlier there is a lazy activity of landing wares, of loading boats, of shifting troop trains, of hurrying officials coming to and going from the lighthouse. Later, many people come to listen to the military band and to catch the breeze that blows over the water, for the malecón holds the only breath of air and Vera Cruz is hot with a not-to-be-imagined kind of heat.

But at this hour of sunset the waterfront is nearly deserted. The strange little cosmopolitan life of Vera Cruz has flowed back into town to emerge later in fresh, white suits and gay muslins.

Out toward the breakwater is the old Spanish fort of San Juan de Ulúa: gray-white, high-walled, with turret and tower, moat and drawbridge; a fit setting for some old-world tale of daring and bloodshed. This morning we went

through it, from tower to dungeon. It stands on an island, which is joined to the mainland by a causeway. We preferred to be rowed over by an Indian in his awning-covered boat. As we entered the great quadrangle round which the fort is built, we were surprised to find General Carranza and two of his staff. He invited us to accompany him, so we saw Ulúa under his direction.

The general

told me of the part San Juan de Ulúa has played in the history of Mexico. It has been taken and retaken many times, for Vera Cruz is the key to Mexico and the fort is the first point of attack by the enemy. Once it was probably the strongest defense in the new world, and until the improvement made in modern warfare, was considered almost impregnable. Now, for all its great bulk, and apparent strength, it would crumble like a child's fort of sand under the fire of a modern war-vessel.

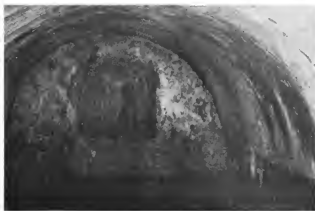
There is no reliable data as to the exact time when the fort was built, but work on it must have been commenced between the years 1582 and 1625. We know that Cortez and his men called it "San Juan" because they first saw the island on the feast of St. John and "Ulúa" was a corrupted pronunciation of a name of the Indians who inhabited the place.

After the capture of Havana by the

English in 1762, much apprehension was felt as to the safety of Vera Cruz, and the defenses of the city—it was then a walled town—and of San Juan de Ulúa were strengthened. Both fort and town were later taken by the French and it was the last stronghold of Spain at the time that Mexico fought for, and achieved, her independence.

More than one of Mexico's short-lived rulers have languished and died in its dungeons. In 1808 the Spanish Viceroy Jose de Iturrigaray, suspected of treason against the crown, was confined with his family in the fort until they could be sent across the Atlantic as prisoners of war. Benito Juarez, President of Mexico and hero of the War of Reform, was arrested by General Santa Anna in 1853, and incarcerated in one of its dungeons. With him was Melchor Ocampo, a member of the Constitutional Congress and, next to Juarez, the most prominent of the reform leaders. Ocampo was afterwards shot, while Juarez was taken from the old prison and sent into exile.

As I sit here on the malecón and lazily watch the outline of the fort grow dim in the dusk, I remember a picture of San Juan de Ulúa in a history that I studied when I was a very little girl. But while San Juan de Ulúa brings these dreams of old deeds "of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades," history is in the making all about me.



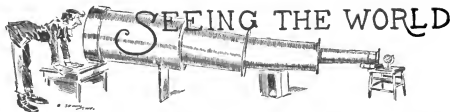
In the dungeons of San Juan de Ulúa.



TIMES



F PEACE



Good and Straight

Wanted—A wife, 60 years of age, American preferred. Address P. O. Box, Latimer, Iowa. Must be a good, straight lady.

—The Dubuque (Ia.) *Times Journal*.

Falling from the Wagon

You have heard about a man getting on or falling off the "water wagon." Well a few days ago, Newt Hendrix, the popular convict guard of New Decatur, was riding on the city water wagon and in some way fell off and sprained both his wrists. Now Newt's many friends are teasing him about falling off the "water wagon."

—The Decatur (Ia.) *News*.

The Young Turk Movement

"Wonders are still in style. Fred Doublebower has a turkey gobbler that has set on three eggs for the past two weeks. He comes off his nest five or six times during the day but doesn't stay off long at a time. When the sun gets where it shines on him he moves his eggs over in the shadow. Wise gobbler."

—Helmic note in the Weir City (Kans.) *Journal*.

Among the Prohibitionists

The Greenleaf Sentinel still harps upon the fact that we drank some whiskey once. The only amendment we know of offer to The Sentinel's statement is that our memory being fairly good, we recollect of drinking whiskey several times. We will state for the benefit of The Sentinel that this fact is of common notoriety. We thought The Sentinel professed to run a newspaper.

—The Washington (Kans.) *Palladium*.

Oh, of Course!

The editor of the Advocate paid about \$80 school tax last year in support of the local schools and received printing from the schools to the amount of \$300. The mail order house paid school tax here in the amount of \$300 and got a

cash job here of more than \$100. But of course the commencement exercises and graduates will receive a nice writeup in Kansas City, where the invitations were printed.

—The Mankato (Mo.) *Advocate*.

Maiden's Manners in the Movies

Some of the young men think that movie actress overdid her part at Saturday night's show. They don't believe stolen kisses necessarily cause spasms.

—The Hazelton (Kans.) *Herald*.

Presses Held Up by Pressing

The editor is going to take a vacation Monday and Tuesday. It's washing and ironing day and our palm bench suit is soiled.

—The Hamilton County (Tenn.) *Herald*.

Why Subscribers Stop

Prof. A. D. Hannum and wife leave today for Pittsburgh, Pa., where they will visit Mr. Hannum's brother and Mrs. Hannum's sister, these sisters unfortunately marrying brothers

—The Sabine (O.) *Tribune*.

Cause for Thanks

The editor of this paper started in yesterday evening to write a heavy-weight editorial, but was rudely disturbed in the middle of a sentence by hearing his name called from the courthouse. Our conscience began to smote us as to what we'd lately been guilty of—but come to find out they wanted us to serve on a jury. Every once in a while even an editor has occasion to be thankful.

—The Waldron (Ark.) *Advocate*.

The Lady Othello

A Horton married man and a young woman got to kidding each other. The girl threw some water on the man. He seized a dipper and was pursuing her when his wife came on the scene and flew into a jealous rage. "You never threw any water on me," she sobbed.

—The Horton (Kans.) *Headlight-Commerce*.

It Isn't Often That Us Fat Ones Get the Chance

Good opportunity for bright young lady with large corporation.

—Adv. in the Chicago (Ill.) *Tribune*.

Sometimes It Happens Thus

At the big revival at Horton nearly five hundred convicts have been made, including the Mayor and two Councilmen.

—The Fairbury (Neb.) *Journal*.

WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU SORE IF—



—Atleiquaque (N. M.) *Morning Journal*.

A Christian Canner

If the party who took my canned peaches during my husband's sickness and absence will return the empty cans I will try and fill them again for them.—Mrs. George Christy.

—The Scott County (Ind.) *Journal*.

It Sounds Good

A book agent who was selling what appeared to be an interesting book on Revelations and the Prophet Daniel was in this place recently.

—Hunt's Corners note in the Marathon (N. Y.) *Independent*.

"Governor Jim" of Texas

By CHARLES W. HOLMAN

TEXANS call him Jim—Governor Jim. The outside world has been interested in James B. Ferguson mainly because he is the first Governor of Texas to be elected on issues that were profounder than personal politics. The Texas people are interested in him because those issues vitally concern them.

I wish it were possible to gratify the sentimental heart by "playing-up" Jim Ferguson as a man who from youth had secret desires to serve his fellow Texans. But candor compels the confession that Ferguson began life as an opportunist and continued as such until a few months ago. Self-interest and immediate results always attracted him most. The three dramatic turning points that mark his life illustrate this trait; at none did he look very far into the future, for he was too busy concentrating on the work that had to be done at the time.

He was born in Bell County, in the richest farming section of Texas. His Scotch father and mother early taught him the virtues of the frugal, and Jim very soon came to have a mighty respect for dollars and dimes. After a common-school education he started out "on his own." He drifted over the Western country doing any job that a raw farm-boy could do. He farmed, "punched" cattle, railroaded, worked in mines and on wharves. After a year or two, he wound up as a timber-jack in the woods of the Pacific Northwest. Then he headed for Bell County, Texas.

"Jim's come back," said the elders, and they smiled with the patronizing smile of the silver-haired.

But farm-life did not suit Jim any more. At the end of a few months the wanderlust seized him, and he obtained a job on a railway bridge-gang. It was his intention, he says, to work two and a half days for a "stake" and then move on. However, he proved to be a natural bridgeman and the foreman persuaded him to stay on the job. An offer of more wages caused Jim to make his first important decision in life.

Seven years later, while riding between two jobs of bridge-work, he came to the conclusion that "there was nothing to it" for him. He acted promptly by telegraphing his resignation from the first station he passed. A few days later he was back on the farm in Bell County.

"Jim's home agin," said the neighborhood folk with sly winks and sundry nods. But Jim didn't care much about their opinions. He went to work again at farming as if he had never been away.

But one day, while in Belton with a load of cotton to sell, he chanced to meet a former school friend who was then a practising attorney.

"Jim," said his friend, after the usual preliminaries, "Why don't you become a lawyer?"

"Lord, it requires brains to be a lawyer," answered the dubious Jim.

"No," said the young attorney with captivating naiveté. "The main thing is

ident of a State bank in Temple, Texas, be determined to enter public life.

He did not begin by running for sidersman. He reached for the Governorship.

Ferguson went about his campaign in a very businesslike way. He first estimated that he could throw away thirty thousand dollars to secure the nomination in the primaries of the Democratic party. Nomination, of course, would mean election, for there is only one party in Texas. Then he picked up a campaign manager. Next he cast about for issues sufficiently big enough to sweep aside his opposition.

Now, within the Democratic party in Texas there are several divisions and cross divisions. In the first place, they are divided over the question as to whether Baileyism shall be perpetuated. Then they are divided on the liquor question. Between these issues there are numerous complications. But it is important to know that since Baileyism became quiescent prohibition has assumed large proportions as a State issue, and alignments have brought about a great bitterness of feeling.

Yet liquor is not any longer the most important question.

It has been suppressed in practically all of the counties except those that contain the large population-centres, and restrictions of a drastic nature surround the whole of the traffic.

In some ways, therefore, the liquor fight has degenerated into a struggle between the extremists who would clear the whole State, and the organized liquor interests, who would maintain their ground.

While such struggles were absorbing popular attention and paralyzing progressive legislation, other great economic evils had fastened themselves upon the body politic. A pernicious landlordism had sprung up, and with it all the attendant evils such as speculation in land values, absenteeism, concentration of ownership, deterioration of the tenant class, arbitrary raises in rents and subsequent efforts at resistance. There had developed a decided struggle on the land for the land, and it was becoming apparent that some State policy would be necessary to solve the question. Usury also had been eating at the vitals of the Texas tenant-farmers. Such questions the Legislature had wholly neglected. Neither had it given any adequate consideration to the question of popular education, either in the common schools or in the institutions of higher learning.



to have a license and to back it up with nerve. I made four thousand this year. You can do as well as I."

Two years later James E. Ferguson hung out his shingle to practise in all courts. While waiting for practise he did a small collection business, secured an insurance agency and opened up an abstract office. Within a short time his business had grown faster than his practise and he was forced to enlarge. In order to look more businesslike, he had a railing with a cage put up. He was mighty proud of that cage and stayed late at the office his first night to feel the effect of it.

It looked "very financial," he thought. He little dreamed that before that night was over he would have accepted a proposition to organize and head a small bank.

As a banker, Ferguson prospered. He married and prospered some more. He blossomed into Farmer Ferguson, Landlord Ferguson and Ranchman Ferguson. Accumulating money finally ceased to interest him as a mental occupation, and his mind began to put out feelers for some other activity that would satisfy the inward craving. It so happened, that at the age of forty-three, while pro-

Yet, at the time Ferguson entered the race, the candidates bade fair to go on fighting out the liquor question.

He fired his opening guns at the village of Blum, Texas. He proposed peace as to the liquor struggle, a commission to study the question of cheaper money for farmers, and a law to restrict the amount of rent a landlord could charge on cotton and grain land to one-third of the grain crop and one-fourth of the cotton, where the landlord furnishes land and house only. "The land question is the main issue" proclaimed Ferguson from every stump, and the tenant-farmers rallied to his standard.

His rival candidates became alarmed and devised land-planks also, for the two hundred and thirty-five thousand tenant-farmers hold the balance of political power in Texas. But Jim Ferguson hammered away at his rent-restriction proposition, and it proved to be good politics. By means of it he was able to make himself the one man upon whom the anti-prohibition machine was finally forced to depend. Contributions to his campaign fund began to come in: but

they were all returned with thanks. He was spending his own money, he would say. And he continued to hammer the rent-restriction proposition.

Ferguson was the nominee of his party by a landslide. The tenant-vote piled up in convincing numbers. "They elected me" declared Ferguson. Then he went to the El Paso convention of the party and ran a steam-roller over Joseph Weldon Bailey, who had publicly announced that he would wipe Ferguson off the map. This was the first time Bailey had ever been turned down by his party for another person.

And now as Governor, James E. Ferguson is surprising both friends and enemies by really taking his office seriously. Perhaps for the first time in his life he has been brought face to face with the people's business. He is learning to see matters from the social rather than the old personal viewpoint. Perhaps he will go on developing and broadening into a big statesman. Perhaps he will become the Lloyd-George of Texas, and perhaps he will go on to the Senate of the United States to force Congress to grapple with

the land question. But he may revert to the training of his youth; he may subside to the sphere of a mere party politician.

Who can tell?

This much we know: He has kept his word to the tenant-farmers. He believes, however, that legislation must be more fundamental than the rent-law which the last Legislature passed. His administration will be known as the one that first passed the Compulsory-Education bill. He is looking closely into the methods adopted by other States to bring about efficiency of administration and fair play for all citizens.

And we know further, that James Ferguson realizes he has touched deeper than mere personalities in his platform. We may surmise that he knows his own people well enough to reason that they are reaching out for a higher type of politics and a nobler class of leaders. Those who have come closest to him avow that there is a finer nature in Governor Jim that will qualify him to lead in the higher ranks in government and in the administration of the people's business.

The Theatre

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

YESTERDAY at an open-air theatre, an entertainment was given. A couple of thousand soldiers were massed up the side of the sand dunes—Marines with dark-blue round hat and red centre-piece, Territorials with light-blue long coats and peaked cap, Zouaves with dusky Algerian skin, yellow sorrel costume and baggy harem trousers, Belgians in the new khaki uniform, Red Cross British Quakers, and the red-pointed blue costume of another regiment. Two Americans of the United States army, two Japanese, and other army attachés, and many French officers, were the guests of honor. A young Belgian sang the "Song of the Shells," the band was playing. Over the top of the dune where the soldiers sat, an observation balloon was suspended in a cloud-

less blue sky, like a huge yellow caterpillar. Beyond the pasteboard stage, high on a western dune, two sentries stood with their bayonets touched by sunlight. To the south, a monument to the Territorial dead was visible. To the north, an aeroplane flashed along the line at speed, while gun after gun threw shrapnel at it.

"Crack! Il tombe des obus," sang the slight young Belgian soldier, leaning out toward the two thousand men of many colors, many nations. Half the songs were gay and humorous, but half were sad with long enduring, and the dear ones distant, and the many dead. Not in lightness nor ignorance are these men making war.

We greeted the American army captains who had been interested spectators.

"In a few weeks, I hope we shall be in the war," said one.

It was a scene of summer beauty, with the glory of the sky thrown in, and, every now and again, the music of the heart.

Without this refreshment, men could not go on month after month. I wished as I stood there that Bernhardt could come to them in the dunes, and express in power what is only hinted at by humble voices.

I think, everywhere, we wait for some supreme one to gather up the hope of the nations and the anguish of the individual and make a music that will send us forward to the Rhine.

The audience scattered, lightheartedly, some to their shovels, some to their guns.

Expense

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

AT TWENTY, in his courting hours,
His chiefest item was for flowers.

At thirty (this is hardly news)
He struggled most to pay for shoes.

At forty, still no manumission,
His nose was grindstoned by tuition.

At fifty, with a "six" machine,
What keeps him broke is gasoline.

The Cook's Tour

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

DEAR Mr Editor I got your telegram saying go ahead with the tour and Im glad because now I got a chanst to express myself. Thats how that feller Allingham says is the way to say it. Only he says many of them people who would wish to express themselves if they would express themselves somewheres else, they would be better off and the world would be better off but I dont know I feel as if I like it.

I am glad you sent the check also for my letter I didnt expect pay for that but since it has come I am glad. My motta is easy come pleasant spent. You will notis I am using good words. They are better Allingham says because he is prompting me he says first off you want to learn more words then you want to learn to use less of them. That is a good litry motta he says well be ought to know because he is plumb litry.

He says Id ought to spell my words better too which is to say the way they dont sound because what are we english he says if not arrogantly illogical even in using english language I am not english I says. Oh well he says that is irrelevant. So I did not say enny more then.

Now you have your check he says after a pauz in which he began to quail a cigareet for he is parbul to them now, what are we going to do for a starter I guess we better start out on the trip I says well he says lets draw up an iterny what is that I says. Oh the root of what-ever evil we can develp on the trip he says smiling he always smiles when he says something he thinks is smart and he has a thin face and big teeth very white and his smile is not so ornery, so I dont mind. I am pashunt as I tole you Mr. Editor.

Then I said something which brusg a light of amneration to Allinghams face you will soon see Mr Editor I have not been learning new words in vane I says first I will get my check casht and we will split it because you are of assistance to me. You are learning to be an author rapid he says if you would give me all your money you could qualify as a newspaper reporter becaus they are very generous with money I would rather be an author I says.

Well he says suit yourself but I would

advice that before we start you make an interview with some person in the envirs and if it is successful I would advice that you cosdn yourself to interviews of promnunt people as we go along and leave out descriptions which are popular only when left out. Besides he says you are in no coodition to cash your check being sober so I better take it for you while you make the interview I have to go into Vegas for supplies ennyway.

Well I says who would you interview if you was me well I would interview ole Andrew Jackson the prospector who is the most contrary man and the hardest to interview I know he says. Yes I says he is. Yes Allingham says I think if he was to be drowned you would have to look up stream for him so I laft.

Well I will interview him I says and will you give me the check with your same wrote onto it soe I kin git it casht he says yes I says because I believe in trusting a man wunst when he wants to be trustit because otherwise how can either him or me learn something about each other.

Well I says I will interview Andrew Jackson so I saddled Siamma and loaned Brownie my brown hose to Allingham and gave him the check and he went in to Vegas.

Mr Editor I am sorry I am not making this letter in the form of a diry but the trouble is we didnt git started on our toor yit and this is the reason.

Andrew Jackson is a pore ole man who has been so long in the woods he has lost his mind. He is so important nobody east tell him nothin. He is a queer fellow. Perhaps it is because I did not have no luck in this here interview I am talking this way about him and abusing him I am willing to be fair.

I have come I says to interview you for my paper Andrew and he says git down stranger I have not saw you fer a month of moons will you have a chew of terbaerer you aint got any whisky about you have you. No I says but I give him the makins and we smoked peaceable for a while and then I says I have come to interview you and he says what do you mean interview me.

Well I says I am writing for a paper and they want me to git ideas from promnunt people in the state about what they think. I dont think says Andrew because they aint nothin in this hull dog bistit county wuth thinkin about. And besides the only thing promnunt about



"The only thing promnunt about me now is my thirst."

me now is my thirst wich is shore werkin this mornin. You didnt say you had enoy whusky did you.

No I says I aint got no time for drinkin do you reckon well hev a good grazin season this year for beef cattle Andrew. He lookt at me queer fer a minit an says they used to take profets and prop em up and stone em. They let em live now but being a profet specially about the climat of your own country aint a plumb lukertive job. I aint no profet. Well I says Andrew be reasonable if you dont say something when I ast you questions how am I gon to git this here interview. It aint no hair off my head if you dont says Andrew.

Well supposin I take a pitcher of you ennyway I says an pinted my camera box at him. Hol on he hollered jumpin up an pullin a six shooter for wich they warnt no manner of reason and I tole him so. He was all bowed up though. Nobuddy east take no pitcher of me he says how do I know where hitl go or how fur hits gon to eir-eh-eh. Theys some fellers druther git a peek at this here face

of mine than that there fashnable pitcher of September in the mornin. Hit sounded to me sort of boustful like so I says them fellers got awful poor judgment then Andrew. Yes he says maybe but they got doggone good memories.

Well I seen it wasnt no use to argy no further when a mans stubben that-awny I never did have no eall to cross him longh he dont interfere with me none an besides Andrews face was hien thank God not mine so I begin talkin about something else twell I could think up a way to git a interview. Becas as the feller says theres a plenty ways to take



"Nobuddy cant take no pitcher of me."

the hide often a male.

Soon Andrew seen I had give up that idee he got social'e tole his troubles. That was the reason he was wantin a drink so bad. Trouble he said. Las week says Andrew I lef my shack for jest over night an what do you reckon a misable Mexican had bust-ed in and might nigh cleaned out the shack. How did you know twas a Mexican I says Oh I could tell by the sign he says. An nobuddly but one them ornery critters would of drank a gallon of lickin an not lef me enuff for an eye wash, that aint like a wite man he says.

Maybe hit was the Mexican Henery Willets taken a shot at a while back I says maybe so says Andrew ennyway Im going to fix him sos he wont drink no more whisky for a while I done putt up a joke on him. Yes he says lasfin heartly I done buried a number 4 bear trap up there by the door of the shack and when this here joyval Mexican comes around to pay me another visit when I aint home hes goin to step int that there trap an if he aint year when I git back hitl be becuss hes got more left than a grizzly wich he aint.

Hits a good joke but hes lible to git hongry aint he I says becuss he bein a cook poffeshunnally makes me reel soft thatsway about hongry fellers even Mexicans. That's part of the joke says Andrew but I aint tole you the best part Im goin back in a few days an luff at the Mexican an then walk away care-less like an stay away twell I git plumb homesick I aint got no patience with them cofee colored murrawders.

Then an idee come to me as the feller says. Andrew I asks him do you want a drink. Andrew looked at me so full of internal motion I thought hed bust. Well he says I want a drink might nigh as much as I want a shot at that there Mexican an ef that dont mean nothin to you I better go back to sign langwid.

Well I says ef youll throw the saddle onto yore hoss an ride into Vegns with me Ill guarantee you a time pervided I git this here interview an a petcher. I got me money in thar belongin to me.

Andrew never said nothin but jumped up like he was snakehit an loped off down the draw after his mare which is named Sade. Hits a sure enuff funny name but the mare is funny I dont know how ole she is becuss she wont let no-



Soon Andrew seen I had give up that idee he got social'e tole his troubles.

buddy git near enuff to her teeth to fine out wich as a femnan trate Andrew says but I dunno. Seems to me shes gittin too ole for sech foolishness.

Hit warn't no time afore Andrew had caught up the mare an putt on his leg-gins and wristlets an a fancy tie Allingham give him a while back. Andrew is shore some partikler about his cloze when it comes to goin on a time. Now fer this here interview I says what are y'talkin about with n drink waitin says Andrew youre crazy.

Then after that we started becuss Andrew wouldnt give no interview twell he got somethin to soffen up his throat he says he couldnt do hisself justis without a drink so I had to wait. It taken us a right smart while to git into Vegas an then we began to circulate aroun the saloons for to find Allingham becuss I wantit to git my money offn him and buy some drinks for Andrew and git that there interview.

We couldnt seem to round up Allingham nowhere an Andrew was gittin madder and madder becuss he could see fellers drinkin an hat to let it go at that he said he was goin back int the woods where they wasnt no temptation to kommit murder. Finely he got susperbus of me an we almost bed trouble. Ef I had money comin to me Andrey says they wouldnt be a hole deep enuff nor a crack narer enuff to hide it from me. Id tear this year town up roots an branches he says before Id go dry like this yere jest becuss of a filthy lack of haker. Jest be pusht like I am I says an then we had words wich I rubbed out of my writin later becuss after all Andrew may hev frens or lovin relatives summers an

I wouldnt want they should know him as he is wile he kin see the whisky wen huts red as the feller says, and cant go to it.

Ennyway somebuddy come in between us an when they foun out what Andrew was sufferin from they taken him over to Hicks bar an pacifide him an I left him looking happy I am going to git lol of him later an git that interview.

I startit in to look for Allingham some more and finly I foun a bartender whod seen him that mornin an he was drinkin right smart an headed for a game of stud poker he says. Then I begin to git mad becuss a feller hadnt ought to go wastin no bubby elses money on cyards when hit dont belong to him so I says wherabouts is this here cyard game staged. I couldnt say says the bartender but y'might inquire over to the Saddles soloon I believe he done got a check casht there so they say. Trust these here bartenders for gittin and givin gossip.

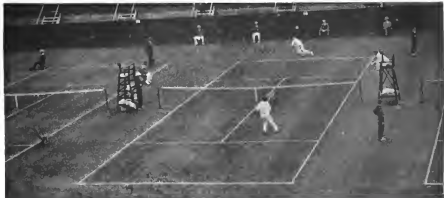
Well I traiped over to the Saddles and there was Allingham sure enuff in the back room whar he couldnt be seen from the front, playin a frealy game for money. Jest as I come in Allingham ris up an pushed back his chair an stretched hisself. Hed been drinkin but he didnt seem nownys bad longside of what he yits. Thatll be all for the nons he says.

Then he seen me and I lookt at him colery an he lookt plumb hacked like hed been buyin sheep or somethin. I didnt expec you in town he says but welcome jes the same how is the ranch and did you make your interview No I says not yit. Y'bin spendin your time profitably I spose yourself I says sarcastik an he luffed. Well he says wavin his hand like he could shoo off his iddees I planned on it but my plans was busted right in the middle by some fellers what estred unexpected—very unexpected. Who all was that I says not thinkin O a flock of kings he says, four on em in the last hand.

I will tell you what happened then Mr Editor in my nex letter I bin writin a long while an my fingers is plumb give out. But you kin see how it was we havnt started on our toor yit and why I didnt git that there interview with Andrew but Ill git it yet dont be down-hearted.

Mr. Allen's tour barring further accidents, will start next week.

The publication of the article by Postmaster-General Burlesom, announced for this week, has been unavowedly postponed. The article will appear in an early issue.



M'LOUGHLIN IN ACTION AT FOREST HILLS

The Pacific coast star found Dean M'othy a troublesome enough opponent to compel hitting up the pace in the second round of the national championship.

"Labels" in Sport Out of Fashion

By HERBERT REED

WHATEVER the result of the National tennis-championship, decided before those lines appear, there has been a sufficient variety of play to convince the open-minded follower of the game that it is dangerous to label a player. Technique seems to be a more and more unsettled quantity since both the younger and the older players are apparently doing a deal of experimenting. And after all, personality seems to be dominating technique. In the early rounds at Forest Hills those who were not intent upon watching the play of the ranking men turned to Charles S. Garland, the young Pittsburg player whose style was so attractive that it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that he will be heard from when he has a little better luck in the draw. In the second round he was so unfortunate as to be called upon to meet Clarence J. Griffin, but with fine courage he went after the man with the reputation and forced the Californian to turn on all the tennis he had handy in order to avoid defeat. Garland lacks the husky physique of Griffin, but plays a type of game with which it seems difficult to find a fault. Neither man could be labeled "base-line player," or "smashing player." There is a deal of tennis left in each and each will work it out to his own satisfaction regardless of the rules laid down by the experts.

But if a man—an average player a little uncertain of his game and anxious to learn—were seeking a safe model, I should suggest Frederick B. Alexander, who in his early match with Nathaniel W. Niles showed a remarkable mastery of court-generalship, technique that satisfied even so exacting a critic as P. A. Vaile, and yet had enough personality to be very far from mechanical. Followers of the game who saw that match

were fortunate indeed, for they saw at his best a man who has done as much for tennis as some who have achieved higher honors. He proved, I think, that theoretically perfect tennis can be played by a man who still may not be able to reach the flights of brilliancy that usually mark a champion. It is safe to label Alexander only to the extent of saying that he is, perhaps, nearest to the ideal type, if one must have types, of any of the foremost players.

M'Loughlin Still Has Pace

Even McLoughlin can no longer be labeled. In common with other followers of the game I have called him the "California Comet," the "Apostle of Pace" and many other things expressive of the same idea. Let us now call him, win or lose, a great tennis player and let it go at that. In his match against Dean M'athy, no ordinary opponent, he had the pace that made him famous before he knew as much tennis as he knows today. He put on the old terrific service when necessary, came up to the net when M'athy allowed him to get there or was forced to let him get there, and stayed at the base-line when for the purposes of making an opening for an aggressive and decisive stroke that was the place to stay. He was no longer practicing. He was playing the game to win.

Clarence J. Griffin makes more friends and followers the further he goes partly because he is so evidently playing the game for the fun there is in it and partly because he was so plainly and frankly worried when Garland was bringing off some of his pretty placements and threatening rather too seriously for an early round match. Then too, like Alma Richards, who won the

Olympic high-jump title and has proved something of an all-round athlete since that triumph at Stockholm, he wears distinctive headgear not without noticeable pride and fidelity.

Early Football Practice

It is hard to determine whether tennis is breaking into the football season or football into the tennis season. Another year there will have to be a better choice of dates to allow the followers of tennis, football and golf to get around to all three. Football got a very early start last year, and practice has begun even earlier this year, both Princeton and Rutgers going into camp in preparation for what will be one of the fall's really important games since it will mark the meeting of institutions which dig deep into the history of the great autumn sport—teams coached by men of ideas; and the Army getting under way as quickly as possible under Lieut. Daly, Capt. Sultan and the other coaches who will be gathered into the Army group. No doubt there will be criticism in the course of time of this particular kind of "preparedness," and that criticism I leave to those who are principally interested in the ethics of college sport. One thing is certain, that it takes more time to teach modern football than it did to teach the old brand

Kansas Worth Watching

What ought to be one of the most interesting experiments of the season will be conducted in Kansas, the team being under the instruction of Herman P. O'Leary, the old Yale player and coach, who while far from being an extremist has advanced ideas that he will at last have a chance to work out with

husky material. It is also barely possible that an officer or two from Fort Leavenworth, which is not so far away, may take an interest in Kansas football, and there is every prospect that—and here is a label that can hardly be avoided—the "Link Section" between the extreme East and the extreme West will produce a better brand of football considered in the mass than at any time in the past. The situation on the Pacific coast is unsettled. The break between Leland Stanford Jr., University and the University of California at Berkeley will lead, in the course of time, I think, to the revival of the American college game on the coast. Perhaps the Stanford men who believe so thoroughly in the English Rugby game will bear with me the more readily when I admit out and out partisanship for the brand of game played in the East and middle West. Apparently even in Palo Alto there is some dissatisfaction with overseas football, otherwise the sentiments voiced in the following matter which has been widely circulated in fraternity cir-

cles in postcard form would hardly create much of a stir.

"The faculty of Columbia University has reinstated American football. The Stanford faculty is now the only one discriminating against the game. This antagonizes other college men and places Stanford in the wrong light. The colleges and high schools of southern California have tried Rugby and have discarded it. The schools of the Northwest have repudiated it. The Canadian colleges have dropped it and have adopted a game similar to American. The American game has changed greatly since 1906. The 'mass-play' and 'interlocked-interference' have been ruled out. The 'forward-pass' and the 'lateral-pass' (as used in Rugby), and many other plays have made the American game far more open and spectacular. In 1914 there was not a single man killed on any college team playing the old game. In California alone in 1914 there were five killed—all in Rugby. There were thirty-five killed in baseball last year. Why not discard baseball

and play cricket? Certainly the American game is a 'bottle game'; it is a battle of wit, speed, and skill. Every virile game is a 'bottle-game.' A glance at recent 'All-Americans' teams shows that 'big-beeves' are not required to play it. The argument that the coaches run the American game is easily refuted by quoting the American rule which does not even allow coaches on the side-lines. The miserable crowds at the preliminary Rugby games here shows how popular Rugby is. The hundreds of alumni, club, and free lance teams playing the American game for pure sport's sake, and without coaching, shows its popularity. Even the Faculty Athletic Committee here has not kept up with the progress of American football. Without investigation, how can they fairly object to its return."

Of course, one cannot agree with all the statements in the above communication. The thing as it stands is indicative of unrest—I think a healthy unrest—and as such must be answered on the Pacific coast.

Out Our Way

By EUGENE WOOD

OUT our way we have a "character," Webster Morgan we might as well call him, who is, as the phrase goes, "always talking about something else."

"For instance: A man meeting him on the street saluted him with: "Fine day, Webster."

"Not with the tide runnin' out, it haint," he answered and passed on.

Does that seem a little cryptic? You aren't used to Webster. It was a bright sunny day, too bright and sunny, for if it didn't rain pretty soon our gardens would be a total loss. We needed a good soaking. Out in the west a big, fine cloud was coming up but weather-wise Webster knew that it was vain to put any dependence upon that. Out our way we hold that, no matter how main: the upper air or how suddenly it be chilled, the rain can't fall unless the tide is on the flood.

He's like that all the time.

Webster does odd jobs about the village. He doesn't really need to work; he does it just to pass the time, he says. Once he was favoring with his assistance a man laying a concrete walk around his house.

"Now, Webster," said the man, "you put into this mortar-box two buckets of the fine-sifted sand, and two buckets of the coarsest gravel, and a bucket and a half of cement, and mix 'em all up. Understand? Mix 'em all up so's it's all one color. And then you wet it—you better tell me when you get it mixed, and I'll show you how wet I want it. See what I mean?"

"Unh!" said Webster, and gave a quick nod.

Then, "I could hear her clear out in the middle o' the road."

"What's that?"

"I say I could hear her clear out in the middle o' the road. Ha' pas' 'leven o'clock or thereabouts."

"What do you mean?"

"W'y, I was comin' back from the village," Webster smiled, as one who makes his thought as clear as glass.

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"Mis Simpson," said Webster brightly. "I was comin' back from the village last night, an' when I got abreast o' her house, I could hear her clear out in the middle o' the road. Now, less see if I got it right. Two buckets o' that there sifted sand, and two buckets o' the coarse gravel, and a bucket n' a half o' cement. Plain's anything."

"What was it you heard her doing?"

"Soorin'. Better mix it with the hoe, I guess."

Webster, out our way, does all sorts of odd jobs from heating carpets to helping the village gravedigger. He just does 'em to pass the time, he says, and not that he really needs to work. It's too lonesome to stay at home, now that his "old woman" is dead, and Buh's married. While she was alive, he had to be around home a good deal because Mrs. Morgan had a way of unexpectedly going away "for a little visit," as she called it. No, not leaving home. She'd stay right there. But she'd be talking

to you, and just like that! She'd be gone, her smile on her lips in a frozen sort of a way. Kind of scary at first, till you got used to it. Then when she had her little visit out, so to speak, she'd come back from it and go right on talking, as if nothing had interrupted.

She died of something else, I forget what. One day right after the funeral, a kind friend met Webster and was talking about it. He said to Webster: "Are you right sure she's dead?"

"Huh?"

"W'y, you don't know but she was just in one o' them spells o' hers, on'y longer's common. You had a right to of waited at least two or three days, I sh'd think."

Webster opened his mouth as if to speak, shut it again, turned, and walked away.

A day or so after he met the man again on the street, down by the post-office and the man was telling him about how Bassanio Burt had sold his place to some of those summer people, and was right in the midst of how much San got for it and all, when Webster, interrupting his friend's conversation, broke in with: "She's dead all right."

"Who? Who d'ye mean?"

"W'y, m' wife."

"Oh yes, yes. W'y, what makes you say that?"

"Well, she hasn't turned over."

"How d'you know she hadn't?"

"Dug her up. Yes, she's dead all right."

And walked away.

The Chiropractic Backbone

By LYNDON E. LEE

According to Robert Burns and others it is a good thing to see ourselves as others see us. Equally, however, it is a good thing to see others as they see themselves. The chiropractic people felt very badly at the view HARPER'S WEEKLY took of them. The following article shows the view they take of themselves:

THE criticisms of chiropractic appearing in our magazines the past few months portray a condition of affairs we chiropractors have long been trying to correct. And we are the first to raise our voices in praise of the assistance given by the laymen who have so recently joined us in exposing fraudulent schools and unscrupulous practitioners.

A peculiar combination of circumstances is responsible for the existence of the conditions to which our critics join us in objecting.

These conditions are:

First: In Chicago and other cities are so-called schools claiming to teach chiropractic by mail. Their catalogs show how this science can be learned in a three or four months' mail course, and they picture a glowing future for anyone who will take up the work.

Second: Practitioners of other methods of healing persist in representing their methods as being chiropractic. This results in a great number of persons who are wholly ignorant of chiropractic attempting to practise it, and the public suffers accordingly.

Third: Some claim that chiropractors are graduated from their schools inadequately trained.

On these three points and their resulting evils our opponents base their arguments. But while our opponents have been content with voicing their protests we chiropractors have been busy devising a remedy which would eradicate the evils.

That remedy is proper legal regulation!

The records of our various State legislatures bear witness that chiropractic associations, both State and national, have been earnestly endeavoring to secure such legal regulation. Our associations have introduced bills into these legislatures proposing fair and reasonable preliminary educational qualifications for prospective students, and a minimum educational standard for chiropractic schools. They have striven to show the wisdom of creating a chiropractic board of examiners who could pass intelligently upon the efficiency of these schools, and upon the qualifications of chiropractic students who present themselves for examination. In these bills the chiropractors of this country have asked for an opportunity to take examinations for licenses under the same conditions as do medical students who are passed upon by a medical board, and as do law students who are passed upon by a board of lawyers. And we chiropractors appeal to the sense of fair-

ness of the public as to whether or not this desire is unreasonable.

Our State and national associations, recognizing long ago the evils we have stated, instituted a campaign to forestall them. Those who have followed chiropractic history know of the unsatisfactory results rewarding our efforts; and of the bitter opposition emanating from the very critics who were most active in demanding licenses and educational standards for chiropractors.

To illustrate this we will use the Iowa bill: This bill, after defining chiropractic so that practitioners of other methods

of healing could not employ those other methods under the name of chiropractic, required that:

Persons desiring to enter a chiropractic school be made to produce a high-school diploma or its equivalent as proof of proper preliminary education.

Chiropractic schools adopt, as a minimum standard, a course of three years of six months each.

A chiropractic examining board be appointed, and graduates of chiropractic schools pass a satisfactory examination as set by this board.



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 10

Robert Morris—“Financier of the Revolution”

IT has been said the three very great men of our War for Independence were Washington, Franklin and Morris. In the history of mankind no man ever had a more arduous commission than did Morris in financing the armies of Washington. The credit of the nation was practically valueless and time after time it was the personal credit of Morris which brought forth the money. The financial means raised from his own private resources made the victory at Trenton possible. When Washington proposed the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his entire army, it was from Morris, the patriot and private citizen, and not from the Treasury of the Confederate States from which the money came. Thus Washington's last great victory was made possible and the long and bloody struggle for National Independence brought to an end. Morris was the first to suggest our present system of national banks—the best banking system that any nation has ever known. He was the first American

to send a ship forth flying the Stars and Stripes. Like Franklin, he signed both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. He was very hospitable, and whenever Washington visited Philadelphia he was the guest of Morris. He was ever a moderate user of light wines and barley brews and opposed Prohibition Laws, which make the many suffer for the faults of the few. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewing the kind of honest barley malt and Saazer hop brews which the wisdom of Morris knew make for real temperance. To-day at the home of BUDWEISER 7500 people are daily required to meet the natural public demand. BUDWEISER'S ever-increasing popularity comes from quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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uates of medical colleges teaching nothing of chiropractic they are obviously not qualified to judge as to the efficiency of chiropractic schools, nor can they have the comprehensive understanding of chiropractic principles necessary for the preparation of an examination that would properly test a chiropractor's knowledge.

Chiropractic and medicine are diametrically opposed in fundamental principle, hence competitors in the field of practice. Therefore, these amendments required chiropractors to submit their schools to the approval of a board of competitors and then to present themselves for examination before this board the members of which haven't even an elementary knowledge of the subjects upon which they are to set an examina-

tion. Could such a board pass an intelligent and unbiased opinion as to a chiropractor's qualifications?

Reverse the conditions our medical opponents would impose upon chiropractors. Require that medical students take their examinations before a chiropractic examining board. "Unfair!" say the medical fraternity, and emphatically reject the idea. "Manifestly so" we admit, and because their idea of having us submit to examinations under a medical board is just as unfair our rejection of it is equally emphatic. The best interests of the public demand that all students of healing be examined by a board of competent examiners of their own school.

This situation in Iowa was reproduced in New York, Indiana, Ohio, Oregon, Missouri and a dozen other States. The details were varied somewhat but the main issue remained the same. And that issue, in brief, is just this: It is vital to the welfare of the medical profession that competition in the field of practice be reduced to its lowest terms. This is impressed upon us with overwhelming force when we turn to the report of the American Medical Association which says the average income of medical doctors in the United States is only \$700.00 per year. Is it any wonder they fight so stubbornly the legal recognition of chiropractic? Is it any wonder they are so reluctant to surrender control of the examining boards, and their power to pass judgment on the standing of all schools of healing? The claim that they desire to retain this control solely for the purpose of upholding the educational standard is refuted by their own action in bringing to defeat chiropractic bills carrying educational requirements even higher than the highest medical requirement.

The highest medical requirements in the United States are those of the New York State Board of Regents, and when comparing these, by hours, with the requirements of the school from which the writer graduated, the Palmer School of Chiropractic of Davenport, Iowa, we find the result to be decidedly enlightening.

Subject	Hours	
	New York	Palmer School
Diagnosis	30	168
Chemistry	240	200
Anatomy	480	195
Histology	120	196
Toxicology	None	None
Minor Surgery	50	None
Physiology	210	150
Hygiene & Sanitation	60	60
Pathology	270	195
Chir. Theory: Prac.	None	867
Gynecology	60	None
Obstetrics	130	None
	1650	2031

Our preliminary educational qualifications are identical with those of medical students. And the number of hours we actually spend in class work in our schools is greater than that spent by medical students. Yet opposition to granting us licenses is based on the argument that we are not sufficiently educated. And when we introduce into the State legislatures bills asking that these

standards be made universal those bills are brought to defeat. Truly, indeed, do actions speak louder than words.

A series of articles sharply criticizing chiropractic recently appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY. The last article of this series ended with these two paragraphs:

It is the right of a State to demand that every man or woman before entering any school of instruction in the healing art should show credentials from a public school and a high school at least, and then, after graduation, to ask that they pass an examination in elementary physiology at least.

Every sincere school of healing should be more than willing to submit to the purely educational test.

As a matter of fact the chiropractic bills which have been presented to the different State legislatures by chiropractors do embody remedies for all the features to which our critics object. In view of this does it seem that their opposition to granting us licenses is based wholly on an altruistic interest in protecting the public? Or can it be that back of it all is a recognition and a fear on their part that chiropractic is another step in the logical evolution of the healing art, and that this new step has carried that art beyond the scope of the old school? Can it possibly be they recognize the intrinsic merit of chiropractic and apprehend that unless they stamp it out in its infancy they will have to give way before it in its vigorous young manhood?

If this latter be the true condition let the writer add that they are not alone in recognizing the merit of this new science for the Journal of the American Medical Association is authority for the statement that every day over one half a million people in the United States take chiropractic adjustments.

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Mr. Bryan and the Cosmos

By J. F. IAWIN

AS THE chief exponent and defender of democracy today, Mr Bryan is justified in exerting the whole of his strength to prevent America from being drawn into the maelstrom of the great war.

Autocracy, authority and the rule of class in Europe have failed, totally, miserably. The leaders of Europe, political and religious, have promised their followers—happines!—as the result of believing their doctrines; but instead, alas! they are leading them to suffering, mutilation, poverty, famine, pestilence and death in a war that seriously threatens to destroy what civilization we have. Democracy remains the only salvation for the world.

The old order in Europe is passing, and we are witnessing the birth pangs that precede the new social and religious system that is being born. The vision of Walt Whitman, the poet of democracy, is being verified.

In the transition from the old to the new order, however, it is possible the white race may experience such a reversion to chaos as followed the breakdown of the Roman empire and the transition from paganism to Christianity—which in its turn, we now see, is to be supplanted by a purer form of monotheism which will lend itself more readily to political, economic, religious and race equality.

The old order in Europe having failed, the only hope for the masses there is that republics or a great republic, shall supplant the present systems based on aristocracy, militarism and special privilege. American democracy, to be justified, must shine by contrast with the discredited rule of authority in Europe. It must uphold and maintain peace at almost any

sacrifice short of actual invasion. The greatest service, therefore, that Mr. Bryan can render to democracy and to civilization is to prevent the entrance of America into the great war, and believers in democracy will follow and support him to that end.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

Along with Masefield and Ibsen

By ROBERT DeCAMP LELAND

HARPER'S WEEKLY is to be commended. It has long been my opinion that in several ways this magazine

is one of the greatest in America. These several ways, when closely examined, are found to be exactly three in number.

First, the weekly has one of the greatest cover artists in the United States. His covers are always a joy and inspiration. Second, the size of the magazine is ideal. It fits so comfortably into the side coat-pocket. Third, and most notable of all, is your attitude upon the war. Here we find none of the regulation platitudes that so delight metropolitan editors; none of the stock-in-trade denunciations of Germany that decorate the pages of the jingo press. None of this for HARPER'S WEEKLY. Here is a paper that has the courage to be different, individual, distinctive; to be swayed by none of the mob-made opinions; a paper that realizes, with Masefield, that the unpopular side is generally right; with Ibsen, that the strongest man is he who fights his fight alone.

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Edited by **NORMAN HAPGOOD**

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No. 3926

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Fighting for Freedom

IN THIS harsh, whirling, entrancing year, vast problems of life confront us in novel size at every turn. Never surely since the Civil War have thoughtful Americans had their minds so shaken out of ruts, so cordially invited to extend their scope, to reexamine their assumptions.

The Teutons have done marvels. Never has such organization been seen. It is no wonder that, with their whole souls given to concentrating power and subduing the individual, they should believe they can engraft the principle into the ideal. They are to rebuild Belgium, and the Kaiser has been passing authoritative judgments on art for years, even since he ceased to contribute his own paintings as examples. The state has already organized philosophy. All the professors in Germany are busy explaining one point of view of human freedom and duty, a point of view that fits precisely the political purposes of the government. Ethics have been settled; ethics founded on the acts of Frederick and Bismarck, and on the reasonings of Treitschke. The rest of the world is asking how can efficiency and liberty exist together? What kind of organization is there that can increase national power without suppressing man's free spirit? England, leader in political liberty, has been in some ways disappointingly inefficient in the bitter struggle. Germany, largely through turning all her citizens in civil as well as military life into very high-class machines, has distanced everybody in intellectual mechanics. The world would hate to Prussianize itself, and yet it must find some way of rendering itself safe. It is the dominating question of the war. France is fighting, much more than for Alsace-Lorraine, for the right to live untroubled. England will hesitate to make peace if the terms of that peace promise to leave her with the burden of following Germany's aggressive lead. Germany wishes no outcome of the war that will reduce the effect of her special organizing abilities. England and France wish no outcome unless it does reduce Germany's striking power. It is from this angle that American sympathies are most irrevocably rooted with the Allies. We have been interested in Belgium, in the plot between Germany and Austria regarding Serbia, in the trickiness of many German diplomatic statements, in frightfulness, in the doctrine that national necessity overrides all other moral considerations; yes, but our interest in all these things can be combined: We have been interested in whether we are to live in a universe ruled by prevailing moral and intellectual concepts, or in a universe ruled by intense application and subordination, for the purpose of im-

posing the will of the intellectually docile led by the temperamentally energetic. We in the democratic countries realize we must learn much from Germany; but nevertheless we do not wish our lives to be conducted on drill-master principles. If we could see an answer to that difficulty, we could think out a satisfactory settlement in detail.

A Man of Iron

PROBABLY even more than von Hindenberg or Joffre, the Grand Duke Nicholas has won the respect of the military world. And when he was sent from chief command to a lesser post he was so popular with the soldiers that he could have upset the empire had he wished.

He was not popular with the officers. Joffre is strict but gentle. Nicholas is strict and rough. His favorite method of punishing an officer is to tear off his shoulder straps. They hate that habit. They also hate to be made to work, as he made them work, even as he himself forever works. A resident of Russia said: "There is not an officer in the army but would stab the Grand Duke Nicholas in the back. There is not a common soldier but would follow him to the ends of the earth."

When Germany offered a separate peace to Russia, the Czar, who loves peace, was inclined to accept. "If you make peace," said the Grand Duke, "the next Czar will make war." Those words, "the next Czar," had in them much the same threat of revolution offered by the Duma recently when through one of its most distinguished leaders it said that, if it should be dissolved, it would meet soon in another mood.

When the war began bands of supply firms asked to see the Commander-in-Chief. When he entered the room, he looked about grimly, said merely "he who steals dies," and departed.

One part of his record has attracted singularly little attention. It was printed in Russia, but we have seen no reference to it in American, French, or English papers. Before Przemysl was taken the Grand Duke gave out a statement in which he said that the Germans would seek a decisive battle and that it would be folly to let them have it; the pressure would be too great for the Russians to hold the Carpathians; as the British had not been able to get their army ready there would be no western advance; the Russian people must be prepared for a long war and for much greater sacrifices. All over Russia the people are saying now, "the Grand Duke forewarned it."

He is loved by the people for the qualities that cause him to be hated in the capitol.

Unskilled Labor

ANY law checking immigration will have to be impartial. It must affect the number of Italians and Southeast Europeans, as well as the number of Germans, we try to digest every year. Suppose foreign labor were largely cut off, what would be the result? The effect on the skilled trades would be almost nothing. In unskilled labor we should undoubtedly be thrown back on kinds of Americans who have dropped away from this work; who would do less than the Poles do, or than the Italians do when well led, and would ask more money for the poorer work. If the result were to inspire in those who have been Americans for several generations a greater respect for solid manual labor, and less respect for jobs that are supposed to be higher but are less needed and call for less manhood, it would be a good result. To drive Americans to foundation work, and make them do it well enough to deserve high wages, would be an ideal outcome.

Trade After the War

THAT the English language is to be substituted for German in the Russian commercial schools is the latest hint of the trade-war that will spring into full activity as soon as peace is established. The Germans, who won their foreign trade by their merits, will for many years meet difficulties of sentiment in reestablishing it. Reproduced on this page is an example of the kind of propaganda the



French are now engaged in. Feelings of revenge will not stop trading permanently, but they will be so strong as to give the rivals of Germany many easy openings. The question will be whether they have sufficient determination to follow them up. If they do not study the markets as thoroughly as the Germans do the initial advantage will be short-lived.

Surprising Progress

A FEW years ago the best citizens of New York City were clamoring to have the State Legislature interfere with the city in a thousand ways. Now those same citizens care more about home rule than about any other issue. While this change is partly due to clearer political philosophy it is due mainly to the vast improvement in the city's government. Never was the feeling so strong in favor of home rule as today, and never did the city government so generally deserve confidence. Dr. Henry Moskowitz, Civil Service Commissioner, says in a recent report:

To the separation of municipal from State and national issues is largely due the truly substantial improvement in the government of some of our municipalities.

There is no principle to which we need cling so tightly, if our cities are to continue to progress away from the bad reputation they had twenty or even a dozen years ago.

Tammany Again

NEW YORK CITY has had high-class district-attorneys so long she has almost forgotten the horrors of having a flaccid man in that office, lacking ability and determination, open to orders and to pull. Mr. Perkins has done fully as well as any man who ever held the position. It will be a disgrace to the city if he is beaten. It spoils the reputation of Mr. Frank Moss that he allows his name to be used to

Refusez toutes les Aspirines Allemandes Exigez la marque essentiellement française

lessen Mr. Perkin's chances. The judge selected by Tammany as her candidate is a feeble creature, full of the greatest deference for the person of whom he speaks reverently as "Mr." Murphy. He is no honor to the bench position which he holds, but he would have been at least more deserving of it if he had sat quietly where he was and not become party to a Tammany scheme to grab the district-attorneyship. If in this mixed-up election the better opinion of New York City can save the district-attorneyship for Perkins, and at the same time save the fusion majority of the Board of Aldermen, there will be still further evidence that the city is growing up.

The proposed new constitution was so much improved at the end that it will be generally supported by independent voters. Home rule and other aspects will be discussed again by us later. Take it altogether, while not being enthusiastic about it, the best qualified voters will support it.

The Prize Rubber Stamp

WHAT is the prize example of stereotyped language? On the day of going to press this week we are inclined to abandon "you cannot eat your cake



and have it," and "leaps and bounds," which have been trending in our contest, and go over to "a certain measure of success."

The Old Game

ONE thing you may be sure of when Congress meets: The old-time tariff beneficiaries, who liked Mark Hanna so much, will be on the job. And in discussing our permanent defensive system, they will not be for better results from the same money. They

will be for a huge naval and military appropriation, because they want a deficit to help the cry for a high tariff. It will not be forgotten that Mr. Root advised the business men of the country to resume the methods they followed during the McKinley administration. His advice will probably be followed. Next summer we shall be in a splendid and educative contest between the ideas that prevailed under Hanna and the ideas now represented by Woodrow Wilson.

Political Human Nature

ONE might suppose selecting the best policy of national defense, and arrangements for carrying it out, would not be made matters of political controversy before and when Congress meets. Here's betting, however, three and one-half to one they will be used politically in Congress, as they are now by a few leading politicians. To the credit of the newspapers it ought to be said that most of them, whatever party they belong to, are studying the subject sincerely, and not endeavoring to use it for party capital. Newspapers get hounded so much that they ought to get what credit is coming to them.

On Being a Critic

THE *Chicago Tribune*, through its brilliant columnist, quotes us as saying the President was "fully tinged with modern humanitarianism," and then it jeers thus:

Far be it from us to spit hairs, but precisely to what extent is a man modified when he is fully tinged?

The tone is ominous, but the point evades us. The first word used as a synonym for tinge in the *Century Dictionary* is imbue. The second is impress. Webster's three synonyms are color, dye, and stain. We presume the color metaphor is not unacceptable, and that the idea of completeness in connection with tinge is what our friend objects to. Kents says:

Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold.

Macaulay says:

A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature.

Is B. L. T. nodding, or are we, or both?

The Movement

IT GROWS apace, the forum movement. It is especially noticeable in the neighborhood of Boston, but the latest recruit is Wilkes-Barre, Pa. This movement shows that without great expense or labor the people who have something to say that others want to hear can have a sympathetic and intelligent audience, and the benefit of open discussion. An interesting aspect of the forum movement is that so many of them are connected with churches. Wherever they exist they make a healthy outlet for the seething thought of the community. What the crowd says after the set speeches is fully as important as what the speaker says: it brings the general public and the specially educated together as few things do.

The Charm of Children

SOMEBODY asked the question the other day: "Why do you find children so interesting?" It was not easy to answer. It would not be easy to say why one finds nature interesting, or art, or work, or any elemental thing. It would be comparatively simple to explain why this is the century of the child. But that is not what was meant. It is direct charm to which the question referred, not realized importance. The soul of that charm, the imaginative suggestion of the appeal of children to the poetic mind, has not often been as tellingly put as in these few sentences of Tagore:

They build their houses with sand and they play with empty shells. With watered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children leave their play on the seashore of world. They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again.

Now if these lines do not happen to appeal to a certain person, there is no way of proving to him that they ought to appeal. It is no more possible



than it would be to show why he should be interested in the stars at night, or in *Phidias*. No statable reason does full justice to the feeling.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

Yet the light they shed on our maturer nature is but a little part of the explanation. The big thing, beyond reason, is the call of instinct. It was a man, Charles Lamb, who said: "A sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them." More often it is the instinct of the female that is considered, naturally, as her part is the larger.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

Something strongly tells us that if the fundamental instincts weaken, the intellectual life tends also to become colorless and weak, uncreative and academic, essentially dry. It was with that in mind that a man of our day, asked what woman he would rather sit next to at dinner replied: "Next to her who has the most children." He was not thinking in any utilitarian way, as Napoleon was in his gibe at Mme. de Staël. It was merely that he used a sound, rough rule for getting the attributes that interested him most. There was in his head what was in the thought of Essex, when he said of Queen Elizabeth that she was greater than man, but less than woman.

"C. M. F."

By H. D. WHEELER



Australians encamped by the Pyramids.

IT NOW seems certain that one of the important tasks which will confront the next Congress, is to be that of defeating a proposition to establish a system of compulsory military training in the United States. This proposal may be disguised under terms such as "universal training" or "cadet service;" but the compulsory service stipulation will be there and it will be upon this feature that discussion will revolve.

The American people will not accept the principle of enforced military service in time of peace. This is undoubtedly a fact. Yet it is also a fact that the idea that compulsory training is the only sure avenue to military preparedness has gained ground rapidly since the outbreak of the war in Europe. Its adherents in this country point frequently to the system now in operation in Australia—a system which has demonstrated its military effectiveness, and one which, in the eyes of those favoring its application to the United States, does not in any way conflict with the ideals of democracy, nor interfere with the processes of a democratic form of government.

Just how far the group of energetic and enthusiastic Americans who hold to this view are going to be able to get with their propaganda will probably be very definitely determined at the next session of the national legislature. In the interim, "the Australian system" will be a thing of increasing interest. Just what is it?

In Australia they refer to the product as the "C. M. F." That means the Commonwealth Military Forces. Politically, the outstanding feature of the "C. M. F." is that it was called into being by a Labor ministry. The Australian prime minister who promulgated the Defense bill upon which the present system was built was an ex-coal-miner; the minister of defense was a carpenter.

The Australian system is of comparatively recent growth. The actual date of the first movement toward adequate preparedness was in 1903, shortly after the close of the Boer War in which a few Australian troops had distinguished themselves by hard fighting.

In 1870 all British troops had been withdrawn and in their place were formed small groups of permanent professional forces around which it was intended to build an organization of citizen-soldiers. An effort was made to operate this scheme successfully by means of a partly-

paid militia, the members of which voluntarily offered themselves for service. In conjunction with this militia there was tried a scheme for military instruction in schools for boys. No provision was made for the youth who did not attend school.

The step taken at the close of the Boer War was the opening of opportunity for military training for any citizen of proper age and physical condition who desired it. The experiment of Plattsburg, U. S. A., in 1915, is essentially the Australian experiment of 1903.

Whether because of poor administration, or lack of incentive, the system established in 1903 was found to be so unsatisfactory that in 1909 a law was passed making military training compulsory. This law did not become operative until June 30, 1911.

During the intervening time enlistment continued to be voluntary. Both the military and the naval strength were divided into permanent and citizen organizations. The permanent bodies were called the militia and received pay for their services. The citizen-soldiers were designated as volunteers. They were not paid and were provided with a reserve organization made up of men who had seen active service and members of the national rifle clubs.

When the new law went into effect in 1911, even with the preparation that had been made for enforcing its provisions, the departure from the old theories of national defense was a most radical one. The male citizens of Australia awoke to the fact that from the age of eighteen to the age of sixty, they were members of the army of defense and bound to military service should war come, but only within the limits of Australia. Those citizens between twelve and twenty-six years of age, except those who could take advantage of the exemptions in the Defense Act, found themselves compelled to undergo certain prescribed periods of military training in the several branches of service.

Up to June 1, 1915, approximately 90,000 Australians had been made ready for active service in the European War and between 50,000 and 60,000 had actually been despatched to some part of the Allied lines.

It is a fact recognized by military authorities here and abroad that the Australians need less and receive



less training before going into battle than any other colonial troops which are placed at England's disposal. Two important factors go into this fact: marksmanship, and muscle-fitness. The Australian system of defense was worked out under the advice and counsel of Lord Kitchener. It is natural, therefore, that the British passion for marksmanship should find its counterpart in the C. M. F.



Above—An Australian encampment in the Dardanelles region.

Below—A small French mortar being used against the Turks, from an Australian trench.

Commenting on this point, a recent writer said this:

Military experts, comparing the rifle-fire of the soldiers of the European nations involved in the present war, invariably comment on the marked superiority of the British over the German riflemen. They agree that this superiority is due to the fact that the Englishman finds his target before he pulls the trigger. Before the missile leaves its chamber Tommy Atkins is pretty sure on the one thing that the German has the vaguest notion about—where death in a steel jacket is going to. Likewise, those theories once propounded by profound students of things

military, that rifle-fire and other forms of close-range killing would play a very small part in modern warfare, have been exploded by what is happening every day in Europe.

The Australian troops have demonstrated, every time they have been called upon for the hardest sort of service, in the Dardanelles region and at other points where fighting has been particularly severe, to what a great extent marksmanship

and muscle-fitness go together in the making of efficient units.

From the time that he reaches July 1st of his twelfth year, every Australian youth who has been found to be morally, mentally and physically fit to become a citizen-soldier is forced to give strict attention to this matter of muscle-fitness. At the time that he enters the ranks of the twelve-year-old endets, he receives from his government an outfit of soldier's clothes, which includes shirt, breeches, puttees, and shoes. Ninety hours out of each year for two consecutive years he devotes to

military training. If he passes the prescribed test at the end of each of the first two years he is allowed to become a senior cadet. His senior cadetship lasts for four years. Each year he must receive not less than four 4-hour drills, twelve 2-hour drills, and twenty-four 1-hour drills. His equipment is extended to include a cadet rifle and belt and if his marksmanship develops to a stipulated point he is allowed to take part in target practise with a service rifle. During the senior cadet's four years his instruction progresses from the manual of arms and close-order drill into open-order exercises and the study of minor tactics. Through the periods of both his junior and senior cadetships his natural tendencies are watched and he is encouraged, so far as is possible toward the branch of the service in which he seems to take the strongest interest.

At nineteen, provided he has passed successfully each year's examination, the Australian cadet becomes a member of the citizen-army. He is supplied by the government with a complete war outfit including two woolen shirts, two pair of breeches, an overcoat, a hat, a sleeping-bag, two pair of leggings, two pair of shoes, a kit pack, service rifle and bayonet. Each year, until he is twenty-six, he must present himself for not less than sixteen days of training of which eight must be in camps of continuous instruction. Attendance at one muster parade is all that is required of him during his last year. Then he is discharged from active service. His discharge at twenty-six depends upon his ability to present twelve annual certificates of proficiency. Failure at examination in any one year means that the year's

work must be repeated until the examination is successfully met. While the Australian's active service ends at twenty-six, it is not until he is sixty that he ceases to be subject to a call to arms in time of war.

There are these exemptions under the Australian Defense Act:

Persons physically, mentally or morally unfit; members and officers of Parliament; judges, police, prison employees, ministers of religion, lighthouse keepers and physicians and nurses of public hospitals. The Governor-General may by proclamation vary or extend these exemptions or he may exempt specific areas. Persons whose religion or belief prohibits them from bearing arms may be exempted from the service in the combatant branches, but are liable for service in the supply departments, the burden of proof resting on the person claiming exemption.

A heavy fine is provided for use against the employer, who interferes or attempts to interfere with the military service of an employee, though the employer is not required to pay the employee while the latter is on duty. The parent or guardian who fails or refuses to register a son or ward who is of the proper age for service



Wearing "shorts" in the trenches. The Australian is fond of abbreviated wear-dress.

in the cadet ranks is also subject to fine.

That is the Australian system. Already it has produced soldiers in large numbers so superior in body and in military knowledge as to be selected for service where the fighting has been the most violent. It is expected that the system, under normal conditions will maintain constantly a defensive force of 150,000 cadets and 120,000 citizen-soldiers. The annual cost in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000.

"A FIGHT AGAINST GAS"

A British officer's narrative of desperate experiences in the trenches, will appear in next week's issue.



A BRASSIE FROM THE ROUGH

Anderson's third shot of the twelfth hole, a stroke made necessary by his driving into the "canal" and dropping the ball on the line of the pin.

The Man with the Iron

By HERBERT REED

ROBERT A. GARDNER, the man who won the Amateur Golf Championship for the second time not so long ago, owes his success at the game to a peculiar combination of circumstances. A highly successful course in pole-vauling at New Haven at a time when the Elis seemed to have something of a corner in that line of athletic activity, led to the development of a back and a pair of arms and wrists that were ideally suited to the use of the mid-iron, one of the most effective implements the golfer wots of. Detroit provided the course, and the ability to play the up-hill game, taking course and opponent as he found them, was provided by the new champion. Perhaps the failure of Max Marston to defeat Gardner through missing a short put

was due to luck, and perhaps not. The champion's type of game accomplished about what it ought to have accomplished, so that the "breaks" may well be overlooked.

Perhaps it might be as well to say that John G. Anderson played the prettiest game, taking the tournament as a whole, and Gardner the pluckiest.

Physical condition told heavily. Neither Travers nor Ouimet was in the best of shape, while both Gardner and Marston looked as fit as men could look, and proved the value of preparedness by getting stronger the further they went over a course that put a premium on "swiping" the ball. "Chick" Evans was the "Chick" Evans whose play is always a treat to the lover of the game, and whose misfortune is that perhaps for the same reason that one likes him so much he is not quite the best player in the world.

In the later rounds of the tournament the constant strain of feeling that one must have distance from the tree in order that the second shot might be made to count decisively undoubtedly wore down many of the contestants. Further, the greens were rough



AGAIN, THE CANAL

Standish working his way out of difficulties. An excellent sample of "how to come back"



LEE PRETTILY OUT OF A TRAP

One of the telling shots "from the sand," of which there were so many at Detroit.

slippery, exceedingly deceptive, and the difficulty of finding landmarks by which to gauge distance from the tee and through the fair green added mightily to the mental strain.

Gardner took looser chances than any of his foemen, from time to time—indeed most of the time. Going into the last eighteen holes of the title match he outdrove Anderson on an average of forty yards, and that put the burden of proof on the other fellow. Where Anderson used his brassie Gardner found himself in position to use his iron, that deadly iron with the slightly-heavier-than usual head and the little extra length in the shaft—good in the hands of the man whose pet it is for 180 yards or so, and straight for the hole, lie the traps where they may. Now and

again Gardner slipped up on his putting, but almost never on his work with the iron. On certain of the putting greens the hole was placed close to a trap, putting a burden on the man who was playing good golf, and giving the man prone to err with his second shot more of a chance than he deserved.

Was it a test of golf? Certainly it was a test of Gardner's golf. For a time it looked as if Anderson's neat masher-shots would prevail, and for a time it looked as if Anderson would accomplish the impossible by getting as finely out of troublesome situations as he unfortunately got in. For a time, indeed, it looked as if Anderson's pretty, well-rounded game would suffice to earn him the championship. And in the end there was that reversion to "the pole-vault stuff," the things both physical and mental that pole-vaulting teaches.

Let us follow Gardner up hill and see just where and when he turned on the good things that were in his game. In the last, the critical, eighteen holes, he began by wiping out the burden of one stroke down, and came to the third hole with the match squared, thereafter to sweep into a lead to be increased to the finish on the fourteenth green where medals were presented and hands shaken, the game ending where games ought to end, at the instant of victory, the instant of defeat.

Gardner played this third hole in a

way that was typical of the entire match. He outdrove Anderson with a deal to spare, leaving Anderson a brassie and himself the famous iron. The iron worked, the brassie failed, and although



A GOOD LOOK AT GARDNER'S IRON SHOT

The finish of as pretty a stroke as the game of golf has seen



MARSTON DRIVING

One of the men in the championship, who, although beaten, made the long game count.



A STUDY IN PUTTING

Marston and Travers on the fifteenth green. Travers has just finished his approach put, while Marston is crouching, sizing up the slippery green.

Anderson laid his fourth dead, Gardner sank his put, won the hole, and went into the lead. Again, on the fourth, another bit of blazing away from the tee with Anderson once more forced to play the odd. The hole was halved, but the lead was still intact and soon to be improved. The fifth was another triumph for the iron club and its wielder, Anderson's tee-shot finding the trap while Gardner's first was perfectly played, his second a beauty and his third in the cup for a well-earned triumph.

Gardner won the sixth hole by finding the green once more with that deadly iron of him, keeping Anderson still playing the odd. He sank a pretty put and started for the seventh three up. This hole Anderson won despite a short second shot. The eighth and ninth were halved, Anderson's brassie on the latter being one of the prettiest strokes he made at any stage of the tournament.

The tenth hole found Anderson making his last plucky bid for victory. Gardner made another of his tremendous drives and followed it up with a pretty second shot that left him little to do, while Anderson's ball went far to the left among the trees and landed in a difficult position in the road. It was at exactly this stage, that despite the best efforts of those in charge the gallery got just a little out of control, and it is possible that Anderson's ball struck a spectator. It looked that way, but of course, any spectator so struck is hardly confessing.

Anderson's second shot was an excellent sample of a pretty recovery, but just a little short. He managed to halve the hole, but right at this stage it must have been apparent to him that he was making a losing fight.

The strain of constantly being out-driven, of being forced to play the odd,

and of hardly more than "managing to stick" was to say the least discouraging. Anderson never lost his courage, but I think that right here he lost hope. Going to the eleventh Gardner swept away another long ball, but pulled it to the rough. Anderson slid into a trap at the right. Neither man was punished

shut he won the hole and was three up and thoroughly in command of the match.

The twelfth hole, the now famous "dog-leg," spelled ruination for Anderson. Plump into the canal went Anderson's drive, while Gardner's tee-shot carried beautifully over and left him in excellent shape for his second shot—again that deadly second. Anderson was penalized a stroke, forced to drop a ball and play three, but the unfortunate feature of the situation was that the very crookedness of the hole forced him to drop in a line with the pin, which meant into the rough. None the less he took a brassie for the stroke and did all that man could do in such a situation. His fourth shot was prettily played, but over the cup and Gardner had no difficulty in taking the hole and increasing his lead to four up. The thirteenth was halved, and Gardner put away the match in solid comfort by driving perfectly to the short fourteenth, leaving himself little to do, while Anderson was once more, and for the last time, in difficulties.

Congratulations over, Gardner gave another sample of his fitness by adding 18 holes to the championship thirty-six, in a four-ball match with Travers, Quimet, and Evans, which the Western pair won.

Remains something to be said about stymies, in which this championship was probably richer than any of its predecessors, but that will have to wait until such time as, the discussion over their effect at Detroit having died out, there will be a chance to get a detached point of view.

One thing is certain, and that is that Detroit wants a public golf-course—not merely wants it, but needs it. The holding of the championship there has had the effect of stirring up the interest of the business man who does not believe that he ought to be deprived of fun on the links just because he has not the time to join and play at any of the existing clubs. There is enough public spirit in Detroit, if the opinion of a hasty visitor is worth anything, to keep up the good work already done and spread the game in a democratic way.



THE BEST SCORER

Mudge, who turned in the lowest figures for the course, in action with his brassie.

as heavily as he should have been, I think, for his mistake. Anderson played out neatly, but his ball was short of the bunker, while Gardner's second shot yielded both distance and direction, and once more on the strength of the second

The Cook's Tour

III

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

MR EDITOR I done Allingham an injusts in the end of my last letter and so I want to make it right the first thing. I thought when I seen him quatin that there stud poker game he'd blowed in my share of the check you sent me as well as has own becaus gamblers aint got not propiety sense when the chips is rattlin leastways I never seen none that had. Allingham says luts becaus their hump of paudent dont funkshun in the eras but I dunno hit seems to me like they jest got plumb shiftless.

Howsomever as I was sayin I was wrong about Allingham. Jest as I was faxin to slip the gyard often my tongue an tell him how I felt he pulls a sheaf of bills outn his pocket and hane it over to me theers your half the money he says mines bin sorkerfised at the shrine of the fiekel goddess by which he was meainin the cyard game. He always talks foolish thataway when hes bin drinkin jest so much.

Well sir you could of knocked me over with a fether as the feller says an I was glad I hadnt said nothin mean, it pays to be pashant Mr Editor you dont git in the wrong nothin like so frequent. Thats bin one of my experiences. Well I says hadnt we better take one. I dont care if I do says Allingham so we had one or two.

I aint no great hand at drinkin not that I git mean or act up when the bowl begins flowin as they say but after I taken a little more plenty Im so doggone expensif. Money dont mean nothin more to me than time. I done cost myself a lot of money thataway often on enlarin my life. Two or three hundred dollars I reckon, when you come to count up. It was jest thisaway when I got to drinkin with Allingham. I hadnt had so much money not sence I help a feller with a littel holdup job down in Oklahoma when I was young an untamed an I guess maybe hit kind of went to my head, that an the whisky.

It want no time atall before I was buyin drinks for the house an then I give Allingham half of what I had left so as he could play cyards some more sence he liked it. Besides I wanted to git him settled so I could look up Andrew and git the interview I didnt git before. Allingham want to go along but I says you better stay with the game and see if you kin carry out them original plans of yours to make somethin. Alright ho says if you want this here spent I



Andrew was telling some funny story.

reckon I kin do es clean an graceful a job as enyhuddy. Well I says I dont never figger a fellers carnt his money reely twell hits done been spent so fly to it. That was jest how reckless I was gittin.

I lef Allingham then an went out to wrangle ole Andrew an I foun him settin in Hickers saloon with a bunch of fellers ridin herd on him an liffin like they was crazy. Andrew was a cryin over the table and was tellin them fellers some funny story he called his secret sorrow only he didnt think it was funny he was plumb sad about it. He was jest finishin when I come in so I

right sensible thataway sometimes I dont beleve he reely means eny harm. Well we set aroun for quite a spell an every chet in so often Id speak of gittin that interview an then Andrew would tell a story an precent he didnt hear me. Some on the stories was right funny but I didnt pay moeh atenshun becaus I was wantin the interview finely Andrew says he would druther wait twell mornin to hav the interview so I had to set up twell all hours waitin for him to git ready for sleepin.

First thing next mornin says Andrew I got to git me a drink I aint been so upost sence Sadie was a colt. We went over to the Saddles to git an eyepesker though we was wide enuff awake considerin. No sooner we got inside than I hear a yellin from the bark room an I run back an thar was Allingham a settin in that there stud game yit only now he had chips stacked up all aroun him. How you doin I ast him hows he doin shoutet a feller sweatin the game by Golly he done made a cleanup I wouldnt wonder of they was more money thar on the table than lays in the govmnt mint.

Allingham was lookin kind of penkid an he done drink a lot I could tell by the way he kep liffen his eyehrows up so as to git his eyes open. My plans done come out all right this trip Lem he says I guess Ill jest bout take a nap. Then he laid his head down on the table and begin to snore.

Andrew and me cast in the chips and they was moren six hundred dollars al-



One of them shaked up Mexicans with store clothes.

didnt hear the story but if I hear it later Ill write it out fer you Mr Editor.

Well when Andrew seen me he began to raar an cuss twell I showed him the money I had an ast the fellers to have one an that pacifide him. Andrew is

together. It was a lot of money Mr Editor. We left Allingham sleepin an I put the money in my pocket and Andrew an me went out to breakfast. Andrew didn't say much but once every so often he'd ast me to let him see the money an then he'd seem like he felt better. I felt purty good too fer I knew Andrew wouldn't leave me nohow now an I figured I'd git that interview before long but I didn't pester him none I just showed him the money an let it soak into his mind.

About noon we went back to the Sables an found Allingham settin up to a table an takin a little likwid nourishment we set down with him an I give him the money an he give me back half on it that's yore share of the winnings he says. I don't want nothin but what I loaned you I says I didn't stan to loose nothin an they want no agreement then he got plumb riled. I just a goin to have no ding-busted long-haired author bullyin me he says you bin of assistance to me an I reckon I kin split with you ef I want aint I an author too yes an onet I was a reporter on a newspaper I got some rights I guess that you go too far.

Well of course I couldn't say nothin to that Allingham is a hard man to beat in an argyment so I give in. Alright I says we will take this here money an git started pronto on that there tour. Your dim whisin he says that just about what we'll do. An we better git busy right now an plan our itinery we dont want to go too far he says nor too quick. Most toors is extensive toors and theirer superflous we dont want to witness this grate and glorius country of ourn from the railroads an eatin houses along the root we got to make this here an intensive tour. Better be first in a small village along the Rio Grande he says then travel secon class toward the metropoles are you with me. Sure I says thats what I started out for to be.

Well we got number 9 west out of Vegas but it looked for a while like we was goin to hafta lay over. Becaus we didn't have no outfit nor nothin ready and there was my two hosses Brownie an Summa over to the Indine Corral an it lookt like ef we moved we'd be movin without too process of law as the feller says.

The reason I put them lawyers sayins on the brame is becaus we done had traffic with one on em and hit come about thisway. We no sooner decided to leave town than I happend to think of Andrew Jackson. We got to do something for the pore ole feller I says here he's jest got goin good on a time an he aint got no money to continue outwell the windup that there's plumb erool seems like. Well says Allingham it might be the kindest thing we could do to leave him broke twould give him something else to cry about I believe that there ole man would swap places with Job an give fifty dollars to boot he's that lusful for tears an trouble.

Hit taken us might nigh an hour to locate Andrew but we finally found him over to the Buffalo Beer saloon in Old Town which is a sekhun infested mostly by Mexicans an does. Andrew was sittin in front of a drink lookin full of important an talkin loud an offen. He was talkin to one of them slicked up Mexicans with store clothes an a littel black



I could tell by the way he kep liften up h's eye-brows so as to get his eyes open.

mushtash like the pitchers of hansom villins in gals novels an he daidn no hit with me a tall I hold an educated Mexican is maybe only two or three loops wussen an ordinary Mexican but he is some wuss an that a plenty.

Howsever I aint no haod to hol a man's natchel misfortunes agin him an long's Andrew was makin frenly talk with the critter we a' on us set down together an Andrew ordered a round of drinks like he was passin the time of day an daps out a roll of bills a pitchin how couldnt jump over. Seems like the luck done turned for you Andrew says Allingham Oh yes says Andrew carelesslike. I done made a fittel deal this mornin he says. He uncovers a piece of gold ore an rubs hit onto his sleeve this here he says done interestd my fren mister Carnashone Sena what you all jest been made acquainted with to the extent of a hannered dollars. Incarnation is it my name says the Mexican sort of perkish like S'all right says Andrew I aint got no kick comin you done paid your money here's hopin you aint stuck.

So we drinkt to that idee though as fur as my felins went the Mexican could a bin stuck a whole lot an I woulnd of shed no teardrops as the feller says. What was it you was buyin ef I might ast Mister Sena says Allingham not that there ore I dont reckon. Not that but considarable more like hit says Andrew. Carnashone done purchased a option on a half intrest in my mine the Golden Nugget an this year hannerd is for the option. Dynas mean that there prospek hole you kin fiddlin run over fer the last Godsoowachica says Allingham yer there aint enuff gold in there to fill a tooth. Hit may be says Andrew smilin superior an wavin his seegar for the smoke woulnd curl party. But I says theres gold thar—oddes of it ef you want to know. An my fren Nashon here whos a lawyer and a man of judgment says so that how about it Nashon wayno—hey. Compa in vah—fina mino—muncha gold! Dern it says Andrew I wisht I'd never learnt the lingo

hit plumb onsettles a wise feller English.

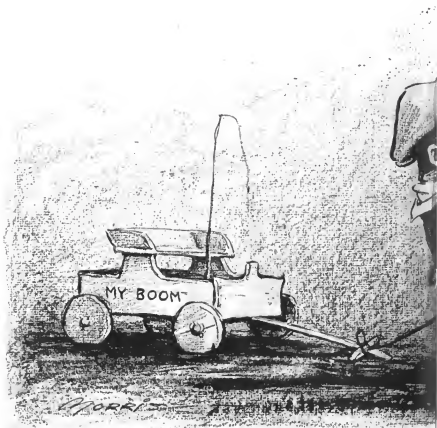
Youre a lawyer are you says Allingham to Mister Sena who was lookin at Andrew right ugly fer miscellan his name well maybe yorese actin in that matter fer a klient. I fancy (ysir the feller says *seno*)—mooch gold he says. Sure says Allingham mooch gold its a good business fer a lawyer an he laft but I knowed he was irritated becaus he seen he'd got off onto the wrong foot. Ennybody who kin extrak infamation from a Mexican by means of askin questions kin set up as a deteactive without no certifikat and that a fact.

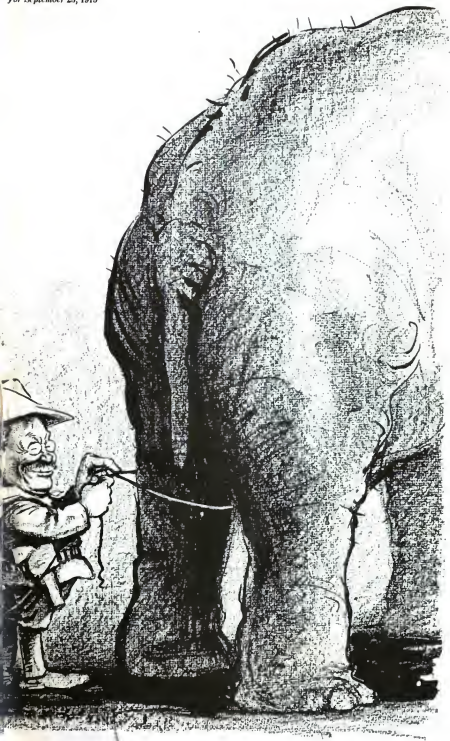
Finely Allingham says I done made a littel stake as you know Andrew an I'd like fer to soak some on it away with some kearfel feller like yourself where hit'll keep good. You dont reckon yond wanter sell no more of that there mine of yours do you well I mought says Andrew. Im plumb unprejudiced thataway. I kin offer you another hannerd for the half intrest you still hold says Allingham you kin offer me moren that says Andrew ef you aint blowed yore money reckless dont talk foolish. Wy the dad gannard ho'e in the groun aint wuth no more now than hit was this mornin is it says Allingham meanin the half the Mexican had bought a option on.

No says Andrew but I dont need this hannerd as much as I might the first. Well they argued for might nigh a half hour an the best Allingham could do was to git Andrew to say he'd sell an option on the half intrest he held jest fer two hannerd dollars an two thousand dollars to be paid ef the option was taken up. Besides he guaranteed to git my two hosses Brownie an Summa back to the ranch when he done finished his time. Then him an the Mexican hiked over to the law offfis to fix up the papers an promised to meet us later down to the Troy hotel where Allingham was stoppin. Aint it funny I says how a no cesant Mexican kin set up fer a lawyer

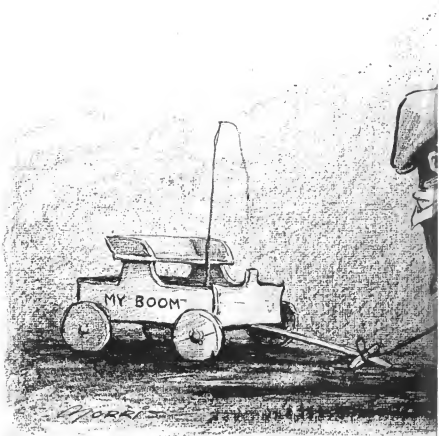
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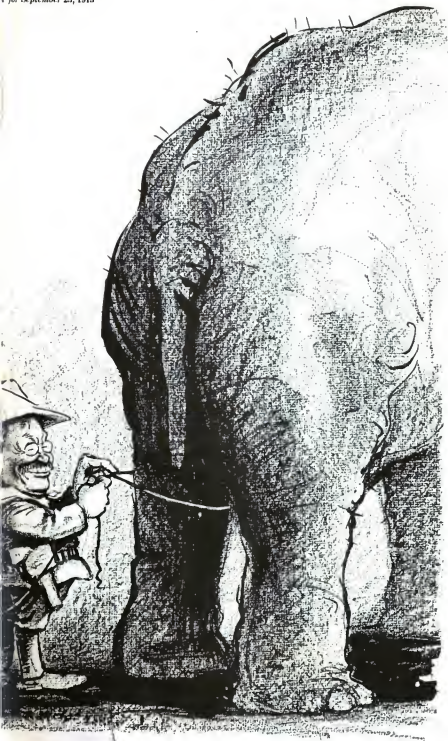
The Best Place
to Hitch





The Best Place
to Hitch





Rosalind

ONCE in a while some play is different from other plays. If it happens to be by J. M. Barrie (it hurts to put a little title before his name) it is almost sure to be different from other plays. Very occasionally, among successful plays, is that much-sought thing, the one-act drama. What strikingly and also artistically successful one-act play in the last lot—these many years was not by Barrie? First may be put *The Twelve-Pound Look*, that amazing combination of satire and dramatic *tour de force*. Then *The Will*, powerful in itself, inviting John Drew to call out his finest powers. Pass by *Half an Hour*, as not perfect, although strong, and then come to the latest one-act contribution, a lovely comedy, again with a theatrical effectiveness on the same level with *The Twelve-Pound Look*.

The critic of a leading newspaper says he cannot figure out its meaning. Heaven rest his soul, why should he? If he could, the stage in America might not be exactly what it is. Moreover there is reputed to have been a mathematician who condemned *Paradise Lost* on a similar ground.

Imagine a living-room in a little country inn, and in it, as boarder, a woman in her forties, cheerful, relaxed, full of philosophy and humor. She is fond of middle age, because it can be easy, sympathetic, unaffected. She attends the Mothers' Club. She masses on the human show. She is restful in body and mind, serene, outside herself. On the mantel is a photograph of a young woman, dashing, in the rôle of Rosalind. The landlady has heard all about the famous daughter of perhaps twenty-three. She knows her to be the theatre rage of London. She is amazed that her mother speaks so flippantly of her. She is almost shocked that the mother has never seen her daughter act.

The ironic and cheery visitor lies down on the sofa to take a nap. In



Morie Tempest and Reginald Denny in "Rosalind."

comes a young man seeking refuge from the storm. He talks with the protesting and whispering landlady. He is surprised to recognize a photograph on the mantel, and still more surprised when the landlady points out the supposed sleeper as the young lady's mother. She had told him she was the only young actress in London who had no mother. He looks over the form on the sofa. It is not much like the daughter, he says; shorter, different hair, stouter, less distinguished. He is determined to speak to her; the landlady being out of the room, he pulls away the pillow. Business of being awakened, confused, frightened. Then comedy, of charming variety, in which she jeers at his love for her daughter, and gives to that young lady a shockingly light and wayward character. This of course leads up to the revelation that there is no daughter. She herself is the actress. But before the discovery is made she receives a shock of genuine horror by finding that his love for her is real. Her picture is in his watch, along with that of his dead sister, and there have been no others.

It is all very hard for him to believe. A telegram comes from London. She has been recalled from her vacation. The

new play has failed and *As You Like It* must be put on again at once. She goes into her dressing-room. You see her no longer, but you hear her voice. It grows gay. It grows hard. When she comes out she is again young, flimsy, with none of the middle-age gentle composure, but with all of the hectic personal thrill. She no longer treats him as a dear boy, whose eyes are to be shown the truth. Off they go together to London and to surface glamour.

One of the tragedies of the stage is that there are no parts for women between youth and old age. Barrie toys with this idea in the present play and shows the constant pressure of the manager and the actress to

prevent the playwright if possible from allowing his heroine to be over twenty-nine. Something has been done, however, lately to extend the range. A number of modern playwrights have contributed to the enfranchisement. Indeed one of the great discoveries of fiction in our time has been the interestingness of middle age, and apparently the drama is to a less extent making the same discovery.

Any actress will tell you this new rôle of Barrie's is a wonderful part; and any manager, that to find an actress who can play the careless forties and then look the dashing twenties is some task. Miss Tempest gets through the *tour de force* in the last part skillfully, with extremely clever dressing, and in the main part, the happy comedy of middle age, she is more of an artist than in anything the present writer has seen her do before.

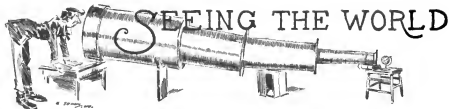
Speaking of the present writer: The first actress he ever met in real life seemed to him a very fascinating person. She was the young heroine of an admirable play. He went to supper with her. She went out of her way to tell him that she had a grown-up daughter. Even then he could see only the heroine he had seen upon the stage.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



Unveiling the statue of Charles Dana Gibson at the annual picnic of the magazine cover girls at Lakewood, N. J.



The Unevenness of Things

It's strange to us how our friends will find a small mistake or typographical error in the Democrat and rush in to tell us, yet they never see their own mistakes, or bring in news, ad or job work. But go on boys, we're used to it.

—The Morrilton (Ark.) Democrat.

Kultur

Mrs. Philo Sperry was hostess to the Huron History class Wednesday evening. A very interesting paper was read by Mrs. Willetta Ward on "Works of Luther Burbanks" and another by Mrs. Grace Morse on "Birds and Points of Interest Around Huron."

—Sandusky (O.) Register.

He'll Get You in the End

I am for you First and Last. Furniture and Undertaking

—Carl of an Osakis (Minn.) Dealer.

As Business Men Do

A country editor unctuously remarks that he wants to buy a sack of flour, a pair of shoes and a straw hat, and he is ready to receive the lowest bids for the same. He states that some of his town merchants treat him this way when they want \$2 worth of printing done.

—The Milford (Tex.) News.

Some Job

There is a busy editor running a newspaper at Ozona, Crockett County. This paragraph is taken from his editorial page: "An increase in the scholastic population of Ozona of fifty-seven pupils over that of last year does not appear like race suicide—and they are all huskies, too. We are doing nearly all this ourselves." Some editorial job, that.

—The Fort Worth (Tex.) Record.

This Theatre Didn't Advertise

We noticed from the hills thrown around that the Empress theatre had quite a vaudeville stunt beside their usual movie reels Monday night.

—The Gugo (Col.) Democrat.

Discriminating Dynamite

Joseph Rather, a farmer residing near Unity, was brought to St. Joseph's hospital the first of the week by the explosion of a dynamite cap.

—The Marshfield (Wis.) Herald.

When the Knockers Get Theirs

You remember Noah had to work a long time on the ark, it was uphill business, too, at best, building a boat away out on dry land, where the local anvil and hammer club sat around spitting tobacco juice upon his lumber, whittling up his pine boards with their jackknives

When You Get Back from Your Vacation



St. Joseph, (Mo.) News-Press.

and telling him what a fool he was for expecting a big rain in a country that was too dry to grow alfalfa. But he kept at it. Finally the flood came and every mother's son of the croakers was drowned. This is the only instance we know in either sacred or profane history where a bunch of knockers got just exactly what was coming to them.

—The Rawlins County (Kans.) Record.

Mabel Worthy of Bliss

Miss Mabel Worthy has returned to her home after spending two months in Bliss.

—The Lane (W. Va.) Recorder.

Tough on the Crops

Grapes are looking fine but corn and oats aren't doing very well. They want rain. Late potatoes are in the same boat. Pastures are drying up. Feed is short, while flies never were so savage or ugly as they are just now.

—Sandusky (O.) Register.

Bossy, the Dope-Fiend

One of J. E. Staats's cows, a full blood Jersey, was humanely killed the first of the week to end her misery. Several months ago this cow was badly poisoned while feeding in the pasture, but recovered and it was believed she would be all right. However, it seems that she developed a craving for the weed, would eat nothing else and became a regular dope fiend. Mr. Staats was offered \$125 for the animal a few months ago.

—The Enterprise (Kans.) Push.

Constant Woman

Mrs. Joe Keep returned home Saturday after two months' absence and found things topsy-turvy, just as every wife does when she returns.

—The Lane (W. Va.) Recorder.

The Press-Agent Speaks

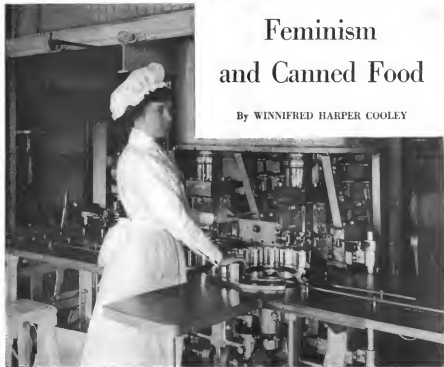
People have been inquiring what the picnic committees are doing this year. The amusement committee has been working hard to secure something entirely out of the ordinary—and they have

succeeded. They have secured a double parachute leap! For a feat that will make you hold your breath, your heart will stop beating and your hair rise straight up, there is nothing that will compare with this double parachute leap. The man who undertakes it does so with the understanding that each trial may be his last. While we have never seen it we have been told by those who have seen the leap made that women scream and faint and strong men shudder and turn away from the sight of the falling man, for many times the second parachute fails to open until almost to the ground—and sometimes it fails to open at all.

—The Mount Valley (Kans.) Journal.

Feminism and Canned Food

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY



Machine by which cans are automatically filled without coming in contact with the hands.

NO THEORIES of human equality and freedom could have knocked off women's shackles of kitchen drudgery as did the first can of food," I once had the pleasure of telling the members of the National Canners' Association. Doubtless, it has not occurred to the public to link the new womanhood with commercial food-products, but after many years' study of both subjects, I sincerely regard them as cause and effect. The worthy canner, may, as individuals, be violent "anti's," or they may, after the manner of mere men, never have taken time to think on matters pertaining to women; but the fact remains, that the food manufacturer—sublimely unconscious, or violently protesting, as he may be—is the precursor of the feminist movement.

There could be no thought of economic independence, and no serious revolt, in the breast of the farmer's wife at a few decades ago, when she daily left her spinning and weaving, her tailoring and garment-fashioning to bake seventeen pies, half a dozen fat loaves of bread, many cakes and hushels of doughnuts; to roast the huge turkey and brown the goose, and dry the fruits and cure the meats, and brew the ale, and press the cider, and "put up" shining rows of jellies, preserves and jams. While she was being "speeded up" to an eighteen-hour day, she had little leisure for Hesen or Shaw, or contemplations of her legal disabilities and her political non-existence! It was after the food manufacturer had lifted the white woman's burden, that she began to rub her

eyes, stretch her limbs, and look the big world in the face.

Talk about women's taking men's jobs away from them—the commercial food men forced their way into our kitchens, and seized upon our century-old tasks! It was some time before we realized that our fruit and vegetables, our condiments, meats, soups and fish, and even our desserts, were being canned for us better and cheaper than we could prepare them, and that, therefore, we were facing an amazing new idleness—indeed, some of us have not awakened to the realization yet.

Close on the heels of the wonderful new inventions in sterilization, sanitary cans, and hermetically sealed containers, came the terrific tales of the murraker, regarding food adulteration. The housekeeper, who had timidly ventured forth into the arena of scientific progress, scurried fearfully back under cover, in terror of poisoning her family. The housekeepers were thoroughly scared. Even today, many a woman asserts with that smug satisfaction with which we proclaim ourselves good wives and mothers, "I never put a bit of food upon my table that is not made in my kitchen."

Such a statement is a sign, not of virtue, but of ignorance, in the twentieth-century woman. She could not keep out the commercial food manufacturer if she barricaded her doors. She admits him with the flour, the coffee, the flavoring extracts, the baking powder. She usually adds commercial bread, butter, pickles, condiments, sirups, canned tomatoes,

corn, peas, beets, beans and asparagus, peaches, plums, quinces, cranberries, apple butter, and dozens of other "emergency" rations. Not that she orders all of these things open-mindedly; she buys a few at a time, furtively, apologetically, to piece out Sunday-night suppers, or be prepared for the sudden intrusions of unexpected company. Probably she does not know, yet, about spinach, spaghetti, tamales and plum pudding. She does not realize the wonders of canned chicken, fruit punches, pineapple and mince meat. Tinned soufflés, croquettes and all of the elaborately cooked foods, in cans are hidden mysteries to her. The old-fashioned housekeeper has been flattered and lulled into a fatuous contentment, has been extolled and set upon a pedestal, until she, very naturally, fears to yield up her one talent.

Right here the feminist comes to the front, though she, too, is all unconscious as to the source of her emancipation. She does not recognize the canner as her deliverer! Perhaps he does not resemble Sir Galahad, but he certainly has ridden ahead in the van of progress and done us service which the knights of old might well have been proud of. The suffragette, or to use the broader term, the feminist, may not recognize her valiant knight, any more than does the old-fashioned housekeeper; but she differs from that estimable lady, in seizing upon her opportunities eagerly.

Already, she has been quick to see the advantages of living in apartment-houses, abolishing the old-time cumbersome housekeeping plant, and applying



Above—One of the largest canning-rooms in the country.
Below—Canning jams in stone jars.

business-efficiency methods to her diminishing housework. Now she presses upon the legislators through her great organized forces, and compels Federal and State pure-food legislation, teaches her more ignorant sisters how to read the labels, and spreads the gospel of simple and sanitary eating through circular fool. The beauty of the feminist is that she sets some

value upon her own labor. If the same food can be put up in her kitchen in the same amount for one cent less, she does not say that it is cheaper to put this up at home than to buy it; she knows that if her time is worth anything, her nervous energy, strength and temper, as she stands over the hot cook-stove during the months of summer, the home product is far more expensive.

No intelligent person doubts that high-grade bottled and canned fruits and vegetables, and cleanly package-goods are more sanitary than the ordinary bulk material in the open bins, a bed for the cat, handled by grony clerks before they reach the slatternly maid-of-all-work. But, the very alluring aspect of all of the beautifully displayed factory-products have tempted purchasers to spend a little here and a little there beyond their means, and so contributed to the cost of high living, which has raised the universal howl. The feminist solves the problem of the increased cost of luxuries, which have become necessities, by say-

ing frankly to her husband: "Men have liberated me from the cook-stove by giving me wonderful commercially-prepared food, from soup to pudding. As I am now practically idle, I will follow my tasks out into the world, clean up the community, look after the milk supply, and do a little municipal housekeeping which men have done so badly. I will become productive, and add to our income, so that we will not be ruined by the enormous modern out-go! There are many things about the transition which are difficult, but now that I come to think of it, I greatly prefer this specialization, for, you know, one is not naturally a skilled cook just because she is a woman!"

To be sure, there are some women who have taken advantage of the new leisure by merely being lazy. Floating with the current, they have accepted the innovations of the commercially-prepared foods, the vacuum-cleaner, the fireless-cooker, or the apartment-hotel, without adapting themselves to the new

victims of euthanasia, or the legal putting out of the way of the unfit!

All over America, a vast army of women, who still are housekeepers, are vitally concerned with the food-problem in its broadest sense, and, in their clubs and organizations, are tackling its scientific and legislative aspects. I wish that the inhabitants of every city and remote village could accompany me on personally conducted tours of some of the great food factories. If so, not one would dissent when I claim that the high-grade canning establishment is more scientific, clean and sanitary than is the average home kitchen! Large capital has been expended on the most exquisite copper, silver-lined kettles, on the most scientific and up-to-date apparatus, on securing expert bacteriologists, who analyze every bit of output. White marble, or glass-topped tables receive the meat, fruit or vegetables, which are cut up by machinery, packed from place to place in wire baskets, on a trolley, like a department store cash-

civilization by turning their attention to the new problems which have opened up. They know nothing of food laws, apparently care not a whit that they are feeding their families sulphuric acid, anilin dyes and sodium benzoate, never read a label, would not know what it meant if they did, and never heard of bacteriology or sanitation. This class I would recommend as the first

box, and often never touched by human hands. The employees wear white gloves, white frocks and caps, and in some establishments, have their hands manicured at the firm's expense.

The food, after being cooked, is subjected to enormous heat. Its immersion in live steam is complete. No bacteria ever born could exist in such a Turkish bath. The sanitary cans in many factories are nowadays clamped by machinery—a new patent process to eliminate even the one drop of solder—and after that, the cans are again immersed in steam or boiling water. Will you kindly compare this

tionable non-food ingredients. It therefore, may be said, by the most unprejudiced person, that the National Canners' Association is more moral than our government, for the Federal law, the Food and Drugs Act, still permits a limited amount of sodium benzoate, and seven coal-tar dyes of hideous hue—grass-green, red, brilliant yellow, indigo-looking blue, etcetera. Nine years before there was Federal food law, the National Canners' Association drafted one, and petitioned Congress to pass it! The fact that New York City alone in 1912 bought \$150,000,000 worth of canned goods,

One of the advantages of canned vegetables is that they are purchased from the farmer by the great manufacturer in the height of the season, when cheapest and freshest, and put up within three hours of the time they are picked off the stalk or vine. Each day's pack is packed before any more is bought. Contrasted with the many handlings which city vegetables and fruit are subjected to—the dirt, dogs, sun, staleness and mediocre quality—the canned product has everything in its favor, and practically comes to us fresh from the farm, although it may have been her-



"Picking over" the strawberries, in a large canning factory.

process. Mrs. Housekeeper, with the unspeakable methods of the average Bridget?

Do not fancy that the canner cans what he can, and what he can't can, he still tries to fool the public with. No commercial man takes himself more seriously. The National Canners' Association cooperates with the government, and for years has maintained higher food standards than the Federal law! The whole point of canning is sterilization by excessive heat, and the exclusion of air by hermetically sealing all containers. For this reason, no artificial chemical preservatives are required. For years, the National Canners' Association has stood unanimously against sodium benzoate and dyes, and has not countenanced coppers in pens (the brilliant green was put in France, and is not permitted now by our government, even in the imported product), or any objec-

looks as if intelligent women—who wield the vast majority of the purchasing power—are appreciating their debt to the canned-food industry.

As feminism and pure food both meet and focus in the ex-Chief of U. S. Bureau of Chemistry, Dr. Wiley, his word may be taken, rather than mine:

The canned-food industry, more especially that portion of it represented by the National Association, has been foremost among the food industries in its endeavor to improve their output by the selection of good material, by sanitary factory-methods, the improvement of the quality of the container and the abolition of the use of preservatives. . . . Canned goods fill a most important place in the modern dietary, and the wholesomeness, palatability and convenience of the products are in most instances unquestionable, and under modern conditions of life, they are filling a larger and larger need.

metically sealed for several years. Asparagus, for instance, is put into tins at once, preserving all its natural qualities, whereas, it is said that no consumer can secure any fresh asparagus in the city markets, which is less than two days old. For the delectable fruits, the canner buys whole orchards, and often has his factories located on their borders, so that the fruit is picked in the morning and canned at noon; although most city people cannot secure fruit and berries that are not parched and withered.

The old-fashioned cooking-teacher goes forth to warn women against commercial foods. Her message is that of individual, personal labor; her slogan is: "Back to the stove!"

The feminist liberates woman from the manual labor, which may not be consoling to her, and suggests that she specialize, as her husband does.

(Continued from page 269.)

and not make no bobble hit would be a grate deal more funnier ef he couldnt says Allingham what them Mexens dont know about stealin aint wuth menahun.

Well we bes go down an pay my bill he says but fust you kin jest leave me have a hundred dollars sos I kin have the money when we see Andrew agin. What I says. Wy he says lookin surprised you didin think Id leave you outin a good thing did you an us pardners like we he. O it wont make me feel had none I says. Fur es I kin see hits throwin money away of that feller Sene was buyin Andrews diggins fer anathin but to skin some tenderfoot be's a had the bull mine and enyway when the option comes due ef th outfit was sellin fer a dollar we would be able to purchase one of the mine stulls like as not. What putt it into your head to git caught up in this here jam is beyon me.

Well in the fust place says Allingham hit struck me ez a plumb favrable mornin fer buyin mines then in the secon place hits a whole lot more reputable to invest money than to gumble it away on my eyard playin wch wed be jest rekles enuff to do an in the third place ef somebody should happen to fine somethin in the prospek besides mounthin air wich aint beyon the bounds of possibility we allid be in a nobal stratejick position. Themes shore good reasons I says but hit dont seem no ways necessary to me I should partispate in the deal O he says jest as you like suit yourself. Only he says offhanded I thought we was partners but ef your afraid of riskin yore money to hep out a fren wy I guess I kin go it alone lets have a littel drink Mister Bartender. His voice was reel sorrowful when he ordred the drinks an after wed drankt them I got studyin a minit an I says well of you putt it thataway Id jest as soon come in an I dragged out a hunderd dollars offen my roll an reached it out acrost the table. No no he says puttin up his hun I wouldnt want to git you into trouble agin yore better judgment. Misery loves company but hit prefers good company an I wouldnt want you should git soured on the worl becaus of me influensin you to maybe loose yore forchin. No no he says.

Well sir would you bleeve it hit taken me a couple of more drinks an a lot of time to git Allingham to take that there mooney I never seen enybody so plumb cheast about receivin a hunderd dollars. Finely he says well of you wont take no fer an asner I reckon Ill haf to let you in yes I says Im rich wild an full of engeries an I handed over the bills. Allingham lift an says yore a pretty good feller Lem Im a dam fool I says I reckon. Well he says they aint no difunce a tall between them two critters the only

trouble is the fac aint as genely reconized es it mought be. Supposin we go git a few necessary articles an pack them down to the hotel alright I says.

Well Allingham bought some tobakko an toothbrushes an sech like but I had a plenty of tobakko so I didin haf to buy nothin. Then we went down to the Troy hotel to pay Allinghams bill an he got to talk with the gal at the desk a few minits before Andrew an his fren Incarnasion arrive. Allingham calls this here gal Hellen but they aint no sense into it becaus the gal's name is Hennerietta. So I tole him that an he says well most people aint named right at christenin an my mission when I think on it is to give them names accordin to their natcher an circumstances now Hennerietta he says is a right peart name for a cow some day when I gits me a row Im a goin to call her that hut his aint no name for this year charming creecher wares Hellen of the Tr-y hotel is a chased an approprint designashun an not to be surpist. Thats all right I says but it aint her name Tut tut he says whats in a name libel I says offen if nothin more seryus I knowed a feller was shot onet over nothin moren a name or so. Well we wont discuss the pint he says which is what he allus says when he sees I got the best on him so I didnt say no more besides he says here comes Andrew an his good fairy fren a smilen like hed jest buried his rich uncle Pablo.

THEY let on they got the papers all fixed up so we went over to the Opry House bar to seal the bargin an had one or two. Then Allingham give Andrew the two hunderd dollars an putt the opshun constract in his coat pocket an then we said goodbye. Andrew wanted to go along over to the depo with us but we finely compromised on a nother round an we left him a tellin Incarnasion he was for him outwell the sand in the desert got plumb freeze up well three hunderd dollars is a lot of money for Andrew to have. All at onet an hum in town too.

I was kind of sorry to leave the ole feller jest think I says we may not never see him agin specially ef he dont lose that there stake before hits been drinkt up. Ill see him in my dreams says Allingham ef we dont git out of here he is beginnin to annoy me Im afraid my whole day has bin spoilt lets go.

So we went to the depo but the trane was late. So we set up on the porch of the Harvey House hotel waitin. This here hotel is a nebers eddis called the Castayeda an I would rather of set in the depo becaus we wasnt stopping at the hotel but Allingham says no fer the sake of the hotel management let us set here its wuth far more to them than the mere price of a room fer us to be seen here by the natufers there is a lot in a hotel

having the reputation of kateerin only to the smartest people. Well I says ef thats all we kin shereely qualify as smart becaus we done spent might nigh a day with money an got some on it let yit.

Allingham lookt at me funny Lem he says as a fren an well washer lemme advice you agin akwirin a foadnes fer injury it is beneath you he says an besides hit is a weapon that more offen than not funkushus similar to a boomring which smites the hand that weldeth it onless used continual. Leave it to them porcubans in Noo York an other eastern senters of vice an idleness where they gits tired of sayin what they mean an locks upon the suttel divershun of sayin what they dont mean as wit do you git my drift. No I says I dont well in brief he says dont try to be funny yore wastin yore time.

Well I dida have nothin to say becaus Allingham knows moren me so I says how about our tickets and the itinery of this here toor we aint got no plans yit. I got mileage says Allingham an well decide where were goin after we gits on the trane. We kin map out an interestin root there and git offen the line anywheres an I reckon we kin fine hosses an supplies wherever we are. It is not what we startet out to do exakly but that theres an advantage becaus we will be actio inconsistent which is always advicable who was it said consistency was like a jewell becaus all it is good for is to show off to other people I dont know I says.

Allingham set back and lit a cigareet an I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was a goin to talk some more you kin always tell when hes goin to talk he looks like he was thinkin of somethin to eat an cant jest decide what hitll be. Finely he opnd his mouth to speak an then set up straight an says holy Moses like he was plumb surprized. I lookt up and all I seen was a gal whats the matter I says.

Matter he says soft like he was a sayin his prayers lookit whats comin towards us I am I says hits n gal. A gal says Allingham wy you pore stubbismak creecher hits a vishun. I didin say nothin becaus we'd had right smart of drinks an sometimes hits curysus what adrees a feller gits when hes been drinkin I knowed a feller onet got an iddee he was a herd of eberkings back one the ole farm whenever hed had considabul and hed cakel twell he was plumb out of breath or got jounced outn the silloon. Hits best to humor em when they gits thataway long you kin stan it that is.

So I jest waited and watched and the gal walkt apast us an into the hotel without even turbin her eyes in our direkshun. An jest then number 9 whistled up the track an we knowed hit was time to move.

The fourth chronicle of the blithe adventures of Mr. Allen, erstwhile cook of the Bar 2 cattle ranch, will appear next week.

Balls and Strikes

By BILLY EVANS

About Wagner and Lajoie

HAS Hans Wagner lost his terror for opposing patchers? Is Larry Lajoie through as a big league star? Those two questions were much debated prior to the opening of the 1915 season. The season of 1914 was a very disastrous one for these two wonderful players. In years gone Wagner and Lajoie annually furnished gossip and discussion glory as to their greatness. National League fans admitted Larry was the more graceful fielder, but not a bit more accurate. They insisted the difference in their batting strength either way didn't cut any figure as most were willing to admit both were great hitters. As base runners the old leaguers said Wagner had a decided advantage, and on that point there was no doubt, as Wagner was always a nifty man on the paths. When all topics failed to produce a warm debate, the greatness of Wagner and Lajoie was brought to the fore.

The name of Wagner and Lajoie has become synonymous with the circle of 300 hitters. When a season opened, it was regarded as a certainty that both men would hit better than the 300 mark. The fan who closely follows the records, is perhaps conversant with the fact that both Lajoie and Wagner failed to reach that mark during the season of 1914. Not only did these two great batsmen fall below that mark, but incidentally they suffered the poorest season during their entire careers from a batting standpoint. Lajoie hit 258, while Wagner registered 252.

Until last season Wagner, who broke into the National League in 1897, had for seventeen consecutive years batted 300 or better. It was unfortunate that he was unable to keep up that most marvelous record. In 1913 he just managed to beat the barrier by hitting an even 300. There are a great many people who believe that Wagner is through. They base their belief on his poor average of last year. They regard Lajoie in a similar light. I seriously doubt if either has lost his much feared batting eye. I wouldn't be surprised if both hit better than 300 this summer.

During his first eleven years as a big leaguer, Larry Lajoie always batted better than 300, once going over the 400 mark. In his twelfth year, he fell one point shy the charmed circle, hitting 299, while the following year he hit 280. Those two bad years caused critics to believe that as a 300 swatter Larry was through. In the season of 1909 he proved otherwise by hitting 324, and in the next four years came through with four marks all better than 300, the best showing being 384 in 1910.

It is possible that the batting eyes of Lajoie and Wagner have been slightly dimmed by age and continued use. It is possible that both have slowed up some, and every now and then lose a hit that years ago might have gone to their credit. It is also possible that neither puts the old force back of the swing as



A Supper Story For the Boy

Some night when the boy is eating his dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, tell him this story about it.

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Each food cell is a globule which must be broken to digest. That's why we cook or bake it. Raw wheat would not do. But, until late years, no process was known which would break up all those food cells.

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Prof. Anderson found that each food cell held moisture. He conceived the idea of converting that moisture to steam.

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Not all grains can be puffed. But those that can be should be largely served in this hygienic form.

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(1004)

Books

The Way of These Women, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.35.

At the country place of Sir Jermyan Annerley, Lord Lakenham is murdered. The last person who saw him alive was Sybil Chaley, an actress engaged to Sir Jermyan. Lucille, Duchess de Sayers, who loves Sir Jermyan is the one person who can convict Sybil—some of the evidence against her having been skilfully removed before calling the police. As any reader must know Sybil is as good as she is beautiful, and did not commit the crime. The evidence that Lucille has is trumped up. As the price of her silence she demands that Sir Jermyan marry her. To shield Sybil he consents. Just after their marriage the real murderer reveals himself. It is from this general situation that Mr. Oppenheim extracts a solution—not the obvious one that the reader anticipates. Like a good many other novels of the day the character-drawing and reality are sacrificed for action.

August First, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews and Roy Irving Murray, Charles Scribner's, New York. \$1.

A beautiful young woman determined to commit suicide, seeks out an elderly clergyman for his counsel before departing this world. In his stead she finds a youthful clergyman. He gets her to postpone the act temporarily. The book is made up of his letters to her. Every one of these puts off the suicide in a manner cleverly suggesting the Thousand and One Nights. None can be in doubt as to the ending. In spite of the too realistically dull letters of the clergyman the book is pleasantly written.

Me, a book of remembrance. The Century Company, N. Y. \$1.30.

The autobiographical novel and anonymous novel have gained great headway

in the last year or two. *Me* is a combination of both methods. As there is no elaborate preface in which the authenticity of this slender story is guaranteed it is perhaps not gracious to talk of the probabilities. Suffice it to say that the heroine is quite the most naive inhabitant of the world—at least so she appeared at seventeen. Nor is her sense of personal responsibility high. At one time she is engaged to three men and in love with a fourth. The book is hastily written and none too well constructed. It is mere reporting, of a very low order. But then this criticism has also been anticipated in the preface. The whole book was written in two weeks.

The Brown Mouse, by Herbert Quick, Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.25.

Jim, the brown mouse, is a farmhand who is elected teacher of a district school on a fluke. His method of teaching is a scandal to all those who like the accepted order of things. Instead of teaching the regular subjects, which, according to the leading persons in the community, will provide culture against future migration to the cities, he interests them in farming and gives them an education which will be of value to them. Ultimately Jim triumphs and his experiment brings renown to the community. In spite of a slight tendency to be too informative Mr. Quick has written a most readable novel.

Of Human Bondage, by W. Somerset Maugham, George H. Doran & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Though Mr. Maugham was first a

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A profusely illustrated number presenting the complete story of the Paris Openings, the successful creations of each couturier which taken collectively establish the Autumn and Winter mode. Vogue

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The best one hundred model hats Paris has produced for the Autumn of 1915

The Paris Openings Oct. 1
The complete story of the Paris Openings—the successful creations of each couturier which taken collectively establish the mode

Autumn Patterns Oct. 15
Working plans for your entire winter wardrobe—the newest models adapted to pattern form

Winter Fashions Nov. 1
Showing the mode in its Winter culmination—charming models smart accessories evoked for their respective trends

Vanity Number Nov. 15
Those graceful little touches that make the smart woman smart, where to get them and how to use them

Christmas Gifts Dec. 1
Vogue's suggestions of the latest and best gift problems. A new idea

Christmas Number Dec. 15
More gifts and practical ideas for holiday entertaining

Lingerie Number Jan. 1
Finest linen for personal use and for the household

Motor and Southern Jan. 15
The new fashions in motor cars and the new wardrobe for the southern season

Forecast of Spring Fashions Feb. 1
Earliest authentic news of Spring styles. Fully illustrated

Spring Millinery Feb. 15
Hats, bonnets, and toppers from the famous milliners of Paris

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Working models for your Spring and Summer wardrobe

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"Nine out of ten women copy what the tenth does: the tenth is a reader of VOGUE"



Mr. Beatty's application of a De Quincey passage to the Kultur question calls to mind Matthew Arnold's statement that "men of culture are the true apostles of equality." John Adlington Symonds, celebrated for having lived at Davos, remarked that "culture is a mess, not an end." Both are valuable aphorisms. But neither of the authors was an engineer. We have searched in vain for a colleague's opinion. Running an engine and acquiring Kultur seem to be incompatible. Perhaps the bearings get too hot—ENGINEER SAFETY VALVE.

De Quincey on Kultur

By ARTHUR BEATTY

MIGHT our German-Americans be interested in a comment by a great English writer on an earlier campaign in America in the interests of Kultur? It is from De Quincey, and was written in 1839:

"Not many months ago, the kind hostility of the Irish newspaper editors in America forged a ludicrous estimate of the Irish numerical preponderance in the United States, from which it was inferred, as at least a possibility, that the Irish-Celtic language might come to displace the pre-eminence with the English. Others anticipated the same destiny for the German. But, in the mean time, the unrequited career of the law-courts, of commerce, and of the national Senate that cannot suspend themselves for an hour, reduce the case to this dilemma: If the Irish and the Germans in the United States adopt their general scheme of education to the service of their public ambition, they must begin by training themselves to the use of the language now prevailing on all the available stages of ambition. On the other hand, by refusing to do this, they lose in the very outset every point of advantage. In other words, adopting the English, they renounce the contest—not adopting it, they disqualify themselves for the contest."

Madison, Wis.

Light on the Merchant-Marine Question

By PHILIP MANSON

YOUR editorials on the merchant-marine question are in refreshing contrast to the almost unanimous opposition of the press, which, as the Rochester Herald says: "relying on the ignorance and indolence of its readers," continues to print, as you say in your issue of July 31st: "numberless editorials, all just alike, with no new arguments."

Now comes a Mr. Farquhar in your issue of August 14th, and finds fault with the position you take. I have carefully read his rather lengthy letter to you and fail to find therein a single valid argument against your editorials. He rambles along on the Full-Crew law, temperance, Carnegie's wealth, workmen's savings, the economic condition of

the employees of his factory, and other subjects equally unrelated to the question of an American merchant marine, the subject which he attempted to discuss. Notwithstanding his own assertion to the contrary, he clearly shows that he does not know the first thing about the shipping question.

Mr. Farquhar says that he is Vice-President and Director of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. That explains all. His organization, at their convention in Washington last February, tried to rush through resolutions attacking the Administration on the Ship Purchase bill which was then before Congress. Everything was grasped for the job. The rules for the debate on the question were so fixed that any opposition to the resolutions would be at a great disadvantage.

I bunted up one of the delegates to the convention, gave him a few facts, and urged him to give them to the convention. He did so. As a result the convention decided that they did not know enough about the question to vote on it and decided to submit the matter to a referendum, but before this was so carried, the "interests" made a strong and bitter fight lasting several hours to have their derogatory resolutions adopted at once.

As a matter of fact, with the exception of those personally interested in the matter, very few know or understand the shipping question. All that the public knows is what it gets from the "trust-controlled newspapers which echo the demands and pervert the truth in the interest of greedy ship owners and capitalists allied with them." (Rochester Herald.)

In my talks with otherwise well-informed men who supported the views advanced by the loss of the Ship Purchase bill and the Seaman's bill, I have found little difficulty in changing their position on the subject after giving them the facts. That the referendum vote of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States was against the Ship Purchase bill is solely because the members of that organization don't know the facts.

When the Ship Purchase bill was before Congress and the New York Times and the New York Sun were printing, almost daily, leading editorials attacking the bill, I undertook, by means of letters to those papers to point out the fallacies and misstatements in those editorials. Did these high-principled exponents of American journalism give space to my letters, many of which were

afterward made part of the Congressional Record? But they did publish, in double-faced type and with double heads, the most furious letters from other correspondents who approved their attacks on the Administration and the Ship Purchase bill.

New York City.

A New Race?

By C. S. HAMILTON

WILL you kindly permit me, through the column in your excellent paper that you have so generously thrown open to your readers, to ask why we are so frequently regaled with communitarian sized, *German-American?* in this great country of ours, made up of good citizens who have come from nearly all the countries of the world, it seems strange that it is reserved for the Germans to call themselves *German-Americans*.

We never see other peoples signing themselves, English-Americans, Russian-Americans, French-Americans, they are simply *Americans*. If the Germans are as loyal as they to their adopted country, why the necessity of calling themselves *German-Americans?* The Bible tells us that we "cannot serve two masters," nor can we be loyal to two countries. When we see these same German-Americans hampering our President, with their persistent efforts to have him violate our neutrality, we are forced to the conclusion that in their hearts they are more concerned about the welfare of Germany than of the country of their adoption.

Would they ask the same things of the President if Germany dominated the seas?

Marshall, Mn.

Plattsburgh a Subterfuge?

By H. V. HENNINGSON

HAVE read your articles on Mayor Mitchell at the military camp at Plattsburgh.

The *Public* (Chicago), Aug. 20th, seems to take exceptions and I must say I agree with the *Public*.

Are we to have a military régime in this country similar to the German?

It looks to the average worker as though these military camps that are springing up about the country are but a subterfuge and that the real motive is to train and develop a militia of aristocrats that can be used by a certain class of corporations in strike troubles. The massacre of Ludlow, Colo., is not forgotten. The Rev. Bouck White of your city could enlighten you on this point.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Estopped

By GEO. I. KROGER

PLEASE stop sending me any further editions of HARRIS'S WEEKLY, to which I innocently subscribed on solicitation, under the impression that in your columns all nations would receive impartial treatment, but I find that you are wedded to Great Britain and hence this request.

Charlotte, N. C.

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A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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The Monroe Doctrine

FEAR is an unwelcome motive for action, and yet the war has forced us all to consider remote possibilities. If (to suppose a gross improbability) Germany should be able to smash the western line, after finishing with Russia, and in all fields be so triumphant that she could dictate terms not only to France but even to England, what about us? Should we abandon the Monroe Doctrine or become a military nation? If Germany is beaten in the end, or possibly if the war is a draw, a strong democratic movement may well take place in Germany. If, however, she is so victorious as to impose her will, against England, France, and Holland in the west, against Russia in the Balkans, then she will of necessity remain a highly military and aggressive power. She will seek to wrest control of the seas from England. Once that is done, good-bye to the Monroe Doctrine. Brazil, Argentine, and other parts of South America have long been a central part of the Pan-German movement. With England subordinate, all that is needed to put us in a difficult hole is for Germany and Japan to challenge the Monroe Doctrine together. There are sparks of free understanding still left in Germany: For instance, Dr. Karl Baehem, a clerical member of the Reichstag, writes in the *Volks-Zeitung* of Cologne that the absurd lies spread in Germany about American ammunition were a studied propaganda to incite the German people in the hope of bringing on war with the United States. Dr. Baehem represents a spirit that cannot possibly become dominant with Germany exercising forcible supremacy in Europe. In that case the spirit will be that of Bernhardi: "France must be so completely crushed that she can never again cross our path." And not France alone. Take the German *White Paper* itself, and its attitude toward settling differences of opinion by force instead of by arbitration. It says of Austria:

We were well aware that any military action by Austria against Serbia might bring Russia on the scene, and involve us in war by reason of the obligations of our alliance. Realizing, as we did, that the vital interest of Austria-Hungary were at stake, we could neither counsel our ally to a pliability inconsistent with her dignity, nor refuse her our aid in this difficult moment.

Some of the best informed students of the subject believe that the Junkers of Germany, with their supporters in the social and privileged class, brought on the war to check the democratic movement, the trend toward inheritance taxation, the effort of the Reichstag toward equality of representation. If they win the war completely they will remain in the saddle.

If they are in the saddle, and if the nation's power is sufficient, only the propitious moment will be required to lead them to defend their "interest" in South America or in Mexico. When the British and French assert that their cause is ours, the words are not an empty boast.

Immigration

THE comment of the German-American press persists in showing an almost complete failure to see anything shocking in the spectacle of an Austrian ambassador using our hospitality for secret plotting, to stir up industrial troubles and to make improper use of American passports. The *German Herald* of New York says:

"The German-Americans have so conducted themselves that a new immigration bill will probably be introduced next winter," writes *Harper's Weekly*. We do not know whether this will be the case. Considering the mad hatred against the Germans, which is shown in many localities, it is not improbable. It is much more necessary than heretofore that the German-American element should show a united front to the Anglicized hatred of foreigners.

A "united front," of course, is the whole trouble. We Americans have not brains enough to know we are Anglicized. We cannot realize that we lack intelligence to know whether or not we desire groups in our midst to have "united fronts," to work through subsidized newspapers for foreign countries, and in behalf of foreign interests to foment industrial discord. It is difficult for so vain a people as we are to see that we ought to revise our traditional morals under the able Prussian leadership that has made the German mind a new thing in the world. We observe that mind. We see it made up without the German people's knowing that the Czar proposed referring the Austro-Serbian dispute to The Hague; without ever seeing the groveling Serbian reply, but accepting blindly the official statement that it was insulting; without questioning the park of conflicting official lies told to excuse the invasion of Belgium; without doubting the official statements about the vast destruction being done by American shells; swallowing whole the absurd charges that Britain is subsidizing leading American papers, with no shred of proof, while abundant proof is furnished that Germany and Austria are subsidizing an American press. Frankly we Americans have small chance of understanding the German mind. When the war broke out we did not expect Germans to have the unity of a flock of sheep in our midst. The facts cannot help influencing American feeling about immigration.

Which Is Childish?

AMERICANS, noticing how lax Russians are about their duties and how serious they are about their pleasures, regard them often as children. Russians, on the other hand, seeing us so solemn over business and so trivial in relaxation see childishness in us.

The present war has brought still further to the world's attention the fact that the Russian does not make of himself an expert in organization, in manufacture, in political methods, in all the so-called business of life. He is easy-going, pleasant, philosophic, artistic. He is not prussianized, even enough, and he has genius.

The American, on the other hand, thinks business some twenty-four hours a day. He takes it as seriously as the Russian takes conversation or tea. When his active business hours are over he goes to a musical comedy or farce, so that he will not be compelled to use his mind. The rapid and broken moving picture suits him exactly. He does not wish to use his mind on any subject except business. To the Russian this is what seems childish, and his argument looks rather strong. The prussianized German thinks he can combine these two opposites. He thinks he can outdo the American in practical efficiency, which he can, and outdo the Russian in imagination and general insight, which he can't. When the Russian becomes more practical will he lose his eminence in music, literature, spiritual thought? If the American became less preoccupied with business would he appear better in those other things?

A. C. Rejoices

FROM a critical point of view the new dramatic season may not turn particularly rich, but to the Average Consumer it is eminently satisfactory. With a dollar to blow, friend A. C. will get a better seat for his shchel than ever before—this, thanks in some measure to the relentless competition of the "movies." With a dime to spend he may compare his opportunities with those of his dad and feel a plutocrat. A. C. likes laughs and thrills, and these—be he a dollar man or a dime man—are what the producers mean to serve up to him this season, almost to the exclusion of everything else. The problem play and the white slave drama are to harass him little. His triumph over the highbrow element, he feels, is symbolized by the recent conversion of what was once the New Theatre into a music hall. Nearly all of the shows this season are of the sort that "won't make him think"; and all the plots end happily. In times "like these," managers believe they ought to play safe; and playing safe consists in finding the greatest common denominator in the amusement equation and giving A. C. what he likes. He rings his money on the marble and they all come running.

We said that even if he had only a dime to squander he was infinitely richer than his father was. Think—a generation ago the best that a dime would buy was a ticket to the cyclorama of the *Bottle of Missionary Ridge*, or to a museum of side-show freaks and waxworks. After one had seen the cyclorama and Millie Christine the two-headed night-ingle, the Seven Sutherland Sisters, the elastic-skin man, two wild men from Borneo, the indigo man and Sibyl de Cube enthroned in her washbowl, the show season for A. C., Sr., was done. But A. C., Jr., goes

to the "movies" two or three times a week. He sees realistic *Missionary Ridges* so often that they bore him. As for getting a thrill out of beholding Sibyl de Cube or a laugh (in this, the golden age of Prince Charlie Chaplin) out of a *Punch and Judy* show—*ex-cuse him!* A. C., Jr., thinks his dad must have dragged out a considerably drab existence.

How the Clergy Can Help

IT IS a standing and difficult question, this one of how much of a part the clergyman can take in our industrial troubles. We are always especially glad when we see one active and successful on that side of the neighborhood life, as we have been lately in hearing about the success of Dr. Gabriel Reed McGuire in Roxbury, Boston. He has worked for cooperation of every one immediately or remotely connected with the finding of employment. He has believed in furnishing the immediate physical help needed, without too much questioning, and doing it without tying it up with any sense of obligation in the recipient to repay. Some of the methods in use are these:

A free employment bureau.

A free dispensary with three volunteer doctors and trained nurses and attendants.

A cooking school under the direction of a volunteer chef, from the Boston City Hospital.

A free lunch room for unemployed men.

A free bath and other conveniences including clean beds for the homeless.

Grocery and clothing departments for the relief of the very poor, and for making presentable the unemployed in applying for or accepting jobs. Free distribution of pure milk for the babies in the needy homes.

A varied work among the young, from babies up to boys and girls just entering manhood and womanhood, for their intellectual and social needs including playrooms, gymnasium, shower baths, lecture rooms, reading room and roof garden with trained attendants.

Whether such a program can be carried out depends largely on who has it in charge. Of course individual efforts can never take the place of wise government, State, and city solutions, but they can do much, in actual service and in increase of faith. The time is happily passing when we were so much afraid of helping a "dead-beat." As Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne has said, we are beginning to understand what Jesus meant by "resist not evil." That sentence was but one step in the explanation that the way to do away with evil is to trust and follow the good.

Discrimination

WE HAVE noticed newspapers kept out of prominent clubs for being what is deemed unfairly radical, with attendant faults, but have not noticed any kept out of these clubs for being reactionary, with attendant faults.

Unflagging

THE story starts that Sarah the Divine must give up her trip to America because she finds she cannot use effectively her wooden leg. A shade of dismay passes over the faces of those who supposed she could do all things. A few days pass and that idle talk is quieted by the cable. Sarah is entirely fit to come. All the foundation for the rumor is a temporary delay

due to the difficulty of finding French actors on account of the war. A sigh of relief. It is not that we need to see Sarah again. It is that an ideal would be shattered if she should prove inadequate for any journey toward which she had turned her face.

Language

ONE of the most common surprises in reading is to come across in old books what we have been accustomed to taking for modern colloquialisms. We have just struck this: "Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a rod?" Where? In Epictetus. The modern form is likely to be a poker, but we had always looked upon the whole image as essentially American. It is in reading the Elizabethans that this experience is most frequent, although one is likely to have it in reading any classic; the best colloquialisms are likely to be the oldest.

Rise

WILL somebody please tell us why careful people go through such painful efforts to pronounce the noun "rise" as if it were pronounced like rice? As there is far heavier authority for pronouncing the noun like the verb, it would seem as if so much struggle could be put to better use. Perhaps, however, this is a narrow view. Perhaps, as Americans are so sloppy about language, it is well for them to undertake any gymnastic bit of purism, even if on the wrong track, as the effort may accustom them to interest in details of style. If it does, they are welcome to any effort, even including "different to."

Than Whom

SPEAKING of "different to" switches our disorderly mind onto the much discussed novel *Fortitude*. The author is careful about the details of language, and he makes fun of one of his characters for saying "different to." Yet (it is the only inaccuracy we noticed) he says (on p. 89):

Then they turned and cursed him, asking him whom he thought that he was

By the way, since this favorite futility is under discussion, we should like to inquire of our two foremost columnists, F. P. A., and B. L. T., who consistently discuss variations of "whom are you," whether they themselves are conformers in that great leading ease, the nominative use of "than whom?"

Ye Olden Time

DISTANCE lends enchantment. It is hard to get away from the magic of an old association. Al Spalding is dead. He was not one of the great pitchers of all time, but he was the foremost pitcher of his day, an early day. Those morning mists lend romance to the memory of him. Of that brilliant Boston team on which his reputation was made, before he went to Chicago, he and George Wright alone became known in later life; in both cases on the business side of athletics. Spalding tried to be Senator also from California, but his candidacy and his speeches raised a smile. His glory was in the past; a past personally known to but a few of the rooters for Alexander, king pitcher of today; a past to be known tomorrow, except in legend, not at all.

A Pig Story

ONE side of the interestingness of children is the exhibition to us of our traits in a different setting. For example:

A very small boy, belonging to a friend of *Harper's Weekly*, saw a bull for the first time. "Oh, look at the pig!" he cried to his nurse.

"That," said the nurse, "is not a pig. It is a bull."

"It is a pig," said the boy.

"Why, Charles," said the nurse. "Take a good look at it. You know you never saw a pig as large as that."

"It is," the little boy observed, "the biggest pig I ever saw."

"But," protested the nurse, "you never saw a pig with horns."

"I never saw any pig with horns," the boy admitted, "except this pig."

Children and the Sea

LAST week we printed an editorial about the charm of children, quoting some lovely lines of Tagore about children playing in the sand, putting out their little boats, innocent of the world beyond. We are reminded that Newton used the same image, in speaking of his own ignorance, and that Milton had used it before Newton. True enough, and probably neither Milton, Newton, nor Tagore borrowed it. It is one



of those simple, vast, and satisfactory images that come independently to many; images drawn from sleep and death, from love and birth, from the mountains and the ocean. Tagore, Milton, Newton used the image because every deep mind reflects upon its ignorance, and every deep mind is stirred by the sight of children launching their aimless boats and digging in the bottomless sand.

Loneliness

IS IT a curse that we are not made self-sufficient?

This longing for companionship, is it not the blight of many hours? The sun is slanting against the distant hill, yet you regard it coldly. Had a lover, or even a dear friend, been by your side, you would have poured out your soul about the shadows on the hill. Beauty means little to you if you are too much alone, or it means pain. Of course the need of companionship is nature's leading trick in the business of keeping the race alive. But she does not cheat us after all. She repays us many fold for the pain it gives us to lack companions. All art, all comprehension of beauty, all the higher stirrings of the soul are but overflow and development of love, of the primal sex impulse; and if we suffer when these more complex needs have been created, it is only that light and shade are inseparable, that we receive the richest things of life only by paying the full and legitimate price.

Patten in Pink Whiskers

By OPERATIVE NO. 48

PROBABLY but a few, if any, of those readers who have been following the recent articles in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* regarding patent medicines, have imagined that Mr. Patten's Chattanooga Medicine Company were employing the Pinkertons to gather information to assist them in their suits against *HARPER'S WEEKLY* and the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. This is, nevertheless, true, and I was one of the Pinkerton operatives engaged in the work. It would appear that the patent-medicine people had but little confidence in the merits of their suits, when they were filed, yet believed that the Pinkertons could build up a case for them that would stand the acid test of the courts.

However this may be, it is beside the point. I resigned my position with the Pinkertons after working for several weeks on this case, and I now intend to lay before the public, in this article, their manner of going after the "desired information," without divulging the least part of it. Indeed, Mr. Patten must consider it a valuable asset to him, as he expended thousands of dollars in its accumulation, although personally I do not see how it can aid him materially in any way:

About November 15th, 1914, I was instructed by Assistant Superintendent W. H. Smith, of Pinkerton's Atlanta office, to go to Athens, Alabama, and there join Atlanta Operative No. 41, who, with his wife, Atlanta Operative No. 50, was residing in a house in Fairview, a residential section of Athens. They had been living there, as well as I remember, two weeks or possibly longer.

The primary object of my visit was to take down in shorthand, in a place of concealment, a conversation which was planned to take place between Operative No. 50 and Dr. A. L. Glaze, Jr., of Athens, who is secretary of the Limestone County (Alabama) Medical Society. The Chattanooga medicine concern believed that Dr. Glaze was in the full confidence of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, they having filed their suit for damages against that publication.

Smith informed me that Operative No. 41 was posing as an insurance agent in Athens; that he and his wife had rented a house in Fairview, and were there supposedly for six months; that Operative No. 41 had made excellent progress, as he had succeeded in renting desk space in Dr. Glaze's office; that Operative No. 50 was to be confined to her bed with a female complaint, and, under this pretext, she planned to obtain from Dr. Glaze his views on Wine of Cardui, the suit and any other information of interest.

I proceeded to Athens and joined Operatives No. 41 and No. 50 at their home in Fairview. Operative No. 41 advised me that the work was progressing nicely. He was posing as a special agent of a prominent life insurance company, and had succeeded in having Dr.

Glaze appointed medical examiner. He had in his possession a key to Dr. Glaze's office, and stated that he made a daily search of Dr. Glaze's desk and trash basket for letters or other documents bearing on the case in hand.

I was subsequently introduced to Dr. Glaze as Operative No. 41's first cousin. The operative told him that I was a traveling salesman, and was on a visit to him through the dull season of the year.

The doctor appeared to take a liking to me from the beginning. In a few days he and I were confidentially discussing Wine of Cardui and the law suit, as well as his own personal affairs and history. I was informed on more than one occasion by the Atlanta office that the client, E. A. Wheatley, general manager of the Chattanooga Medicine Company, was well pleased with my work.

Operative No. 41, however, was not so successful: He had established himself, but that was all. He was entirely too cautious. He seemed to fear that if he mentioned the subject to Dr. Glaze, his true connections would be suspected. He contented himself with trying to sell insurance, to firmly establish his pretext, and a surreptitious sneak of the doctor's office once a day.

The result was that he secured practically no information of interest. Nor could he ever decide that the time was ripe to carry out the plans for a conversation between Operative No. 50 and Dr. Glaze. He told me several times that he was afraid that

I would cough or sneeze during the conversation, and be discovered. Soon after Christmas, Wheatley lost patience with his efforts, and requested that he be discontinued.

Operative No. 41 did succeed in becoming sick twice, on which occasions Dr. Glaze attended him, and the operative reported in detail as to his treatment.

To furnish Operative No. 41 with a plausible excuse for leaving Athens, the Atlanta office sent him a telegram, signed, if I remember correctly, "Will," and stating that his mother-in-law was very ill. I was instructed by letter to remain in Athens under the pretext of looking after my "cousin's" insurance prospects. As he left the impression about town that he would return with his wife when her mother recovered, I paid the rent on the house in Fairview after they had gone, and also met the installment payments on the furniture as they fell due.

On the night before Operative No. 41's departure, he and I went to the office of Dr. Glaze about 10 o'clock, and secured the book containing the minutes of the Limestone County Medical Society. In doing this we were acting under instructions received from the Atlanta office. I kept watch at the door while my "cousin" concealed the book under his raincoat. We took it home

and I sat up late into the night, copying its contents verbatim.

I remained at the house in Fairview for a few days after Operatives No. 41 and No. 50 had gone, and then secured a room at Dr. Glaze's home. I stayed there until about January 28th, 1915, when I was instructed by the superintendent of the Atlanta office to proceed to Chattanooga, Tenn., and join Assistant Superintendent Smith at the Reed House. I informed Dr. Glaze that I was going to Birmingham, Ala., for a few days' stay.

Right here I wish to say a word concerning Dr. Glaze. He is a gentleman through and through, and gave me his friendship wholeheartedly. It was in daily betraying this friendship that I began to feel my first pangs of disgust at being a Pinkerton operative.

II

ARRIVING in Chattanooga, I went to the Reed House and there joined Assistant Superintendent Smith. With him was a stenographer from the Atlanta office. I accompanied Smith and the stenographer to the Patten Hotel to call on one Barron, known in Chattanooga

alleging to have overheard certain stories about him, but I am sure that if Dr. Meyers had been talking to Wheatley himself, he would not have worded his answers to the questions differently.

WHEN Dr. Meyers had gone, the stenographer and I returned to the Reed House, and began transcribing our notes. Wheatley called on us early the next morning, while we were still at work in Smith's room, as he was very anxious to learn what had been said. We were also visited by Barron the same morning, and another operative, a man from Atlanta, who, Smith informed me, was working among the druggists in Chattanooga, under a pretext.

I was later instructed by Smith to go to the office of Mr. Newell Sanders, an ex-United States Senator, who was also suspected by the patent-medicine people of being in league with the American Medical Association. Smith told me that if I did not succeed in obtaining a position, I was to make an exact mental diagram of Mr. Sanders' offices, and, on my return to the Reed House, to transmit this diagram to paper. He urged that it was very important that I carefully note the



as "the Westerner," who was posing as a Western millionaire. In reality he was Pinkerton Operative No. 55, of the Denver, Colorado, office.

There was a great commotion going on within church circles in Chattanooga. Dr. C. H. Meyers, it will be recalled, had been ousted from his position as pastor of the First Methodist Church, and had become a Congregational minister. He had established a new church on the third floor of the county court-house, across the street from the First Methodist Church, and over a hundred of his flock had left that church to join him.

Barron was cultivating the acquaintance of Dr. Meyers, as he was suspected by the patent-medicine people of being in league with the American Medical Association. Barron attended the meetings in the new church assiduously, and offered every aid in the way of encouragement and funds. He often joked with me about the "stir" that followed his unusually large contributions.

A conversation between Barron and Dr. Meyers was arranged for, to occur in Barron's room at the hotel, during which the stenographer and I were to be concealed in the closet, to take it down in shorthand.

Dr. Meyers unsuspectingly fell into Barron's trap and came to his room that afternoon. The stenographer and I, in the closet, took down the conversation that ensued. Practically all that was said by Dr. Meyers has since appeared in the *Chattanooga Times*, over Barron's signature. Barron drew out Dr. Meyers by

exact location of the windows, doors, files, desks, etcetera.

During my stay in Chattanooga Barron and Smith were planning a trip to Chicago. Barron secured from Dr. Meyers a letter of introduction to a prominent official of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and Smith was to pose as a magazine writer.

I returned to Athens about February 1st, and re-occupied my room at Dr. Glaze's. I remained with him until about February 20th, when I received a letter from the superintendent at Atlanta, instructing me to return to that city.

In his letter, the superintendent asked me to take the key to Dr. Glaze's desk to Decatur, Ala., a near-by town, and have a duplicate made. As the doctor was moving his office to his home, on the day I received this letter, I carried the key to his home to Atlanta, and was instructed by the superintendent to have a duplicate made. I did this, and then mailed the key to Dr. Glaze, with a letter regretting that I had forgotten to give it back to him before leaving Athens. The duplicate I turned over to the superintendent of the Atlanta office, who thought that it might be needed in the future.

III

I WORKED in the Atlanta office of the agency for a few days, and learned that there were two New Orleans operatives working on the case in Chattanooga. The stenographer went to Chattanooga again to take

down a conversation between one of these operatives and a man who had information to sell to any one who might be willing to pay for it. Atlanta Operative No. 12 was also in Chattanooga, "shadowing" Dr. Meyers.

I then went back to Chattanooga, and registered at the Reed House, but shortly afterward rented a room on Pine Street. I had instructions to obtain tuition in chemistry and pharmacy from Dr. Robert C. Bicknell, who had at one time been chief chemist for the Chattanooga Medicine Company. Whentley suspected that Dr. Bicknell might be supplying information to HARPER'S WEEKLY and the American Medical Association. He requested that I search Dr. Bicknell's papers, and also get his opinion of the suits and the officials of the Chattanooga Medicine Company.

I followed these instructions, and took lessons from Dr. Bicknell for two weeks. He told me that Wine of Cardui was a fraud. According to Dr. Bicknell, Whentley was formerly connected with a large advertising concern in St. Louis, which has a branch office in Chattanooga, and later entered the advertising field in Chattanooga for himself, under the firm name of The E. A. Whentley Advertising Company. Dr. Bicknell stated that he handled the Wine of Cardui advertising, but finally went into bankruptcy, and the St. Louis concern took over his business.

I attended Dr. Meyers' church in Chattanooga, at Whentley's request, to take down anything that might be said against Mr. Patten. It was about this time that the Barron articles began to appear in the Times. Operative No. 12 had returned to Atlanta, but, at Bar-

ron's suggestion, he was telegraphed for by Whentley, to return and resume his "shadow" of Dr. Meyers. Operative No. 12 shadowed Dr. Meyers for several days, as Whentley suspected that he would "connect" with Mr. Sanders.

Barron, Whentley and I were in constant communication during this interval. The object of Barron's cards in the newspapers was to lead Dr. Meyers into a newspaper controversy.

Barron finally decided to leave the city, thinking that Dr. Meyers would not dare to reply to his cards if he remained in Chattanooga. He informed various persons about the hotel that he was returning to the West but in reality he went to Atlanta, to be near at hand should Dr. Meyers reply. I bought his ticket to Atlanta, and on my return to that point, I met him in the office of the Pinkertons.

I went to Athens again about March 4th, and Dr. Glaze invited me to occupy my old room at his home. Whentley wanted to know what Dr. Glaze had learned in my absence. I remained in Athens until about April 3rd. The doctor was as cordial and friendly as ever, and asked me to meet him in Birmingham April 21st to 24th, during the convention of Alabama physicians. I promised to see him if I should happen to be in Birmingham on those dates.

It goes without saying that I did "happen" to be there. We had a great time in Birmingham; we were together a great deal, but I did not exert myself to secure any information from him. It was during this visit that I determined to sever connection with the Pinkertons.

The Boarding-House Keeper

By A. H. GLEASON

SHE is an elderly gentlewoman with soft, gray hair and a face where much suffering has not availed to leave one line of bitterness. Only from an inner kindness can the tone of the voice and the service of the hands come, which bring a comfort to a houseful of strangers. Out of a dull, brown dwelling on a city street and a group of lonely men and women "infinitely repellent particles," she has made a home. She achieves it by a long patience, a habit of thinking the best of faulty human nature, and a quiet but persistent oversight upon every detail of the establishment, from the coal fire in the guests' rooms to the desserts made by her own hand.

One key to her success, that enables her to bind lodgers to her with hoops of steel, is that she buys the best foods which the market offers. She pays the highest prices, and obtains fresh meats and worthy vegetables. She makes less money, because she gives unusual value in her table. One of her lodgers, a critical even "cranky," battered, disappointed man, has been with her for twenty years. The "help" enjoys the same quality of food as the star boarders. It is just at the point where the element of calculation is passed by, that

she gains her distinction. She cares for her guests as if they were her family. No missionary to South Sea islands, nor worker in slum districts, gives more service to his community, than this silent, active woman of sixty years who prefers her calling to the bleak, unrelated life of retirement.

It is a trying life—that of pleasing tired, fault-finding homeless people—because it deals in innumerable little things: The cleaning of rooms, the preparation of food, the jangle of the telephone bell, the carelessness of hired workers. The hostess of transient lodgers must consult a jumble of personal tastes, whims, prejudices: The leisured worldling who sleeps late and breakfasts in bed, the student who rises early, the invalid of delicate appetite. She has to calm a Babel of voices, each one of which is insistent to declare his own dislike of other modes of thought, and alien brands of religion and politics. She performs a ministry of reconciliation between exasperated persons in the drawing-room and fretted workers in the kitchen. Her own personality must be as pervasive as an equable climate, unrecognized but effectual.

Such is the boarding-house keeper.



Blind soldiers of France learning to weave baskets.

The War's Blind

IN SPITE of the use of devices for protection against hursting shrapnel and poisonous gases, there seems to be no stopping the increase of wounds resulting in blindness for the soldier in the trenches. The soldier suddenly blinded is in a far worse plight than the man who has been blind since birth. He

the blind, the typewriters and stenotypes—these must come from America, for they are not to be had in France. And, again, after the soldier is trained and ready to go back to his family, means must be found to set him

son, 23 Avenue de l'Alma, Paris. The American people have already been called upon to assume a



Recreation in the garden.

feels, in losing his sight, that he has lost not only all joy of living but all hope of supporting those who are dependent upon him. To give these unfortunate men a sense of life's worth-whileness, France is hastening to teach her blinded soldiers a new way to live. Many schools are being opened for such teaching, especially in Paris.

There are a number of ways to a new life open to the blind soldier, and the accompanying photographs show him learning those trades and professions practised by the blind. These photographs were taken in the school which is cared for by the first society to begin this wonderful work on a large scale—"Les Amis des Soldats Aveugles."

For this training funds are being raised in France, and nothing makes a stronger appeal to the sympathy of the people of France than the needs of these blind wards of the nation. But the mechanical appliances necessary—the machines for



Lessons on the typewriter and stenotype.

up in his new trade or occupation, and to provide for him the tools and material to work with. There is a "Sous—Commission des Soldats Aveugles," consisting of the

first president of the High Court of Appeals of France, M. Manuel Bauldounin, and the rector of the American Church in Paris, the Rev. Dr. Wat-

son, 23 Avenue de l'Alma, Paris. The American people have already been called upon to assume a heavy burden of charity, but no more splendid relief work is being done, perhaps, than this assistance of the blind soldier toward independence. Dr. Watson and his associates will appreciate any help that may be given them in this work.



Music lessons, in the "Joffre room."

Matthew Vassar, Feminist



By

PAULINE

K.

ANGELL

JUST fifty years ago this fall there was opened at Poughkeepsie, New York, "the first grand, permanent, endowed college for Young Women ever projected." In spite of this ornate descriptive flourish, so perfectly in keeping with the highly-decorated signatures which adorn the original charter of 1861, the opening of Vassar College was a simple enough affair. The Poughkeepsie paper, busy with war news and a little querulous because it had received no formal notice of the event, contented itself with a brief paragraph to the effect that doubtless, in a few years, the project would come to a dismal end. But there were those who believed that Matthew Vassar, came in hand and dog at heel, staking out the foundation of his college for women, was doing more for the principle of human freedom than he who, on the same day, was pouring the first shot into Fort Sumter. For they felt themselves enslaved, these young ladies of the early sixties. As one of the earliest of the Vassar graduates put it, women in the march of progress were lingering wayfarers "plodding with solitary steps in the rear of the moving army and heavily burdened under the weight of ancient customs." The last to be educated, the last to be enfranchised, the last to be accorded an economic status—true enough. But having won the privilege of education, women have won the possibility of moving with ease and dignity through the

Four Eastern States vote on woman suffrage this fall. Most people now realize that college education for women, the feminist movement, and the suffrage movement are phases of but one thing. The character and ideas of the man who founded Vassar College are interesting not only in themselves but in their relation to the arguments bearing on the forthcoming elections

roads of civilization, unhampered by their sex.

All of this Matthew Vassar foresaw. And in the fact that such a revolutionary idea took root and blossomed in the last eight years of a long life, there is a grain of comfort for those who fear the blind rigidity of old age.

In 1860 Mr. Vassar was not an uncommon man. He was simply the genial possessor of a considerable fortune, a thrifty, self-made man, benevolent and wishing to go down to posterity as a lover of his fellow men. He thought a hospital, such as that erected by a kinsman in England and distinguished from other gratuities to the public by a statue of the founder and tablets bearing the family coat of arms, would serve his purpose very well. He had even made a will to this effect, when into the circle of his friends came a man of considerable experience as a professor in "female seminaries" of the South, glowing with the ideal of a college for women which,

in endowment and equipment, should compare with the existing colleges for young men. Seeing in Mr. Vassar a simple-minded old gentleman with philanthropic tendencies and money to spend, he sought to win him by flattery to the support of his ideal. Mr. Vassar was susceptible to flattery. He had no aversion to fancying himself applauded by succeeding generations for an epoch-making deed. Witness the famous oil painting from which

the betign gentleman smiles blandly into the eyes of all who stop to look, pointing with the innocent and open vanity of a child to the main building of his college for women, gleaming in grotesque perspective through a vista of trees.

But there was something spirited about him which the accumulation of wealth had not destroyed. He says himself that it was the novelty of the idea which arrested his attention as well as its more beneficent aspects. There was reason enough for that. His parents were pioneers—dissenters, who packed up their household goods and left the old ancestral home in England to find a place where they could worship as they pleased. There are, in fact, incidents in the early life of Matthew Vassar with a zest to them which seems not to have been appreciated by those who became his admirers after he had made his fortune. For instance: One gray dawn he stole out of the house with his mother, a lad of fourteen in



Main buildings of Vassar.

svolt against the job chosen for him by his father. Together they tramped twelve miles to the ferry. There the mother gave him her blessing, a bundle of clean underclothing, and seventy-five cents for capital. When he came back it was with a reputation as a business man pretty well established.

There was that other day too, during the War of 1812, when he refused to answer the call to arms, because, as he later claimed in court, his vote had been challenged and denied on the ground that he was an Englishman, and if he could not share the privileges of this government, neither would he bear its burdens.

It was the cropping out again of that spirit in him which made him, an old man of sixty-nine, fling the counsels of his cautious nephews to the winds, and

upon any point I seem to be in advance of any of you," he said at the close of a ringing address in the summer of 1864, "that time will not be lost which may be necessary to bring us all abreast."

There were words in that address which carry us far. "We are defeated if we start upon the assumption that she has no powers save those she may derive or imitate from the other sex." This runs ahead of much of our current thought. Women of this younger generation are just becoming emancipated from the idea that in order to assert the powers of their sex they must enter the same professions as men, entertain a man's point of view toward business and work for the same number of hours per day. Fifty-one years ago, Mr. Vassar saw in women a potentiality for the creation of lines of work as fundamentally

Votes for women! It flashes to the foreground irrefragably after these words. And Mr. Vassar would not have been shocked at that. Carefully stowed away in the archives of the Vassar library there is a yellowed letter, less familiar than others thought worthy of frames, in which Mr. Vassar remarks to a young friend that he has been attending a lecture on woman suffrage at the college and is humiliated to discover that in the matter of voting women are classed with idiots and criminals.

His keen sense of justice made him sensitive to the indignities inflicted on women. "I am pleased to observe," he said to his trustees in 1895, "that since the inauguration of our enterprise in 1861 great changes have taken place in the public mind regarding what may be appropriately considered the sphere of



Commencement scene.

in spite of the fact that his country was at war and money was tight, hand over to the trustees of the college one-half of his hard-earned fortune. This donation was staked outright on the principle "that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development."

And so, although the trustees of the college on the whole regarded the project as benevolent, mostly if it reflected glory on the name of the generous founder, Mr. Vassar himself outgrew a mere personal pride in the venture and became an ardent spokesman in the cause of women's rights.

It was his custom to open the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees with a carefully prepared address, and he led these solid, graced citizens a bewildering chase over the newly broken road of feminist thought. He left them stunned—guiltless of grasping what they had heard.

Yet he was a man without guile. "If

original as those which had been developed by men. On the day of his death, he was engaged in calling to the attention of his board a proposal whereby the entire curriculum and policy of the college should be turned over to a committee of women—the women of the faculty and other women prominent for their services to the public.

He consistently maintained that "Ours is to be an institution for women—not men. In all its labors, positions, rewards and hopes, the idea is the development and exposition, and the marshaling to the front and preferment of women—of their powers on every side, demonstrative of their equality with men, indeed of such capacities as in certain fixed directions surpass those of men."

Equally far-sighted are these bold sentences: "We are defeated if we recognize the idea that she may not, with every propriety, contribute to the world the benefits of matured faculties which education evokes . . . for it is vain to educate woman's powers of thought, and then limit their operation."

women. . . . Among these evidences may be noted the fact, that the venerable Medical Society of Philadelphia—that most professional, proud and orthodox of cities—now permits its members to hold consultations with women physicians; a recognition which at first it steadily refused. This is a long stride in the right direction, and I mention it merely as among many interesting facts which mark the drift in the current of the public mind. It is to me a matter of great encouragement."

A few apologetic hems and haws in the early days of his undertaking make it plain enough that Matthew Vassar was not a leader in feminist thought. The windows of his mind were opened one after another by gifted men and women attracted to him because of his position. But it was his good fortune to possess a mind cast in that gentle humor on which the advancing spirit of the people writes most easily its new-found aspirations. In the foundation of Vassar a great stride was taken toward woman's economic emancipation.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



Speaking of Cages

A Lady Reformer advocates wire cages for stenographers. Why stop at stenographers? There are a few others who would look well in cages—not to mention Willie the Wild Man of Germany.



A Fight Against Gas

By A BRITISH OFFICER

MY REGIMENT took over a line of trenches on the evening of the 23rd of May, at the time when the Germans were making their last efforts in the so-called Second Battle of Ypres.

To take over a line of trenches at night is always a difficult proceeding, and the celerity with which it is done depends mainly on the experience of the unit that is doing it. The operation has to be carried out in the dark, and it is the ambition of every unit-commander to get his men quickly and quietly into their positions, and shove all, without a casualty. And this, of course, depends to a great extent upon whether the approaches to the first line are concealed or in the open.

In this case the constant hammering which our front had received during the preceding three weeks had prevented the digging of good communication trenches and there was little or no covered approach, the men having to advance in single file across open ground which was lit up almost continuously by the numerous flares—both the enemy's and our own.

We carried out the operation successfully, thanks to many former experiences of the sort, which had taught the men the necessity of standing still, or even throwing themselves flat on the ground, whenever the sky was lit up, and proceeding forward in the intervals of darkness. It took a long time however and was not completed before midnight. Barely three hours were, therefore, left for the improvement of the existing trenches and for the making of communication trenches which were badly

needed. The men worked hard, but water lay so near the surface that little could be done in the time and as the gray light of dawn began to appear toward three o'clock work was knocked off and the men stood to, against a possible surprise attack in the half-light.

I was sitting down in a corner of the

mouth. Not more than twenty or thirty seconds elapsed before the cloud of gas was right onto us.

Knowing that the gas would be much longer in the bottom of the trenches, I ordered all the men to get out and stand up behind, in order that their heads should be as high as possible. At the time it did not occur to me that the men were thus exposed in full view of the German trenches and at very short range. But not a rifle shot was fired at us and I realized that the Germans were so scared at the effect of their own gas that they had left their first line and were sitting in support trenches behind keeping their heads well down.

Meanwhile the gas gradually thinned and after ten to fifteen minutes the cloud had vanished and there was only a slight smell left in the air. It had not been pleasant while it lasted. Our respirators were good, but somehow most of the men had managed to gulp a certain amount down. I personally had got in good dose down, having had to raise the respirator to give orders.

I found that shouting orders through half an inch of cotton-waste soaked in chemical made no impression on the men whatsoever. In spite of the respirators a great many of the men were very sick.

It was impossible to get reinforcements up and the men, sickened early in the morning by the gas-fumes, were exposed to constant shell-fire, and rifle-fire from three sides, until they were relieved at dark. Only fifteen per cent of those who marched up on the night of the 23rd marched back on the night of the 24th, but they had not lost their trenches. They had done their job.



In a British trench after a gas attack.

trench preparing to refresh myself after the labors of the night when one of my men suddenly exclaimed "Good heavens, what's this, sir?" I jumped up and saw a thick greeny-yellow haze about thirty feet high rolling down from the ridge one hundred yards in front of us behind which were the German trenches. At the same time a curious, musty, pungent smell reached our nostrils.

Although we had had no previous experience of gas I think every man realized instantaneously what we were in for, and without any word of command fastened his respirator over his nose and





Time, Football Tyrant

By HERBERT REED

may count upon as the actual time on hand in which to teach a team, the hundred or more hours that may be indulged in by college coaches, up to the far less limited time that can be devoted to the game at the most highly favored institutions. And stretch it as far as one will, the coaches will grumble, for they are never through, never quite satisfied.

Faring this densely time limit, the problem of preparing an eleven that is expected to win, or at least to play good football while making a losing fight, becomes little less than a nightmare, but a nightmare that perforce begets an organization, a system, that perhaps some business men might envy.

Each of the teams that, because of prestige or prospects, is much in the public eye, has had its own intimate problems to solve, pretty much as follows: Harvard the rounding out of another machine whose smoothness will not be impaired by the absence this year of some of the important cogs of last fall; Yale the building of a line that will work neatly, both offensively and defensively, with a very superior set of backs; Princeton the getting together as early as possible of what at this writing looks like

excellent material in line with the policy and plans of a new coach and a somewhat shuffled list of aids; Pennsylvania the revision of a coaching system so that there will be no creaking in the important November days; Cornell the weeding out of material as quickly as possible so that the eleven may be built around some high-class veterans, and winning veterans at that; Army the development of another field general of the Prichard type, and ends who will fit into the open game that the West Pointers have

so cleverly built up, not to mention an entirely new backfield; Navy the building up of a new coaching system under the direction of Jonas Ingram that will make better use of the good material at hand than was the case last year.

The Army's problem is particularly interesting because of the loss of one of the greatest ends the game has seen, a backfield that was one of last season's best, and the field general who directed one of the year's most notable attacks. With a line from tackle to tackle pretty well taken care of, albeit there is plenty of room left just now for a "corner," the soldiers are trying out hopefully a large squad of ends whose first qualification shall be speed, and a quarterback brought over from end, a position in which he was a star last season.

Neyland, probably the finest pitcher in the amateur ranks, a boxer of the first class, and an all-round athlete, is trying for the vacant post of Prichard. And Testl, the sprinter, who holds the West Point record, is working for one of the end posts. Whether both will come through only the actual games, of course, can decide, but to the outsider who has seen them in action both look to be promising.

Remains, however, that nightmare of the sixty hours.

It may be that somewhere out of the rack will come the men to displace the early choices—hardly a plebe this year, for the plebes did not turn out much in the way of promising material—but in any event it will be interesting to see how the gift for generalship on the part of a first-class pitcher will work out this year in football, where, by the way, it has worked out convincingly more than once.

Manual dexterity with a football, especially when the forward-pass is used, has reached an advanced stage. But unfortunately for the pitcher who turns to football and masters the new implement, he finds no batman, no home plate, at which to shoot. Distances vary, not merely because of the plan of the play, but sometimes because of the peculiarities of the man who is to take the ball. And yet pitchers are not infrequently adaptable persons, and Neyland has the great advantage of knowing football in the all-round sense thoroughly. This is his year of specialization.

Doubtless through the early season Harvard will put in a lot of work on kickers, for the entire burden of the punting game can hardly be left to Mahan, for strategic and other reasons. A kick formation containing one punter is not nearly as dangerous as one that counts at least two, and by preference, three. The Crimson's kicking game is not dead, nor even sleeping, it is safe to say, and those who get out to see the early games may well devote a deal of their time to watching the development of new punters who are to be supported by that remarkable down-field play that has been the despair of practically every team that has faced the Crimson.

Captain Wilson played quarterback for Yale last year, and may occupy the same position once again, but I think it would be worth while to watch for considerable experimenting in this post at New Haven. There are few men on the field better at quick thrusts through the line than the Eli leader, but his selection of plays has come in for criticism from time to time. And, of course, the Eli system of playing the ends again will be under fire. The system last year seemed hardly justified, if, indeed, it was an actual system, and there are plenty of

THE GREAT CONDITIONER

Harry Tuttle, one of the best football trainers in the country, who has charge of the Army squad and who realizes the value of time in football preparation. In the matter of injuries he is not merely a "first aid" but a "safety first" man. And he knows plenty of the other side of football, too.

SO MUCH to teach, so much to learn, in so little time! This the wail of the coaches as the football season of 1915 gets under way. Not a coach in the country but had planned to get a flying start by taking up the game as far as possible at the point where he left off last year. But the heat descended upon the just and the unjust alike, and there, on the side-line stood the trainer, watch in hand, July as it used to be on his head, and November as it is likely to be on his mind. The wonder of it all is that the teams were able before the opening days of competition to do as much as they did.

For purposes of instruction the football season has been reduced these days to a matter of hours rather than days—the sixty hours that the Army coaches



doubters who will be watching either for a change in method or a justification through the medium of a general style of play that will make more use of the flank men than was the case last year.

It should be fairly easy for close followers of the game to get a fair idea of Princeton's general plan of campaign at an early stage of the season, for the second match on the schedule is that between the Tigers and Rutgers, the latter a team that has been very frankly pointed for a victory against Nassau. The eleven from the Raritan has been in camp for some time under the careful tutelage of George Foster Sanford and his volunteer helpers, and as the team has not lacked for veteran material, there was excellent opportunity here to take up football where it was dropped last season.

Rutgers ought to show a first-class brand of football, better, indeed, than most elevens would care to face on the second game-day of the season. Unless there is

risk of defeat, and unless the Tigers should turn out a really remarkable eleven they will be running more than one risk before they put away the pugskin for the year. Rutgers ought to play

a pretty blend of the open and the smashing game, and, equipped with a good kicker, may well force Princeton to uncover not, perhaps, anything particularly novel, but to furnish a good line on the foundation that has been laid by J. H. Rush, the coach. There should be the greatest interest, too, in the

work of Frank Gluck, the Tiger captain, who to many seemed far from an ideal quarterback last year until the last quarter of the Yale game, when he led the team in two remarkable drives up the field and across Yale's ultimate chalk mark.

Glenn F. Warner has wandered away from the Carlisle Indian camp this year, taking up, this time, with the University of Pittsburgh; and as time is less of an object, apparently to the Pittsburghers than to most other Eastern institutions, the veteran innovator should be able to get out a team that will make serious trouble right from the beginning of the season. Warner has yet theories concerning football, and how good many of these theories are has already been amply proved by his many successes at Carlisle. Warner delights in winning the Cornell game, or at least in making things extremely interesting for the Ithacans, and as long as Pittsburgh remains on the schedule he will have as good a chance as he had when working out with the Indians the wide, sweeping runs with the guards in the interference and the crafty plunging plays that have troubled Cornell every time it has met

a team coached by its own ex-coach. Hard charging on the offense has been one of Warner's standbys—the first line of attack going in perhaps lower than any other forward line on the field.

Pennsylvania is another eleven that moves into action early—a team that

promises annually to bring out one or more stars, as Journeys, captain and centre last season. It will be interesting in the case of the Quakers to

watch the work of the line and to see whether there has been a return to the old system, a system the supporters of the Red and Blue maintain is unique. If that system was as outlined to me not long ago by an old Pennsylvania captain, it will hardly, I think, build a line out of men of the type of Dorians, who, great wrestler though he be, was at least last year far from being a capable guard. The Quakers have a fair amount of time to work each fall, and it will require every minute of it to bring out a reorganization.

Results, and their lessons, next time.

THE LATEST FIELD-GENERAL

Neyland, the Army's fine baseball pitcher and companion of Merillot of end on the football team last year, who is being tried out this season in the all-important position of quarterback.

an upset in form the Tigers will be under heavy fire, as indeed they will be all season as the result of a remarkably troublesome schedule. Princeton has taken on this year about everything that the best team in the country could hope to cope with without running serious

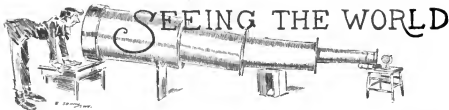


A PROSPECTIVE ARMY END

Teal, sprinter and record-holder at West Point, in action on the gridiron. Too early, now, to say that he will be the final choice, but his speed will get him every chance.

Next Week

HERBERT REED will analyze the leadership in intercollegiate football for this season. The followers of the game will find this article as interesting as it is important.



Wholesale Luck

The editor has received in the past ten days nearly a score of letters from editors of papers in the State, all desirous of knowing something more definite of the rabbit exhibit which we are to have at the approaching State Fair at Raleigh. We have several thousand rabbit feet to give away then as souvenirs, but shall reserve the feet of the graveyard (killed on a moonlight night by a blue-gum nigger) cotton-tails for those brother editors who may call at the booth, for of all men the newspaper fraternity deserves especially the luck which such a charm brings.

—The Siler City (N. C.) *Grit*.

Plain Talk

The drooling murderer of the mother tongue which presides over the destinies of the local Spagot Twister has had another brain storm. We give him credit for using the limited sense he has in doing his best to defend his master. Not every har who is half fool and half knave can be induced to defend drunkenness, even when there is a bull ring in his nose. Here is an exception. When our erring brother awakens to the fact that he is laughed at and despised by even the ones he has disgraced himself to serve he may be more decent and thankful, too, that the fool killer was off duty when he was making a stab at trying to run a newspaper.

—The Pomeroy (O.) *Leader*.

Tasty!

Did you ever notice how really beautiful gum chewing makes a girl appear? Take her de facto, and gazing steadily, one can not find a more ideal picture. With a sharp click! click! her teeth, so white and pearly are clashing together, as with couthy glee, she masticates her cud. Then, too, one can note her health tinted, well rounded cheeks as they grow a little more rotund, through the material assistance of a big "bunk" of gum. And really, who can imagine a furer spectacle than that of her dainty upturned nose, as it gently rises and falls in wave like undulations over the abyssal depth revealed at each pressure against the nose? Oh, how deliciously tempting that roselined mouth is as the maiden

fills it with a soft pliable chunk, and clumping like a festive goat reveling in the luxuries of the succulent tomato can, she greets you in tones husky with gum. —The Johnson City (Tex.) *Enterprise*.

Must Be a Long Lady

A sidewalk up the river bank is all that is now needed. In wet weather a lady hardly knows whether she will reach the top without her feet slipping from under her or not. When she does reach the top, it is on her last breath. Surely something can be done to remedy this. —The Fort Frances (Ont.) *Standard*.

Occasions Afford the Language

But that morning hour, 3 to 3:45 a. m., brought destruction and ruin unparalleled in the history of this section of the state. With all points of the heavens aglow, a greenish light overhanging mother earth, lightning flashes continuously playing the four points of the compass, with a howling wind that uprooted trees that had withstood the ravages of time and that surpassed even the voices of millions of demons, with hail of massive proportions cutting down all semblance of vegetation, cutting deep gashes into branches of sturdy growth and rattling down with the north and west until it seemed that the day of judgment was at hand, with a downpour of rain that will sorely be forgotten.

—The Festus (Mo.) *Tri City Weekly*.

Neatly Stated

The editor of this paper loves all womankind. Of course, there are some that we like better than others, but we like 'em all—like 'em too bad burned well to be instrumental in forcing them into politics. We're not for woman suffrage.

—The Bloomfield (Neb.) *Journal*.

Jinks Lays Off

Our mail carrier, Mr. Jinks, went to Vendigre Friday evening to celebrate and visit with home folks. He also celebrated at Sauter Monday, it being the legal holiday. We had no mail service, so our items are late for the past week.

—The Rio Bran (Neb.) *Tribune*.

A Dry Saloon

Nie Haupers is laying a cement gutter in front of his place of business and making other improvements which will make his saloon a dry spot.

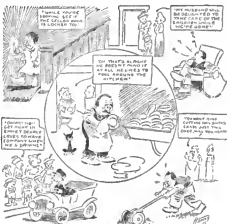
—The Waterford (Wis.) *Post*.

With the Virtuosi

One feature of the evening's performance was the excellent violin solo by little Walter Deneer. Not only did little Walter play on one string, but on two, and the audience was so appreciative that he was called back for an encore.

—The Iowa City Citizen.

PEACE HAS HER HEROES AS WELL AS WAR



St. Joseph, (Mo.) *News-Press*.

Easy to Rul Oneself of Relations

I solemn family butchering. First class job and everything neat and clean. H. F. Schaeffelin.

—The Jefferson (Wis.) *Banner*.

Breaking Wife's Spirit

Your correspondent lately noted that George Hart won't eat his wife's bread. George insists upon baker's bread from town. George explains to me confidently that he does it as a means of keeping his wife down. She not only makes extra good bread, but is an unusual woman in so many respects that George says it is necessary to humiliate her about something, or she will soon take the place. So he refuses her her bread; and this has broken her spirit so much that she is an obedient and dutiful wife.

—Ed Howe's Potato Hill Notes

The Cook's Tour

IV

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

Being the blithe adventures of the erstwhile cook for the Bar-2 cattle outfit, and his erudite partner Allingham, chronicled by the former during the progress of an "intensive" tour of certain hitherto little-known portions of Arizona and New Mexico.

THE last time I wrote you Mr Editor I stopt right where we seen a gal on the porch of the Harvey house hotel at Vegas where we was settin and where she walked upst us and went into the hotel an we heard number 9 whistlin up the track. The reason I stopt there was not becaus there wasnt more to tell about but because in yore last letter you said to write only so many words each time and I'd done wrote about that nunny.

But Allingham says I shouldnt of stopt there but should of tole you more about the gal becaus he says the one bes bet in makin American hereabouts is to talk about a gal he says thousands of yore readers will descend upon the editorial ofis doubtless before this letter reaches you an damage might be did onless you tell em whether we seen the gal afterwends an what happened. He says this would natchelly irritate you extremely ef you are like most editors becaus they detests nothing moren an oneserly an illbred show of egerness from three faithful prescribers to know whats comin in the nex number.

He says ef he was me he would make a pen pitcher of the gal sevin as I couldnt git a photygraft and send it to you speshul well I aint no hand at drawin though I kin do better with a sof pencil than a pen but melbe I better tell you what this here gal lookt like an then melbe the young feller in yore ofis that draws kin git an iddee for a pitcher.

Well I aint never had much praetis in sizin up gals I aint bin pestered much with em but I kin figer out a man or a hoss bust as well as the nex feller an when theys wide between the eyes an got gant nosels an hol their heads up theys clean bred an spirited es a rule.

That was this year gal but she has a plumb peaceful look an a wrinkle at one end of her mouth like she eud take a joke. I bin tryin to think what her clothes was like nos the young feller kin draw them but I disremember only they was mostly white with some black an ef this here queen from Shoba they talk about had more of em Im yar to say they couldnt of been neater lookin nor more respektahbler not ef they was made to order by Tiffnys in Noo York where Allingham says you git the most fashnabe evenin cloths they is.

Well to git back to where I left off when we

beerd the trane a whistlin we jumps up an starts towards the platform an jst then we sevd the gal come bustin outn the hotel door a lookin up an down like es if sho was expektn somebuddy then she seen us a stummin there and she says does either of you two gents know ef this year trane is the Colorado Flier goin west what was late an ef hat stops any length of time. Of course Mr Editor she putt it some different but that was the iddee.

Allingham pulls off his hat an makes a reel elegen bow madum he says in a voice youd have hattoo pack in see to keep fura runnin madum Im a stranger like yerself me an my fren is vistes shtely intrested in mamin hereabouts thots all an we bin here for jst a brief sojern so we dont know enny moren you about these here tranes I will fine out what you want to know howsoever. I wish you would says the gal lookin at him funny like she thought him lyn which he was.

Jst then the hotel feller begun beatin on the verra gong on bullerin twenty five minits fer supper the trane stops twenty five minits I reckon this here is the trane you want says Allingham an it evidently stops twenty five minits if that industry young man kin be believed. The gal left and Allingham lookt right pleased with hisself. Madum he says Id rather loose my inmalible American birthrite a chauset to be president than to have you consider me an my fren forsood but ef our humbel presents would not offend you Id be glad to offer our compy while youre a gittin yore supper we expek to git on bord this here trane when she starts jst like you.

Im much obliged says the gal but seein as we're all strangers here as you jes remarked praps we better remane that-



A young feller in one of them city ridin suits gittin off a hoss right Astis.



I aint no hand at drawin . . . but this year got had a plumb peaceful look

away besides she says here comes the fren I was a waitin fer. We lookt aroun an seen a young feller in one them city ridin suits gittin offn a hoss right hasty an watched the gal a walkin to meet him a minit an then I says well we cant do no good here we better be gittin somethin to eat an elime onto the trane she didnt say twas a relative dad she says Allingham no I says fren was the word she made use on hes on ornery lookin critter says Allingham hit dont seem like she cud stan to see much on him. Melbe theys ingersed to be married I says that often makes a diffrens an Allingham uttred a nothe which I will leav out an so we went over to the short order restrant an got some supper.

Hit didnt take moren five minits to git supper an I noticed Allingham was plumb silent endurin of the meal which was funny but I thought melbe he was studyin over where we was goin becaus we hadnt figgered that out yet. Well I says we better decide how fur we are goin soos we kin tell the conductor we best decide on some place from wheres we kin hike it to some them smaller towns at which we kin make interviews an pitchers what are you talkin about says Allingham givin a start like hed bin a sleepin. Im talkin about our destination I says hite about time we knew where we was goin. What diffrens does it make says Allingham sorrowful like man is year today and gone tomorro what the odds well I says seems like Id feel easier ef I knew where we was to git offn the trane.

Allright Allingham says we'll leave it to fortune in the disguise of this year charming Hebbey whats a waitin within

on us my young an attractif fren he says to the Harvey house gal what was drawing the coffee when you think of all them pleasant local stations along the root of the Santa Fee what one off them is it pops most promptly into yore vivashus mind Holbrook she says because my train was stalled there ont on acct of a hobox the ingine drew an of all the Godforsaken ornery onehoss jayhawk burgo I ever see that there semetary carries my money. Wy says Allingham hits a famous shipping centre fer the Abrzona attle country well says the gal I dont see how the attle stan fer it excep there hope of leavin soon fer the slotter house honest to Jimmy ef they was Mexean steers theyd yv started a revolution hefor now an I woukdnt blame em neither.

Allingham seemed sorter took back by the way the gal speakd but he jes says we would be plumb ongrateful after that there hartfelt tributt ef we done less than visit the intrestin community you menshun we will leaf fer Holbrook at wose God be with you says the gal youll shore need compy.

Now then Lem says Allingham as we lef the hunch room years ware you kin enlarge yore nollage of human naber there aint no town in the worl hidjus enuff to rouse sech heatet antagonizm in the bassum of a young gal by jest lookin at it theys a hart intrest connect with Holbrook fer that there maidun you may be sarti praps that was ware she received the telegram sayin her financy was wounded in the shooin afray or praps be faild to git the raise fum the Firm an hattoo putt off the marriage another year who knows. I do I says hit want nothin of the kind she was jest loodin you. That there gal bin marrid to Jasper Horn of the Opry House Bar goin on four year an she heint bin ten mile away fum Vegas sence she let down her dresses an putt up her haar her sister in law lives in Holbrook.

Allingham lookt plumb hocked you are too matter of fact by fur Lem he says you will never be the grate succes you kin be as a nauthor ontwell you learn to ferrit facts nothin is farther from the truth than facts he says onless hit be figgers. I think we better git on the train I says because I was gittin tired of listnin to Allingham talk im poshant Mr Editor an I kin lissen as well as the nex man but hits my idlee talkin aint never a no limit game. Besides Im new as a nauthor an I aint never tole nohaddy I was goin to be a grate succes not right away anyway.

Well says Allingham we gottoo git resavations on the Pulmin because we dont make Holbrook ontwell half past seven tomorro mornin an them day coaches aint fittin fer a wite man to sleep in let alone a poplar author an his loyal ecouter wich is me he says. Do you think I eud set up as a poplar author I says you didnt talk that way a minit ago yes he says youd ought to be poplar because you give em the worst you got now me I euddent desend to that so I

em not poplar. Well I says after thinkin a minit hits the best I got too an he laft.

Mebbe that makes it alright he says yes I reckon it does enyhow yore right poplar wich me jest now I aint tole you I guess about my moods I git em evry so often I got one at this moment an I cant stan strangers I reckon of a stranger was to speak to me Id jest about knock him down an jump on him. Speakin of strangers I says theres that gal we seen on the hotel porch a kissen her fren goodbye an gittin on the train yes says Allingham I seen em an he utted a noth I never seen him so plumb blasphemus before.



Hit didn't take morn five minits to git supper.

There the conductor I says lets git them resavations they might have enny left. In such matters says Allingham the approach is the importan feacher like in the royal an sachen game of golfif an Im a past master in that department leaf it to me but first I got a duty wich my mood calls upon me incontinent to perform. I want free life an I deman fresh air he says an startet towards the Opry house Bar. Hol on I says entchin him by the yarm you aint headin for neither I need a drink he says ef you must know it my mood is turnin desprit.

Hit aint nigh as desprit as mine will be ef we miss the train wich we aint a goin to do I says. This years my toor ef bit comes to a showdown an wide I can make reasons fer a man takin a finger or so of lickie we bin coyotin roun this town long enuff an I aint a-goin to be skidded over to no bar nohow. Wes year today es you jes now remarked but we aint goin to wait twell tomorro to be gone. We're gone right now pronto.

Jest then the conductor bollerred all on board an I pulled Allingham onto the cyar steps an he says O very well we neenter arry no more yuth will be served I hope they got a buffey an walks into the Pulmin.

Well we got a seat all right jest a few behine the stranger gal an wached her wavin to the feller in the ridin suit she'd done lef on the platform. Then we set still fer a spell lookin out at the sun goin down over the mountains north an the sky all pink an green an red like

this year tooty fruity ice cream an finely Allingham says Lem my mood has done turned from thots of darin to do a speses of honger. Well I says youd ought to have ate more at the hunch room we wont git nothin more twell mornin unless you wantoo set up twell eleven o'clock tonight when we git to Albuquerque.

Im speakin of spiritchul honger says Allingham sort like Im not myself this evenin. No I says you aint an I bin meanin to speak to you about this here matter of takin lickie I dont mine a few drinks an I aint no hand to tell nobuddy whats best for them because in the fast place they wont believ you an in the secon place ef they do they'll hol hit agsin you like you was to blame for there troubles. But I got this moch to say I got enuff on my hans thinkin up words to write about this here toor an I got a rekwest to make wich is for you to leaf wisky alone wile we're trevelin together. I hin plumb worrid all day you bin right simple often on an thats a fact.

All of wich says Allingham is hlyly intrestin an importan ef true but jest now I aint got time to discuss it. As I was a sayin when you haustid in onto my discours I got a soul honger wich manifests itself in the naber of a eravin fer kommuniashun with somebuddy better an nobler than me. Wy dont you go talk to that there gal I says because I notised that he was a lookin at her mighty keferful an continyous.

I was thinkin of that says Allingham but the done turned me down flat ont an wile manny thans is done on trains wich would be secerely countnaced on hotel pyrazax I dunno. Now you be says aint suffred no reebut a tall as yit.

I seen what he was meanin then an I says seems like to me this year is a plumb favralle time to precis that there approachin you was talkin about. My mashing iren is out of knishun he says wich is a figger of speech you cant redly unerstand forchunntly because you might lay vilest hann onto me he says but anyway in short I aint got the nerve.

This was plumb surprisin to me because ef they was enythin Allingham hadnt got the nerve for I had an idlee twould be somethin a mite worsen murder but I jest staddid a minit an says Ill tell you what Ill make a bargin ef you gin me your han you wont tech no sperrits exceptin beer fer the balance of this toor or ontwell I give the word Ill go up an make a talk to the gal an ef you want I wont. Youre on he says more cheer-ful like an good luck go with you I aint never had no luck I says I done learrt to git along without hit.

So I fussed up my haar with one han because gals expek a feller to look diffren when he makes up to them an walkt up the cyar to where the gal was a sittin. I am sorry Mr Editor but I mos want twell my nex letter to tell you what happens then.

Birth Control

"A Swift Road to the Grave."

By R. C. BRANNON, M.D.

I BEG to take issue with you, in regard to your propaganda for the control of births, as being subversive to religion, morals, and health of both men and women. This, when you come to sift the matter down to its final analysis, is what is shortening the lives of the human race, making weaklings in mind and body the children of strong men, and wrecking the nerves and bodies of women who ought to be the proud and happy mothers of a dozen healthy children.

The prevention of large families has caused an increase in insanity, tuberculosis, Bright's disease, diabetes and cancer, and I am willing to submit the proposition to the judgment of three of the greatest gynecologists in the United States. I have stepped in the breach and used my influence to curtail the bad practice of limiting the size of the family, as my experience as a physician of twenty years' practice has proven to my mind that it is the most hurtful, and wicked sin that was ever indulged in since the world was created. It is a swift and sure road to the grave.

Man was put here to multiply and replenish the earth. How terrible has been the punishment of many a rich man I have known—perhaps poor and struggling in early life, who decided he would escape the responsibility of rearing a large family, with the result when a little past life's prime his wife died of a cancer, and what enjoyment did either of them derive from his fortune of more than a half million dollars; filthy lucre begotten by miserly habits, that rightly should have been expended unselfishly in bringing up a large family that would have blessed the earth.

The Catholic Position

By REVEREND ARTHUR B. HEED

IN CONCLUDING his article on the Catholic Church and Birth Control, John A. Ryan rejoices in the moral aspect of the Catholic position. He says: "In the nature of human beings quality cannot be had without quantity." This contributor seems to think that Catholics at least will not be carried away by the views of superficial persons who teach and practise contraception because they realize that no social group can violate with impunity any natural law. I rejoice with this writer. His church, as he says, knows something of human history and human psychology.

By denominational alignment I find myself differing essentially with the Historic Church and its authority. Yet in this matter of control of birth, I think the Catholic doctrine ought to become universal. It is a true interpretation of the natural laws of our being. I certainly agree with the writer that provision must be made for both quantity and quality. This is sound from a biological as well as a social point of view. The childless marriage and the family with

one child do not by nature develop the members of society with the highest virtues.

A pity it would be indeed if the great Roman Church found it necessary to condemn the practise of contraception for ten thousand years, as the writer suggests it will. Ten thousand years is a very long time. But why should the Historic Church merely condemn? Why does it not exercise its powerful influence to eliminate the rotten heart and flabby intellect of this unnatural practise, by other means than by condemnation?

There are two points I want to emphasize, which I hope will not seem to qualify by praise of the Catholic position.

First: We must be reminded that this is the age of conservation. The checking of human misery, not merely the relief of human misery is the slogan of the day for thinking people. Idealized misery as a means to Christian virtue is becoming absurd in the light of new knowledge.

The Catholic Church legalizes marriages where the contracting parties are certain to bring insensible and degenerate children into the world. It requires purity of soul for this holy sacrament but never raises its voice about the body. Now if this great church has caught the spirit of the new order in society and has learned to hate disorder, in the form of asylums and prisons full of the products of such marriages, it will have to answer this question: Will the church continue to sanctify marriage when its fruit is certain to swell the growing army of congenital defectives?

Then again: The church will be called upon to lift a hand to help the healthy normal parents who are able to bring a large and desirable family into the world.

The church rightly raises its voice in defense of moral law. It will also have to raise its voice for more equal distribution? Certain parents are ideally fitted by nature for bringing many healthy children into the world. Well-born children are the world's greatest assets. But it so happens that often these same parents are not equally well-fitted to fight for a living under a system of unfair distribution. They sink down under their load. The family must be conserved. If the voice of the church continues to ring true in this matter, it dares not ignore the question of a more equitable distribution.

Your defender of the Catholic interpretation of the moral law is right. May the ancient voice of Rome cry out to all the world lest we forget. But may this church in turn never forget the spirit of true conservation.

I look forward to the day when this early protector of civilization will help all sincere men and women of every creed and hereby, to honestly realize the high ideal of the sex life.

All thinking people ought to rejoice. May the church find the way for providing for both quantity and quality by

realizing the implications of its defense of the moral law. Stockton, California.

Commendation

By MRS. H. H. M.

MAY I write to say how warmly I am in sympathy with the way that HARPER'S WEEKLY is treating the birth-control movement? I am nobody in particular, but I believe that editors sometimes like to know how many nobodies-in-particular all over the country are supporting them. Literally, too, in my case: I never bought the "Weekly" before, but since this new crusade has been started I buy *The New Republic* and HARPER'S WEEKLY each week, have joined the Birth-Control League, and am doing what I can (as a n.-i.-p.) to hatter down the wall of 15th-Century prejudice and let in the light. Personally I have suffered such a nasty experience at the hands of those near me who either were Roman Catholics or shared the Catholic idea on "spacing out," and who went to the extent of the insane asylum to coerce me into annual production when I wanted to wait—that any movement has my sympathy which aims to lift the hands of such bigots off our statutes and our social policy.

Joy in Store for the Debauchee

By F. W. PETERSON, M.D.

MRS. HOPKINS pictures the conditions arising from uncontrolled births as being decidedly gloomy. The mothers are suffering and sick as well as the children, and the few children left alive are puny and unfit for life's battle. Yet there is a bright, one might almost say a radiant, future. All this misery and suffering of mothers and this frightful infant mortality, and what is still worse, a long train of debilitated children left alive, can be terminated, we are given to understand, by "contraception." I put this in quotations for it is evidently a word coined for the occasion. The dictionaries do not seem to give it any backing. It is as novel as the "safe, harmless and rational" preventatives of pregnancies that we are told exist. Only now a pernicious law stands in the way and threatens with dire punishment him who, promethue-like, would confer upon suffering humanity this great blessing.

We shall have, after a while, quite a flowery path for the sexual debauchee to travel. He is embarrassed, at present, by two most unpleasant possible contingencies: He may in his wanderings about capture some most undesirable genital disease, or on the other hand he may find himself hardened with a too numerous progeny. When our sentimental dreamers shall have abolished all genital diseases, promiscuous intercourse will be devoid of danger. And when these naughty laws have been repealed and "safe, harmless and rational" contraceptives have been given to the people, the bars will be down entirely and there need then be no limitations whatever on sexual indulgence. No unpleasant consequences will loom up.

Miss Howe—Pioneer

By HARRIET M. BLAKE

INSTEAD of wasting scornful laughter upon the best beloved of 18th-century heroines, Clarissa Harlowe, it behooves us to remember that Richardson gives us a share in feminine character. How that short, fat, self-important little printer, with his lack of broad experience, managed it, no one has ever satisfactorily explained, but "his knowledge of the human heart" served not only to produce Clarissa, but to furnish her with a friend as real as herself. To

Richardson, and to the men and women of his century, Clarissa, with her sad yet triumphant victory over wrong, was the central figure in the book. She was the image of the eternal feminine. Women, all over England, and men too, wrote letters to Richardson, telling of their agony of spirit over the trials of the suffering heroine and begging him to avert the final catastrophe and give to her a happy ending. Even Lady Mary Wortley Montagu confessed that

she belonged to the weepers and had sobbed over Clarissa. But Lady Mary did not, like the others, entirely overlook Miss Howe. On the contrary she noticed Miss Howe stoically to dislike her, pronouncing her pert and wild and altogether unnatural. Miss Howe was unusual in the 18th century but she is very real today. The 20th century reader, though he be one of those who prefer the type of woman that courts self-sacrifice, finds Clarissa altogether too saintly; he prefers Miss Howe every time. He may not approve of her, but he finds her piquant and interesting. Does he realize that she is a feminist, 18th century lady though she be?

Courageous, high spirited, independent, she thinks deep and sees clear, realizing her own power. She does not take herself too seriously, for humor envelopes her even as it plays about all whom she meets; but she respects herself too highly to compromise, and because she sees how other women suffer, she is ready to fight single-handed against the common enemy, man. "May heaven direct you for the best!" she writes. "I can only say that, for my own part, I would do anything, go anywhere, rather than be compelled to marry the man I hate."

She makes fun of the men. "Only that all men are monkeys, more or less, or else that you and I should have such husbands as these to choose out of, is a most mortifying thing, my dear"; and, "to give us women a little air of vanity and assuredness at public places is all that I know those dangling fellows are good for." But her fun plays over an understanding altogether serious and keen. "Our way of training up, you say," she says to Clarissa, "makes us need the protection of the brave. Very true; and how extremely brave and gallant is it, that the brave man will free us from all insults but those which will go nearest to our hearts; that is to say, his own!" And again, "I think there is not one man in a hundred whom a woman of sense and spirit can either honor or obey, though you make us promise both in the solemn form of words which unites or rather binds us to you in marriage . . .

Well do your sex contrive to bring us up fools and idiots, in order to make us bear the yoke you lay upon our shoulders; and that we may not despise you from our hearts (as we certainly should, if we were brought up as you are) for your insurance, as much as you often make us do (as it is) for your insolence."

In a score of passages as fervent as these she expresses her scorn for the injustice of man and her confidence in woman, "the sex inferior in nothing to the other, but in want of opportunities."

Yet her criticism of men is not without its corresponding observation of woman. "I do assure you, my dear, if I were a man, and a man who loved my

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quiet, I would not have one of those managing wives in any consideration." She is certain also that the women who desire knowledge or learning which they supposed would add to their "significance" in the world and which would enable them to rise above all domestic usefulness, "deservedly incurred the contempt which they hardly ever failed to meet with."

Notwithstanding that she was a woman with brains, she possessed beauty and charm and grace. She was lovable, too—not only capable of noble friendships, but holding the admiration of the men she met. "Miss Howe, Jack, is a charming girl," wrote Lovelace, who surely had no reason to be friendly toward her. "Didst ever see her? Too much fire and spirit in her eyes, indeed for a girl . . . A sweet auburn beauty, is Miss Howe, a first beauty among beauties . . . The moment . . . a stranger turns to Miss Howe (tho' proud and saucy and erect and bridling, she) you will observe by the turn of his countenance, and the air of his address, a kind of equality assumed. He appears to have discovered the woman in her, charming as that woman is. He smiles—he seems to expect repartee and smartness, and he is never disappointed." Another man, Colonel Morden calls attention to her fine sense, and her openness, generosity, nobility. Even her mother who cannot understand this child "so like her father," loves, although she fears her.

Miss Howe marries. What 18th cen-

tury girl does not? The husband she chooses is an old friend, tried and proved true—a plain man, for "your handsome husbands, my dear, make a wife's heart ache very often." Sly old Richardson, who had a soft spot in his heart for Miss Howe, of course—he loved all the ladies—has a word to say about that husband. "Nevertheless, it must be owned, that it was not purposed to draw Mr. Hickman as the man of whom the ladies in general were likely to be very fond. Had it been so, goodness of heart and gentleness of manner, great assiduity and invariable and modest love, would not of themselves have been supposed sufficient recommendations."

And Richardson quotes Waller's couplet:

Women, born to be controlled,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

Just here, of course, was the great

mistake—and the 18th century wept over Clarissa, victim of the man of prey. Today, we know that Lovelace is a figure of brass, a glittering fraud, whom no sensible woman would tolerate for a moment. We realize that Clarissa deserved her fate, for she played with fire, a fire that to Anna Howe did not exist; a fire that the feminists are fast putting out. There can be no man of prey where men and women meet as equals.

We have fallen into the way of saying that no novelist before Meredith created for us young women who are at once attractive and spirited and triumphant. We recall Fielding's Amelia and Thackeray's, Scott's romantic heroines and Dickens' sentimental ones. Only Meredith knew, we say. Yet Anna Howe, a wonderfully self-revealing woman, has been there all the time, in those seven remarkable volumes. We are only beginning to realize that she, not Clarissa, is the type of the eternal feminine.

AS NOAH USED TO SAY~



Typographicauy Speaking

The Poet—"What became of my great ode to the pumpkin?"

The Editor—"Your ode to the pumpkin? Why, er—the typesetter pied it."

Well-Earned

Burglar—"Come, now, I just beat up the janitor and got upstairs here and I want your purse quick."

Flatdweller—"You beat up the janitor?"

Burglar—"Yes. Here, where are you going?"

Flatdweller—"It's all right. I haven't any purse myself, but I'm sure I can raise one among the tenants in a few minutes."

You Have to Go Slowly

A messenger boy in a quick lunch restaurant snid, reproachfully, to the girl behind the counter:

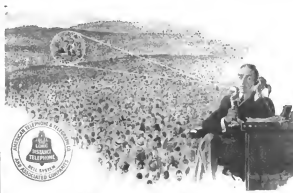
"I don't see no ham in this here sandwich, lady."

"Oh, you ain't come to it yet," said the girl.

The boy munched solemnly on.

"Still no ham, lady."

"Oh," said the girl, "you've hit over it now."



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Parliament into war by concealing from that body the concessions the Germans were ready to make, to maintain peace.

If you are, through custom or laziness, really ignorant on this subject, get the little book, *England on the Waterside*, and read it. You may begin to see a little light. But what's the use? "To argue with one who has renounced the authority and the use of reason, is like giving medicine to the dead." That means you. You can excuse the lead pencil if you want to, Detroit, Michigan.

From a Neutral

By D. J. BARTLEY

SINCE the first number of your magazine issued from the press, we have been informed, with almost weekly regularity, of the sound policy and wise judgment of President Wilson. In fact Mr. Hapgood has not credited his readers with ordinary intelligence or sense of appreciation for he has called to their attention the most obvious examples of our good President's wisdom.

Now it develops upon the readers of HAPGOOD'S WEEKLY to endeavor in their turn to enlighten the editor. At the beginning of the war, President Wilson urged the people of this country to observe in speech and writing the strictest neutrality. He must have neglected to send a special message to that effect to Mr. Hapgood, for no other editor, has shown such an absolute lack of neutrality, such profound hatred of Germany, such bitter feeling toward her Kaiser, expressed in such insulting language.

This protest comes from one who has no drop of German blood but who knows enough of Germany to appreciate its rare qualities and who likes to see fair play. Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Standards

From Life:

As the educational standard rises the hitherto fails—Mary Alden Hopkins, in HAPGOOD'S WEEKLY.

WHAT is an educational standard?

In this country it appears to be an increasing opportunity to add to one's ignorance at the expense of one's mind. A rising educational standard means that students are given increased facilities to learn a multiplicity of things.

A standard may be a measure of evil as well as of good.

Rus in Urbe

By JOHN M.F. HOWAR

IT IS hard even for an editor to remember that New York City is not the United States of America. Cursed by about as crooked a civic government as history has known, and with all due respect not any too well governed now, the editor of HAPGOOD'S to the contrary notwithstanding, New York has about all that is coming to her in more than one way.

Two railroad terminals costing between them nearly three hundred millions of dollars, while better cities than New York—much better, Mr. Editor—have to get along with various kinds of buildings called "deeps."

Fair play's a jewel. We up-State "Rubes" want nothing for ourselves that properly belongs to New York City, but from now on, we are going to try to keep New York from getting what does properly belong to her.

Buffalo, N. Y.

THOSE CITIZENS

who consider their citizenship more than a perfunctory visit to the polls every year or so, will be interested to learn that beginning with this month, Norman Hapgood makes Washington his headquarters until after the 1916 Election.

Perhaps it is not yet generally recognized that the coming year will be the most interesting politically since the Civil War.

President Wilson will presumably be renominated. Who will be the Republican choice? Will the Old Guard or the Progressives be on top? What will Roosevelt do? What will Bryan do? How will the tariff, woman suffrage, the international situation, affect the issue?

These questions will become intense with great rapidity. To be informed is a part of the duty of citizenship. It will be a most interesting duty in 1916, and that publication can serve you best which keeps you best informed.

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Week ending Saturday, October 9, 1915

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Bill and the Armenians

HOW did Germany get the hold that brought Turkey into a war from which she will emerge worse off even if Germany wins, and non-existent in Europe if the allies win? It was a few leaders, many of them venal, who got Turkey into the war, but there had been worked up a strange popular delusion. Emperor William's diplomacy, since Bismarck was dropped, has been mostly bad, but his efforts to impress the Moslem world were successful. It was after Turkey was already in this war that an address by a Hodja, or Master, to his Turkish congregation at a town in Asia Minor, was overheard by a traveler. This is a correct summary of what the Hodja said:

When Hadji Wilhelm came to Turkey some fifteen or more years ago to study the beauty and the power of our religion, he was so deeply impressed that he decided to become a Mohammedan himself. On returning to his own country he immediately proceeded to give his people the benefit of his experience, so that soon all of the German people, and all of the Austria people, became converted to our religion. This so incensed his Christian neighbors that they declared war on him, and he is now defending his faithful Mohammedan subjects against the ferocious attacks of his Christian neighbors.

As evidence the Hodja showed pictures of the various Christian churches that Wilhelm had destroyed, including the Cathedral at Rheims. The congregation was so touched that after the Hodja had finished his discourse they all came forward and patted his hands, a strong Eastern expression of amen, or approval.

In all the tragedies of the time there is none more heart-rending than the slaughter of the Armenians. The statement of their sufferings put out by Lord Bryce and by American committees is supported by information given to us by a number of skilled and impartial men fresh from Turkey. If Germany would speak a word to the government of Turkey the policy might be changed in an instant. Lord Bryce and others think the United States is the only hope. American sympathy with this long-oppressed people, living under the shadow of a fierce and barbaric race, has always been intense. It is possible, though by no means certain, that a protest of some kind from us would have direct influence on Turkey. The only thing that is certain is that any protest from Germany would settle the matter at once.

From this hold on Turkey, Germany is reaping great military advantages. She cannot avoid moral responsibilities. From Smyrna to Persia, from the

Black Sea to Arabia, the destruction of non-Moslems is being carried on. Lucky are the Armenians who are killed outright. The majority are forced out into the desert to starve, or treated to worse torture. Pupils, graduates, teachers, from American schools and colleges are included. Probably since March half a million have been slaughtered. *Harper's Weekly* is in close touch with the American committees of relief. It will gladly see to the best use of any money any of its readers care to send in for Armenian rescue work. Money can do much in countries bordering Turkey to lessen the suffering of the refugees. To prevent fresh outrages, however, what is needed is one firm word from Germany. The slaughter question is up to Hadji Wilhelm.

The Big Loan

AMERICAN bankers are more than justified in making large loans to the Allies. They are justified in the first place on sound business principles. It is impossible for us to extend our foreign trade, whether in South America or in Europe, without a credit system to correspond. In the second place, the loan is justified on moral principles. It is well that the outcome of wars should be affected by the sympathies of the world. Making the opinion of the world more and more effective is the only way to prevent one country, as Germany now, or as Japan conceivably one day (leading China), from carefully making ready for a war and successfully putting it through. If it is fortunate (as it is), that we can furnish munitions to the Allies, it is fortunate also that we can lend money. It all helps in the vast contest over the question of whether disputes in the future are to be settled by consultation or by cannon.

Translation

"IDIOTIC Yankees" has already become famous as a contribution to German diplomacy. The *New York World* says the British translation of *bildsinnig* by "idiotic" is unfair, and that the word chosen by Captain von Papen to describe Americans did not have any offensive meaning. Translation is often tricky, as in "culture" for *Kultur*, but somebody has put one over on our distinguished contemporary in this case. The usual German use of *bildsinnig* implies dullness, stupidity, intellectual incompetence. It is exactly like our loose, colloquial use of "idiotic." We do not mean literally idiotic, and neither do they. We mean to express contempt, and so do they.

Can Taft Come Back ?

VICTOR MURDOCK'S opinion that Colonel Roosevelt will be nominated by the Progressives next summer, if he will accept the nomination, has in it no surprise. But his belief that Mr. Taft will be nominated by the Republicans is startling. Mr. Taft is a person who is very much liked by many who are in close contact with him. He is, however, an individual who has been given a chance in the presidency. He was not put there by the direct wish of the people, but by their willingness to have Colonel Roosevelt select a president for them. Colonel Roosevelt prevented the nomination of Mr. Hughes and forced the nomination of Mr. Taft. The result was, as far as it went, an argument that even the people, fallible as they are, are better able to select presidents than a popular individual is to name his successor.

Mr. Taft wholly failed to represent the public in any respect. Not only did he make great specific errors, as in the Payne-Aldrich tariff matter, and in the Ballinger controversy, but he gave the impression of not being aware even of the existence of the laboring classes. It is almost impossible to believe that the Republican party can commit itself to the record of Mr. Taft's administration as the issue of the next campaign.

Mr. Taft and Women

SINCE he ceased to be President, Mr. Taft has added one to the above mentioned reasons that he would be an extremely weak candidate if nominated next June. He has taken a strong stand against equal suffrage. This not only would weaken him in the suffrage states but would furnish in all the states one more proof of his essentially Tory makeup. He is afraid that women would vote for prohibition. If he would study the facts, he would find that their interest in temperance is combined with a



strong practical impulse to study the best methods making for temperance in any given locality.

He says:

The lack of experience in affairs, and the excess of emotion on the part of women in reaching their political decisions upon questions of this kind, are what would lower the average practical sense of self-restraint of the electorate in case they were admitted to it now.

Where did he find all this out? Women have been voting now for many years. One-fourth of the United States senators and one-sixth of the members of the House are elected partly by the votes of women. Mr. Taft must know many of these statesmen. Has he ever collected any information from them? *Harper's Weekly* has taken a keen interest in the subject and has not been able to find out that women have been voting through excess of emotion or that they have exhibited less self-restraint than men. The record they have made in the states where they

have voted is admirable. That is why the gain for suffrage is fastest in states that are neighbors to suffrage states and can see the facts instead of seeing ghosts. It is characteristic of the Tory mind that it is afraid of anything new, but even the Tory mind, when it faces a system in operation in a dozen states, ought to condescend to an occasional illustration drawn from real life.

Voting in New York

NEVER was independent and thoughtful voting more advisable in New York than this fall. Anybody who votes on November 2nd without thinking for himself will show as much sense as a sheep.

It is impossible for us to imagine an intelligent and independent person voting for the silly and compliant Tammany nominee for district attorney. That office has not been dishonored now for nearly a generation.

It is impossible to imagine that a person who is thoughtful enough to deserve the suffrage can vote against the fusion aldermen whose records have been so admirable.

Yet many who think they are intelligent will vote like rubber stamps and then explain why women are unworthy of the suffrage.

On assemblymen vote for the best man, whatever party he belongs to. Neither state organization is good enough to bring in the millennium.

On the constitution we favor voting for the whole of it, not because it is as good as it ought to be, but because it is better than the old one.

Moloch

THE word went around, last spring and summer, that comedy would be the great demand in the theatre. It is, but nevertheless it is surprising the number of fairly successful plays and movies that deal with the war. One's guess would be that our public, which goes to the theatre for relaxation, would get enough war news, war stories, war pictures from the papers. You can't pretty-nearly sometimes tell. Most of the plays have appealed merely to curiosity or the love of incident. *Moloch*, on the other hand, is the fruit of a sincere impulse, a strong conviction. It has faults, in writing and in acting, but it is unmistakably propelled by genuine horror of war, its irrationality and devastation. It gives one pause. It does its bit toward increasing the power of reflection and sympathy, against the sometimes slumbering but ever powerful instinct toward combat.

Belgium and Our Neutrality

FROM the beginning those who have been especially concerned about the welfare of Belgium have hoped that some way would be found out of the difficulties between Germany and the United States. The feeding of Belgium was made possible only by the success of the Commission in getting the cooperation of the German government, as well as of the British, Belgian, and French governments.

While arrangements have been made to pass the work over at a moment's notice to Holland, and while a thorough Dutch substitute organization has been formed, it is not possible to foresee exactly what would happen if we should be forced into war with

Germany. For one thing, Mr. Hoover would certainly be unable to continue as the head of the Commission. Practically the whole management of the work has been in his hands, and he, far more than anyone else, has been responsible for its brilliant work. From the time the Lusitania went down, those especially interested in this work have had many days of intense anxiety. Lately this anxiety has been increased, because the Commission has been compelled to take up the organization of an industrial branch in order to handle the import of raw material into Belgium, and the export of manufactured material.

Every new aspect of the situation between us and Germany presents far-reaching, world-wide considerations, many of them anything but clear. That belligerency on our part, however, would be bad for the people who were the first victims of the war, is one of the few points that are beyond doubt.

A Good Appointment

WHEN Frank L. Polk was taken away from New York City politics and put in the state department there was some disappointment among those who felt that Mayor Mitchell should not be deprived of a very useful member of his close group of lieutenants. The reasons behind the appointment, however, were sufficient to overcome that consideration against it. Mr. Lansing, whose thought and time are taken up with international problems, needed in the position of first assistant secretary not especially an international lawyer, but a man who was a good administrator, who could meet with ease and charm many men of many kinds, and whose standing as conspicuously a Democrat, although a liberal minded one, would enable him to relieve his chief of the party aspects of the work. The rounded efficiency of the department is appreciably increased by the appointment of Mr. Polk.

Tolstoi and Hellenism

THE greatest artist who has been recently alive is undoubtedly Tolstoi. The world loses much in not having his impressions of the war, although in *War and Peace*, *Sevastopol*, and other works of his, we can come fairly near knowing what he would have said about the present struggle. Minds of the first-class tend to combine elements that in small minds are contradictory. For instance, there is no contrast more established than that between Hebraism and Hellenism. Yet in the greatest exponents of sweet-



ness and light we also find appreciation of conduct, and in the greatest ethical teachers we also find the mind's larger play. Tolstoi, especially in his later life, was primarily a teacher. Yet in reading him, one gets that size and freedom which are characteristic of Hellenic greatness. Only the small are limited to seeing life from a single angle.

Misunderstanding Ford

IT IS perhaps natural that Tolstoi's words do not mean much to the ordinary public. It is natural that the words of Jesus do not mean much even to most who repeat them. But one would think that the words of an extraordinarily successful business man would be at least understood. The mind that can make a great deal of money is the mind that we naturally listen to. Yet Mr. Ford's plans for future



peace have been wildly guessed at and obviously misstated in nearly every comment we have seen. His view is usually treated as if it bore primarily on bringing the present war to an end, instead of being in the main a deeply considered plan for education in the future. Even in the midst of such a dramatic struggle it would seem as if the public ought to be able to get straight the ideas of a great business man, who is able to turn his originality, exactness, and thoroughness onto the general problems of human progress.

Money and Morals

THE worst part of the case of the Rev. Newton Dwight Hillis, entangled in doubtful financial enterprises, is not the mere fact of a clergyman joining in the nervous chase for wealth, bad as that is in a person who is supposed to trust the Lord. The worst aspect is that Mr. Hillis has recently expressed reactionary sympathies in the industrial controversies of the day. The acute search for money leads to spiritual blindness.

Throw a Brick at Him

THE tendency of many animals to attack any member of their community who becomes sick, is suggestive of much in human society.

If a man who has been successful begins to slip, the world often seems eager to believe that he can never regain his footing. In the present season of the national game, two striking illustrations of this fact have been given. The jeers that have been handed to Connie Mack and to J. J. McGraw would make an interesting scrap-book to be kept for comparison with another scrap-book containing the plaudits handed to the same men when they were suprens in their respective leagues. Yet neither McGraw nor Mack has changed. They are simply playing different hands. Circumstances have changed. McGraw tried by strengthening in certain places a team that was growing old to make it perform well once more, and he failed completely. Mack tried exactly the opposite method, of breaking up his team as soon as it began to slip, and starting a young team from the bottom. He also failed to do anything the first year. But though McGraw and Mack followed different plans, and though both are known to be very able at their business, neither succeeded in drawing from the public much except an enthusiastic aggregation of bricks. A hen pecks at any member of her brood who happens to become sick.

At the Front

With Willie Hearst

By H. D. WHEELER



ABLEGRAM



"VIA COMMERCIAL"

3.55p

LONDON 13

WORMAN HAPGOOD HARPERS WEEKLY (1914 APR)

FOURTEENTH FLOORING QUITE UNKNOWN TO ME

STEINER COMPANY GENERAL

The cablegram reproduced above is a reply to the following cable sent by HARPER'S WEEKLY to Robert P. Skinner, U. S. Consul General, London: "Do you know press correspondents Herbert Temple, or John C. Foster or Lawrence Elston?" (The word "fourteenth" indicates the date of Mr. Skinner's cablegram.) The clipping at the left is from the Chicago "American," a Hearst paper, the other is from a newspaper not under Hearst ownership.

SHIP SUBMARINED, 26 SEAMEN PERISH

BY JOHN C. FOSTER,

Special Correspondent to the
International News Service
LONDON, July 21.—(Special cablegram received at New York.)—A ship
belonging to a German line was
sunk off the coast of England
last night. Twenty-six
seamen were killed and
the crew of the ship
was rescued. The ship
was carrying a cargo of
war supplies.

THIS is a humorous article. That is, I think it is. Fortunately it does not require the fine touch of a professional funny man to fill it up with comedy. Hearst himself could write it splendidly—could probably crowd more real laughs into it than any man on earth. For Hearst knows the story backwards, and he has a wealth of detail that would embellish it beautifully. Besides, he takes himself seriously. Which is also funny. It may be that to those editors and publishers who will, upon reading this, discern themselves as the victims of Hearst's practical joking, and who will face the problem of explaining to "constant reader" just why and how they have been innocently faking the war news day after day, the story may seem to have little of humor in it. Anyway, here it is, as much as I know of it:

Hearst operates a news dispensary by mail and by telegraph. He supplies pictures, and special articles, and big features, and editorials and wire news, for a price. He calls his dispensary the International News Service. He uses it to dress up his own publications and to help fill the columns of papers which are the property of others.

Now the Hearst wires lie, just as the Hearst papers lie. Not always—but some. This is not an exposure. It is just a fact, generally known, and used here as a sort of ground-plan for this new story. Most always,

when the Hearst papers and the Hearst wires lie, it is to serve the personal ends of a personal Hearst. Sometimes it is to fill or to protect the pocketbook of Hearst, as in those two notable cases where, years ago, it was proven by a crusading magazine that Hearst would sell his editorial space, and by Governor Hughes that Hearst will not scruple to use the most corrupt of corporation methods in the organization and administration of his own enterprises to profit financially and to evade responsibility. Sometimes Hearst lies for political advantage which he believes he sees; other times to destroy a character, if he can, when he thinks someone is in his way. Sometimes he lies because of faulty organization and mistakes of editors or reporters, intentional or otherwise; sometimes for no apparent reason at all.

ABOUT a year ago, shortly after the beginning of the European War, some of our afternoon papers rejoiced in the possession of war correspondents supplied by the International News Service. Articles, signed by these war reporters, sizzled over the wires from every important centre of Europe. Their "stuff" was "snappy" in the extreme. About the same time the Hearst columns and

the selling agencies of the International News began telling how the International News Service reported "first and most vividly all the big news of the world war," a feat attained in "the greatest test of news-gathering efficiency the world has ever seen." It was explained that "the International News Service has either directly or through its associations with the greatest European newspapers," (themselves "the greatest news gathering newspapers in the world") "the greatest news gathering organization the world has ever seen." In addition to all this, it was related how, "with representatives in every first-class city in Europe, on every battlefield, the International News Service is one of the only two American Press Associations recognized by the British Government"; how with "the greatest publicity forces in the world marshaled under the banner of the International News Service," "more than eighty correspondents, many of them of world-wide fame," are on its payroll "covering the war for its clients."

Eighty. Count them. You can't. Neither can Hearst. But the noise that he has made over some of them, probably one of the most remarkable noises "in the history of the world," has to some extent obscured his lapses in arithmetic.

Who has not heard of Frederick Werner, Berlin staff correspondent of the International News Service?

Who has not read with awe the news from London, revealed to a waiting nation by no less a person than Herbert Temple himself.—Herbert Temple, the European Manager of the International News Service!

Herbert Temple, European Manager of the International News Service, does not exist. If there is any press correspondent in London named Herbert Temple, he is not known there.

There is no Frederick Werner, working in Berlin as correspondent for the International News Service.

The names are fakes and the fake runs through the list of others which Hearst has used to deceive readers and elicits into believing that they were receiving material from live correspondents actually on the ground. In addition to "Temple" and "Werner," these "men" Hearst has made most prominent through his International News Service:

JOHN C. FOSTER, Staff Correspondent, London.

LAWRENCE ELSTON, Staff Correspondent, London.

BRIXTON D. ALLAIRE, Staff Correspondent, Rome.

FRANKLIN P. MERRICK, Staff Correspondent, Paris.

"Foster" and "Elston" are no better known in London than is "Temple." Unless a real live person has been christened and dispatched very recently, there is no Franklin P. Merrick working for Hearst in Paris; and Brixton D. Allaire, dear reader, is not a romantic figure in khaki, braving untold dangers in the field of battle, but simply a common, ordinary, contemptible, Hearst fake.

The International News staff correspondent fake will probably take its place as the most ambitious practical

joke in newspaper history. Why Hearst should set out deliberately to perpetrate this fraud upon his readers, his clients and their readers, is not altogether clear. Speculation as to the underlying motives is possible along several lines. Speculation proves nothing. This latest example of dishonest news-vending, however, is interesting in the light of facts that are well-established:

1. For its war news the International News Service depends largely upon certain agreements between the Hearst organization and foreign papers. There is an arrangement in London between Hearst and the *London Times* and the *London Telegraph*; in Paris between Hearst and the *Matin*; in Berlin between Hearst and the *Lokal Anzeiger*. That is really a big thing for Hearst. These papers are all morning publications. At midnight when the Hearst service is able to make use of the proofs of the news reports of these papers, it is between six and seven o'clock p. m., in New York. The news obtained through the foreign papers, therefore, is to a very small degree available for use in the afternoon report of the International News Service.

2. The fake names put forward as actual war correspondents have been employed chiefly in the afternoon reports of the International News Service.

3. There has been the stiffest sort of competition between the various news services in this country ever since the war began. There can be no doubt that Hearst has felt the effects of this competition and has encountered many problems in meeting it. Inaccurate reports which have been published through the agency of his International News Service and important beats registered against his wire service, have hurt him. Probably the most disastrous of the inaccuracies of which the International News Service has been guilty, was the report of the resignation of the Russian cabinet, published only last month.

4. Under the rigid regulations governing the transmission of war news from every foreign country, it is an utter impossibility that a correspondent should transmit dispatches without his identity being thoroughly known to the authorities. For a correspondent, and especially for a European service manager, to be able, first to secure news, and then to transmit it, either under a *nom-de-plume* or anonymously, is an absurdity equal to any claim which might be made that a correspondent is operating in the war areas without the knowledge of the foreign authorities, or our own representatives, or other press correspondents.

5. Hearst repeatedly has been discovered in deliberate and mischievous faking. For instance: In May of 1914, Katherine L. Buell in HARPER'S WEEKLY very thoroughly convicted him of printing pure fiction in his inspired fight against the vivisectionists, fiction which was written and published without regard for the characters of reputable men and women, for the health and life of the young and the sick, or for the known facts of science. His unscrupulous disregard



How Hearst's International News Service recently reported "first and most vividly the big news of the world war." The upper clipping had "top of column" position in the New York "Journal" of September 11; the lower one was buried at the bottom of a column on an inside page of the New York "American" of September 13.

patriotic duty and of the rights of his readers, was proved against him in HARPER'S WEEKLY by Isaac Russell in July, 1914, when Roscoe Mitchell, one of his reporters at Niagara

during the A. B. C. mediation conference, resigned. Mitchell, who had been told to be a "good soldier and a good boy" and to "always send the facts and leave the

reports of the Niagara conference, Hearst was in deadly earnest, playing his most dangerous game, standing ready, as always, to betray the public welfare for a chance at profit and self-aggrandizement.

I was a newspaper reporter in San Francisco during the years of San Francisco's cleaning up. Any one who witnessed Hearst's repeated attempts at character assassination there; his open and insolent willingness to betray state and city to predatory interests so soon as he felt that he needed those interests; any one who has watched his consistent career in the rôle of a polecat in politics; his dirty and vicious attacks on clean and honest men from Hughes in New York to Kent in California; any one who has taken note of his unclean alliances in Illinois, Ohio, New York and California; his attacks on Wilson and Bryan, as sturdily as those which preceded the killing of McKinley and the shooting down of Hency;—

FRENCH DIE TO NATION'S HYMN

Alpine Troops Build 20 Miles of
Railroads to Defeat Germans
in Alsace.

BY FRANKLIN P. MERRICK,
Staff Correspondent of the Inter-
national News Service.
Paris, July 15.—(Special service.)
The French in Alsace were
due to the daring exploits of
"Alpine troops. They captured
the forts."

"Unless a real live person has been christened and dispatched very recently, there is no Franklin P. Merrick working for Hearst in Paris."

policy to editors," quit the Hearst service on this ground:

That he "had sent a dispatch giving the actual developments. He was hopeful in tone, since the mood of all concerned was optimistic. Next day Mitchell bought a Hearst paper. Not one word of his dispatch was in the paper. But the Niagara date line was there just the same. No person on the ground could have written, with any regard for the facts, the story that appeared. It was a Hearst story—simmering with insinuations that President Wilson was hacking down and yielding in a humiliating manner to each demand upon him."

Mitchell's resignation came after several proven instances of interpolation into his report of material written in a New York office. These interpolations were in the form of "whole paragraphs cleverly designed to give an appearance of trouble in the mediation proceedings, and shameful concessions on the part of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan."

There was nothing that was humorous in the Roscoe Mitchell case. But it was typical. In sending out lying

BY FREDERICK WERNER,
Staff Correspondent of the Inter-
national News Service.
Berlin, July 14 (by Wireless).—
German submarines are using every
precaution to prevent loss of life on
ships they attack, this admiralty
announced to-day. It stated that pas-
sengers or sailors of the ships en-
countered by the submarines are
given warning of the intended at-
tack and if no resistance is attempt-
ed are given ample time to take to
the boats.
(This announcement is held to
be especially significant in show-
ing the German government is making
efforts to respect humanity as much as possible, an
effort which fits in with the last
policy from President Wilson.)
The admiralty further announced
that the German submarine
commander
Karl Dönitz

A sample of the Hearst "wireless" fake.
There is no Frederick Werner in Ber-
lin working for the International News
Service.

any one who has watched Hearst and has understood him, must experience a rising wrath at the very suggestion of a Hearst lie, no matter how silly or how harmless the lie may be.

Perhaps these references have rightfully no place in a humorous article. Perhaps, after all, this is not a humorous article.

Yet there is something about "Brixton D. Allaire" that is irresistible.

AUSTRIAN ARMY IN GORITZ REINFORCED

Italians Admit Capture of
Stronghold Is Delayed by
Foes' Stubborn Resistance

BY BRISTON D. ALLAIRE,
Staff Correspondent of the
International News Service.
Rome, July 15.—(Special service.)
The Italian army, which has
been ordered by the Italian
high command to capture the
stronghold of Gorizia, has
been delayed by the stubborn
resistance of the Austrian
army. The Italian army
has been ordered to capture
the stronghold of Gorizia
by the Italian high command.
The Italian army has been
ordered to capture the
stronghold of Gorizia by the
Italian high command.

"Brixton D. Allaire is not a romanti-
c figure in khaki, braving untold
dangers on the field of battle, but
simply a common, ordinary, con-
temptible Hearst fake."

What They Think of Birth Control

In concluding her series of articles on Birth Control, Mary Alden Hopkins has secured the views of many men and women who are able to speak with authority. Among those who have stated their position are John A. Kingsbury, New York's Commissioner of Charities; Dr. James P. Warbasse; Dr. Aletta Jacobs; Dr. Howard A. Kelly and Dr. John W. Williams of Johns Hopkins; Dr. S. Adolphus S. Knopf; Dr. A. A. Brill of California. The first of the two articles containing Miss Hopkins' concluding discussion in this series will appear in next week's issue.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



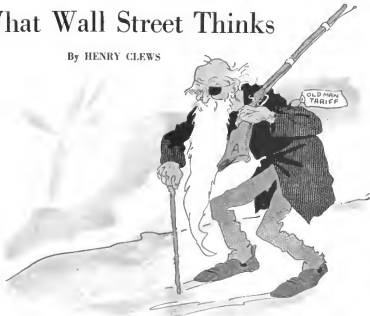
IRRITATING

*Pearl: What's the matter, daddy—poison ivy?
Neptune: No—Fords!*

*In view of the report that Henry Ford is to build submarines
we have applied for the address rights of all the Ford jokes.*

What Wall Street Thinks

By HENRY CLEWS



WE ALL know that the trade, the industries and the finances of the United States have been, for more than a year, prostrated to a serious degree. Just what that portends as to the progress and time of recovery is not to be determined instantly. We must not regard the situation which has confronted us as one of the ordinary kind. It was not caused by industrial over-production, financial inflation, over-speculation or excessive inflation of prices. The entire business of the country in all its departments of production, trading, financing and credit was, as a rule, in a perfectly sound, conservative and fairly profitable condition when the crisis overtook us.

There is not much difficulty in making an analysis of the present condition of business today, but the course of its recovery depends on the factors which will guide its destiny in the near future.

The retarding or shrinking tendency started several years ago and the crisis progressed to its culmination by the sudden declaration of war in Europe. We have, rapidly enough, begun to recover from the panicky situation which confronted us in the fall of 1914. Our grain, our automobiles, our cotton and woolsens, our metal were in unprecedented demand by the belligerent nations, and this demand gave rise to an unprecedented activity in agricultural and manufacturing circles. The increased volume of our exports automatically adjusted the financial burden which oppressed us last year, and so on that score I look for a much more rapid recovery from the effects of a crisis coming upon sound conditions.

By this time, however, we should have witnessed a much larger measure of recovery than has actually appeared, were

Harper's Weekly has already predicted that the Republicans would make the tariff the foremost issue in the next presidential campaign. The Democrats will accept the challenge. This paper will oppose the restoration of the old tariff system. It is not the less glad to publish the other side as presented by so well-known a financier as Mr. Clews.

it not for the intervention of a new disturbance of confidence arising from the introduction of measures for revolutionizing the commercial policy of the United States. It is not to be denied that virtually our entire manufacturing industries earnestly regard the reductions of duty under the Underwood-Simmons tariff as threatening their business, which is a potential factor bearing on confidence, regarding which there can be no question that the interval of transition from the old conditions to the new could not be attended with anything short of widespread suspension of both manufacturing and trade. It is estimated by competent authorities that the retail business of the country is now curtailed by as much as twenty-five per cent of its usual volume, while in many branches of manufacturing the contraction is double that proportion.

This condition has been alarming so alarming that many conservative men have been scared out of all exercise of cool judgment, and a large majority have been more or less pessimistic ever since. I confess that I am unable to go to the

full length of these forebodings. As a young country, of marvelous wealth and unequalled powers of recuperation, we are capable of a rapidity of convalescence that can be matched in no other nation. As a largely self-dependent country we are little disposed to suffer in sympathy with the causes that have prostrated the European powers and their colonial dependencies and trade connections. Europe is vitally dependent upon us; we can afford to be comparatively independent of Europe. The advantages are all on our side.

We must not forget that the equipments of our industries are fresh, complete up to the most modern improvements, and only delayed by the getting up of steam, while capital is waiting in immense idle hoards to apply the impelling power, and the banks are prepared to afford as much support to business as they were giving on the eve of our crisis. These certainly are not the sort of conditions that are ordinarily found at this early stage after a serious disturbance, and for this, among other reasons, I do not expect recovery in this case to follow the pace of former tardy recoveries.

The most stubborn obstacle that now remains to be overcome is the suspension of business until self-confidence is fully regained. Here, also, I think the real probabilities are underestimated in the present gloomy public mood. We have already used up our stocks of merchandise to the verge of absolute exhaustion; our imports have been declining more or less heavily. With national supplies in this condition, and with the current output of our manufactures having fallen, during the past months, behind the requirements of consumption, it is not difficult to see that our closed factories must reopen long before the fall



Conscription

effect of our new tariff has become apparent.

Labor, of course, will profit by all of this. With the reduction in the prices of raw materials and the general concessions in wages that are taking place, there is no apparent reason why moderate profits should not be made upon an early, if not immediate, resumption of operations. In proportion as work is resumed, labor will be better employed; and the better employment of labor will extend the matter for goods. Under these conditions, the way seems clear to a gradual revival of business and a steady sliding into a healthier and more active condition of affairs.

The tariff has undergone many changes in the last twenty-five years. We have had the Wilson, the McKinley, the Dingley, the Payne and Underwood tariffs. Either we have had a protective tariff or we have almost had a free-trade policy. At best, in a business sense, it is difficult to find the line of demarcation where tariff for protection ends and where tariff for revenue begins. I have always been of the opinion that the United States, though seriously handicapped by free-trade theories embodied in law, might yet rise superior to them and grasp prosperity, though of course not to the same extent as under a judicious measure, affording protection to our industries and to the wages of labor.

What has the Underwood tariff done? It is easier to explain what the Underwood tariff has not done, because it has neither reduced the cost of living nor brought about bonanza conditions. On the score of idle labor and a low tariff we are experiencing what we experienced in 1894.

The Underwood tariff is supposed to be a tariff for revenue only. It will be next to impossible to know just what it has brought about in the way of decreased revenues because the European war caused all normal conditions to be changed radically. Inasmuch as the normal volume of exports from abroad was either curtailed or ceased entirely in various lines, it may never be possible to determine the exact ratio of decrease or loss that must be charged to the new law. All we know is that our imports decreased, that our exports also decreased at first and then grew phenomenally, but we must not forget that prosperity by an increasing export trade has nothing to do with our revenue laws. In fact, judging by all indications today, the partial restoration of confidence and a return to prosperous circumstances are not at all ascribable to our revenue-only tariff.

WALL Street regards these things from a practical standpoint. Wall Street knows only that, following the enactment of the Underwood tariff law, business began to retrench, that money was tighter, that labor was losing opportunities to work. In later years maybe we shall know more of the actual and immediate results of the Underwood tariff, but at present we may bear in mind two historical instances of very low tariff principles, set forth by two of the most reliable witnesses on this subject: Grover Cleveland and James Buchanan. The periods at which these similar conditions are described were thirty-six years apart, but who can resist the inference that these similarly deplorable conditions in the United States in 1857 and again in 1893 origi-

nated to a large extent in the free-trade heresy?

Now we come to the relationship between finance and statesmanship. The government is largely dependent on Wall Street in all financial emergencies. It has not been so long that Washington statesmen have consciously attracted the attention of the business public. Presumably this is only a symptom or characteristic of progress; for I believe that, without close intimacy and contact with Wall Street, it is impossible for the government to exhibit a healthy condition in some of its most important concerns. In fact, if it were cut off from Wall Street, emergencies would be liable to arise almost at any time that would place it in a state of helplessness.

It has been through a failure of recognizing this dependence of government on the great centre of finance and attempting, instead, to exercise a domineering policy through the chicanery of a political clique that this temporary domination of the world of finance was established. It was eventually a failure, and then the true attitude of the financial power had to be recognized by the last Cleveland régime. The assumption at that time of the power which established for a time a Democratic domination over financial concerns and Wall Street affairs originated in a false and mistaken notion of both the legislative and administrative functions of a great republic. The experiment in both departments was a costly one. It is well to avoid repeating it.

Now as to the trusts, as big business is often called. One of the most difficult things connected with the whole abstruse and vexed question of trusts is the definition of the term. During the

twenty-five years the Sherman act has been in force we have yet been unable to define what a trust is. This definition has given rise to a good deal of dissatisfaction and controversy at various times, beginning with the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of the Trans-Missouri Traffic Association and ending with the latest decision on the Steel Corporation. Amendments and decisions and hair-splitting analyses have not always proved judicious or even necessary.

Great combinations of capital, the development of which seems to have become inseparable from modern business methods, are formed with the object of reducing expenses, increasing efficiency, and by making possible production of staple articles on large scale, insure greater profits without a corresponding advancing of price. Yet today the United States can compete successfully with any number of other powers solely through the operation of the much maligned combination of capital. Without such means as we possess, despite much continued ignorant hostility, of aggregating capital, there could have been no such progress, as statistics for the last thirty years clearly demonstrate.

Government ownership has often been suggested as a panacea against the imaginary evil of the trusts. Fortunately there is no chance for such a consumma-

tion in this generation, whether of railroads, telephones and telegraphs or similar lines. There would be no end to the trouble. We are already burdened with emergency taxation, which may have to be resorted to at the next session of Congress to make up for the national deficit in the treasury. The income tax has not as yet been a marked success. Our internal revenue is already swelled to unreasonable proportions. Government ownership of public utility corporations would mean the suppression of competition and deterioration of values; it would rob many thousands of stockholders of a portion of their property and destroy the chief stimulus for extension and enterprise, thus affecting every kind of business connected with railroad, steamship or wire traffic—and what business is not so connected? In fact, it would probably create one of the worst panics we have ever experienced; and finally it would greatly embarrass the government itself, which would not be able to make revenues and expenditures balance.

It would seem, judging by what such authorities as former President Taft and the late Senator Aldrich said not so very long ago, that the government is not capable of managing economically its own business! And inasmuch as there has doubtless been a lack of practical experience on the part of many connected with the government to apply sufficiently sound business principles in

managing the government, it would seem that the present methods would be practised in running public utilities once they came within federal ownership.

In conclusion, one thing appears pretty clear. There is no wrong which an individual or corporation is capable of inflicting for which either the common or the statute law, or both, do not provide a remedy, a sufficiency of the latter for this purpose being already on the statute books. They why require more laws until our basic laws have been tried and found wanting? We have had no end of investigations, commissions, laws, amendments, repeals, and complicated legislation, until business has been in a quagmire and has not dared to act.

What chance is there for any business to follow the law when the law is not successfully interpreted by our highest courts and every amendment added to cover the inadequacies always requires additional interpretations, which often clash?

I believe that American business generally is honest and intends to do business in an honest way. I believe that too many laws are not only not required but that they are futile. I believe that business in this country should be given a fair chance to follow its natural course, and that if this is done the need of so much so-called constructive legislation will not exist.

Developments in Aerial Warfare

By GERALD MORGAN

THE conduct of trench warfare has not varied greatly from the methods used at Port Arthur. It is true that the Germans have obtained a measure of success with their gas, but it remains limited. A gentle breeze from a particular quarter is necessary always and that is something upon which no staff can count. Flame ejectors have also been invented and employed, but they can only be used after the enemy's trenches have been invaded. Hand grenades, bayonets, knives, and revolvers still remain the principal support of hand to hand fighting. In short, it is still necessary to eject the enemy from his trench by physical force.

But aeroplanes and submarines are new. Aeroplanes are now used for several purposes. For bomb throwing, the French have obtained the greatest success by using squadrons of thirty or more machines. For scouting or marking artillery ranges, and on the other hand for fighting, both the French and Germans use different machines. The French or German scout aeroplane is not supposed to fight at all; but the British pilots are ordered to engage the enemy wherever seen. As a matter of fact, the French and Germans rely for

offensive work chiefly on anti-aircraft artillery, which has not been perfected. I have seen both sides shooting and have watched one shell burst close to an aeroplane, only to see the next one explode half a mile away. Now and then a machine is brought down, but it is simply owing to a lucky shot. Anti-aircraft range finders are still in the experimental stage.

The British airmen have as a rule had the upper hand of the Germans, but this is simply because they are personally better flyers. Given a few months' training any first-class British cross-country rider who is not too old will outfly the German professionals. The truth is that the British characteristics of individuality and national sporting spirit have stood them in good stead here. I venture to say that their air victories have been won on the playing fields of Eton far more than ever was the battle of Waterloo, and I prophesy that in time our own flyers will be as good if not better than the British.

But the Germans have recently designed and launched a new type of machine. This is a double biplane, carrying a crew of four, and armed, not only

with two machine guns, but also with a small field gun which shoots shrapnel. The motors are believed to be of 100 horsepower each, and the machine is very fast. This "air-dreadnought" made its appearance about three months ago and successfully attacked a British biplane. The biplane escaped and came down on fire within its own lines, but both pilot and observer were badly burnt. A British airman told me about this and concluded, "The petrol had even run into their boots." Flying is not all joy by any means.

The Germans are believed to have not more than three or four of these "air-dreadnoughts," and so one may safely expect an improved type before long. But the French and English are also designing larger machines, and without doubt in future the war in the air will be carried on by battle planes carrying gunners and artillery. They will be manned as warships are manned, for day by day air warfare more and more approaches the conditions of sea warfare. Soon we shall have air cruisers, air scouts, air battleships; we shall talk about control of the air; and we shall have a code of international air law.



The New Sport—Aquaplaning

FEAR be it from anyone to say that civilized man steals his best ideas from savages. But sometimes ideas developed in a crude way by untutored tribes are so good that they are bound to win. One of these is the aquaplane.

When somebody asks you, "What is an aquaplane?" and you reply, "A board tied behind a motor-boat"—you will be absolutely correct, for that is all it is. If your questioner seeks further information, tell him that aquaplaning has, in two years, grown to be one of the most exhilarating and popular of outdoor sports wherever people seek pleasure on navigable waterways. The popularity of the aquaplane was growing tremendously in England and Germany, until the people of those countries had to turn their thoughts to other subjects.

The original aquaplane was the surf-board of the natives of the Hawaiian Islands. But while the pleasure-loving Kanaka had to depend upon the wash of the sea for the power to drive him at lightning speed through the breakers, the more enlightened white man has the gasoline motor to propel him at whatever speed his temerity permits.

When the aquaplane made its first public appearance two years ago, the machine was a long, narrow board which could be used, without guide ropes, behind boats whose speed did not exceed 15 miles an hour. It was about 12 feet long, a foot or so wide, and was marked to show where to stand at various speeds.

A company was formed in Chicago to manufacture this type of aquaplane. The venture was not a success, because owners of motor-boats discovered that they could build their own aquaplanes with results quite as satisfactory as those to be secured from the manufactured

article. Experience has taught that a very much smaller board, say 5 feet long by 2½ feet wide, drawn 18 feet or less behind a boat, with a guide rope arranged in a "V" at the front, is most productive of thrills and spills. There is practically no danger in aquaplaning if one is a good swimmer. Novices should not try it. For two-passenger work a wonderful amount of fun can be

tumbles you off in a smother of spray. Standing up, a slight pressure on one side will produce a sweeping skid which will take your breath away, and it will require every bit of your skill to keep atop the board. During the past season, hundreds of aquaplaning contests have been held in connection with motor-boat regattas in every part of the country and, since they were judged on the

merits of the stunts performed, the spectators had almost as much fun as the riders. Aquaplane contests have been reported during the past two months from Long Island Sound, the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence, the Jersey, Massachusetts and Maine coasts, Chicago, the Mississippi valley, the Pacific coast, Florida, Texas and from practically every inland lake of any size in the country. Next season will see this number multiplied prodigiously.

It is not the excessively speedy boat that is best suited to this fast growing sport. The best fun, the best thrills, are obtained at speeds from 12 to 20 miles an hour. Faster than that one's wits are bewildered by the rush of air and spray. And, we say most fervently, at 25 miles or 30 or more it hurts to hit the water when you are spilled off.

The ever-increasing army of outdoor girls have flocked to the aquaplane. It provides them with the thrills that seem to be necessary to the modern girl; and it is the best possible exercise they could get. Every muscle in the body is utilized and developed, after a season of aquaplaning.

This is a brand new American pastime. But in the two years of its existence it has appeared in watering places in every section of the country. It is bound to grow, because it is a sport which provides one of the best thrills of the great outdoors, without danger and with little expense.



obtained from an old, but sturdy, cellar door, properly roped and reinforced.

A little practice leads one to try stunts. These are unending in their variety,—from riding on your head at full speed to lying on your stomach and pushing the board down until the sea



He: "Woman Suffrage will kill Chivalry!"

She: "Is that a threat—or a promise?"

RY



WYBURN '15

The Fire Fighters

By W. P. LAWSON



"Smoke!" A ranger on fire patrol duty sights a fire in the National Forest, Montana.

SO LONG as lightning brings dry leaves to flame, so long as loggers or hunters or campers use matches or smoke pipes, so long as locomotives burn coal and throw sparks—that long will forest fires be, and start and spread until discovered and extinguished. And so long will the word "Fire!" thrill even the seasoned forest ranger. That word hunts the sleep and fills the waking hours of every service man during the dry season. It stands for a danger whose source he may not know and whose time and point of attack must be—until it comes—to him unknown. A danger sudden and fierce, from an enemy to whom no quarter is given and from whom no mercy is expected. It is a war, a never-ending war.

But it is not a truceless war. There is no danger when in the winter months snow covers the ground, or when the heavy rains fall. But during the summer, roughly speaking from May to September, the campaign of fire-fighting is on. And it is no child's play, this fire-fighting; nor are the stakes of victory small. In former years fire was wont to destroy on an average at least \$25,000,000 worth of timber yearly and caused an annual loss in stock, crops, buildings and improvements of many millions more. In the last fifty years over three thousand persons have lost their lives through the scourge.

Take specific instances: the Peshtigo, Wisconsin, fire in 1871 burned over 1,280,000 acres and cost 1500 human lives. The Hinckley, Minnesota, fire in 1894 burned over 160,000 acres with a death list of 418. The great Idaho, Montana, and Minnesota fires of 1910 swept 2,300,000 acres and burned to death 127 persons. In the state of Michigan alone, forest fires during the ten years between 1901 and 1911 caused a loss of \$20,000,000. Massachusetts forest fires in the last three years have caused a damage of over \$823,000.

Fire protection, on national forests, takes precedence of everything else. It was the first problem attacked by the Forest Service and today it occupies a dominant position in the list of service activities. Vastly more time and money are spent in keeping fire losses at a minimum than in any department of the forest officer's work.

The Forest Service in this has set the example for twenty states and thirty timber owners' associations, which at present maintain a system of patrol on their lands during the danger season. The areas protected by the government approximate 165,000,000 acres; those protected by the states (largely in co-operation with the Forest Service) total 100,000,000 acres, and those protected by the timber owners' associations amount to about 25,000,000 acres. As a result of fire protection the loss on national forests in 1912 was kept down to \$75,000 and on state and private lands totalled not over \$200,000.

Until very recently there has been no systematic attempt to reduce the number of fires started through classifying and attacking causes. Protection rather than prevention has been emphasized. Which means that efforts are centered upon perfecting the machinery for locating fires and devising means and methods of extinguishing them when discovered.

The most effective way to fight fire—which suggests the wars of men—is to locate the enemy as soon as may be and attack before he has, so to speak, had time to mobilize. A principal feature of the fire plan for a national forest is the division of the area into fire districts (distinct from the rangers' administrative districts), in each of which one or more lookout stations, or patrol lines, or both are established.

Towers are built when necessary at the lookout stations, which are always high points chosen to command a wide

view of the surrounding forest. Smaller hidden areas and spots of exceptional hazard are watched by a fire guard patrolling a trail or road from which the danger zone in question may be seen. The important thing is that every acre of the forest must come at least once every few hours under the eyes of a forest officer.

The method of locating a fire is ingenious. Each lookout, in addition to field glasses and telephone, is equipped with a standard protractor, which is a graduated circle with a radial arm that may be moved about the circle at will. Sighting along this arm at a fire, the lookout reads its angle of direction from the circular base of the instrument and telephones this information to supervisor's headquarters. When two or more readings from different stations are available (as is usually the case) the supervisor plots the direction lines of the fire on the big fire map of the forest, and at the junction of these converging lines locates the blaze. So accurate is this scheme that often fire crews riding to the scene of action have found a fire, observed first from ten or twenty miles away, within a few hundred feet of the location furnished them.

By far the greater number of fires on national forests now, thanks to the fire-protective system, are small; though their inherent potentialities for destruction are as great as ever. In 1913 over four thousand fires reported on the forests destroyed only \$81,000 worth of property—an average of about \$20 per fire. And fully a quarter of the burned over area was on the private land which forms 11.50 per cent of the territory embraced within national forest boundaries.

But the fire-protective system, though efficient, is expensive. And since it is highly desirable to save money when this can be done without taking chances, the Forest Service has planned a cam-

paign of prevention which is intended to supplement—though it can never of course supplant—the system of direct action. The first comprehensive discussion of the new angle of attack appeared in a government pamphlet written last year by Coert Du Bois, District Forester for California, in which state nineteen national forests containing twenty-seven million acres of government land cost the Forest Service two hundred and eighty thousand dollars annually as insurance against excessive fire loss. In these forests there are some ninety-eight billion feet of live timber, to say nothing of their other resources. And this timber is worth just now a good many times its lumber value as a watershed proposition. So that the money spent in fire protection is not exactly thrown away.

It is, on the other hand, about half the total appropriation allotted to California forests for all purposes and, since fire protection comes first, every unnecessary dollar spent for that purpose means that some other forest project which might be of lasting benefit to the people of the state and nation, must be postponed or given up. Mr. Du Bois' theory is that if every citizen thoroughly understood this fact the number of fires started would decrease at once. His plan is to bring the knowledge home to them.

The feasibility of the idea is based on the fact, proven by Forest Service statistics, that nearly if not quite half of

wanted to make trouble for a ranger, smoke out a hornet's nest, or he may have been drunk."

By attacking the various motives of persons causing fires, as they are grouped under the general heads of self-interest, carelessness, and irresponsibility, with the tools of education and proper legislation, Mr. Du Bois hopes to eventually relieve the fire fighters of the greater part of their task. As he puts it: "If a definite knowledge of the great value of California forests can be inculcated in the people of the state, in the younger generation especially, so that they may realize the positive necessity of using every means in their power to save these forests for ourselves and posterity, we will be making a sterling use of the

feed on grass, ground litter, brush and young trees; or finally "crown fires," which, usually driven by a wind, sweep through the tops of the larger trees. These last are the most dangerous and can be best attacked as a rule by "back-firing," that is by setting a smaller fire some distance in advance so that when the main blaze reaches the partly burned area it dies down and permits of the closer approach of the fire fighters.

Fire lines serve the same purpose in the case of less destructive configurations as does back-firing. These lines are broad cleared spaces through the forest, permanent in many cases or constructed in emergencies at strategic points, near the summit of a ridge or on high ground. To stop a ground fire a



Fighting the fire with wet blankets.



A forest fire at night.

all forest fires are man-caused, therefore theoretically preventable. Heretofore human agency fires have been classified according to the activity with which the agent was concerned, e. g. railroads, brush burning, campers, sawmills, etc. For the purposes of his plan Mr. Du Bois has devised a new method of classification, which he calls "classification by motive."

"When a man touches a match to a clump of dry brush and a fire results," he says, "there is the physical action, the mechanical cause of the fire; but the cause of the fire contains another element—the psychological background for the physical action. The man may have

powerful engine of education, our greatest asset in the fight against forest destruction."

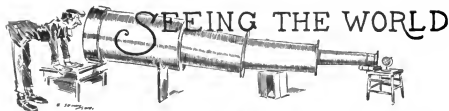
The men who fight fires are the same rangers and guards who make up patrol and lookout personnel, together with local residents who may be hired temporarily, from time to time, when occasion demands. Their methods of fighting fires vary, in accordance with climatic conditions, the character of the forest cover, or the nature of the fire.

For fires are defined as "ground fires," which take hold in the thick humus or vegetable mold that covers a forest floor; "brush fires," meaning fires which

trench is dug around the burning area. Brush fires are usually put out by beating along the edges with pine branches, a gunny sack—or the ranger's coat. Water is seldom available in sufficient quantities to aid the men.

If there is any harder or more disagreeable work than fighting a forest fire it has escaped the attention of the writer. The rough character of the forest country, the heat and smoke, the exhausting physical effort—constant until the fire is put out (for there seem never men enough to relay), make the experience anything but an attractive one. It is not exceptional for the fire fighters to go twenty-four and even forty-eight hours at a stretch without rest, lucky if they get water and food while at work. In one instance, which brought a letter of commendation—the V. C. of the service—from Washington, a fire crew stayed with a stubborn blaze sixty-three hours without sleeping or sitting down to a meal, until reinforcements came.

The qualities which such severe fosters are akin to those for whose development war is sometimes praised. Perhaps in this constructive warfare against the evils of circumstance there will some day be discovered more than a few of those "moral equivalents" for war that the late William James favored so highly.



A Mosquito Trust

Tad Lewis says the mosquitoes on the Arkansas bottoms told about in the Tribune the other day are not so bad as the kind he saw up in the St. Joe vicinity. Up there the mosquitoes have formed a trust with the lightning bugs and work in pairs. The lightning bug lights up the spot and the mosquito makes the excavation.

—The Great Bend (Kan.) Tribune.

The Virtuous Misfits

While the clothes of some country boys do not fit quite as well as they should, they are paid for, and that is more than can be said of some of the well fitting clothes running around in town.

—The Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Revue.

Them Was the Days

The question is asked as to what has become of the young man who once or twice a year used to blow out \$1.50 in hiring a livery team to take his best girl to ride? Well, he now has a grownup family, and his oldest boy is studying the spring catalogue of fifty horse-power automobiles to be used in similar amatory purposes.

—The Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer.

A Greek Gift

How often anticipation exceeds realization! Judge Root kindly presented us with a fine large radish the other night which we intended enjoying for supper, but when we cut it open it turned out to be as hollow as a politician's promise.

—The Lusk (Wyo.) Herald.

He Got Under

Ralph Fox is under the weather with bad teeth.

—Sandusky (O.) Register.

The Editor Hits Back

An exchange not far down the street in relating to a marriage last week, says it "occured." Which, in other words, would mean it happened by chance in some unexpected manner. That little word "occured" no doubt belongs in another category and not in relating to

marriages. "Marriages take place" and not "accidentally happen." Most any 10c dictionary will give the required information. We would not have exposed the above ignorance, brother, only "turn about is fair play."

—The Danbury (Neb.) News.

Nothing More Romantic

George H. Vance and Miss Lolo Lemme "grew up together" in Chicago. They liked each other as lad and lassie, and when they grew older they liked each other still better and then the little god of love did the rest. What more romantic, though they, than to be wedded

Unlawful Listening

Some unknown, cowardly, reckless degenerate was prowling in the town about the midnight hour Tuesday with evil mind and heart and foul purpose, discharging firearms promiscuously, disturbing and alarming the quietude of the citizens. We can conceive no violation of the law as senseless, useless and cowardly as to hear the popping of a pistol at night.

—The Plainview (Ark.) Herald.

What the Bride Wore

The bride and groom presented a regal spectacle, never equaled since the proud Cleopatra sailed down the perfumed, lotus-bearing Nile in her gilded pageant to meet Marc Antony, while all the world stood agape at the unheard triumph. To describe the bride's costume beggars the English language; and imagination falls faint and feeble before the Herculean task. She was gorgeously arrayed in a calico house dress, and a pair of lace curtains floated like a dream about her figure.

—The Rushville (Mo.) News.

Perspectives

Since going back and taking a look at the principal building in the town where we spent our early boyhood and which we had always retained in our mind as a monster affair, we do not ask our wife why she does not cook things like our grandmother used to.

—The Pleasanton (Kans.) Courier.

It Sounds Serious

Charley and Joe caught their horses after a chase of two miles with many damage being done, except breaking their crupper.

—The Meryville (Iowa) Banner.

Shakespeare, the Naturalist

The Shakespeare Club spent a most profitable afternoon at the home of Mrs. George Champion who gave a paper, showing much research and care in preparation on the subject, "Intimication Between Moths and Butterflies."

—The Niles (Mich.) Sun.

SATURDAY NIGHT



St. Joseph, (Mo.) News-Press.

at Fine lake, where the birds sing and the whispering breezes tell of love's sweet content.

—The La Porte (Ind.) Argus.

An Old One

The only excitement here this year on circus day was when one of the show ladies poked her finger through a hole in the dressing room tent and pinked a prominent citizen in the eye.

—The Kennedy (Minn.) Star.

Independent of Readers

Some editors apologize for their paragraph columns, but not here. We don't force the dose on anybody. We have patent medicine ads they can read if they don't like this dope.

—The McCune (Kans.) Herald.

Gridiron Leaders

By HERBERT REED

"YOU can build," said the old coach as he busied himself between remarks with a rich, dry smoke, "football teams without end. You can teach them all you know, with a dash of what you have purloined from somebody else. You can teach them what to play and how and when to play it, but if there is no natural born leader on those eleven they will go out upon that field on the day of the big game and contort themselves like decapitated pullets."

The old coach was right. The leader is born and not made. It is not even necessary that he be a fine football player, although he usually is. If he has the confidence of his men, not necessarily in the quality of his own play, but in his ability to fight mentally all the time for his men as well as for himself, he is a leader. His very leadership will put upon his shoulders the burden of fighting extra hard, both physically and mentally, for himself. He will be watched, covered, tantalized, played against and played upon by the opposing team, and his minutes out there on the field will be full of toil and trouble. But the further he goes the better he will be under the heavy fire, and that, after all, is the real test.

Presumably the leader is the captain of the team. That is not always the case, but it is natural to suppose that the members of the team will select for their leader some man who has already shown the ability to help them in tight places, to rise to emergencies in his own position. He should have the gift of prophecy in the matter of predicting on the instant the moves of the opposing strategist, and he should be closer to his own men than a brother—close to the first string, the second string, and indeed, the humblest substitute. Such is your ideal leader, your ideal captain.

There are times, of course, when the burden of leadership ruins a man's own play, ruins it utterly. These, however, are fairly rare cases. There are times, too, when a man not the captain suddenly develops in the heat of battle into the leader for whom the eleven has been looking. Such a man is almost certain to become the captain for the following year. The advent of such a man is no reflection on the quality of leadership of the captain then in charge of the game. More than once a second leader has been a welcome addition in the trenches, for closely as the line and the backs should be welded together, the line needs its own immediate leader as well as the backfield. This was the case at Harvard not so very long ago, when Wendell in the backfield was leading the

entire team in his quality of captain, while Parmenter, one of the headiest centres it has ever been my good fortune to see in action, was leading a courageous, fighting line, and developing an unassuming genius for aggressive defense that will not be forgotten in many a long day.

All the big Eastern eleven's are this year equipped with captains who have already displayed this quality in leadership to such an extent that it is safe to expect them to attain to even greater heights this year.

One of the most interesting of the Eastern captains is Frank Glick, of Princeton, who earned his captaincy in a short period of fifteen minutes in ac-

tion against Yale in the Palmer Stadium last fall. That Glick was able to dominate the last quarter of that game is no reflection on Harold Ballin, captain last year, and one of the best captains the Tigers have ever had. It was simply a case of the team, and the backfield especially, needing a leader who could give them a start on an uphill road. Glick went into the game at a stage when the best the Orange and Black could hope for was a chance to score. Glick, aided by fresh players, gave them that chance twice in rapid succession, and was about to give them another chance when the whistle ended the game. It was his ability to rally his team that earned him his captaincy. It is hardly worth while to discuss his selection of plays in that period. It was not so much the play-picking as the new fire that he carried into the game that counted. Glick has always been a good halfback, a halfback with dash and plowing power when plowing became necessary. He had often been tried at quarterback, but did not fit into the form of generalship then in use. Perhaps even now he has not the natural aptitude for the position of field general, and may play at half or at fullback if good quarterbacks can be developed, but he has already shown the quality of leadership, and he has a whole season now in which to build upon the reputation gained in those famous fifteen minutes of a year ago.

Eddie Mahan is marshalling the Harvard forces this season from the post of fullback. He is one of the most remarkable men in football in that he has added to flashing brilliancy a dependability rare in the case of gridiron genius of his type. Ever since he first donned a jersey every game that Mahan has played has been played as if it were the final game of the season. That is a form of leadership well worth while. The utter lack of carelessness, a carelessness that might well be forgiven in an early season game, is a distinguishing characteristic of this young man. The coaches

cannot tell him to go into a game and "save" himself. If they want to save him they have to keep him on the side lines. When Mahan is catching kicks it is of no moment to him whether the ends rapidly bearing down upon him are wearing the blue of Yale, the orange and black of Princeton, or whatever color marks the men of a little college somewhere down in Maine. He will give of his best against Maine as heartily as he will against Yale, Princeton or anyone else. All eleven's look alike to Mahan save in so far as he diagnoses and prepares to meet individual and team differences in the play of his foremen. Anything that any back can do Mahan can do just a shade, and sometimes a great deal, better. He hasn't talked much on the field as yet, but there is



EDDIE MAHAN, BRILLIANT, DEPENDABLE

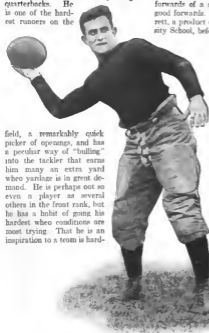
Harvard has a gridiron leader who gives of his best all the time, whether the game at hand be great or small. A fit successor, apparently, to men like Wendell, Storer and Brickley.

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differences in the play of his foremen. Anything that any back can do Mahan can do just a shade, and sometimes a great deal, better. He hasn't talked much on the field as yet, but there is

every reason to believe that this season he will lead his men in word as well as in deed.

Yale is depending for leadership this year upon Captain Aleck Wilson, a man who has been in as many tight places as any Eli in the last few years. His is the bulldog character so closely associated with the New Haven eleven of years ago. He has made mistakes in judgment from time to time when running the team from the quarterback position, and it is apparent already that he is going to play at half this year if it is possible to develop a couple of good quarterbacks. He is one of the hardest runners on the



FRANK GLICK, THE TIGER CAPTAIN

Princeton's leader has behind him a wonderful fifteen-minute period of rallying power in last year's Yale game, upon which the Orange and Black expects him to build a full year's record of efficiency in his captaincy.

ly to be denied, and I am one of those who think that the captaincy, far from burdening him, will actually tend to improve his individual play. There is more football in Wilson than he has yet shown, to my way of thinking, and a certain type of courage that ought to impress some of the old-timers who

have maintained that the Elis are "softer" than they were in the always "good old days" of Pudge Heffelfinger and his ardent coworkers. Yes, Wilson, I think, is a true Yale type, and that means that the team on the field will be in bustling mood no matter what type of game the coaches decide that it shall play.

Harris of Pennsylvania and Weyand of the Army are examples of captaincies bestowed upon natural line leaders, for both have made fine reputations in the tackle position. The development of both men has been steady, and last year both were among the really brilliant forwards of a season that abounded in good forwards. At Cornell Charlie Barrett, a product of the Cleveland University School, before he went to Ithaca, a great kicker and a fine broken field runner, will lead the team. There are many good judges who believe that he is not an ideal quarterback, but there is no question that he possesses the magnetism so necessary to a leader of men. With him in the game there is a feeling throughout the team that the match is never lost until the final whistle blows. To be perfectly frank, Cornell was well nigh as good as defeated by Pennsylvania last year until Barrett performed one of the rescue acts for which

It wasn't the fault of Overesch's leadership last year that the Navy was so badly beaten by the Army, but it was undoubtedly due to the advent of Miles in the game at quarterback—Miles, this year's captain—that the sailors made a respectable rally toward the close. After he went into the game the side-line critics queried in chorus: "Where in thunder have you been keeping that chap?" a query not answered by the Navy coaches. Like Glick, Miles took up a forlorn hope. It will be interesting to watch him this year with the opportunity to lead the team throughout the season. There are others in the leadership class who will be mentioned in three notes from time to time, but at the moment the men discussed, all too briefly I fear, are most to the football limelight.



ALECK WILSON—LOOK OUT!

Something of the traditional bulldog about this year's Yale captain. He probably will lead the Elis from the halfback position this season.

"Harp Strings and Shoe Laces"

Next week's issue will contain a remarkable story of a Mormon girl's love—a narrative of personal experience which throws new light on the trend of present-day Mormonism.

The Cook's Tour

V

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

Being the blithe adventures of the erstwhile cook for the Bar-2 cattle outfit, and his erudite partner Allingham, chronicled by the former during the progress of an "intensive" tour of certain hitherto little-known portions of Arizona and New Mexico.

AS I done tole you before Mr Editor wimmin aint never bin no sorrow to me. Outside the one I got in Oklahomy whose a plumb nice quite gal they aint never no one of em you mought say entred my life. An as fer them city sirenz of onesty virtue what is described in probullum novels I aint never happent to meet up with that there brand. Nor ef I should I dont reckn I'd set up to lure em none they got enuff worriment buying them skelliton clothes an keepin outn the ottermobils an the clutches of Dooks an sech. Pore thins.

I was reflectin on this year line whilst I walkt up the cyar towards the stranger gal I'd promussed Allingham to approach becaus I didin etakly know jes what to say fust off. She was a settin there with her finger sticket in a book an lookin outn the window at the Giorleta Mountain which the trane was climb-in on the up grade when I got right nigh an stopt beside of her. She turned aroun an lookt at me an so I says Missus do you mine ef I address a few reemarks to you I'd mine ef you didnt she says ef your a goin to stan there glarin at me like I was dangerous I was skairt I says I aint used to talkin with stranger gals an she laft.

Mebbe we kin fix that part of it she says you mought as well set down Im at home to visitors jest now what is it your wantin to say. So I set down an she lookt at me iakwirin an I didin know jest what to say so I says I reckn I jest wantit to make yore akwaintance my name is Lem Allen and Im goin as fur as Holbrook on the trane an Im a nauthor what kind of a nauthor Mister Allen she says. A novil author I recka I says well says the gal I kin believe that did you say you was engaged in writin now.

Nomaam I says some hacked leashtways I aint sined no contract but I bin letter writin to a gal in Oklahomy fer quite a spell an I reckn ef I kin git together a stake we'll be marrid in the fall. O she says aint that nice but I ment was you writin eany novils jest now well I says Im takin a toor with a fren of mine feller by name of Allingham what you speakt to on the hotel piaz in Vegas as a settin a few seats back in this year cyar. Im a goin to take pitebers of promunt people an pices on this toor an make interviews with them I says. Then I got a idlee. I wud like to make as interview with you I says an git a piteber.

I was bring up keeful says the gal an one of the fust thins I learnt was not to give my piteber to hansom yung men. I aint hansom I says.

Well she says then you must be interestin lookin all yung men is either one

or totber an the interestin ones is the most dangrus so they say she says.

I aint never studid much about hit I says but I aint dangrus only when Im plumb riled an that aint offen Im right pashunt by narcher.

The gal lookt out of the window an coffed at her hankerbreef onet or twict an I wonderd ef she was West fer her heth but I reckn not becaus she had a good color into her face an was built otherwise like a quotter hoss for speed an strength but not gant hardly easy. Well ef I cant git a piteber mebbe I kin make an interview I says O I aint hardly promunt enuff says the gal well I says they aint manny people onto the trane I reckn hit wud be all right with me.

You aint overcompelmentry are you says the gal no I says I aint. Hits bin one of my experiences that words is easy to say I says. An seems like the easier they is to say the less they is wuth words aint never made my forebiss I says. Well says the gal you wont mind then ef this here is an interview without words like the song whastaname wrote that is diffra I says and the gal laft seems like she was plumb fond of laffin.

Jest then I happent to look back to where Allingham was a settin an he begun makin moehuns to me with his hane an face but I didin know 't hat he was meanin so I pretendt I didin see him. Then before I knowed it he got up an walkt forrard apast where we was settin an got a drink of watter an then come back an sort of stopt by the seat a smilin ingrashuningly an I was jes fixin to ast him why didin he set down becaus I knew that what he wastet. But the gal who was a lookin outn the winder turnd aroun an says to me aint it turrible Mister Allen how crowdet these year tranes is why a cuppel of frens cant have a soothable chatt withouten bein interruptet an Allingham lookt plumb vishus an walkt on apast us an kicket me in the ankle soe I hattoo hol on to it to keep fum hollerin Im shore glad he's done promussent to quit drinkin.

Well I says I guess I better be gittin back to my fren he aint feelin right peart tonight an I best set with him a spell wy whate the matter with him says the gal. I dunno I says becaus I wastn goin to tell her about the drinks hed taken becaus Ive noticed one thing gals dont like for fellers to enjoy drinkin seems like they figger a feller oughtn to git more satisfakshan fum the intoxykashun of there presents but I dunno.

Mebbe they jes opine hita money wastit.

Well ef you mus go says the gal but tell me somethan you done gu me yore name an besiss haunt you got no curiosity to learn who all I am yes I says I'd like for to know but allthow I wastn bring up so plumb keeful bein bent up you mought say mostly I was learnt that curiosity aint a quality should be showed right reglar in company. I wudnt that



She was a settin there with her finger sticket into a book.

there maxum was includet in evry kurrikulum says the gal but sense you have treatet me so kurtusly I will respikerate an gin you a brief interview my name is Mary Hallock an I come from Philadelfya an Im a goin out to the fair now is there anythin else youd like for me to add to that there statemen.

Mary is a right purty name I says my gals name is Liza wich aint so bad when you git used to it yes maam I says I would like to ast you what you think of our New Mexean country an who the yung feller in the ridin suit at Vegas is an I would like to ast you ef you mine my tellin my pardner Allingham what you done tole me becaus I got a feelin he's gone to plumb pester the life outn me ef I dont an I got to ride with him fer a spell.

The gal thinkt a minit an says I ony bin in New Mexean fer goin on two weeks but ef I tole you all the iddees I got about hit you woudn have room in yore novil fer notin else as fer the yung feller in the ridin suit hes a frea of mise lets leasf it at that an about yore pardner I done gin you three facts you kin tell him one a day after youve lef the trane he looks to me right squisitive. Alright I says Im much obliged to you fer the interview yore quite welkom says the gal.

Youd a thot Id dose somethin plumb onderhandlet the way Allingham lookt at me when I went back to our seat. Yore some lady killer he says thats obyus but I never knowed yout turn out the a trechrous villyin he says I bin harbrin a sappent in my basson Im afeard. Blow blow thou wintery wind he says no matter how ferroc an hitin yore teeth is you aint got notkin on mans ongratitude.

Well sir hit got to me onder the saddle an I bowed up right thar now looky here I says I aint harried about you bein askart of a gal an sickin me on to make up to her nor yit kirkin me in the ankle twell I got a swellin the size of a neaple egg thar nor actin fer the last fivo hours or sech a matter liko Id dose paised yore only survivin dotter but Im year to say Im plumb fed up on this mood biazis ef that theres what yore a mine to call it. Hits beginnin to taste of the kag to me I says. The ony man I ever knowed had moods before I says was a pore ornery critter back in Oklahomy what useter git drunk an fite with his wife an git likked reglar an throved into the street an then he'd come aroun an try for to have a mood on enybuddy would stan fer it. I dunno whether we useter despice him more fer the moods or becaus he let a womman lek him but ennyway hit dont look like to me havin moods is enny biazis fer a man I says. Hit aint fittin.

Allingham lookt at me an laft plumb cheerfull like well Lem he says mebbe yore right fer woutt althow Im afeard yore some lackin in the finer feelins an hits easy seen you aint got no tempament nobow. Howsomever supposin we compromise on dismissin the subjek an mapin out our itinery wich we'd ought to have did before what do you say Im agreeble I says becaus you cant stay riled with Allingham he dont mean nothin ony hes got so many words he's got to keep em liled up like I reckn.

So we got out the Santa Fee timetable an lookt at the map. Goin south says Allingham they is a stage fum Holbrook to Springerville wich we'd best take to begin with becaus they aint nothin in all them manny miles ony what kin easiest be classified as desert land. I shud say one pitcher wud do for it all an hit dont matter whereabouts its map-shooted. One interview ought to do to he says hit a three days trip ef I dont disremember and ef the stage driver is like the most on em you kin mebbe make an interview with him before we arife but you wont have no extry words left over.

At Springerville he says I would suggest we rit hoses hits a Mormon country an they got good hoses mebbe sos to assist in the frekwent relapments Im informed takes place thow I dunno mebbe not. With them hoses he says we kin travell by way of Nutrioso Alpine an Luna Valley over into New Mexico

an acrest the San Francisco range down the valley of the Frisco to Almy. When we git to Almy we best stop over a while becaus of all the vitally intrestia porshuns of the globe Almy is the most vital have you ever bin thar no I says.



He come back on sort of stoop by the seat a smilin sograthurningly.

Well he says yore eddikashun aint komplette outwell you bin there I dunno as I want enny more eddikashun I says its bin one of my experiances that people with too much eddikashun aint got no time to earn there livin. I want measin that there kind of eddikashun says Allingham an besides they got so much time in Almy a feller kin earn his livin before breakfast an have the hull day to indulg his higher fakulties. Hit shore must be a prosperous place I says hits bettern that says Allingham hits ideel.

Well where will we go then I says O we kin rido on down through Glenwood an Piesanton an Menders Raneh an Cliff plumb twell we git to Silver City



Wont I run eight mile fum a haer an foun out later he was goin the other way.

he says an by that time I reckn not only we will have rode through the fines homepun country these year United States boasts but we will have akkumulatet enough marteryal to fill up yore seeres an leaf over plenty for seven or ate volyums of potry an drama. It sounds good I says yes says Allingham futchurist toors moetyly does its a speshulity of theirs.

When we git to Silver City he says we kin sell our outfit. Hoses that kin be bought fer forty dollars at Sprigerville had ought to fetch seventy five or better

at Silver. An theres the money left fum what you win at poker an the money I got comin to me from the paper I says what do you mean says Allingham why I lin writin all the time I says.

So I showed him what Id wrote an be lookt over hit an mys seems to me I figger purty constant in this year Od-dissy so fur well I says the Editor tole me in has las letter ef I got stuck to write what intrested me an you are of intrest to me what do you think of what I have wrote.

Thank you says Allingham I think fer one thing yore opellin is atrocious hit may git by ef they run it on the puzzle page but otherwise I fear hit will be too grate a demmand on the at-tentif ingenuity of the avrige reader. As fer the avrige reader

he says ef you aint akkwainted with him wich I never heard of nobuddy who was is a fiktishus personag who is respon-sabel fer more nauventia fishun than the poplar magazin even. It is said by those in his confidans that he likes litachoor of the cream puff an firecracker varities the fast speeces he kin hit into easy him havin gums ony but no teeth an kin git his intellekthool vissage all mused up pleasant with seeruly an effort. The secon brand which explods with an imatashun of a reglar noise an sends up nummers of purty sparks is kalkulstet to fill the pore critter with a monamunstry sens of extream excitement he dont even have to hol the match neither. This here writin of mine aint litcherhoor I says no says Allingham hits got that mach in his faver.

I fine on closter prusal he says that in yore writin you dont offen pass fer breth well I says Im purty long windet wonet I run eight mile fum a haer an foun out later he was goin the other way but hit showed what I could do ef I hattoo. You dont hafta he says in writin cowdays. Sprintin he says is more favred a quick start an a strong finish an no lofin in betehune is the orders of the day an the astute intel-leks who attempt the heroik task of makin authors profituble. I will remember hit I says.

I fine that you poveses what mought be calld a homely wit he says ef the adjektif aint too mild sometimes hit borders on the hidjus. Then too he says as I haff had okkashun to remark before you are givin to lesnin too fur forward in the direkshun of utter veranity which is fatal if made a prinsipel. Truth is so much stronger than floskun he says that ef you aint keerful to use yore inganishun more yore readers will think you are lyin well I will have right on my side I says that dont intrest nobuddy but yoreself an yore wife ef you got one an ef you dont loose nothin by it by the way did you learn what that there gals name was and whereabouts shes from I will tell you tomorcow morning I says I am tired now listnin to so much inf-munshon all to wonet. So I drawd a map of the ridin toor we are about to com-mens upon an went to bed.

The Better Part

By HARRIET L. BRADLEY

AND man said: Let us make a school in our image after our likeness; and he did it. Now he says it is not beautiful. And he is shocked and exasperated as are the average parents, who after years of effort and self-denial to bring up a son or daughter of whom they will be proud, suddenly find themselves confronted by a concrete expression of their own faults in the person of their child. One of the most beautiful and encouraging things in American life today is the unselfish, persistent effort made by parents to give to their children something better than their own life has afforded. They cheerfully vote to lay extra taxes upon themselves and deny themselves clothing and pleasures to give their children opportunity. Their pathetic faith in the power of the school to do this lightens the years of hard work and self-sacrifice. And if at the end of twelve years their school-god answers their prayers and burned offerings by turning out a hump-shouldered, gum-chewing boy, almost old enough to vote, but able neither to spell nor to think; so inefficient that he gets fired from his first six jobs; or if the mother receives, in answer to her long worship at the shrine of Success, a silly, selfish, parasitic girl, these parents seldom dare protest for fear of being eroded by the taunting explanation—heredity.

BUT heredity is not the only answer. In spite of the large sums of money expended in the schools, and the numbers of hard-working, unselfish men and women in the service, the results are highly unsatisfactory. This every-day tragedy of disappointment is too common. The parents' self-sacrifice is so admirable, the failure so sad a thing. Father goes without an overcoat; mother stays at home she is so shabby; both do without books, magazines, the theatre, music, that John and Mary may have an education. Greater love hath no man. Poor father! poor mother! poor Mary! poor John! They did the best they knew. But they worshiped false gods. Father prayed not that his son should be filled with a desire to serve the world, but that he might get so much book-learning that he wouldn't have to shovel dirt; mother's petition was not for a daughter fit to become the mother of a nobler race, but for a boost up the ladder of caste. So the father helped elect to the school board a man whose chief qualification was that he had made money, and therefore, being such a good business man, must be fit to rule the destinies of several thousand immortal souls; and the mother saw to it that Mary did not spoil her pretty hands with the scrubbing brush, or let her studies or a lack of clothes rob her of any social opportunity.

This worship of the false god, Workdly Success, is directly accountable for all the faults that can be found in the schools. As long as the highest ideal of the majority of the nation is social posi-

tion, bodily comfort, clothes, just so long will these ideals find expression in all its institutions, even school and church; but that whatever failure may be pointed out in the schools should be set down as mere symptoms. For their cure go back to the Sermon on the Mount.

The essentials of a good school are three: First: the material side; such as buildings, equipment, and janitor service; Second: organization, that is, course of study, programs, system of marking; Third: the teacher. And the greatest of these is the teacher. Without a good teacher all is failure; but even a good teacher must fail if too seriously handicapped by the defects of equipment and organization. "Iron bars do not a prison make" nor plate glass and marble a school. How many young couples start out to create a home and build, instead, a house. They wish for books, magazines, music, friends, of course, but not just now; time and strength and money must go first to buy a sideboard, next a parlor rug, next to establish a bank account, till, at last, these things achieved, they find themselves too dull of ear for music, too slow of mind for books, too cold for friends. So may a town start out to build beautiful school buildings and finally forget what they are for. The trouble is a lack of imagination and a wrong sense of values. The man and woman who prefer a parlor rug to a magazine subscription do so because they can see the rug every day; they cannot imagine the beauty of a broader life made rich by the knowledge of the life of the world and the sympathy which such knowledge engenders. So the average school board sees the beautiful buildings and is proud of its work, but cannot look into the future of a community lifted above sordid aims to heights of kindness, purity, and intellectual power by the work of a school in which no timid child has been robbed of an education by overcrowded classes, and none brutalized by ignorant protégés of "influential citizens." The beautiful buildings and costly equipment are all right after more important things are attended to, but a school with expensive laboratories and crowded grades is like a woman in a seal-skin coat who says, "Be you goin'?" Seek first the kingdom of heaven; after that buy a diamond ring—if you want it.

GIVEN a room with a ten-thousand-dollar equipment and an Angel of Light from heaven as teacher, that class is doomed to failure if it must work in an overheated, poisonous, germ-laden atmosphere. No community has yet erected a monument to the Microbe. Perhaps his tremendous service in teaching men the necessity of cleanliness will sometime be appreciated. But there are many communities that have not heard of him, judging by the conditions of their public buildings. Mrs. Ella Flag Young has been quoted as saying that it is the bad air of school rooms that kills off

so many teachers. But why is it so bad? There are two reasons: mysterious systems of ventilation, and conservation of dust. As to heating and ventilating plants a few are efficient, but as to others if teacher and pupils suffer there is only one thing to do and that is deny the existence of evil; for they have been installed at great cost, the board had been told that they will work so-and-so—therefore they are Good. Procure a sample of floor dust from your school building and have it analyzed; the scientists will tell you how many varieties of disease germs it contains. Then visit the school house when the janitor is sweeping. This is how it is often done. The door of the room to be swept is left open, a cloud of dust arises as if stirred by a mighty army, rolls out into the corridors, and fills the air to the third floor. Next morning the janitor with a feather duster, that relic of barbarism long since abandoned by all up-to-date housewives, drives the dust from its resting place on the seats and desks to settle upon the children and their wraps as they enter, and to be distributed by them to every home in the city. Think of it! the germs of pneumonia, diphtheria, the Great White Plague! the Great Black Plague! Let the anti-tuberculosis societies erect schools for janitors instead of sanitariums. In some states the inspection of public buildings is in the hands of the State Board of Health. That probably does no harm. It is the business of the inspector to inspect. This he usually does. If in place of inspectors we could have correctors—but where is there a man so brave?

HAVING seen to it that your school board is not spending more money for bricks and mortar than brains, and that your child's life is not endangered by filthy conditions, examine the organization of your school. The causes of your disappointment may lie here. Look at the program from the first grade up. Most recitation periods are too long and there is too little provision for study time. Figure out just how much of his school life has been spent by John on a recitation bench; over half of his time in the grades and four-fifths of his time in high school. And what does he do on that bench? Occasionally he has a moment or two of legitimate self-expression; part of the time he listens to the teacher's voice, "It sounds a menace and its sense unknown," but most of the time he hears fellow-sufferers misinterpret the lesson in hugging English. What do you do when you are bored at church? You know what you do—you rest. So does John. He becomes adept in the art of resting; by the time he reaches high school he will look the teacher in the eye and counterfeit rapt attention so well that the flattered teacher excuses his failure in test on the ground of nervousness. This is one reason why John changes jobs so often after leaving school; he must find one with the proper

rest hours. But does he not learn to work when he prepares his lessons? Can he not during his study periods acquire the power of concentrating his attention? A few do. But children cannot make themselves study at home, and often the study time provided by the school is a hubbub of whispering, restless pupils and a talkative teacher.

The system of marking may contribute to the production of failures. Many pupils, the great middle class, get through with little damage from marks, but both the brighter and the slower ones are injured. The bright pupil is taught not to compare what he has done with what he might do, but with what someone else has done: result, a permanently swelled head and a lack of sympathy. The timid or slow pupils may be permanently disabled by discouragement. Heaven! isn't it bad enough to be beaten in the race without being reminded of it once in ten weeks?

How would you like to be told by a government inspector of brains each ten weeks just how you rank?—that your neighbor, who is not half as kind to his family as you are and who keeps chickens that scratch up your garden, has seven per cent more brains than you have? Suppose the ministers of a town were obliged every ten weeks to mark each member's advancement in religion A, B, C, or D? It is enough to say at the end of each semester "You may undertake a harder job," or to explain, with comfort or blame as each seems to need, why it is best to do the work over. Is it necessary that Mary be told that she is ten per cent better or worse than John?

Two apparently conflicting forces continually mold the course of study: the university demands a suitable preparation for college work, the mass of parents demand a fit preparation for life, or a diploma. The university says so

many of such and such studies or we will throw you off the list of approved schools. To realize how awful this threat is just think what it means. It means the graduates of an excommunicated school cannot enter the universities unless they can pass entrance examinations. Besides the school not on the list is a hissing and a by-word among its sister schools. On the other hand the fathers and mothers of John and Mary say, "We pay taxes, give us diplomas; give us bookkeeping, not Greek; music, not four years of Latin." How does the school satisfy these conflicting demands? This is the way it does it. First it says we will not change our course of study on account of popular clamor, but these people must have diplomas, so we will give two kinds; one will admit to the university, and by means of the other we clear our school of those who have done time long enough. That works pretty well, for the average parent does not

know the difference and John does not tell him. Next comes a better plan: courses admitting to the university are retained, but a few courses are added leading by an easier or more practical road to the all-desirable diploma. Eureka! John can now get a diploma if he cannot get geometry, and Mary takes gymnastics instead of physics. At last the school has succeeded in serving two masters. Now send your boy or girl, you shall all have diplomas; one-fifth credit for eating your lunch, two-thirds for football, one-half credit if you take mandolin lessons outside of school from an approved teacher.

all working towards
But seriously this is something better than the world has ever known. The school has had forced upon it from without, whence all its reforms come, the truths that for a musical boy or girl to spend every bit of time and energy for four years preparing for college is a mistake; that to fold one's hands until one is nearly twenty and then acquire skill in using them is impossible; that recreation is quite as important as work; that after leaving school it does not matter so much what your job may be as how you spend your time when you are not working. The free evening schools, the creating of



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social centers in the school-buildings; th change in aims of women's clubs from self-cultivation to social service; the dignifying of recreation, all point to a time when, diplomas having lost what little meaning they now have, we shall all work and study and play as long as we live, nor ask for a mark.

Give your child a palace, free books, pure water, fresh air, healthful recreation, still you get no returns on your investment unless you place behind the teacher's desk one with the power to say to the sleeping soul "Arise!" But what is a good teacher? That depends upon who is passing the judgment. Why this disagreement? In every other work we shall agree that he is a good workman who can deliver the goods? That's just it! What kind of goods do you want delivered? One superintendent wants, first of all, order, uniformity, knowledge that can be judged by written tests; another, with far vision, asks the teacher to build for the future, to preserve the little child's curiosity, to develop independence, initiative, power of self-help, lofty ideals. Who can judge if this is being done? We have set up around our schools barriers against the bad teacher, but always she gets in; nothing can dislodge her once she is on the pay roll. Salaries are raised and pensions offered to attract the good teacher; the poor teacher absorbs them. A good superintendent is hired; he cannot keep his job unless the protégés of the board are provided for. State laws are passed, a certain preparation is demanded of the teacher; the bad teacher easily gets a diploma. She has many interesting ways of breaking in. A girl or boy, too lazy to win even the cheap high school diploma, casts longing eyes at the teacher's apparently easy job. Friends are influential, the superintendent complaisant. How shall it be managed? Either by substituting for a while, or by a few weeks spent taking a "very special course" at a summer resort normal.

The school is one thing the management of which has not yet, except in the largest cities, escaped from the hands of the people. Any town in this United States can have just exactly the kind of school it has the brains to ask for. But of course if a town does not know what

it wants, how can it order it? The average man should not be expected to know all about so difficult a science as teaching. What do you do when you want an artistic house? What do you do when your child's life is endangered? You call an expert. Suppose that there could be but one physician in your town, and his selection should depend upon a board elected by the people? Knowing that, in case of illness, the lives of all your family will be dependent upon the intelligence, honor, and courage of that one man, what kind of men would you elect to select this physician? Between Heaven and Hell there is a great gulf fixed, but there is a greater one between the sharp business man, who knows on which side his bread is buttered, and the broad-minded, unselfish, public-spirited man. Which is your ideal? Would you know one of the second kind if you happened to meet him? If your ideal is money, social success; of course you would elect a board that expresses that ideal, they in turn blind to any other worth, select a superintendent of the same style and teachers of the same kind, and they turn out from the school more citizens of the same kind who elect another board, and so on. And when John and Mary are turned out of school with diplomas certifying that their time has expired you are shocked that they are not an improvement on yourself.

But just suppose a town should be found that valued intellect, honor, and kindness above money; that cared more to add a good citizen than a factory; that ranked a fine musician higher than a promoter of a stock company. Then suppose that town should elect a truly honest, public-spirited board and they should leave the management of the schools to a man who had as one of his qualifications the inability to endure the sight of a child robbed by neglect of its chance in life—no need to suppose farther. That man will then demand teachers—real teachers first; teachers of vitalizing power and enough to go around. Then he will ask incidentally for a schoolhouse and a little apparatus.

It is useless to blame the schools for faults; as well build a house and blame the house for its ugliness. The school is

the expression of yourselves in each town. What gods do you worship? They will give you what you ask for—all gods do.

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A Short Walk

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

AN UNKNOWN artist came to the big city, determined to win his way to the top. He called at a publisher's and started to walk down the corridor where were hanging the original drawings of the artists who blossomed in the pages of the magazine. It took him one hour and a half to walk the length, and absorb the meaning of those hundred black-and-whites and oils. Each one of them had something to say to him, telling him of his own faulty technique. Those originals on the walls, the work of men who had made good, showed him that he had much to learn before he could flash like that.

When he entered the corridor, he had thought he would walk straight through, send in his card to the art editor, and submit a few sketches of his own. When he reached the end of the corridor, and had learned that those successful drawings had to tell him, he turned face about, elopped on his hat, and went home to his small town for seven years. It wasn't time for him to send in his card. He worked steadily through those seven years to reach the deftness of accomplishment which he had seen. He returned to the big city, and soon a black-and-white of his own sketching was hanging in that corridor.

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Worst Wishes

BY ELIZABETH WORTH MULLER

MY GRANDMOTHER takes Harper's *Bazar* and HARPER'S WEEKLY has been in our family as long as I can remember; both have been near and dear to me. I have, however, stopped HARPER'S WEEKLY. Your paper, no doubt, thinks it right that seven nations should try to whip one. Dear old Germany has virtually won the war long ago, and your insulting caricatures will not tend to increase your subscribers. I only wish that I could inform the 30,000,000 German-Americans of your wonderful mode of expressing your neutrality. My first ancestors came over in 1808, so I feel myself quite Americanized. But to be so stupid as to blame Germany when we can read the *Fair Play Library*, is beneath anyone with one drop of German blood in his veins.

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I assure you I do not wish HARPER'S
WEEKLY success.

Sentimentalizing

BY CHARLES HOLS

IS IT not about time for us to stop
sentimentalizing over the Germans and
address ourselves to being what we claim
to be—just? Has it taken a Lusitania
murder to show us what Germany is? Of
course it is "no time for the common
people of the United States to condemn
the common people of Germany," some
of whom are, no doubt, blinded by
tyranny. But how many of the "com-
mon people," German, in our own coun-
try would be loyal to the Stars and
Stripes, if called on to decide? From
what I know of communities, largely
German in a State where Germans con-
trol the vote often against the good of
the State, there are very few. The
trouble is that too long we have been
lauding German "efficiency" and German
"intellect," both cultivated at the ex-
pense of the heart of humanity. Ger-
mans, many of them admirable individ-
uals and families, do not need praise.
They are wonderfully self-sufficient and
will chant their own praises if no one
else has the floor. Meantime we have
been flattering them more than has been
good for any concerned. Let us stop
this mandarin talk of how "we love the
Germans"; stop reiterating that "they
are our best citizens." We have yet to
prove the last. Let us not love them as
spoiled children are "loved," but try to
make of them Americans in heart, as
well as in head or purse.

Irish Introspectiveness

BY PATRICK O'CONNELHEIM
(Late of Cork.)

I NOTE in a letter from Ada Gifford,
a native of Dublin, Ireland, that
someone kindly gave her a copy of your
magazine dated July 19. As a native of
Cork, I sincerely appreciate this courtesy
shown to a countrywoman of mine. But
I also note from her letter that you
have been "trying to prove to Americans
that the Irish are a race of idiots or
worse." Against this I wish to add my
emphatic protest. Nobody has any right
in try to prove the Irish a race of idiots
except the Irish themselves, and nobody
can do it better.

Do you think the few Irish slaves you
met voiced the opinion of the nation? Look
into Irish history and find out what a
silly mistake you make. What is Irish
history but the record of differences of
opinion? No sir; no Irishman has any
right to speak for another, and no self-
respecting Irishman will suffer such a
curtailment of his individual liberties.
As a matter of fact the lying assertions

of the traitorous John Redmond are all
false. There isn't a single Irishman
serving in the British ranks. The names
of Irishmen you read among the killed
and wounded are shrewdly slipped into
the casualty lists by the disabused Eng-
lish officials merely for appearance's
sake. They are wholly fictitious. The
truth is, England dare not send any
Irishmen to the front, for she knows
that they would immediately desert to
the Germans, the real friends of Irish
freedom. Even the commander-in-chief
of the British forces in France is not
Irish, as you foolishly suppose, but
French.

The next time you feel tempted to try
to prove the Irish a race of idiots, re-
member that appearances are deceitful;
for it is quite likely that the Irish intel-
lect may be roosting for the time being
in that highest niche to which my coun-
trywoman, Ada Gifford, a native of
Dublin, Ireland, so eloquently refers.

Bloomington, Ill.

Bias Charged

BY A. J. GOETS

SINCE HARPER'S WEEKLY has seen fit
to espouse the cause of the Allies in
the present war, perhaps it is not sur-
prising that it should also espouse the
Allied method of deceit and misrepresen-
tation in regard to everything about
the German people, their descendants,
their character, their methods, and the
cause in which they are fighting. It
would seem to be the plain duty of any
true American to observe at least a neu-
tral attitude in this unfortunate affair—
least of all, an attitude which grossly
misrepresents the Germans, the Ger-
man-Americans, their ideals and their true
character: an attitude which must be
offensive to all fair-minded men who wish
to see justice to all—whether they be
German, English or any nationality. I,
for one, regard your publication as ut-
terly prejudiced and biased against the
Germans and, what is to be regretted
more than all, against the German-
Americans—the people who have helped
so much in building up our own great
country, both in peace and war. If you
must persist in such a course in the
future, please discontinue sending HAR-
PER'S WEEKLY to my address.

Tuckerman, Ark.

"Save the Whole Magazine"

BY DONALD D. GIBBS

YOU rush along so in your race to find
the good and kick the bad that
sometimes an earnest pursuer of your
chase runs past a part of it and is not
able to return. Last year you published
a few Chinese lyrics—the name of the
author I have forgotten, but not the
beauty of the poetry. I wish you would
let me know where I can obtain the
above mentioned lyrics.

Why did you just advise your readers
to save the Boardman Robinson car-
toons? Why did you not tell them to
save the whole magazine, bright colored
back and all? That's what I'm doing.

I admire your nerve; certainly you
were not educated in those schools where
nerve is lost—certainly you are doing
right by all, also.

Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Half the Race

THE adult males in four states are about to vote on whether women shall express their opinions on the cost of living, the public schools, pure milk, and the conditions under which girls work in factories. Our argument today is addressed mainly to those who wish to keep the old feminine characteristics alive.

We are approaching the end of a period. Twenty-five years ago woman's rebellion against obstructive Toryism was represented mainly by persons who were not especially feminine. They were individualistic, warlike, concentrated. Today it is no longer a movement of crusaders or specialists. It is participated in by hundreds of thousands of the maternal, nest-building, self-devoting type that has always been man's ideal. It is a movement by women in general. It is no effort to parallel man, to repeat his tendencies. It is a recognition by women that economy, morals, and happiness have always been her business, and that in the twentieth century those questions are decided in the school, the factory, the amusement hall, as well as in the house. Fight against this inevitable step, this modern form of an all-time function, and you force women to be combative, which is the last thing they wish to be. Their whole structure makes them wish peace, devotion, patience. Give them the vote and you will see in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, what you have seen for forty years, as the number of suffrage states has increased to the present twelve. You will see woman taking a woman's interest in public affairs, not a man's. It is not giving the vote to woman that accentuates any non-feminine qualities, but making her fight for it. The intelligent, therefore, among those who wish the distinctive sex characteristics preserved as fully as may be, will vote to give to woman now what she is sure to have one time or another. They will not force years more of campaigning on her. They will follow now the dictates of reason. They will accept a condition already existing in so large a part of the United States and giving such satisfaction. By removing an absurd and artificial obstacle from woman's normal work in the modern world they will make that work easier, more sympathetic. Give woman every chance, and in the overwhelming majority of cases her choice will be to play the traditional part of woman. Her desire is not to rival man but to cooperate with and supplement him. The more she has to do with making the world, the more will she seek to protect that distinction, threatened by the ruthless mechanics and

competition of our age. Violent specialization and competition are hateful to her, as they make against the humaner spirit. You can't in these days maintain the feminine elements in life by oppression. You may keep them by letting women help you find the way.

Massachusetts

GREAT is Respectability. Inviolable is she, and eternal. Sing, O Muse.

The outlook in Massachusetts is none too good. Governor Walsh has served the state. He is not a colossus, but he has done well. No money interest has come near him. He has been free also from the smaller, less insidious interests of machine politics, religion, race, class. Recognizing the Governor's strength, the Republicans have put forward a very attractive and cultivated man. It was no time for rough work. This same Congressman McCall, of long record, distinct personality and high standing, was turned down by the same bunch of insiders not many months ago. They wanted a man more definitely their own then, and they beat Mr. McCall overnight and sent Weeks to the Senate, whence they are now trying to groom him for the Presidency. In the present situation they are glad to have the use of a man who does not take their orders but whose tastes are such that they are confident he will not run amuck. The head wire-puller just now is the redoubtable Winslow, of shoe-machinery power, the most dangerous man in the state, more influential in the invisible government today than Winsor, Gaston or Weeks. The invisible ones are all against the Governor, as are the respectable ones. Irish Catholics do not dine on the Back Bay or Beacon Hill. When Mr. Bird held out the olive branch to this aggregation what a farce he made of the word *Progressive!* The big *P* was needed with a vengeance. The only terms demanded for surrender were a little decorative language in the platform.

Good old Massachusetts. Bright is her record, but she has her weakness, like the rest of us. She loves cultivated and well-bred gentlemen; she loves a decorous surface; she dislikes the unclassy mob. The New Haven a few years since, or the Shoe Machinery forces now, may run the state if only things are done decently, with conservative manners.

Seriously enough, it will be a disaster for Massachusetts if she throws over a tested progressive governor, free of entanglements, and allows the most malign influences in the state to stalk into power in the shadow of a respected personality.

Why?

MR. WHEELER showed up Mr. Hearst more or less considerably last week, as far as journalistic faking is concerned. His political faking is not less persistent. The latest example is his part in the New York election. He blarney against the short ballot, the most important reform in election machinery now before the people, because he can thus play on ignorant prejudice and muddle-headed thinking. He



makes a special effort for a man named O'Loughlin, a second-rate professional office-seeker, because O'Loughlin wears his livery.

Somebody in the audience rises to ask why an all-wise Providence allows so much money and so many newspapers to be controlled by a man like Mr. McFeust. The answer is the same that wise parents make to their children about mosquitoes. We don't know.

To Democrats in New York

THOSE Democrats who wish their party to be important again will not vote for Judge Swann for district attorney. That office has nothing to do with party lines. It is filled as satisfactory as it has ever been in the whole history of the city. The Republicans have been wise enough to nominate Mr. Perkins. The Tammany organization has done what it loves to do—what it did when it nominated Judge McCall for mayor. It has chosen a weak mortal with the title of Judge to hide behind, which is enough to fool a certain number of docile voters. The Progressives, for some reason best known to their own gigantic brains, did not endorse Perkins. For whoever believes in filling local offices for fitness, not for national party labels, all possible assistance toward the election of Mr. Perkins is a duty.

To the independent New York voter the path of reason is clear:

Vote for the Constitution.

Vote for Perkins.

Vote for the fusion aldermen.

Red Blood

NOBODY shall deny to our much esteemed friend, the famous Emporia (Kans.) *Gazette*, a high rating in virility. It charges the President with "pernicious patience." In a manly tone of voice it says:

"But some of these days he must Do Something. Strict Accountability, used to a square-shouldered, fighting notion like Germany does not mean winking the other eye. It will soon be up to our beloved President either to stand by his words 'strict accountability,' or to qualify them by adding,

"O well—of course—if," and letting it go at that."

No explanation is given of these square-shouldered words. Most of us supposed Germany had been pretty firmly although patiently handled by us on the

submarine issue. Also most of us took the Dumba recall to indicate an intention of having our way. Is the *Gazette* one of those who think it a disgrace to obtain our rights without suitable accompaniment of biting and yelling?

Comedy

IN THIS sad world a little silver lining comes across our vision every week through perusal of the *Fatherland*. No comic paper do we read with greater regularity. In the last issue to reach our desk is the demand that Secretaries Lane and Wilson resign from the cabinet because they were born in Canada. At the hour of going to press they had not resigned. The same issue attacks Secretary Daniels for not putting German-Americans on his Naval Advisory Board. Considering what the German-Americans have been doing of late, that complaint is too funny to laugh at. Why not make Mr. Bartholdt Secretary of War? The exposure of the German and Austrian plots in this country has had many uses; not least among them being that it has made the *Fatherland* funnier than it was before.

German Women and Shells

TRAVELERS speak of how little the outside world really knows of conditions in Germany, and the comment is justified; but our ignorance of Germany is as nothing compared to that of the Germans about everything that does not take place under their eyes. Perhaps their entire ignorance of the answer of Serbia and of the Tsar's proposal to refer the matter to the Hague are the most weighty among the many errors of fact inflicted on them, although the idea that England engineered the war is important as well as ludicrous. For a smaller illustration, however, nothing could be more striking and touching than the way German women have behaved toward Americans traveling in Germany. Mourning for husbands, brothers, sons, they have as in a chorus now for half a year told Americans, and especially American women, that our deadly ammunition did it. They have believed what their leaders told them.

Mr. Walsh's Report

SOME weeks ago we expressed disappointment in the result of the work of the Commission on Industrial Relations. A reader from Massachusetts now writes us:

I wish to protest against the editorial on the report of Mr. Walsh as Chairman of the Commission on Industrial Relations. I have no doubt that Senator Gallinger, whom *Harper's Weekly* says has been in Congress for twenty years and never been right once, will endeavor to suppress this report by reducing the number of copies printed. This report is condemned by the conservative papers with which *Harper's Weekly* almost never agrees.

It seems to me that your criticism is that the report has not advocated an expensive extension of Government by Commission designed to quiet the symptoms of industrial disease, and that you have overlooked the fact that the report of the Commission, has put its finger on the disease itself.

It is a frequent attribute of the mind, when it finds someone else disagreeing with its conclusions, to make

up reasons that are easy to knock down. Our criticism certainly had nothing to do one way or the other with "Government by Commission." It seemed clear enough even for a schoolboy to understand that what we discussed was the loss of public confidence brought about by the way the so-called investigations were conducted. Agitation undoubtedly serves its purpose, but we held that the government and the public did not appoint Mr. Walsh to take from the beginning the rôle of an agitator, but rather of an investigator, and a calm recommender. He chose to assume, practically, that he knew all about it already, and that it was waste of time to do anything except stir up the public. Perhaps he did know all about it already, but it remains our opinion, nevertheless, that in taking this particular course of conduct, he lost the interest and the confidence with which his work was followed at the beginning.

Carranza

ALMOST from the beginning of the present troubles in Mexico we have expressed our view of Carranza. We have regretted his prickliness about the United States, but explained how natural it was, considering the views of his people. Of his general make-up we spoke over a year ago, on August 1st, 1914, as follows:

With the passing of the Científicos from Mexico ought to go the idea of government by the man on horseback. In its place must come government by law. The more quickly the military idea is eradicated the sooner will a measure of happiness be restored to the Mexican people. Into Carranza's hands has been committed the shaping of civil government. He is not a picturesque figure. He has always put forward his ideas rather than his personality. His sense of responsibility in a very difficult position sometimes makes him bulky in dealing with us. He cannot afford to make any mistake in his relations to the great power in the north. He works quietly and stubbornly, but efficiently, toward orderly government. When fighting is over, and the long and difficult executive work of restoring order to the finances and the government of Mexico is begun, that much afflicted country must depend for its leadership upon a man whose principal interest is not in war, nor in the glamour of war, but in law and peace.

Our views of Carranza have not changed. He is not an easy man for the United States to deal with, but we believe him to be honest, able, and representative of the desires and needs of the majority of his people.

France

NOTHING said since the war began has had in it more of the quality of poetic truth than Lord



Cromer's declaration that if France should be overcome the world would lose its smile.

Filling Space

SPILLING ink when ideas are short leads frequently to folly. The *Montgomery, Alabama, Advertiser* has made an exhibition of itself at our expense, but principally at its own. It wringles one sentence from its context, which is an essay and familiar trick. That sentence is "The greatest mollycoddle of all time is Jesus." It observes that:

- 1.—Jesus Christ is ridiculed in the editorial.
- 2.—The editor is not satisfied with the stand Christ took.
- 3.—The *Weekly* defends the feminist movement. Actually the editorial stated merely that Hamlet,



the thinker and doubter, was more interesting than Fortinbras, the unhesitating man of action, and then it said:

It is not change of rulers that gives to this naughty world a value interlarded with everything, even with calamity. It is not Fortinbras, but Hamlet, who makes of life a haven for the mind, a place stained with the white radiance of eternity. And among those who are skeptical of force, there is one greater even than Hamlet. The great mollycoddle of all time is Jesus.

It makes no difference that the *Advertiser* chose to make an irreverent and shallow use of itself. The world is full of such. Nor are our sympathies lukewarm to our fellow journalists when vanity forces them to emit words of little meaning. We know how it is ourselves. The space must be filled at any cost. The presses will not wait. After all, if a newspaper never does anything worse than making up nonsense and wasting ink in order to meet emergencies, its record may be called comparatively sound.

When?

OPEN ye the gates, that the righteous nation,
Even the nation which keepeth faith, may enter in,
Salvation shall be thy walls and bulwarks,
And thy gates Praise.
I will make thine officers Peace,
And thy rulers Righteousness.
For thou shalt be redeemed with Justice
And established with Righteousness.
And the abundance of salvation, wisdom, and knowledge
Shall be the strength and stability of thy times.

Behold, I will extend peace to thee like a river,
And glory among nations like an overflowing stream.
Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,
Desolation nor destruction within thy borders.

Thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear;
And from terror, for it shall not come nigh thee.

Postal Savings and the War

By ALBERT S. BURLESON
Postmaster General.



SUBSTANTIALLY all deposits in the Postal Savings System represent the savings of wage-earners who will not patronize private institutions, but who have confidence in the government. This is particularly true of foreign-born patrons of the postal banks, who constitute three-fifths of the depositors and who own seventy-two per cent of the deposits.

Many thousands of the foreign-born residents of the United States were accustomed to remit their savings for safe-keeping to the countries whence they came, until the European war put an abrupt end to this practice. On a large scale, the war diverted these accumulations to the American postal banks. An exceedingly large sum, therefore, which otherwise would have gone abroad, was kept in this country and released through the postal banks at a most critical time to the uses of American commerce and industry. The European war has given new and convincing evidence of the economic value of the Postal Savings System.

During August, 1914, the first month of the war, the net gain of postal savings exceeded \$4,000,000. During the fiscal year ended June 30, last, the average monthly increase of deposits at postal banks was \$1,800,000. The total increase of deposits for the year was \$22,240,437.

Today there are about 540,000 depositors with more than \$68,000,000 to their credit. Since the war began 150,000 people have been added to the lists of depositors. Every state made a substantial gain during the last fiscal year except North Dakota, which fell behind slightly. The six states recording the largest increases of deposits and the amounts gained by each follow:

New York.....	\$12,001,588
Illinois	1,335,944
Pennsylvania	1,143,273
Massachusetts	918,550
New Jersey	899,723
Michigan	757,751

The unprecedented increase is directly due to peculiar conditions caused by the war.

After other agencies failed, postal banks have succeeded in overcoming the tendency of the immigrant either to hide his savings or send them abroad. It is conservatively estimated that at least half of the total sum now on deposit in the postal banks would have gone to Europe but for the facilities now afforded by the government. Here, then, is \$34,000,000 cash made available to the business world of the United States which otherwise would have passed into foreign hands and foreign enterprises. Of the remaining \$34,000,000, practically all would have lain idle in dark and musty hiding-places.

The allegiance of the immigrant follows his bank account; and now, in round numbers, 300,000 of them—some naturalized, some not naturalized—have put their

hard-won surplus of earnings, money obtained for the most part by honest labor, in the keeping of the American government. They have become stockholders in an American institution. Just so long as the foreign element sends its surplus abroad, just so long do its members plan to return to the various lands of their birth as soon as they have laid by a competence. If already a citizen of the United States, the foreign-born resident who enters the Postal Savings System will gain a new and deeper sense of close relationship with the land of his adoption, and hence become a better citizen. If not yet a citizen, he will feel that the United States nevertheless is his protector and friend; hence he will be the more disposed to think of this country as his country, and take out first papers.

INCIDENTS of almost daily occurrence are strengthening the confidence of our alien population in the postal banking system. A year ago last July, a Russian subject, Felix Samuelis, 22 years old, was drowned in the Susquehanna river at Wilkes-Barre. He had \$90 on deposit in the postal bank at Wilkes-Barre. The funeral expenses were borne by the D. L. K. Kestussio Society. The only heirs were the young man's father and mother, residing at Buda, Ominia Tomassbuda, government of Sumolki, Russia. The Russian Imperial Consul General at New York City assisted the postal authorities in locating the heirs, and in order that payment of the deposit might be properly made, the Postmaster General requested the Secretary of State to obtain the signatures of the father and mother to the dead son's certificates of deposit. After this was done through the American consul at Worsow, the postmaster of Wilkes-Barre, last January, was authorized to pay to Jukundia and Antonia Samuelis \$90 by international money order.

The foreign-language newspapers published in this country, I am glad to say, are friendly and exceedingly useful to the Postal Savings System. Such little stories as the above are taken up in the foreign-language papers and travel far. Among their readers a feeling of genuine fondness for, as well as confidence in, the American government is the natural result. The system is a potential aid in bringing about a genuine and a healthy assimilation of the alien peoples who seek homes among us.

Successful as it is, the Postal Savings System still falls short of conferring upon the public its full possible benefit. An old man recently called the postmaster of Genesee, Idaho, to the postal-savings window of that office and, pulling a large baking-powder can from one of his coat pockets, he asked to make deposit in the Genesee postal bank. The postmaster noticed that the can felt heavy, but had no idea that it contained a large sum of money. After counting, he found the contents

amounted to \$1200 in gold and silver coin. The postmaster was compelled to advise this would-be depositor that he could accept only \$100 for deposit during a calendar month. Thus, in order to transfer the \$1200 from that baking-powder can into the custody of the United States government and then into American trade and industry, it was necessary that the man deposit at the rate of \$100 a month until he had \$500 to his credit; that he then put the \$500 into postal-savings bonds; and that he then repeat the process until the \$1200 was absorbed.

At Toms Creek, Virginia, only a few months ago, an illiterate miner asked for a private talk with the postmaster. He said that for three years his wife had carried a thousand dollars with her day and night, and that now he had convinced her it would be wiser to put the money in the Toms Creek postal bank. The postmaster persuaded the miner to make a deposit of \$100, and told him to come back a month later and put in another \$100. Up to date he has not returned.

From reports of postmasters it is possible to multiply instances of this sort *ad infinitum*. The difficulty lies in the statutory restrictions which limit the amount that can be accepted from a depositor to \$100 a month and to \$500 in all. These restrictions have occasioned bitter disappointment in thousands of instances.

Mr. Frank D. Baker, postmaster of Flint, Michigan, is the director in one of the local banks of his city. "I have been naturally interested and curious as to where the money went that this office could not accept on account of these limitations," writes Mr. Baker in a report to the department. "My experience is that the patrons of postal savings, on account of an inborn prejudice against banks in general, will not deposit their money in them, but carry the excess on their persons or in their homes. Many, on being informed of the amounts they are limited to, refuse to make a deposit at all, taking the proffered money home with them. The five banks of the city are comparatively very strong institutions and there has not been a bank failure in the past forty years, so that there is no local reason why depositors should be particularly distrustful. I think the limitation to \$100 a month and a \$500 maximum greatly reduces the volume of business that might be done."

The postmaster of Leadville, Colorado, states that it is a frequent occurrence at his office to receive for deposit bills and currency which smell of boarding places underground and which have been kept in musty boxes

in some dark corner of an unaired cellar. Often the bills have to be placed in the sunlight to remove the odor. In many cases, once the decision to trust such savings to the postal banks is reached, the amount exceeds that which the postmaster can accept in one deposit. Then the question is whether the person asking a place of safe-keeping will leave a portion of his savings with the postmaster and take home the remainder. As I have indicated, experience has shown that the majority of applicants dislike to make this division, and hence refuse to make a deposit.

The postmaster of Butte, Montana, has reported that during the first sixty days from the opening of the Postal Savings System at that office deposits amounting to more than \$150,000 were refused because of the legal restrictions. St. Paul, Minnesota, has received innumerable applications from individuals who desire to deposit insurance payments ranging up to \$2000, but who will not deposit fractional amounts.

I appealed to Congress a year ago for relief from this situation, and the postal service bill, which failed to pass in the closing hours of Congress, carried a provision for the acceptance of larger deposits. I am informed that the Senate and House conferees were in accord on this provision, which would have accommodated thousands of persons desiring to become postal depositors and have allayed further agitation of the subject. I shall renew my recommendation to the next Congress that the present embarrassing restrictions be relaxed, and am confident of favorable action.

THE present precautionary limitations of law were adopted because the service was new to this country, and it was thought best to go slow. Now, however, it is clear that the interest of the public will be best served by modifying the restrictions. Hence the department now recommends that the maximum balance which may be accepted be placed at \$2000, limiting interest-bearing accounts to \$1000. I think it conservative to say that at least \$25,000,000 in currency is now withheld from circulation because its holders, owing to the restrictive regulations, have been unable to take full advantage of the Postal Savings System.

One of the gratifying results of four years' experience in postal banking lies in the fact that the apprehension at the outset that the new system would draw large sums from business uses has been completely dissipated. Those who at one time feared the system are no longer hostile, but on the contrary are friendly.

What's in a Name

There is one man in the country, besides John A. Patten, who knows what "medicine" goes into "Wine of Cordui," and what profit comes out of it. This man, for years, was manufacturing chemist for the Chottanoga Medicine Company, makers of "Wine of Cordui." He feels that he will be performing a real service in giving the public the benefit of his expert knowledge. The first of three articles by this man, covering the manufacture and sale of "Wine of Cordui" and "Black Drought," will appear in the next issue.

Pen and

By OLIVER



Inklings

HERFORD



Birds of Parae-dise

Behind the scenes at the Belle Armstrong Whitney Fashion Show. A mere man's impression of the Supermannikins.

A Plea From Bulgaria's Queen

Queen Eleonora is a well-informed and enlightened woman, with many friends in this country. Like many other Bulgarians, she feels that her country is not fully understood in the United States, and was contemplating a trip over here when the outbreak of the European war prevented. The following letter has just been received from one of her close American friends:

PRAY forgive me if again I lay my troubles before you, but I turn to you, knowing that you always have a warm heart for Bulgaria and for her needs. One of these, and a most urgent one, is a real training school for sick nurses, working on American methods and lines. Our wars have shown how much we do want trained nurses. Those whom I could provide were more a passer, and, with all their good will and devotion, could never do thorough work. When Professor Dutton, Columbia College, New York, was here with the Carnegie Commission to investigate into our "atrocities," things were talked over with him, and he most kindly volunteered to interest the American Red Cross in our cause, who arranged that a teacher in that line, Miss Scott Hay, was to be sent to us.

As you are aware, it was planned for me to come to America then, and in putting our scheme before your authorities, I had hoped to obtain some substantial help to carry it out. War broke out and all these plans were upset. Miss Hay was sent with a sanitary unit of the American Red Cross to Russia, where she worked until now; from there she came here, first only to have a look at things, but Mr. Bicknell, a delegate of your Red Cross, who was here the other day, seemed to think it better for her to remain, once here, and to begin work as soon as possible. So we set about to clean and furnish a ward in the Alexandre Hospital, Sophia, for her and her pupils, of whom there will be six or seven. That will take two months at least,



Eleonora, Queen of Bulgaria.

the whole place having been overrun by infectious diseases. Miss Hay went meanwhile to the American College, Samokoff, to learn our language.

To establish this little school now raises great difficulties and expenses; to maintain it, although I have a small

capital (60,000 fr.) for that purpose, will also be very difficult, as I cannot, after our misfortunes, force the government to come to the front in that matter, as it ought to have done—and the help for which I looked to America I could not get. So, I thought, if you could interest good people of your acquaintance just to help us over the difficulties of the beginning of this little school, in which your Red Cross is also interested, having sent the teacher, that we may be able to cover the expenses of the first installation, and, by and by, to keep that small capital increasing. It would really be an American concern, the pupils almost all recruiting from the American colleges, in that way again representing a means of influence of culture, as for so many years, in so many instances, Bulgaria has enjoyed through American generosity.

I am perfectly aware that the moment is ill-chosen to turn for help to America, so heavily burdened with care for those who suffer by the terrible world war; but then, we also are sufferers, and you do know how poor we are! If you could come to the rescue of that little school-undertaking now, I would gladly replace the money a few years hence, as I am perfectly convinced that Bulgaria cannot be left in the miserable and throttled condition in which she is now. Would you answer to my appeal, please do so through the Bulgarian Minister at Washington, Mr. Tanareff, or by way of the American legation at Bucharest. Again pardon me for troubling you at such a time; my

only cause is the dire want of that poor little nation and my ardent desire to help them. — Yours truly and gratefully
Eleonora.

Bulgaria has been playing so critical a rôle in the Balkans of late that attentive Americans are anxious to know more about the character of the Balkans and the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the way Bulgaria has been acting. We shall publish a special article on this subject next week, with interesting photographs.



The Arrowrock dam.

Cashing In on Natural Wealth

By M. F. CUNNINGHAM

SETTLED on the Boise irrigation project in Idaho accord high praise to the officers of the United States Reclamation Service for efficiency and economy in the completion of the Arrowrock dam and the network of canals for the distribution of water a full year in advance of the time set at the beginning of work, and at a cost \$2,000,000 under the estimate. Storage of water in the reservoir this year, the driest on record, saved the crops on 100,000 acres. This cashing in on our undeveloped resources was celebrated with a barbecue and harvest home in Boise, on October 4.

Only those familiar with conditions in the semi-arid west can appreciate the difficulties overcome in the construction of this system. Early settlers had appropriated all the normal summer flow of the Boise river for irrigation, and still there was a fine body of land in the valley wholly without water, and useless.

By making exhaustive surveys of the watershed of the river, a watershed more than twice the area of Rhode Island, government experts determined that enough flood water was going to waste in winter and spring to reclaim and irrigate 240,000 acres if impounded and

held for the hot, dry, summer months.

This, then, was the problem—to create a mighty reserve bank high above the land and to pay out the liquid millions to meet the legitimate demands of the settlers. The problem has been completely solved at a cost to the government of \$12,000,000, and as a result 240,000 acres of land are to be converted from sage-brush desert into fruitful gardens, orchards and farms. In 20 years the settlers will return the \$12,000,000 to the government in the way of payments for water.

Arrowrock dam is the key to the whole irrigation system. By throwing this dam across a narrow canyon of the river 22 miles above Boise the builders converted the channel into a reservoir. This runs back into the mountains for 18 miles, and has a maximum depth of 280 feet at the dam. It will hold when full 244,300 acre-feet of water, enough to cover 381 square miles to the depth of a foot. The dam is the highest ever built, 348.5 feet. It starts on the solid granite 91.5 feet below the bed of the river with a thickness of 240 feet, and tapers to 16 feet at the top. In its construction 530,000 cubic yards of concrete were used. Charles H. Paul, the engineer

in charge, estimates that if this were erected in the form of a shaft on a base 10 feet square it would reach to a height of 29 miles.

At one end of the dam is a spillway to carry off the surplus water when the reservoir is full. Gates in this work automatically so that there will never be danger from high water. Other gates at various heights in the dam, adjusted with scientific precision, release the stored water to the stream below as it is needed for irrigation. It then follows the channel of the river for 12 miles to a minor dam, where it is taken out upon the land through canals.

Blocking the river in this way brought up another problem for the government to solve. Above Arrowrock in the Boise Basin there is three billion feet of merchantable timber, while the mills are down below. As the logs are floated down stream it is now necessary to lift them over the dam. A device is under construction to pick up a log of any size or length, carry it across the top of the dam and deliver it into a chute leading down to the river below. The capacity of this device is 60,000,000 feet a year, and at this rate it will take 50 years to complete the job.



Firing at a range of 600 yards.

A Mill for Marksmanship

By J. E. JENKS

NO MAP or gazetteer shows the speck in the geography of Maryland known as Winthrop, but of that place the government maintains a

pronounced qualified. They gain experience at the station such as they would encounter in actual service in the field—living under canvas, messing in the conventional style of men in the open, separated from garrison comforts and otherwise being initiated at an early stage of their career in the duties and surroundings of the fighting personnel.

A feature of the station which makes it distinctive is the school for small-arms coaches, of whom some 250 have been instructed and returned to the naval ships from which they were taken for this purpose. Men are selected in squads of ten from each vessel at such times as they may be spared without interfering with the work on board ship. This school is conducted daily from ten to twelve hours and the regular schedule of work is carried on thoroughly, including the firing regulations and the

study of text-books generally in service use. It is not merely coaching to which these men are subjected in the matter of small arms, but they are taken into the armory and instructed in the art of taking apart and assembling rifles, automatic pistols and machine guns; for the work embraces machine guns as well as small arms, and will be extended to the 3-inch field gun. This is to meet the new condition in warfare which appears to have developed in the conflict in Europe. Hereafter, the marksman must know of the larger weapons as well as the rifle. No technical detail of the business of firing the gun with precision and effect has been overlooked in the arrangement of the instruction of the coaches, who emerge from the course at Winthrop familiar with the regular navy qualification course and that of the army with pistol, machine gun, collective fire, the national match course, long range firing and so on. They perform all coaching for navy courses, even when the marines fire, and are sometimes employed in coaching in the army courses. Such a station as that at Winthrop is bound to contribute practically to the preparedness of the individual for service.



Operating the targets.

unique institution unlike anything of the sort in the world. It is a mill for marksmanship—not a mere range for the development of accuracy with the rifle, but where coaches for riflemen are taught and the foundation laid for small-arms practise throughout the navy and marine corps. This is the marine corps rifle range and the navy school for small-arms coaches, if its complete official label shall be exposed to view, and it is located on a 1100-acre tract of Maryland farm land that was locally known once as "Stump's Neck," which title did not lend itself attractively to the designation of a government station.

Every newly enlisted man in the marine corps is sent to the Winthrop range for drill as a marksman. Most of them come from the middle section of the country and have had no experience with the small arm, but after two weeks of intensive training on the range they are

including the firing regulations and the



Even mimic warfare sometimes has its discipline.

Football as Taught at Yale

By HERBERT REED



SCOVILL DOING A BIT OF YALE'S KICKING

This husky Eli halfback has added punting to his other accomplishments this year, the said accomplishments being an ability to run hard, outefere, and take his proper share in the open passing game.

PERHAPS the most fascinating of the gridiron problems in the east is that which is in process of solution at New Haven, where Frank Hinkey is in his second year as head coach. It is apparent that Hinkey is seeking to build up a system that shall do for the Elis what the Houghton system has done for Harvard. It is possible that the new method will bear fruit this season, but quite probable, in my judgment, that the best of Yale football will be on tap in the years to come.

The Elis are alive to the most advanced football, and quite possibly able to realize that they have not alone to teach their own men the game, but to make special preparation against Harvard and Princeton, their dearest rivals. Indeed, the first indication that the Blue was preparing for the future lay in the very smart work in handling kicks in the game against Maine. The way to beat Harvard, of course, is to ruin the Crimson's kicking game, and this can be done only by spilling the men who come down the field, and getting a good back loose—giving him a start.

It was the clever way in which the Elis handled kicks that gave them the whiphand over the Maine men, and if they can keep it up they will be able to turn over to their quarterback a far greater latitude in the choice of plays than a Yale quarter has enjoyed in half a dozen years. Once past the forty-yard

line there is a splendid chance to mix up the kicking, the passing and the running game, and against Maine Yale was able to use the mixture because the Elis had taken thorough care of the kicking game of their opponents. The Blue showed something of the resourcefulness of the Eli elevens of the old days, a resourcefulness made possible only by the ability to get into a commanding position. The Yale road through the season is very much uphill, but the start is markedly better than last year.

The Blue seems to be in a fair way toward working out of two situations that have been troublesome in the past—first the quarterback, second the ends. It was not my good fortune to see Lowry, at the time first string quarterback, in action, but I did see Thompson, and Thompson looks more like a real quarterback than any man I have seen at New Haven since the days of Arthur Howe. Thompson seems to have all the natural ability at quick punches into the line or runs that start with the threat to go wide and wind up in quick cut-ins either outside or inside tackle that marked the work of Aleck Wilson; but Wilson is a born halfback and belongs just where he is placed at present, while Thompson looks like a natural quarterback, and a man who can take coaching.

There has been a change in the policy of teaching the Ya's ends, apparently. This may account for the fact that despite a certain amount of greenness that is always found on the wings at the beginning of the season, the entire squad looks more promising than it did a year ago. The end coaching, by the way, is in the hands of Brann, who was somewhat of an end himself. Last year's system of having the ends wait at their stations a few yards outside of tackles has been abandoned, and the wing men now go in, perhaps crudely, but nevertheless with a purpose, and certainly last year they were either without a purpose or else lacked the support of a peculiar type of play that should have been forthcoming from the rest of the team.

It will be well into November before it will be possible to make anything like an accurate estimate of the work of the Yale line. Gates, Baldrige and Way stood out noticeably in Yale's opening game, and Way looks to be a coming centre. His passing is good, and he fits in nicely with a plan of defense that reinforces the line behind the tackles with, in one case a centre, and in the other a back. Way is fast enough, apparently, to make the most of a position that is not quite that of "loose centre" but of "extra defensive halfback." The attitude of most of the men on line defense seems to be faulty.

If evidence were needed that the Yale idea of attack is broadminded in the extreme, it could be found in the fact

that the Blue has adopted the square formation of the backs so long and so successfully used by the Crimson. It creeps a little, and probably will not yield much returns until November, but the mere adoption of it is a confession that Yale now knows what Harvard has known for some time—that this formation is one of the most useful in the game. Yale showed in the first game more sound formations—formations from which the whole game of football can be played—than was the case a year ago. The Elis have all the stereotyped formation, and have added thereto the Rugby pass, the threat of that pass, which is entirely distinct from the kick threat, and the deadly square. There is also evident a tendency to fill the backfield with punters, quite as Harvard tries to do.

To sum up, football as it is being taught at Yale this year is good football, interesting football. The Elis may or may not be beaten, but certain it is that they will have made progress along right lines.



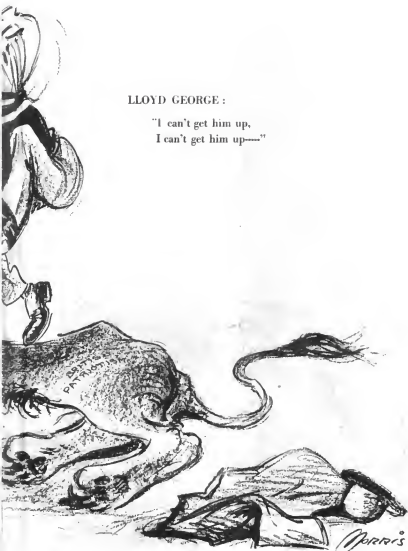
THE BUSINESS END OF THE PASS

Church, one of the leading candidates for a wing position at New Haven, taking the throw from the backfield. Incidentally, under the tutelage of "Red" Brann, all the Yale ends look better than they did a year ago.



LLOYD GEORGE :

"I can't get him up,
I can't get him up——"



Harp Strings and Shoe Laces

This is a true story, written by a young Mormon girl, whose name, for obvious reasons, must be withheld. The fact that it is true is one of our strongest reasons for printing it.



It was romance as I had dreamed it.

THERE is a story in the Talmud of an obscure harper of unusual skill who was summoned to court that the king might judge of his playing.

Now, the way of the harper lay among thorny paths and the distance was long before he could reach the king.

As he journeyed, his sandals became worn by the briars, and first one harp string and then another was sacrificed to bind the sandals on his torn and bleeding feet.

At last he reached his king. But the harp that should have discoursed music lay mute in his arms—with strings too few to make a melody.

Now, the harper had no choice of roads to reach his king. There was but the single path beset with briars. Had there been two roads and the harper had chosen the rougher to try his

strength—to test his ability to surmount barriers—would not his king have sighed: "You have done well, my son, and nobly, but my soul was hungry for the music of thy harp."

But this is not the story of the harper. This is the story of a people much maligned—grossly misrepresented—greatly to be pitied; a people, who, like the harper, set forth to meet their king. Unlike the harper, they had a choice of roads. They might have chosen an easier road, though trying enough to test the best that was in them.

With a courage born of deepest religious convictions, they chose the rougher, and unless the miracle of miracles transpires—will reach their king spent and maimed like the harper—their souls stripped bare to meet the baser needs of life, unable to sing their Maker's praise.

There have been those whose religious convictions have bade them crucify the flesh to subdue the spirit. My people have crucified their spirit to be worthy of a future life with God. They have held that the greatest preparation for eternity was to live a life that would bring out the evil traits that lie dormant in the human race. They believe that a higher celestial crown would be theirs because of the fiery furnace of feeling through which they had come, and by means of which they had emerged into the white light of peace. They believed that with jealousy slain—selfishness and envy subdued—bickerings and strife put beneath their feet—they might climb step by step over all the pettiness and hatred and uncharitableness into that rare upland of the spirit where such things could not touch them.

That was the ideal—the theory. But how has it worked out?

I give only my own experience. When it came to me I was an innocent girl with the joy of living in my heart that comes only with the loneliness of goals yet to attain.

I was ambitious as no other girl whose life I have touched has known ambition. All the enthusiasm of an inordinately ambitious father and mother seemed concentrated in my restless nature.

At twenty I was head of the department of music at one of the largest institutions on the coast. My appointment at that college was the climax of a series of successful eastern experiences in the musical college from which I was graduated and in which my career stood out from the hundreds of other students.

I had given many concerts in my home state, where my career was followed with the keenest enthusiasm. "Here was a Mormon girl," they would say, "whose achievements would win renown for Utah and help dispel the odium which had settled on the state." Nothing short of a European triumph would I consider as my ultimate goal.

In less than a year I went out of that college—after the whirl of confining emotions I had been through—a worn and weary woman of the world. Brought face to face with life in the terrible guise of polygamy, I was subdued and conquered. I had seen and solved alone in my own girlish heart, problems of life that have not often been given the mature mind to meet.

I was twenty-one. I had tested the theory of my church and for a time had nothing left to hear me up.

I had had two lovers—one a Mormon boy—one an "outsider," as we say. Neither had awakened the slightest feeling of romance in me. I was an anomaly of feminine nature, interested only in a career.

Then, one night came a bolt that struck true and set my heart quivering for an instant, then almost stifled it.

There was another member of the faculty from Utah—a young fellow of twenty-eight, who was both teaching and attending college. His wife and two small sons were with him. We had met a time or two at faculty meetings, but as I did not care to have it known that I was a Mormon, I had avoided him.

One night, however, after a late rehearsal, he met me with a horse and carriage and offered to take me home, explaining that his wife would not object.

As I could see no reason why she should object, and being weary and somewhat timid, I was only too glad to accept his kind offer. To my surprise, he laid a box of bonbons in my lap and asked if I wouldn't enjoy a few minutes' drive before going home. I was overjoyed. The night was holy and he drove toward the country. All the way I joked and laughed and parried his compliments with a feeling that he was merely entertaining me.

Of all that passed, save two or three remarks, my mind is now a blank. I remember that the witchery of the night was in my blood. In the gayest of spirits, I was turning aside from what seemed mere flattery, when he said: "If you'd only be serious a minute."

"Then don't be silly," I replied.

"Do you want me to tell you the truth?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered, expecting every complement to be reversed.

Steering myself for an avalanche of frank criticism—beginning with self-esteem and ending with frivolity and over-estimated ability—I was shocked even greater, when he said:

"I've been in love with you ever since I first saw you."

Then I was still—a dawning butterfly stilled on the point of a pin.

To a girl raised in any other way, such a confession from a married man would have been shocking and repulsive. I had been raised to revere every tenet of my religion. The principle of polygamy was a sacred thing. It was a revelation from God.

To lightly turn aside a confession of love from a single man was my woman's prerogative when I chose to use it. To refuse an opportunity to enter that "sacred covenant" entered with it a superstitious dread of ill consequences to follow—I dared not invoke.

The two boys who had told their love in their blustering, boyish way, had not stirred a quiver of the latent romance of my girlish imagination.

Here was a man who followed his professions of love with an eloquence of passionate pleading I had thought only possible in books. He could describe in detail the hat and gown I wore when he first saw me. He could tell which of the styles of hair-dressing I used was most to his liking. He knew my favorite pose in chapel, even to the disposition of each finger. How he admired the slim, white fingers.

IN A daze the ride terminated. I had said not a word. In a daze I went to my room. The thing was too overwhelming to even think on. I slept well. I woke in the morning resolved to regard it as a dream.

I tossed it off—went merrily to breakfast—to the college—met students and faculty—the matter so far buried in my consciousness that I thought I had forgotten it.

I was late coming in to chapel. Most of the faculty were in their places. Half way to the steps of the rostrum something pierced my heart. I looked up. He was gazing at me with an expression of adoration on his face that sent the blood surging to my very temples. I could never again be the same unconscious, care-free girl.

A day before I had been unaware almost of his very existence. Now he seemed everywhere. I was flattered by such devotion. It was romance as I had dreamed it. My heart sang as it had never sung before.

He knew an apostle who would marry us, although it was then contrary to church ruling. The marriage problem would thus be solved. I should be free to follow my career. He wanted me never to have children. At that time I had had no thought of children. Ambition absorbed me completely.

I bade him write to father. Upon receiving the letter, my father—himself a polygamist—walked the floor all night. And yet there are those who still fear the menace of polygamy in Utah. Ask

any Mormon father how he felt when his daughter considered such a step. If a principle cannot stand the test of two generations, it will die self-stain—never fear. I can enumerate a good many fathers who received the shock as my father did, and who have been broken-hearted men from that day—men who can never forget their daughter's experience, though they have subjected other men's daughters to nothing less severe.

While I was still under the glamour of it all—in love as a girl can be only once, whether it is real or false—suddenly the thought came: two was polygamy—a test of the principle—a preparation for eternity—would he ever want a third? My heart contracted at the thought.

WITH my arms about his neck, I asked, would he ever feel it was necessary to take a third. His laugh was not the laugh of a man who loves so deeply that he was humbled by his own love, with a fear about his heart lest he lose so precious a gift. It was the laugh of a vain man, flattered by such a show of devotion—a man whose vanity would carry him to even greater folly, as I had yet to learn; a man who would crucify his feelings as he had already crucified his wife's.

Ah, that wife! Till then I had never thought what her feelings must be. But, girl that I was, I realized that I had loved unworthily. Like Aladdin and Palomides, I could see then that my flowers were not real.

From that moment the picture of the tortured wife never left my mind. One night I said to him: "I cannot marry you."

He misunderstood my motive and blurted out: "Give me a year and I'll divorce her."

"Divorce her!" I exclaimed, amazed. "But that would not be polygamy!"

He stared at me. And I saw him with clearer vision. We went our ways alone.

But the scales had fallen from my eyes. I could never again accept polygamy as my father and mother, in spite of their own trying experience, had taught me to accept it. I began to see the working out of the principle. I began to see my people as they were—struggling blindly, but bravely, with an impossible problem. I became aware of the shattered lives around me.

There was the blind-eyed beautiful girl—my successor in the devotion of the man who had loved me. She disappeared after a while; nobody has heard of her since. He grew ambitious politically and denied all knowledge of her whereabouts.

There was a queenly woman with two worthy suitors whose hearts she broke for a seventh interest in a much-married man. She was lost for a while in Mexico and returned—a wounded doe with her fawn—to die under the shelter of her father's roof. Her mother is raising the pitiful daughter, who looks out upon life with sad, pleading eyes.

There was the man who wrecked his own and two women's lives for that principle. He went into it from sincere motives, if ever a man did. He and his wife chose the girl who was to help them "win their celestial crown." Both died

with her to accept the call. After the ceremony, assailed by doubts occasioned by the knowledge that even the church no longer sanctioned it, he wandered for days alone in the hills, a tortured, well-nigh crazed man. Both women died within a year. He knew that the wife whose devotion one year before had been so sweet to him—was going from him gladly, was courting death—even leaving her little children without a wavering desire for life. Not a memory of any tender hours with him seemed left upon her mind. She begged death to take her. The other followed even more gladly.

There are the women—deserted—whose husbands left them for the other woman. Their faces show that they are nursing their griefs and living them over and over again—daily growing more embittered and hardened. Prepared for eternity?

There is my mother—who, in moments of exaltation, has risen above her trouble—largely because the width of the state lies between her and that other—so that she is not tortured by the daily witness of my father's transferred affections. The other women look up to her, encouraged and uplifted because she tells them it is all good—an experience sent them by God. And so they cling to her garments, trying to catch her zeal for the eternal crown.

She returns from her church speeches to her home in this state of exaltation. My father is there with the other woman's petted and praised boy—held up to my brother as an example of all the manly virtues. And my mother becomes only a woman like the other pitiful creatures.

THE monsters rise, neither slain nor sleeping—rise to mock at her who had slain them and prepared herself for eternity.

I see my father with a brain and a personality that made him a leader in educational and religious affairs for years in Salt Lake City. I see him as he was when he stood at the zenith of his career, before God called him, as he devoutly believes, to enter that sacred covenant.

The woman was pretty and fascinating. My father was prominent in the city, honored and respected, and a handsome man. She was fired with ambition to exercise her wiles over him and win him from my mother.

Before my youngest sister was born, my father took this woman to hear Madame Patti. A cab, flowers—all the pomp of courtship was accorded her. My mother was unable to go. Her condition forbade. Do you think that her

feelings during that night were such as one would wish to carry through eternity?

That was the beginning of the end of my father's career. To avoid the penitentiary he was hustled away on a foreign mission. Deputies guarded our home by night, even after he had stealthily left us. I can see the little group of frightened, tearful children huddling about mother's knee as she sat with a tiny baby at her breast, while the tread of footsteps outside our window almost sent us into a panic.

After my father's return, the backings and nagging, the jealousies and criticisms between the two wives undermined his manhood. He lost confidence in himself. He dropped lower and lower.

He is an old man now, alone on a homestead, trying to get a heritage of land for his young children. The love of neither wife could stand the test of homesteading. So the man who had held the highest positions in his church and state is alone on a barren plain—cooking his meals, washing his clothes, mending and darning—because of that principle meant to exalt its followers.

I AM not criticizing my church. I am not palliating the principle. If ever there were a people honest and sincere in their belief, it is my people; but they have ruined their lives for a pathetic fallacy.

Polygamy is no longer a possibility. The young people have seen its effects. None but a few blind enthusiasts in the church today would tolerate the suggestion. But the paths of the broken lives who devoutly accepted it to prepare their souls for eternity!

I have heard the vilest accusations made, and there no doubt have been sufficient grounds. I have heard only impure motives assigned, and doubtless there have been grounds for such an attitude. But look around at the crippled lives that still protest their belief in the goodness of God and the truth of the principle, and scorn and censure will melt in pity.

Pity? Surely more than pity. Though the cause were unworthy—the motive, the loyalty, the heroic striving deserve respect.

I have pictured only those who went down beneath their burden. There were others. Two families I could mention in which the wives were as sisters, the husbands just and impartial, the children—in one case fifty—in the other, something under thirty—loyal and loving to each other; exemplary men and women, a credit to the state. Criticism, nagging, tale-bearing, interference in each other's affairs was never tolerated. The faces

of wives, husbands and children reveal an inner happiness few find in any relation.

There are so many sacrifices undreamed of in the ordinary marriage, so many opportunities to test one's principles.

I think of the mother, a plural wife, who is separated from her children, that she might not compromise her husband. Day by day, from an upper window, she watches her two sturdy little sons trudging to school—her heart aching to ease them in her arms—not daring to let even them know of her whereabouts. She can only gaze at them through her tears, and pray that God will accept her sacrifice and keep the little fellows safe.

I think of the man most censured in the state for his multiplicity of wives. So many beautiful, well-educated women have cast their lot with him.

TWO of them I knew before their secret marriage. When I saw them forced to hide their lovely children—denied the joy of the mother heart to hold her baby up to the gaze of her world, I felt that hanging would be mild punishment for such a man.

Later I became well acquainted with the first wife and her family, and also with the man. And I found to my amazement that she loved and respected him, and was supremely happy in his company. The children adored him.

I sought again those two I had pitied. They were earning their living frankly and fearlessly. They were loyal and loving to him, keeping their hearts hushed up by the thought that they were doing God's bidding and would reap their reward. They were as steadfast and true as if the scorn and censure of their own people did not touch them. And my lips were silenced. I could only respect and deplore.

It all reminds me, somehow, of the "glorious rashness" of James IV, at the battle of Flodden. I think of him being his way to Surrey when he had not the fraction of a chance for victory—end yeeking there "riddled with arrows, his neck gashed by a bill stroke, his left hand almost severed from his body."

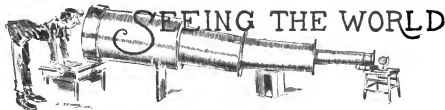
It was foolhardy. It was futile. But the motive behind it—the splendid disregard of self—was fine.

Heroism in the common walks of life, misguided though it may be, is surely praiseworthy. What though the task were self-imposed, ugly—the sacrifice unnecessary, if it seems not so to the worker!

If he crudes bravely under it—if the best of his life goes into the effort—surely we cannot blame.

Who Will Rule Our Unintelligent Citizens?

If you don't gather the full significance of this question, it will pay you to read an interesting article by GILSON GARDNER in the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.



True Western Hospitality

We want every visitor in our city to consider themselves as our especial guest and to take advantage of every opportunity to enjoy themselves. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. Perhaps we have plenty of it around and don't know it. Make yourself at home in our places of business, on our lawns, and don't be backward about asking favors. We are only too glad to help you have a good time. Welcome, every one of you.

—The Cherokee (Kans.) *Sentinel*.

Capacious Heart

W. J. Danahar, general foreman for the K. I. L. & T. Co. in the south quarry was presented with a gold watch and chain as a parting remembrance from the employees of the quarry. Mr. Danahar has been transferred to the company's plant at White Rock and with his family will take up his residence in Genoa. While the island plant loses a trustworthy and efficient foreman the employees lose a man who believed in the square deal to the man that used the pick and shovel as well as the man in the office with the pen behind his ear, for Mr. Danahar is a man with a large heart in his breast and few knew of the supplies and fuel he sent the needy out of the fullness of that same large heart.

—Sandusky (O.) *Register*.

Hee Haw!

Our esteemed contemporary says that in reciting "Sheridan's Ride" at the Methodist church festival last week we looked and acted like a jackass. We could retort in a way that would embitter the man's whole future, but we have learned to pass such things by. Suffice it is to say that he is an infernal liar, and a crawling scoundrel.

—The Leesville (Col.) *Light*

Time to Run

M. B. Brown, the six-foot editor of the Richland News, who weighs 285 pounds and has a right arm as big as the village oak, says that he wears a low-necked shirt and a flowing tie, and wants to know what in rip we are going to do

about it? Not a thing, old boy, except take a running start in the direction that leads the farthest from Richland. After this we wouldn't meet you in the dark for all the onions and squashes in Canaan. —The Macon (Ga.) *News*.

Temporarily in Funds

While the editor and his family were asleep Saturday night a thief entered their sleeping room and took from the editor's pants pockets about \$19 in cash, some checks and his watch and a plug of Drummond tobacco. Ordinarily the thief would not have made such a rich haul, but unfortunately for us we had some collections late Saturday, and he got the advantage of it.

—The Carlisle County (Ky.) *News*.

Trades

T. H. Collins, a farmer, traded a huge tarantula and a pet king snake to Joe Holmes, a barber, for two skunk kittens. Holmes opened negotiations for the trade, saying that he wanted the tarantula for an eastern friend. But the barber thought his skunk kittens were worth a little more than one tarantula and, after some bargaining, Collins threw in his pet snake.

—Douglas (Ariz.) *Cor.* of the Los Angeles *Times*.

Trained Like Men

One of our good paid-in-advance subscribers has finally succeeded in getting rid of the fleas that inhabited his bird dog. He took the dog to De-Queen and while there visited a show where a man had a bunch of performing fleas. The fleas on the dog got stage struck and followed the performing fleas off.

—The Lockesburg (Ark.) *Tribune*.

The Real Stuff

With a clear, sweet voice, every word intoning as distinctly as the tone of a midnight chime, and re-echoing as softly as the fall of a pearl in a golden cup, just so sweetly and sympathetically did Miss Wolfe recite the sad sweet poem, while Miss Viola Palmer at the piano told the same plaintive story in soft, low tones of Enorh's sorrow and Phillip's patient waiting.

—The Tabor (O.) *Leader*.

Apt

The minister was delivering his farewell sermon. He had been having tough luck in collecting his salary and concluded to quit. Here is what he said: "Now, brethren, I have been appointed chaplain of the penitentiary of the state and this will be my last Sunday among you. I will preach from the text, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' after which the choir will sing 'Meet Me There.'"

—The Kiowa (Kans.) *Review*.

Records!

We don't remember ever having seen calves up higher than at the present time. —The Oswego (Kans.) *Independent*.

Tricks of the Trades



Quaker (Ill.) *Review*.

Narrow Minded

We regret to learn that there are those in Slocomb so narrow-minded as to suggest that the Observer should be boycotted because we didn't give more space to exploiting baseball matters. We have endeavored to blow everything that we thought was of benefit or would help build the town. Perhaps some day these critics may allow their minds to expand sufficiently to realize that such talk has little effect on those who have the best interests of the town at heart.

—The Slocomb (Ala.) *Observer*.

The Cook's Tour

VI

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

Being the blithe adventure of the erstwhile cook for the Bar-2 cattle outfit, and his erudite partner Allingham, chronicled by the former during the progress of an "intensive" tour of certain hitherto little-known portions of Arizona and New Mexico.

WELL Mr Editor Allingham was plumb wrong about that there stage driver out of Holbrook not talkin much. I ony got one interview fum him but hit begun when we startet



His aujence eudident git away fum him.

an lasted twell we reached Springerville the third day after startin.

He taken us onawares an got a right good headstart before we knowed what we was let in for. He begun by relatin his personal histry fum the time he was kroscent which want so funny becaus a feller by the name he belt wud shore remember the time hit was gin him hit was Meelankthun S. Barrers. He said hitd dono hrung him good luck mebbe he was meenin his bein in a poishun where his aujence eudident git away fum him nobow fer three days but I dunno. After he finishd describin the manny an intrestin facts wud mel up the story of his adventurous life he tuk up the kreers of his closet frens an relatives an when he done reecountet these to his entire satisfakshun he begun braggin on his hosses.

He had three teams one on em mules ho says an they was all on em shore wunnerful animals of this here Meelankthun cud be bleeved wih he eudident becaus the pair of ponies we startet out with was plumb missible critters an gant twell hit seemd like thore bones wud push clean through ony for thore hides bein so tuff. Allingham says ef they was to be turnt loose in a civilised comunity they wud be arrestet fer indesen esposur.

What do you call that there gate them hosses is usin says Allingham wih was the fust words he had uttred but not the fust by no means he bad tried for to say. We'd gone a right smart piece an wed both on us notised that the hosses hadnt changed there gate wih was a pecoolyar gate hit lookt like they jes lesnt forrerd an startet to fall an then catbed theirelfes an poued a minit surprised that

they was still on there feet before takin the nex step. Meelankthun lookt at Allingham right sharp when he heard lum speakin becaus a feller as a genell rule is techy about his hosses jes like his wife ef hes got one an hits bin my experyence the ornerier lookin they is the more sensif the fellers is lible to be then Meelankthun taken a elaw of tobakko to which he is pershal an lookt off into the blue distans of the perarys fer a spell.

He lookt like he was a goin for to have a mood an I shore hatet the iddee we was havin troubel enuff but finely he says stranger I will tell you about that there. Hit was thasaway them little hosses has bin right faithful workers fer goin on nine year now an las spring I taken them down to Phoenix fer to give em a tast of Metropolitain life he says. Wile there he says we seen some them new dancers in the

Plaza an wud you belief it them there intelligent becauses was jes nachelly fascianted at the sight no I wudnt belief it says Allingham lessen a right verrashun reecouter like yoreself voubet for the faet hits Gods truth says Meelankthun es shore es the Lord made litte appels.

Yessir he says they done neglektet there fede for weeks nos they eud reech a fashnabe dancin weight thats how come theys traned down so fine in the fingers now. An they plumb seort there former gates they warnt antisidde twell they hed akwired the famus Castile Walk he says an the Foxy Trot an a lot of them fancy steps what only the elite savvies. When we git to a smooth stretch Ill jest break em into that there Foxy Trot says Meelankthun hits a plumb purty step and thasawon there praktisen now he says I done named the Hesitation Dip but hits a new one they got up thereselfs so you kin call it anithin you wish I wud call it dangrous says Allingham a feller mought drop off into a sleep onder its soothin rithem an fall plumb outn the stage I bleeve Ill git out on walk a spell.

Well we walkt a right smart piece but warnt much bettern ridin an the senry was far fum stimlatin. Hit was mostly jest air an desert land spread out flat they was lots of atmosdere but no local color Allingham says. He says this was a paardox but I dunno hit seemd right ornery lookin to me. Well finely we got plumb caught up on walkin we hattoo wait so offen fer Meelankthun to ketch up hit seemd like we was loosin time so we got back into the stage agin wih was reely ony a huckbord not a reglar stage.

So I says what for do you call this year rig a stage becaus I seen Meelankthun was cuttin on a plug of tobakko wih was a sine he was fixin to say somethin well he says Ill tell you about that hits thasaway. When me an this year team come back fum Phoenix arter the trip I was a fellin jus on I notised somethin outn the ordinery about em an at the time I dida savvy twas ony that they was trying to praets thore dancin gates on three year missible rods what was never meant to travel on nobow but ony sos the folks along em woudnt gi



He met up with a acciden.

lonesome. Im afcard I was a mite harsn wih the hosses for a spell but they was plumb pashant an never belt hit agin me becaus they was aware of my ignrans.

Finely one day I taken on a passenger

by name of Lothair G. Lothair who was a play actor any he was on a vrasash an carryin one them litel handy moshun picter outfits through some these smaller towns for the purpos of amusemen he says. He let on that at certain places he cud menshun the natuffs was amused somethun tremendous. Well sir no sooner this Lothair G. Lothair set eyes on my hosses then he loekt them over plumb keeful an says shs them is talented animals I kin see hit at a glans he says. Seems like they bin right lazy seuse we come back fum Phoenix I says that aint laziness he says thats genyus. Whats the diffrens I says well he says ef yore lazy hits one thing but ef yore lazy an kin git away with hit yore a genyus he says.

Well I says what do I git by knowin that there lack shame upon you he says ignotid creecher you shud be all swol up with pride over the privilig to support a couple of genyusses he says manny fumso karkieers mostly winnin he says have deemed it a noner to pay the restrant an laundry expensess of a singel tron. Pride an honor I says is luxries I aint never bin able to aford my demans is modust I says but they gottow be met an ef these year hosses aint a goin to work for me I gottow work for myself an how do you know I aint n genyus too I says work an me was never on vrasin terms not seuse I bin old enuff to know my own mine leaseways I says. You nint a pullin this year waggon too-wards the Sante Fee line says Lothair G. Lothair I aint plumb interestid in d'agnosin yore troubles he says.

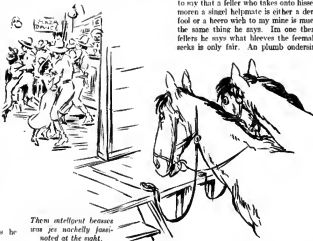
Leanne think he says an I says go to it we got a huzender miles or sech a nutter yit to travell take yore time industry an perseverans works wonders I says because I was kind of riled. Him talkin the way he done. I got hit he says finly slappin his laig they is such a thin he says as makin money costn genyus ef you handle hit plumb enoush the iddee is to fine out what is the thot a genyus wud ruther he thinkin about than work an then try an figger a way of cashin hit into reel money hit sounds plumb single I says I dont hleeve I cut a thot of that there plumb myself but seems like these year hosses n'nt goin no faster I says sarkastik.

But thas aside the pint he says I was studyin there moshuns tell me he says hev you ever had em near where enny-lukely was doin enny them new dances. Then I tole him about the time in Phoenix when we seen the dancin in the Plaza that there explains hit all he says I would never of bleevd hit but the makrob of them there dances wich is a reel vishus species of omil he says has done made these year hosses the innermost victims of hits ravages of you will quit postren em with yore onjudishus attempts to make em go as you want they should an leaf them choose their own gates youll fine them jes nabelly droppin into this year Castle Walk an the Fussy Trot an praps in time the Hovistatin Walk or the Drowsy Dip but that is too much to hope for this seeson.

Meelankthun stoppt talkin an hit of a chunk of tobakko whats that there got to do with callin this year rig a stage I

says O says Meelankthun I clean forgot to menshun that there deatle as Mister Lothair G. Lothair was a gittin on his trane I says to him Mister Lothair I says how come these hosses never hit them there fancy gates twell nfter you wale em. Well he says a suddent shock offen awakes anywun in a knolege of their enphalies all the matter with them hosses was they suffer fum stage frite.

So then Meelankthun says that gin me the iddee of callin this year rig a stage because hit wuddent never of okkurd to me jest like hit did to you of this bein n stage before. We natuffs he says allus try for to furnish sech infmashun es we



Then intelligent beausse
was jes nabelly fascinated at the sight.

kin to carwell vistors is there ennythin else I kin give you the facts regardin no I says Im plumb satisfide Ill leave my openers go this year hand.

Well sayn Meelankthun lookin right pleezed with hisself one of the cheefest dooties of my posham as drekter of this year stage line is to intlin strangers in enny way they wud wish for to be intlinid Im year to anser inkwyries to the les of my pore ability done spuar me none. Mister Barrers says Allingham whod bin studyin the horozon wich kud be seen plaze on all sides they is a subjek near to my bert wich I wud wish intlenemen an that there is regardin these year Mormous with wich they say this seekshun is settled full up. Kin you tell me about them nobaddy better says Meelankthun Im one of em

Yes he says you eudent of come to a better sorse for your infmashun Ill tell you all about the Mormosq hits thisaway. Fust off he says as you are praps aware they is an sinshent sayn to the effeek that after God mannyfackshurd the yearth an all that dwells there-in exceptun Mexicans wich is n hyprodruk he foun he had a mous of materiyals left over an not havin no plaze else handy to drop em in he cyarted em off an dumped em over heyant the fence an inquisitive yumans yuars afterwurds come snoopin roum an ellid the region where they reposed Arizona.

Then says Meelankthun the Mormosq come an made the desert blossom like a nilfin field. In spots that is. An they was happy an full of peece an content-

men ony not forever afterwurds because a herd of strangers come pracin into these year parts an begun to raise pickler beek with there innerren habits of livin. Them was troublous times Meelankthun says but theys over now the wust on em enyway. Gentiles an Mormosq lives year together in amty exceptin of course the Mormosq bein year them a multiplyin frekwent was a mite 'he best of enny argyment wich atres

Does there innerren habit of contractin ploori marriages still obtane says Allingham well Meelankthun says theys sevrl ways of lookin at that there proposition es for me myself I wud be inclined to say that a feller who takes onto hisself moren a singel helpmate is either a dern fool or a heero wich to my mine is much the same thing he says. Im one them fellers he says what bleeves the female seeks is only fair. An plumb onderair-

able in bulk he says when my time comes to quit keepin bachelors hall an jart on the bankuffs of matermernity Ill jurchas my posham of feminity retail

Hit cant be that a gent of yore on-doutet perpikuity an verf is a mis-soggnist kin it says Allingham well says Meelankthun hit mought well be sometimes I dont unnerstan myself. But speakin of winnin he says my iddee is that I wud prefer when my time comes to marry one them sufferhats I done red about in the paper of course he says they mought make a feller trouble at fust as the pote says the hand what rocks n winder is the hand what riles the wort but I dunno. Im right rugged built an I bleeve Id be willin to take my chances equal with enny gal I ever see of I eudent whip her in a fair fight he says Id be willin to work for her.

As I unnerstan hit says Allingham that aint the tipikal Mormon iddee Ive done beard theys plumb shivaldrus an asks nothin better to support es manny frale beausies es there streth pints I respect them for hit he says all honner to there kineness an there courage. Well says Meelankthun mebbe so you best not Lon Hammlil the bishop at Hout were we steps tonight he mought tell you somethin the las feller menshounid the subjek to Lon wudder of learns a hull lot only he met up with a accident before Lon had finnishd talkin an had to be took to the doctor well says Allingham I will think hit over. So he was right quite the balance of the afternoon Thinkin I reckon.

What Doctors Say of Birth Control

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

"I BECAME interested in the control of births by means of contraceptive methods when I was still a student and heard so many women in the hospital complain of getting children they did not wish," said Dr. Aletta Jacobs. Dr. Jacobs' opinion is especially significant because she has been one of the leaders of the movement in Holland, the country where it has been most successfully carried on. She is at present in this country upon another mission, but she consented to tell me about conditions in Holland.

"Very often the mothers in this hospital did not want the babies that were born to them. They were actually glad when the babies were born dead. No, they were not bad women—just ordinary, every-day women. Sometimes it was because they already had enough babies, sometimes because the previous baby was still so little, sometimes because they were so very poor, sometimes for other reasons. But whether the reason was a good one or a bad one, the fact remained that the baby was not desired. Now it seemed to me that a baby should not be a punishment. If a woman does not want a child it is better both for her and for the child that she should not have one.

"Moreover, I noticed that many of the sickly children born in the hospital were children that had been born against their mothers' wishes. The mothers' state of mind during pregnancy had affected the baby. Besides this there were many children with very bad heredity—mental sickness and physical sickness in the parents, which would very probably appear in the offspring. These children should never have been born.

"Sometimes a mother would say to me, 'No wonder the baby is puny and sick. Why, when this child was conceived my husband was as drunk as could be.' For reasons like these I decided that mothers should be taught how to prevent conception.

"Children should be born not oftener than once in three years. For the first year the mother should devote herself to caring for the child. The second year she should have to get back her vitality and strength. The third year she may again become pregnant."

In reply to my comment that many people say this desirable arrangement should come from sexual abstinence, Dr. Jacobs replied:

"That cannot be until men are more highly developed than they are now. It will come later, but at present a man given that advice is very likely to turn from his wife to another woman. I have known many such cases.

"It is not true," said Dr. Jacobs, "that the government in Holland encourages instruction in contraception. Formerly we had no laws at all on the subject, but a short time ago the party in power was made up of a combination of Catholics and Calvinists. Neither re-

ligion was strong enough to dominate alone, but together they formed a strong clerical party. Many reactionary laws were put through at this time, among them a law forbidding propaganda on the subject. So at present instruction may be given, but no advertising or preaching is allowed. The Catholics are very strong in two cantons and in these two the birth rate is much higher than in the other nine. The infant mortality is higher there, too."

Dr. Jacobs is insistent that instruction in contraception should be wholly in the hands of the medical profession. She feels this so strongly that she has withdrawn from the Neo-Malthusian Society of her country because they authorize certain women who are medically trained to go about the country instructing wives. A doctor can give a woman a physical examination, and if anything is wrong with her from former childbirth, that can be made right before she is instructed. This physical examination is of the utmost importance, and its omission may result seriously.

DR. HOWARD A. KELLY, Professor of Gynecology in the Johns Hopkins Medical School and Gynecologist-in-Chief to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, is revered not only for his brilliant scientific attainments, but for his kindness, his practical interest in the relief of the poor, and his deep religious feeling. I place his letter next because of its dramatic contrast to Dr. Jacobs' view. He states clearly the position of those who believe that contraception is wrong under any circumstances.

"I cannot divorce my opinion as a gynecologist and as a scientist from my opinion as a citizen interested in the welfare of my country, or from my moral convictions, in this any more than in the matter of abortion. My twofold obligations are as right and left hands, and must ever work together. If these things can be dealt with as cold, scientific problems, then why do you not describe in detail the methods in vogue and give pictures showing modes of using appliances, etc.? Now suppose I do try to throw overboard all religion and morals in dealing with this question, what will be the result to my country? A deterioration such as we witness in Europe today, not perhaps for a time in wealth and outward show, but in character, which is after all the one unit of value in making a nation.

"Let me enunciate these fundamental principles which must control my judgment:

"1. That the medical profession must continually deal with the moral aspects of a case, and today our great loss is the unwillingness of some doctors to have anything to do with morals, because they have had no moral training and have done no moral thinking. Remember, please, that morality has a negative side in the avoidance of all that is im-

pure, and it has a correlative, positive side in its unrelenting attacks upon immorality at all times and in all places wherever this death specter rears its head.

"2. That in times of great decadence we are not to try to accommodate ourselves to decadent conditions by temporizing expedients, but by the highest moral remedies and by righteousness—of whatever cost. Practically I find that the people who came to me having used various mechanical means of preventing conception, have lost something in their married life which ought to have been more precious to them than life itself. All meddling with the sexual relation to secure facultative sterility degrades the wife to the level of a prostitute.

"Therefore there is no right or decent way of controlling births but by total abstinence.

"I admit that economic conditions have made this a hard rule, and for that very reason I am fighting our present status every day I live, endeavoring to relieve the condition of the poor, to give them better wages and better homes and more recreation, with opportunities for early marriage. All this is the bounden duty of the Christian Church, and my supreme effort is to drive all Christians out into active service on the highways and hedges brigade."

DR. JOHN W. WILLIAMS, Professor of Obstetrics and Dean, Johns Hopkins Medical School, takes a position midway between the two preceding ones:

"It is difficult to answer your letter briefly and satisfactorily, as of course there are two sides to every question. Probably I shall do best to give an idea of my own practise in this regard.

"I make it a rule to refuse to discuss the question with perfectly healthy, normal persons. On the other hand, if I find that a wife is steadily losing ground as the result of rapidly recurring pregnancies, I send for the husband and say that in my opinion as a medical man it is highly advisable that his wife should not have another child for a specified length of time. In that event I advise him as to the most efficacious method of preventing conception; as I consider it more intelligent to prevent a breakdown than to treat it after it has occurred.

"I give the same advice after certain serious obstetrical complications, and in women who are suffering from tuberculosis, certain forms of heart disease and other serious chronic diseases, in which I know by experience that another pregnancy will subject the patient to serious danger. In such cases I consider it more conservative to give such advice than to be obliged to perform a therapeutic abortion after pregnancy has occurred.

"Finally, in the presence of certain

one diseases, which to my mind will always complicate the occurrence of pregnancy, and in which therapeutic abortion is necessary to relieve immediate danger to the patient's life, I hold that it is justifiable to render the patient sterile by operative means. In this event the desired result should be attained, not by the removal of the ovaries, but by a procedure which will temporarily prevent conception, and at the same time make it possible to restore the child-bearing function by a second operation should it appear desirable in the future.

"In other words, I do not believe that the physician is justified in giving advice as to the prevention of conception solely for the convenience of his patients, but should limit it entirely to those cases which present a definite medical indication for the temporary or permanent avoidance of pregnancy. To my mind any other course practically places the physician in the same class as the professional abortionist."

DR. S. ADOLPHUS S. KNOPF, who has studied tuberculosis in Europe, written extensively on the subject, practised for years, and has made a specially thorough investigation of the tuberculosis situation in the United States, spoke strongly for the amendment of the New York State law, at a meeting of the Committee on Birth Control, held this spring in the New York Academy of Medicine. His speech was reprinted in the *New York Medical Journal* for June 12, 1915. He spoke of the predisposition of the child-of tubercular parents to contract tuberculosis or any other infectious disease in its early infancy. The fact that the offspring does not directly inherit the disease is offset by its poor physique and its close contact with its parents. In tuberculosis clinics as high as fifty per cent of the children of tubercular parents are found to be afflicted with tuberculosis as the result of postnatal infection. He finds that the latter-born (the fifth, seventh, eighth, and ninth, etc.) children are especially prone to the disease, and explains this on the ground of the mother's lowered vitality and the increasing poverty.

Dr. Knopf gave as an illustrative case a tubercular Italian laborer who earned twelve dollars a week, was thirty-six years of age, and had been married fourteen years. Of his eleven children, four had already died, two of them of tubercular meningitis. Nearly all of the others were predisposed to tuberculosis or already infected. Had only two or three children been born, the better food and home environment obtainable for the income might have saved the family. Dr. Knopf recommended the amendment of the law to give more freedom to the physician, and closed by saying:

"I for one am willing to take the responsibility before the law and before my God for every time I have counseled, and every time I shall counsel in the future, the prevention of a tubercular conception, with a view to preserving the life of the mother, increasing her chances of recovery, and, last but not least, preventing the procreation of a tubercular race."

Following the publication of his speech, Dr. Knopf received many letters from colleagues and former pupils stating that



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they had reached the same conclusion as a result of work among patients tubercular or otherwise unfit for parentage. One spoke especially of the necessity of guarding against impregnation when the husband was partially intoxicated and inaccessible to reason or entreaty. And they asked what method they should recommend. The Federal law arbitrarily forbids the passage of such information through the mails, even though it be from one doctor to another. Physicians have actually crossed the continent to acquire this necessary medical knowledge.

WHEN I asked Dr. A. A. Brill, Lecturer in Abnormal Psychology, New York University, and formerly Chief of Clinic in Psychiatry, Columbia University, how he regarded contraception in relation to nervous diseases, he replied emphatically:

"You can say that I am for it! It is much better than an abortion. For in-

stance: I have in mind a woman who was discharged from the insane hospital. She had three children and had been three times insane. I told her that she must have no more children. She and her husband were Catholics, and they thought it was a sin to use contraceptive methods. The woman had another child and is back in the insane hospital. What chance in life has that child, born between two attacks of insanity, whose mother is mentally defective?

"Even sane women, if they are nervous and emotional, should never bear children against their will. It is foolish to talk about making people have children when they do not want them. It's bad for the woman and bad for the child. It is very bad for a child to be born into a home where he is not desired. I find that many adult, nervous patients were un-wished-for children, and it was the early attitude of their parents toward them that contributed much to their bent toward nervous invalidism."

In reply to the contention of the anti-regulationists that contraception is physically and mentally harmful, he stated that certain methods are injurious, while others are not. He commented on the unfortunate fact that it is the undesirable methods which are employed by the poorer people, because druggists put a high price on the better means upon the plea that they run a risk in selling them at all. Advice should be given by physicians rather than by non-medical persons, although at present most of the general practitioners are very ignorant on the subject. Remembering that Dr. Brill was for years connected with Central Islip, I asked him if he did not consider it demanding a good deal to expect a man discharged from an insane asylum and sent home to his wife, to live a sexually abstinent life. He replied:

"Only people who know nothing of the sex impulse can make such a demand of a person who has a poor mental organization. Of course it is impossible.

It is impossible even for the average normal man and especially for those who live crowded in two or three rooms and sleep in the same bed. Yet a person could be arrested and locked up for telling couples, where one was insane, how to prevent the birth of offspring!

"How many of the purists who attack us as immoral for taking this attitude have made a physiological and psychological study of sex? They speak in ignorance of the whole matter. We who study and make a real effort to understand mental and physical suffering know that the moral action is to employ methods which will stop the suffering and cure the patient."



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Obvious, on the Face of It

"Come in and have it charged," was the inviting sign in front of a place of business in the Jersey town. A stranger, being somewhat low in funds, walked in briskly.

"I understand that I can get things charged here," he said, addressing one of the employees.

"Only storage batteries," replied the other man.

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Brevity

By A. H. GLEASON

WHY do we write at length, when it is choicer to be brief? All the value that there is in a grief and a downfall can be compressed within a half dozen lines, and a handful of fallen

Spartans went to their immortality on one sentence of Simonides: "O passer-by, tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here obeying their orders." The fragments of Sappho were said to be little things indeed, but roses. In the Greek Anthology, "the sigh of a lover or the lament over a perished empire" was captured in sudden arrest inside the narrow compass of a stanza. Change, beauty, the human comedy, were each caught between two silences—"so long but as a kiss may live." It is becoming to be brief. Youth and love are short-lived, like the good-by of a soldier. It cost but three hundred dead at Thermopylae to bring forth the epitaph of Simonides. Now we have many thousands of young men dead in battle, and where is the verse that reassures us about their sacrifice?

In any modern graveyard the inscriptions carry a feeble sentiment. They make use of stale quotation, which lost its savor when the world was younger. They nakedly record unlovely names with dates of birth and death, as if the span of years was worthier than some bright particular quality. One would not guess that these dead were once alive, each girl with the charm of her springtime, each child with his playfulness.

But the ancients cared so profoundly that their phrase of rare oatives the marble that received it. The very names of their young dead are as lovely as the life which the farewell reveals. Their dark-veiled grief has more hold on the future than our shallow faiths. We have raised the position of women, and purified love. But with all our gain we are powerless to make of the unwedded maid and the young mother an everlasting memory. Here follows an epitaph on a girl-mother and her baby.

"Name me Polyxena, wife of Aeneas and a mother as far as the birth-pangs; but fate overtook the child before full twenty days, and myself died at eighteen years, just a mother and just a bride, so brief was all my day."

An immense pressure of forces went to the making of that diamond.

"Lapidary precision and imaginative tension" shaped this lament:

"The daughters of the Samians often knew Crethis the teller of tales, who knew pretty games, sweetest of work-fellows, ever talking; but she sleeps here the sleep to which they all must come."

We are wordy and we are dumb, but a perfect brevity has gone from us.

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A Boost for Bernard

By JOHN GREGAN

SINCE the war began I have hoped against hope that now and then you would dash off a scintillating column or two about England's burning passion for America and American ideals as evidenced in 1776, 1812, during the Civil War, the Venezuelan unpleasantness, and later during the Panama tolls controversy. Britain's greatest newspapers and her foremost writers and public men on those occasions, and in between, have given unmistakable evidence of England's real feeling for us.

You have featured Maximilian Harden in a way that, I am sure, amazed no one so much as that estimable journalist and patriotic Teuton. Why not do as much for Bernard Shaw? He is at least as important a figure in England as Harden is in Germany, and we have all paid tribute to Shaw's courage in standing for the truth and warring on hypocrisy and sham. Hartford, Conn.

Fairness and Honor

By GEORGINA D. COTLE

AFTER reading the WEEKLY for nearly sixteen weeks, I have learned to appreciate it, and to enjoy your viewpoints of the present times, as well as the attractive and forcible way it is expressed. I am sure the WEEKLY has done much for the spreading of a sane and fair view of the situation in Europe and in our own United States. If only fairness and honor would be upheld by all writers, how much easier problems would be solved.

A Friend to All

By HARRY KRETSCHMAN

I AM sorry to have to take exceptions to some of your articles, yet I do so. HARPER'S has always been a favorite with me, and although not a subscriber until last year, yet I have bought it quite frequently from newsstands. You must certainly know that there is a good sprinkling of respectable American citizens of German parentage who care more now to remain neutral in this lamentable conflict on the other side of the water, but who cannot, when such cartoons and articles which you give space for in your magazine appear week after week.

I am not writing this merely to see myself in print and care not whether you print it or not, but I write as a friend, not only to you but also to the English as well as the German people, who have alike helped to make this a great and influential country.

Otterbein, Ind.

A Regular Visitor

By G. B. KENNISTON

THE writer is minded to take an old man's privilege and inject into this communication a bit of personal history.

In 1864, after thirteen months' confinement in Southern prisons, he was exchanged, received his discharge from the army, proceeded to Maine (his home), married, and subscribed to HARPER'S WEEKLY. That winter the newlyweds read aloud, from HARPER'S WEEKLY, Wilkie Collins' Moonstone, then being published in its columns. The paper has been a continuous and regular weekly visitor in our home ever since. Not always from the office, but also from the newsstands.

It has been an important factor in the rearing and education of six children from infancy to maturity. It has also kept the parents in touch with the world and its interests. Its uplifting power on the republic cannot be measured.

Hear the exclamation of the whole matter: continue to mail my copy as heretofore. Though the writer may not hope to enjoy its pages much longer, may it for many years continue its beneficent work.

Neutralistic Department

By R. P. CUNNINGHAM

AMONG the letters from correspondents appearing in the columns of HARPER'S, it appears that a great many of them are taking you to task for the brand of neutrality that you affect. You are too Anti-German, if we are to take their word for it. Personally, we think you are prescribing just about what any wise doctor of neutralistic department would order at this particular time. Germans and Germany simply want to "hog" all of our sympathy. 'Tis a habit, this hogging business, that they have formed along other lines, and they have set it working on our sympathy and any support we may have to offer to the different countries at war in Europe. Darlington, Ind.

The American View-point

By EDITH FANCHER

YOUR articles on the war are most interesting and satisfactory because they present the American view-point so clearly and persistently.

Our Chicago papers seem afraid to "sell their souls their own," perhaps owing to the large German element in the city.

Mr. Roosevelt is indorsed by every real American when he declares "we have no room in America for a German-American vote or an Irish-American vote. We have no room for any people who do not act and vote simply as Americans and nothing else. To bear the name of American is to bear the most honorable of titles, and whoever does not so believe has no business to bear the name at all, and if he comes from Europe, the sooner he goes back there the better."

His essay on "True Americanism" ought to be studied in every school. River Forest, Ill.



Placidly Contented

The other day a dairy company's complaint clerk was hurriedly called to the telephone.

"This is Mrs. Mixin," she said. "I want to know if your cows are contented."

"Who-s-t?" asked the amazed clerk, almost dropping the receiver in his astonishment. "Will you kindly speak clearer, madam."

She repeated her question. "I see that your rivals advertise that their cows are all contented," said she. "I will begin to take their milk unless I am assured that your cows are all happy."

The clerk begged her to hold the phone a moment. Then he went away and gnawed a corner of his desk. When he got his voice under control he returned to the phone. "I've just been looking up the books, ma'am," said he, "and I'm happy to say that we have not received a complaint from a single one of our cows."

Of Course She Would

Lady—Little boy, what would your mother say if she saw you smoking that cigarette?

Boy—She'd be tickled to death, mum—she's stone blind.

Those Lambs Certainly Con Gambol

One day a college youth went West and got work on a California farm. He wasn't very well informed about farm life, but, as he was willing to work, the farmer hired him. That night the farmer said, "How are you—a pretty good runner, hey?"

The collegian swelled with pride. "I took the prize at college for being the fastest runner."

"Well, then," said the farmer, "you can bring in the sheep."

Two hours later the young man entered exhausted, his breath coming in short gasps.

"Have any trouble?" asked the farmer, grinning to himself.

"I got the sheep in easy enough," said the youth, "but I had an awful time catching the lambs."

"Why, I haven't any lambs," said the farmer in surprise.

Together they walked to the pen. There were all the sheep—and also five jack-rabbits.

Not Quite so Complimentary

The senator and the major were walking up the avenue. The senator was more than middle aged and considerably more than fat, and dearly as the major loved him he also loved his oke.

The senator turned with a pleasant expression on his benign countenance and said, "Major, did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

"Oh, that's nothing," replied his friend. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."



"What One Man Can Do Another May" Henry Ford

"There's less difference between men than we think." And Henry Ford knows. At forty-five he was a poor man. Now he's the head of a corporation that makes \$25,000,000 a year. Last year he made 250,000 automobiles—twice as many as all the other companies in this country combined. The difference between men lies in knowing how to work—in knowing how to use your time—in what the world today calls "Efficiency." What Efficiency did for Henry Ford and his marvelous business, it can do for you—as an individual. Learn how through the

Course in Personal Efficiency
24 Lessons—With Charts—Records—Diagrams—Condensed—Clear

Through this course already 8000 men are on the way to get what they want in the quickest, shortest, easiest way. The Treasurer of the biggest bond house in the Northwest saves hours every day—an author in New York does twice as much work and has more time to sell that week—a State official saves his State \$3000 on one job. The Efficiency Movement has swept the world because it has brought to men who saw no way out a new light to success. Let the Emerson Course teach you to conserve your brain, your time—for these are your capital—just as money and machinery are the capital of a factory. Learn to invest them right. There's more coming to you out of life—Get it. Get the money and rest and success you ought to have. You won't work longer—you'll work less. You are full of unused energy. Consider country people and city people. The rapidity of the city man's life bewilders the

country man. A day in New York is a terror. But give him a year in the city and he will keep the pace as well as anyone. He will get ten times as much out of himself—and he won't be working any harder. That's what Efficiency will do for you who are already in the city. It will attune you to a new gait—a new rest and snap—and things will leap along where now they crawl.

These principles are not casual ideas of Mr. Emerson's. They are the scientific principles he has developed in forty years of study. He has applied them in over 200 factories, railroads and other organizations. They are studied by other Efficiency Engineers in America, England, France, Germany and other countries who have learned them from Emerson. His big organization in New York (he has 40 assistants) has taught efficiency to steel mills and railroads, factories and publishers.

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What is Efficiency? For Whom is Efficiency? How are You Taught Efficiency? Are You Knowledgeable or Ignorant? Find out What You Are Actually Doing With Your Time. Most Failures Are Due to Guess Work. You Use Half Your Power. To What Do Some Men Owe Their Success? Your Culture. Personal Finance. Mr. Emerson's Message to You.

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Send no particulars about your course in Efficiency and Money of Emerson, also your book "Where's the Money Coming From?" This gets no entry no obligation.

Name
Address



**This is
William C. Morris**

Harper's Weekly

is indeed glad to announce that William C. Morris, specimens of whose work are to be found in this issue, has become a member of its staff.

Mr. Morris will hereafter draw exclusively for HARPER'S WEEKLY. Our readers are familiar with Mr. Morris's signature through his work that has already found place in our pages, and will welcome him as the latest addition to the long list of distinguished American cartoonists, headed by Thomas Nast, who have made HARPER'S WEEKLY the home of their art.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Armenia

FEW more striking expressions of cynical cruelty are on record than Talat Bey's threat that he would settle the Armenian question by leaving no Armenian question to settle. Whenever there has been a chance to proceed on this principle without attracting too much attention the Turk has proceeded upon it. This war gave him a chance unequalled in former times, and he has produced 800,000 corpses up to date. Count Bernsdorff said at first there were not any atrocities. The American committee has put out evidence that would convince Saint Thomas. Count Bernsdorff said that if there were any atrocities they were caused by disaffection. It was naturally answered that the men of military age had been forced into the army, and the disaffection of old men, women and children did not require wholesale murder. We think that the cartoon on the next page is just. The best informed paper in the United States on foreign affairs, the *Christian Science Monitor*, says it has entirely convincing reasons for believing that Germany could not stop the massacres and that the only hope lies in President Wilson. We confess we have been more inclined to agree with Lord Bryce, that Germany alone could stop the slaughter. The redoubtable German military critic, Count von Reventlow, says of the American protest:

We obviously cannot consider meddling, because of a third party's indignation in our ally's affairs. If the Turkish authorities believe it opportune to take vigorous measures against the unreliable, bloodthirsty and riotous Armenians, it is not only their right, but their duty to do so. Turkey can always be assured that such is German opinion. This matter concerns Turkey only, and a third Power should let Turkey alone.

This critic also says:

It has become a habit among Americans to take an active part as possible in questions of this kind, even when the events happen in south-eastern Europe and the Monroe Doctrine hardly provides an excuse. Such interference would be specially striking at the present moment, because Turkey is a belligerent power, fighting for her life, and the United States pass and want to pass as neutrals. There can hardly be any doubt that the Anglo-American fraternization in the recent financial transaction is already showing its consequences in the matter.

Taken with the official view, as expressed by Count von Bernsdorff, these quotations look dark for German assistance, and yet we cannot bring ourselves to give up hope that Hadji Wilhelm will step in. As to the relief of the refugees now suffering in the

countries near Turkey, they can be immeasurably helped by prompt money response in the United States. Checks should be sent to C. R. Crane, Treasurer, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Recent developments in the Balkans make it a still harder strife to throw the Turk out of Europe. It has not been for nothing that there is a Hapsburg on the throne of Rumania; that the King of Bulgaria is a relation of the Kaiser; and that the Kaiser's sister, the Queen of Greece, has always dominated her husband. It is going to be a long, cruel struggle to exhaustion. Meantime, Hadji Wilhelm's friends in Turkey are doing a work beside which the invasion of Belgium was a courtesy. The people of the United States were generous to Belgium. Will they open their hearts to the far worse suffering of the Armenians?

Islam and Europe

DR. SAMUEL ZWEMER, of Egypt and Arabia, a leading authority on Mohammedan affairs, has recently said that Pan-Islamism, whatever there ever was of it, is dead, and that Mohammedans know it. The Pan-Islamic idea, exaggerated into a myth, was a pet of Disraeli's, and it dominated British foreign policy for an amazing length of time. It is having its echoes now. It put two-thirds of the Bulgarian people back into Turkey and did absolutely nothing for Armenia. It included tolerance to Turkish atrocities on the ground that Turkey's power in the Pan-Islamic movement made such tolerance necessary. British officials in the Levant scouted the idea, but it persisted in London. The drawing together of Russia and England changed the world's view of the Disraeli policy, and incidentally of Russia's part in the century-long contest over whether civilization or barbarism should prevail in Europe. If we have to go back centuries to find a parallel to the present Armenian atrocities, and if we then find the same Turkish race at work in the vast Tatar invasion, let us not forget who stopped Timour. The effort required to stop the Tatar held back Russia's development, but there is a poetic justice in the fact that she is today lined up with England and France, fighting against Germany, whose diplomacy has long done much to strengthen the reactionary forces of Russia, and against Turkey, fiercest remainder of Russia's ancient Eastern enemies. Russia, England and France may well fight together against the most modern form of despotism linked to descendants of the horde that centuries ago was barely stopped by Russia from submerging western Europe.



First Ally: These from a London Zeppelin raid.
 Second Ally: These from the Armenians.

Defense

HARPER'S WEEKLY gets pounded with about equal assiduity by the absolute pacifists and by the big-army-at-any-price aggregation. Some do not understand our position. To ourselves it seems clear. Before the European war began, we ran an elaborate series of articles by Charles Johnston Post in favor of army reorganization. After the war began, we ran a series on unpreparedness by Mr. Howard D. Wheeler. Editorially we supported both these series. Nevertheless we have said, and say now, that any plan based on mere expensiveness will not pass Congress, and would not be lasting if it did. It is not properly a party question. The national committee appointed at Plattsburg is of all parties. It has no political spirit. It is eager to cooperate with the administration now in power. It was entirely out of sympathy with Colonel Roosevelt's attempt to make a partisan issue. From such bodies, of all shades of political belief, is to be hoped earnest cooperation to find how to secure, for the immense sum we must spend on national defense, adequate results. Congressmen are already beginning to plead for their local army posts, forts, and navy yards. Such a spirit is what gave pensions not for need but for political popularity. Such a spirit makes possible the absurd cost of every item in our program. It has become an old story that war preparation and war's aftermath have been costing us more than any nation on earth. *Where does the money go?* That question must be clearly met in Congress, as a first step in building a system of defense that is efficient and lasting. We have a right, in the present mood of the world, to be safe from any possible invasion. But we might as well face the facts. The United States is fluttered just now, but there is no use imag-

ining it will pay for a much bigger army and navy, unless there are signs that its appropriations will be spent in good faith. Any attempt to save useless navy yards, useless army posts, destructive red tape, expensive privilege, will make the American people unwilling to do what, if they have proper assurances, they ought to do and will be willing to do.

Like

WE LIKE the New York Tribune's sport department very much, but we do not like to have Grantland Rice say "Alexander is like Mathewson then was." Elegance usually characterizes Rice. It is welcome in any department of American journalism. To find it in writing about sports sets it off conspicuously. We jumped on this little slip mainly as an excuse to point out that, while no doubt American journalism has lost in the last ten years in powerful reformers, it has gained in the total number of writers with literary taste.

A Poet at the War

USUALLY when we read that some man distinguished in the arts of peace has gone to the front we feel little except discouragement that the manifold interests and efforts of modern life should be swamped in this one great struggle of force. Somehow it seems a little different when we know that John Masefield has accepted a position of responsibility in the Dardanelles. Masefield's talent is so much one of expressing primitive things that his participation in the horrible drama comes to his readers with less of a shock. If we read of Galeworthy, Gilbert Murray, Shaw, or Barric, for instance, in the

war, even if they were of suitable age, or of Hauptmann or Sudermann, or Anatole France, Rodin, or Brieux, there would be something desperately incongruous. Masfield acquired his knowledge of life, and feeling of it, by open wanderings and adventures around the earth, and he perhaps more than any other equally civilized artist of the time seems now to be living in accord with his temperament, although the war itself is in harshest conflict with his ideals.

The reading world will watch his fate with warm concern. When a fine example of physical manhood was lost to us in the death of Captain Wilding, we all sorrowed, although his name had been made in nothing more important than tennis. If Masfield should be killed, the English-speaking world would lose a man who had struck a new note; who had struck with power a note combining fundamental poetry with realization of the characteristic features of our new era. Of no one else could we wish more fervently that he may come back from this desperate test, to help to express those strivings of the heart and the mind which will be set free again when the mechanical and physical struggle is at an end.

Beginning the War

A DIPLOMAT with whom we are very intimate was in Germany and Austria just before and after the war began. He talked with a prominent Austrian statesman, a friend of his, who said:

Yes, there will be war. We have consulted Berlin and they want us to fight. They say that



after Russia's strategic railways in Poland are finished we shall have no chance. Therefore the job should be done now.

Our friend talked a few days later with a prominent statesman in Germany, with whom he was also on confidential terms. The German gave him the same facts and reasons, in almost precisely the same terms.

A Dialogue

SOME men in public life have breadth of vision. One such is a Democratic Senator from a southwestern state. An independent citizen recently conversed with this Democratic Senator as follows:

Citizen: Why wouldn't Congressman Kent be a good man for the Democrats to nominate for the vice-Presidency?

Senator: There couldn't be a better.

Citizen: Some say he is not enough of a Democrat.

Senator: There is not a better Democrat in the United States.

Citizen: He calls himself an independent.

Senator: How do you judge a man, by labels or by deeds?

Citizen: I judge a man by deeds, but I am not so sure how those who will steer the next Democratic convention will judge.

Change

STEAM power and its daughter, electric power, have changed not only industry but likewise politics. Frederick the Great said:

All far-off acquisitions are a burden to the State.
A village on the frontier is worth more than a principality 250 miles away.

Other times, other truths. Other premises, other conclusions. Bismarck agreed with Frederick. Their views still contain much truth, especially the truth of warning. The vast majority of Americans would be relieved if there were suddenly presented to us a way of getting rid of the Philippines that would be creditable to us and desirable for the Filipinos.

But it is much more doubtful whether England would gain materially or spiritually by losing her remote responsibilities. Germany stands between the United States and England in her circumstances. She has not been a very good colonizer so far, and yet she has shown such energy, such ability to follow thought with action that we cannot help hoping the future may allow her colonies enough to make a test of her governing power. On the continent of Europe she cannot rule new peoples as she has ruled those of Alsace-Lorraine, unless she continues to lend everything to physical power. Governing remote regions she might possibly learn what England has learned: that the only safe rule is to grant the governed country every step in freedom that a liberal mind can decide to be safe. The enthusiastic support of the empire brought by Canada and Australia, and still more strikingly, the support that came from South Africa, must surely teach many thoughtful Germans that there are other successful principles of politics besides centralization and suppression.

Jawsmiths and Grievies

CONVERSING with a successful and also diverting business man, we were struck by his use of the two nouns that appear at the head of this editorial. Inquiry drew out the information that the first noun is general for labor leaders, and the second specific for those representatives who come to capital with complaints. Now the very existence of such a vocabulary is unfortunate. Industrial harmony in its later stages will be brought about less by cold struggle than by imaginative sympathy. An employer should be in close personal touch with laborers,



so that they become real to him, as his own family and friends are real. Thus may he attain a state of mind in which none anything approaching a fundamental solution can be found. We have been much oftener struck with the tolerant and comprehending view of capital taken by labor leaders than we have by the tolerant and comprehending view of labor taken by industrial leaders. Wealth, immunity from need, power over others, these things destroy understanding unless they are accompanied by very unusual spirituality.

retirement in 1905 Z. T. Patten, Sr., was president of the company. The other officers were John A. Patten, vice-president; Z. C. Patten, Jr., secretary; and J. T. Lupton, treasurer—Mr. Lupton being the president's son-in-law. After the retirement of Z. C. Sr., and the resignation of J. T. Lupton, the business passed into the hands of J. A. Patten and Z. C. Patten, Jr. When the law taxing corporations went into effect, the firm became legally, at least a copartnership,—its present status.

THE Federal Food and Drugs Act went into effect in 1906. Before that time there was nothing on the package of Cardui to indicate its composition—except the enlightening statement that it was "Nature's Great Emmenagogue." After the passage of the federal law the label was modified to show that nature's emmenagogue contained some twenty per cent of alcohol.

About the same time the term "Wine of Cardui" was abandoned, except on the outside wrapper—where a change of name would affect the



design—and the term "Cardui" was substituted. The wrapper is gradually being changed to fit the new name.

But the label does not tell the whole alcohol story. For many years, previous to 1906, the percentage of alcohol had been twenty-five per cent, and before that it had been thirty-three per cent. It was during this latter period, by the way, that the medicine achieved its great popularity.

It is not to be presumed that the proportion of alcohol was reduced from conscientious scruples or from fear of its effect. Economy first prompted the reduction—for alcohol is the most costly ingredient involved. But, in 1906, the motive of economy was conveniently seconded by the desire to make a good showing on the label. Hence the first statement made concerning the alcohol content was, that it amounted to fifteen per

cent. This was found to be insufficient,—"Nature's great emmenagogue" couldn't "heal" very well, with only fifteen per cent alcohol. So the amount was increased, to fifteen per cent and later to twenty per cent, a figure it has since remained.

Besides alcohol and water, the Wine of Cardui, previous to 1906, contained the herb *cardus benedictus*, or blessed thistle, in the proportion of one pound



The evolution of "Cardui"—from "Nature's Great Emmenagogue" to "20% alcohol."

to the gallon. Caramel, or burnt sugar, was added for coloring purposes, when necessary, and a small amount of sodium carbonate, to make the mixture settle clear. That was all.

Just before the Food and Drugs Act went into effect a small amount of black haw bark, equal to ten per cent of the cardus herb used (i.e., 1.6 ounces to the gallon) was added to the formula. No other changes were made. This amount of black haw is manifestly insufficient to produce any appreciable effect. The cardus herb itself was once supposed to have medicinal properties of value, but it has long since been discredited among scientific men. It has merely the properties of a simple bitter tonic. It is conceivable that such a tonic, taken in connection with fairly large doses of alcohol, might improve the appetite and digestion in some cases, but it requires the exercise of considerable faith and some imagination to believe that it will act to order on the menstrual function—increasing the flow if scanty or checking it when excessive.

BUT there is one miracle that Cardui can perform—a miracle quite as wonderful, perhaps, as the regulation of the menstrual function; it can make money. The several herbs, whatever their life-giving potentialities, are at least conveniently inexpensive. The cardus plant is a common roadside weed in Hungary, needing

no cultivation and requiring only to be cut, cured and shipped. It is consequently quite cheap, being delivered for about six cents per pound. Black haw is also cheap, costing but ten cents a pound. The cost of caramel and sodium carbonate is negligible. The only expensive ingredient is alcohol, which costs \$2.50 per gallon in quantity.

From these several prices the cost of making a gallon of Cardui may be computed:

1 lb. carduus herb	@	6¢ per lb.....06
1.6 ops. black haw bark	@	10¢ per lb.....01
1-5 gal. alcohol	@	\$2.50 per gal.....50
1-4 oz. sodium carbonate	@	6¢ per lb.....002
1-2 oz. caramel	@	10¢ per lb.....004

Cost of ingredients for one gallon.....\$0.576

To this amount should be added fifteen per cent for factory, overhead or fixed charges—\$0.086—bringing the total cost of producing a gallon of Cardui to 66¢ a gallon.

One gallon fills fourteen bottles. The contents of each bottle, therefore, cost a trifle over 4¢ or, say, 49¢ for a dozen bottles. A panel bottle, two short corks, a cork-screw, a carton, wrapper and two labels are calculated to cost 56¢ for the dozen, and girls are paid 27¢ a dozen for labeling, wrapping, "stuffing," and sealing.

The cost of a dozen bottles ready for packing is thus 49¢ (for the Cardui) plus 56¢ and 27¢ (for the wrapping). This totals up to \$1.08. Add 20¢ more for a box large enough for a dozen bottles and the packing thereof, and you have the price of a dozen bottles ready for shipment—\$1.28.

A dollar and twenty-eight cents for a dozen bottles—cheap enough—but we have not yet considered the largest item in the patent medicine expense account—advertising. Even a sure-fire miracle will not sell itself. The public has to be persuaded. And to do this persuading—by booklets, testimonials, newspaper ads, reading notices, etc.—costs quite as much as the actual making of the nostrum. Add to that dollar and twenty-

eight cents, fifteen per cent for the selling of the product and five per cent for the collecting; double the amount so that it will include the advertising expenses, and you will have the final cost of our Cardui—\$3.08 for a dozen bottles.

AND now for the other side of the question. The selling price of Cardui varies according to the size lots in which it is sold, but will average close to \$7.60 per dozen bottles. Deducting the total cost of manufacture—\$3.08—this leaves the very conservative estimate of \$4.52 profit on each dozen. During the past year the average day's bottling was 750 dozen bottles. With 280 working days, this means an output of 210,000 dozen for the year. Hence, at the rate of \$4.52 on each dozen, the net profit of the year's sales of Cardui amounted to \$949,200!

THE latest move made by the Patten company seems likely to add a few more thousands to this figure. Not content with selling panacea to the bedridden, the Cardui management now proposes to vend its wares to the healthy. All women are advised to take Cardui at all times: if sick, to make them well; if well, to protect them from sickness. The following paragraph, taken from a copy of the *Cardui Salesman*, issued only last spring, shows the touch of philanthropy that tinges the Patten concern:

Now is the time to impress on each dealer the importance of selling each lady customer the home treatment of Cardui to use as her usual spring tonic. Don't let the best opportunity we have ever had for a big spring business go by without taking full advantage of it. If a lady takes Cardui she should take it according to directions. The directions are, take the home treatment, six bottles—buy five bottles and get a bottle free.

Yes, madam, any time is the time to buy your Cardui. Take it in your water or in your soup, in your tea or in your coffee,—apply it externally, if you will,—but! be sure to buy at least five bottles and get the sixth one free!

The Bother

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

SO I said,
As I sat with my paper unread
And my spectacles pushed on my brow,
"There! there! run away;
Don't hang on me all day;
Do go somewhere and play;
Run off and don't bother me now."

In his eyes
Shone the tears of a sudden surprise,
(Like the ruin on a blossomy bow,)
"If I go'd out to play
Wif a angel some day,
An' it ast me to stay,
Zen I wouldn't bozzer you now."

With a laugh
Which is more of a sob by a half,
I gather him up, as I vow,
"Oh wise little wight,
You are right! you are right!
Hold me closer, hold tight!
Nevermore can you bother me, now."

The Cost of Sex

EVEN in man sex is determined in the same manner, according to several recent investigators.

If an egg is fertilized by a sperm with 24 chromosomes an individual with 48 chromosomes, or a female, is produced; if fertilized by a sperm with 23 chromosomes an individual with 47 chromosomes, or a male, results." I turned

listlessly from the latest survey by an eminent scientist of the theories regarding the cause of sex. It had all seemed so thrilling once, just to know when, and where, and how it is determined that one half the race shall forever wear skirts while the other half strides forth to freedom. But how had the knowledge of the origin of limitations fixed by Nature's irrevocable laws helped me to solve the problems of life? Even now I was listening, half hopefully, half fearfully, for a messenger with a telegram that would tell me whether or not I had been appointed to a given position. And on what did it depend? I reread the special delivery which had arrived yesterday morning asking me to reply by a night telegram. I could not doubt but that they believed me to be a man, and I had not undereceived them. Had they discovered that extra chromosome? I was confident it was on that my fate depended. As I listened, with door ajar, for the sound of the bell and the voice of the messenger, I surveyed all that that forty-eighth chromosome had meant to me, as the zoologist I have quoted had surveyed the history of its discovery. He spoke of McClung, Wilson, Wisniawer, Montgomery, Guyer and all the other chromosome chasers; they knew the optical appearance, number, and distribution of these necessary chromosomes and the kind of bugs and other beasts in which they have been studied. I knew the weight of this tiny mass of chromatin, measured in the light of human personality, emotion, freedom, opportunities, success. Never, since I was, have I been free from its invisible chains.

In that organic cavity in which the first nine months of my life were passed, I see the solitary, passive material germ cell, symbolic of the life from which it came, surrounded by a whirling, seething mass of paternal elements, visible, like a cloud of mist, only through their never ceasing activity. As I watch, a change appears in the egg cell; a gradually thickening membrane appears on its surface; the activity of the whirling mass is less pronounced; out of the thousands of tiny specks struggling to be the paternal half of me one has triumphed. Did it bear 23 or 24 chromosomes? How well I know!

I passed through childhood thoughtless of its sinister presence. In early youth I realized some of the limitations it imposed. By the time I was through college I knew that it made impossible much that my inmost self demanded. Once

landed in the professional world, I saw that only exceptional talent could overcome it in the struggle for success. By the time I had taught women a few years, I knew that, at least in the present organization of society, it prevented intellectual development, freedom, and responsibility for the great mass of women, and cultivated the worst instincts

self-assurance, I compared my own ability to reason and to grasp fundamental principles with that of men who had been students with me. One or two I recognized as men of unusual talent. They were quite outside my class. But the rest—I regarded them as men with all the usual senses in a normal condition and well trained. Nothing more. But they were succeeding. The world was eager for their services. Was my failure the actual effect of that chromosome, or the effect of its reputation? How I wanted to know!

And the chance came. I had decided to accept the most minor kind of a position in a coeducational institution, that I might gauge my ability to teach with that of men. I offered my services to various men whom I knew, but none of them evinced an undue eagerness to install me as a member of his staff. Then an institution in urgent need of an instructor asked through a scientific journal for applicants for the position. I answered by a telegram which stated my training and experience. After it had gone I realized that quite unthinkingly I had signed only the initials of my Christian name, and had given no evidence of my sex.

I walked many blocks surveying the situation, with a lightness which I thought had vanished forever. The weight of that chromosome, subdivided into millions, seemed suddenly lessened. For once my record as a student



in men. And I rebelled. No longer would I be part of a system which helped that infernal chromosome in its deadly work.

But how escape? I paused to take account of stock, to view myself, as nearly as possible, with the impartiality with which I would judge a matter of impersonal interest. I asked of my training. I had chosen the institution for my undergraduate work with a limited knowledge of college, and no definite principles by which to gauge its merits. But I still believed I had made no mistake. It was old and well known, and I still recognized that on its faculty are some of the best teachers I have ever met. There is perhaps no greater man in his line in the country than the one with whom I did most of my graduate work.

With what was probably deliberate

... that one half the race shall forever wear skirts while the other half strides forth to freedom.—The Cost of Sex.

and teacher would be critically examined without being clothed in skirts. Would it be regarded as duplicity? Probably, but it was the only opportunity of the kind I should ever have. I frequented biological stations and attended science meetings. I knew almost every zoologist who was in a position to offer a place to any one. They would always think of me first as a woman, and I wanted to be regarded as a mere human being. It was a minor position, and I knew that the men who would be considered would

have less training and less experience than I. Unless that chromosome was uncarried I thought my chances were good, and I should take them, and face the consequences.

But a new thought came. If they considered me, I should have to furnish references. Would it be possible to write a letter of recommendation that would not reveal my sex? I tried it, and concluded that by careful planning, using rather awkward sentences, and Dr. as a non-committal title, it could be done, and forthwith I dispatched a letter making this request.

Yesterday morning I received the special delivery letter I have mentioned which, while it made no offer, was written in a most encouraging tone. No references were asked for, but I was re-

quested to send a night telegram, and promised an immediate reply by wire. The chosen candidate must be on the spot in six days, and it would take me three to go.

AND so I am waiting for the messenger-boy. It is ten o'clock here; eight in the city to which my message went. It is time for night letters to be delivered. Some time in the next two hours the answer should come. I must be prepared to start at once if it is favorable. I have looked up possible routes, and collected time-tables. I have selected a new traveling suit, and the contents of my bureau drawers are being sorted and put in order. The hands of the clock travel slowly round, but messenger-boys are proverbially slow.

My eye lights on the new pamphlet of the American Association for the Advancement of Science which has recently arrived. Suppose the men in this distant institution have also just received it, and look to see if I am a member, and what it says about me! If they are not going to wait for references they will surely look me up somewhere. And if they haven't this, there are the catalogs of all the colleges with which I have been connected, the pamphlets of the Society of Sigma Xi, the Society of American Zoologists.

I close the door, and listen no longer for a messenger. The chromosome is discovered. I shall never know how my record books separated from skirts. Once more I am mere female. I think I'll embroider a nightgown.

A Country Club Idyl

By CORNELIA STERRETT PENFIELD

THE club was on the outskirts of a small, busy city,—the kind wherein we ourselves live or have friends. On the veranda overlooking the tennis courts sat five women.

Four were "nicely settled." Their husbands were model citizens who were pillars of the Board of Trade and supported their families in more than comfort. The wives belonged to the same set,—were members of a bridge club which met every Wednesday afternoon from three to six; a "Thamile Mission" that called them twice a month to sew by hand for the poor clothing that might have been stitched in quarter of the time by machine; a Missionary Study Circle that assembled every Saturday morning at the parish house, that they might be acquainted with the needs of heathendom overseas; and a Contemporary Society that lured them rather reluctantly to sit every other week for an evening and listen to some moderately famous lecturer from out of town.

The first woman loved to cook. She worried her servants out of her employment by frequent occupations of the kitchen. Often she sighed sentimentally for the days when "we had no help,—I used to love it so; but now with all my club work and calls,—I couldn't think of getting along!"

The second had four children,—the most wonderfully trained in town. She had devoted herself to them, studying every branch of child culture and had given them of her very best. They had splendidly repaid her education, but with the eldest in business with his father, two at college, and the youngest at an excellent boarding school, she occasionally thought herself shelved.

The third was a Vassar graduate, an attractive, scholarly woman. The best reviews, English and foreign, were always to be found on her library table, and she had spent much time

traveling abroad with her two children.

The fourth was a social power in the city,—a gracious, charming personality, a tactful hostess, who always was elected by acclamation to the many society offices she had held.

The fifth woman was unmarried. She had none of the assured, comfortable aspect of the others, but sat awkwardly taut in her chair, as though she were longing to be away and in action,—somewhere, anywhere. She was. Meanwhile, being the guest of the president of the Contemporary Society, she was constrained to polite silence while the conversation rippled pleasantly over the smooth, pebbly interests of the group, who tacitly included her, and now and again addressed her:

"Of course you haven't really seen our little town at its best, but isn't it home-like?"

The visitor assented, adding, "One would hardly think it was such a manufacturing centre."

"Ah," murmured the president, "that is its chief charm to me. The residential section is so apart from the shopping district,—and that in turn, from the factories. My husband says it is like coming to another country to return home from the office,—his factory is away over near the river. It is so depressing in the river district,—dirty children scrambling around in the mud, and the most awful old houses,—such a contrast! We have such magnificent shade trees along our best streets, kept and cared for by a special appropriation! Very few cities do that."

The guest smiled vaguely. She remembered compiling the social statistics of this same city that took such care of its shade trees. She recalled the appalling percentage of illiterates, of criminals, the baldly iterated facts reported by a committee on housing conditions, the difficulty in presenting any of the

deductions to the city government. These women ought to be interested. They were influential, cultivated. She leaned eagerly forward.

"Isn't it too bad, though, that you have no Community House for the other side of the city? It has been so successful where it has been tried,—a social centre for factory workers, with classes where the women can learn to cook really nutritious food instead of the unwholesome, expensive things they do eat,—with a day nursery and kindergarten for the kiddies,—classes for any one who wants to study at night,—and best of all, chaperoned, yet jolly dances occasionally to attract the young folks from dangerous places."

"That would be nice," said the college graduate, thoughtfully, "I suppose it really ought to be done some day; but the city has grown so rapidly that any welfare work seems to be losing time on a treadmill. It would be such an expense to start anything of the kind,—to get teachers,—and all that, don't you know?"

The social worker from the capital hesitated, "Wouldn't any of your churches or your societies take an interest—?"

The president of the Contemporary Society slowly shook her head. "My dear girl, they have more than they can do now. If you were only to be with us longer, you would see how hopeless the thought of it is! Why, every individual woman I know is positively ears over with society work,—the Mission,—and Belgium relief—"

The enthusiast changed the subject. Later in the day the president cornered her with a smile, "Dear, you don't understand, being by yourself! Every one you were talking with this morning has a house to run, and servants to oversee, and I think it really is wonderful that they are all able to accomplish what they do."

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



SAFE CONDUCT

BRITANNIA (*to departing one*):

Don't be afraid; he won't hurt you.

Bulgaria's Side of It



BULGARIA is in the full glare of the international limelight. From afar it may seem strange that a country should appear to be so lacking in national unity in such a grave crisis. To many who know her well Bulgaria presents a different picture. To them the Bulgarians seem neither greedy nor capricious, but on the contrary actuated by definite and patriotic motives, or rather by one motive in particular. To

understand the reason for the tenacity of the Bulgarian people means to understand their origin, the conditions under which they have lived, and the bearing of recent events. The hopeless division in Bulgarian sentiment today is due to the conflict between historical traditions and the impression produced by the last Balkan war.

Although the Bulgarians are now classed, ethnically, with the Slavic peoples of the south, their origin is obscure. Recent investigation would go to prove that they are akin to the Tatars, the Finns, and the Huns; a branch of the Turanian family of peoples. Probably they are the descendants of a Tatar tribe, the ruins of whose capital, Bolgary, are still to be seen on the banks of the Volga, and they crossed over into the present Bulgarian region of the Balkans in 679 A.D., subjugating all the Slavic tribes with which that part of the peninsula was peopled, and advanced to the very gates of Constantinople. The Byzantine Empire found itself forced to cede to them large tracts of land in the



Above—Armenian group at Constantinople College, Constantinople.
Below—Bulgarian peasants in a peasant girls at the college.

Balkan Peninsula and pay them yearly tribute. These Bulgars then set about organizing the conquered Slavs into a powerful state, but in the process they themselves became absorbed by the native population, whose language, customs, and institutions, they adopted. They became altogether Slavized.

These early Bulgarians were successful warriors. During the golden age of their history, i. e. during the end of the ninth century and the first quarter of the tenth, they were masters of a region which stretched from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, and from the Save River and the Carpathians down to Thessaly. This was also the great epoch of Bulgarian letters. The ablest writers and thinkers of the age were gathered at the court of the reigning prince, Simeon, who was not only a good writer himself, but was also a great patron of letters. After him the whole fabric of the state seemed to be eaten up by political disturbances and religious dissension. As a result of this dissension part of the kingdom fell away and was under Greek

rule, or nonrule, for 168 years (1018-1186). Then came insurrections and an attempt to reestablish an empire. Endless intrigues, however, put the country into such a state of confusion that it became an easy prey for the Tatars, who, after overrunning Rumania, crossed the Danube into Bulgarian territory from the north, and for the Turks who appeared in the south.

These latter conquered one stronghold after another until finally, on the plains of Kosovo, on the 15th of June, 1389, Bulgaria received the crushing blow which doomed her to five centuries of Turkish oppression.

These five centuries, when Turkish political oppression stalked hand in hand with Greek ecclesiastical tyranny throughout the land, are the dark ages of Bulgarian history. Political, economic, intellectual bondage—those were the principal causes of the years of suffering and trial through which the Bulgarians had to pass before the new era of their existence in the nineteenth century dawned for them. This new era was first heralded by a literary revival started by a monk in the monastery of Mount Athos. Father Paisy was constantly chagrined by the frequent insinuations that Bulgaria had no history and had never produced any great leaders, political or spiritual. To refute these statements he hunted down all the available historical documents in Bulgaria, Austria, and Russia, and wrote a "History of the Bulgarian People with Accounts of their Tsars and Saints."

This book roused the sleeping Bulgarian patriots. A new interest was taken in the Bulgarian language; grammars, histories, newspapers were printed in it; folk-songs were collected; schools were founded. Close upon the literary came the religious renaissance, in 1870, when the Bulgarian Church threw off the Greek yoke and established itself as an independent unit of the Eastern Orthodox Church.

BUT intellectual and spiritual freedom were only stepping stones to political liberty, and active measures to achieve this were taken. Against these activities of the patriotic Bulgarians the Turks retaliated with ruthless cruelty. So flagrant were these cruelties that the Russians were roused on behalf of their Slavic brethren. They formed an alliance with the Rumanians, after these had declared their independence of Turkey, and invaded the Danubian provinces. The Russian troops, with the aid of the Bulgarian population, carried everything before them, and in the late winter of 1878 were marching on undefended Constantinople, when the Turks sued for peace and the Treaty of San Stefano was signed. That treaty set the seal on the blood bond between Russia and Bulgaria, and might have solved the problem of the Near East had it been allowed to stand. The new territorial divisions which were outlined in it were based on clearly ethnic lines. As far as Bulgaria was concerned this treaty meant the rehabilitation of the old Bulgarian kingdom, extending from the Danube to Thessaly and embracing most of Albania, Bulgarian Macedonia and Thrace—all regions where the majority of the inhabitants were Bulgars.

But the sweets of their triumphs were soon turned to bitter. England, who always dreaded the growth of Russian influence in the Near East, fearing that a great Bulgaria might prove an altogether too powerful ally for her big Slavic brother, immediately seized the opportunity when Russia was temporarily exhausted by her campaign against the Turks, to demand the revocation of the Treaty of San Stefano and the summoning of a congress of the Great Powers to consider terms for a new treaty. This resulted in the Treaty of Berlin, successfully negotiated by Disraeli for England, but to the iniquitous terms of which directly can be traced the suffering in the Balkans during the last thirty-six years, and indirectly the massacres and persecutions of the Armenians. The conditions of this new treaty spelled the complete mutilation of the newly created Bulgaria. Two-thirds of the richest and most fertile parts of the country were either returned outright to Turkey or put under her suzerainty. The rest of the emancipated territory was given to Serbia and Rumania. This was the first great blow to the Bulgarian national

ideal. After all the struggles only an insignificant part of Bulgarian country was allowed to be a self-governing unit. Then and there the seeds of the Balkan war were sown, a war of which the present great conflict is a daughter.

Russia, by her generous fighting for the liberation of the Bulgarian people, won their profound affection and laid upon them a debt of which they have always remained mindful. The Russian government, however, soon began to try this affection in many ways. Numerous intrigues irritated the independent spirit of the new Bulgaria. At the same time, years of systematically hostile policy on the part of the British government (for it is only very recently that any English statesmen have shown a sympathetic interest in Bulgaria, and of them Bryce is perhaps the most notable) tended more than ever to embitter the Bulgarians. Unlike the politicians, however, the people in both Russia and England have always harbored friendly feelings toward the Bulgarian people. It was the people in Russia, aflame with the ideal of Slavic brotherhood and indignant at the sufferings to which the Balkan Slavs were subjected, who pressed the government into war, just as was the case in this war when Serbia, an old Slavic and orthodox country, was in danger. But in Russia and England, and also in Austria, the governments have followed the pernicious policy of "divide to control"—*divide et impera*.

After years of these foreign intrigues in Bulgaria and constant oppression on the part of the Turkish government, the time seemed ripe for a new attempt to realize the national ideal. The whole peninsula was in a state of fermentation. The Powers had not been able to force Turkey to carry out her promised reforms. Turkey was weakened by her war with Italy. The various Balkan states, on the other hand, had strengthened themselves by mutual agreements in regard to their arch-enemy. These agreements contained precise details of possible territorial compensation. The maintenance of the *status quo* became manifestly impossible. The provocation was easily provided, and the fight was on.

To Bulgaria's share, because of her geographical situation, fell the heaviest fighting. Fifteen per cent of her total population of a little over four millions, was in the field during this first Balkan war. This was a proportion never reached by any other nation; not even by France in the days of Napoleon. The efforts of the Balkan allies met with unexpected success. After repulsing the Turks all along the line, the climax was reached in the fall of Adrianople, and the war was brought to a victorious close. But in the very success of the campaign lay the germ of discord, destined to be its undoing. The longer the list of conquests, the larger became

Serbia's demand for concessions. She quite disregarded the restrictions of her ante-bellum compact with Bulgaria, and furthermore connived secretly with Greece to deprive her of Macedonia, with all its Bulgarian population. Serbia feared the phantom of the Bulgars of San Stefano. Russian intervention was of no avail; Serbia was afraid of partiality to Bulgaria, and Bulgaria, drunk with success, would submit to neither demands nor threats from any one. She went a step too far and was plunged from a war of liberation into a foeharly war of conquest. There was indeed the element of her traditional national policy in her action, but besides that were undue conceit, misjudgment of her opponents—too much faith in a lucky star!

FOR this Bulgaria had to answer to the combined armies of Greece, Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, and Turkey, in a second Balkan war. It soon became apparent that she was struggling against overwhelming odds. Although Tsar Ferdinand appealed to Europe for mediation, it was not until his country had been absolutely humiliated that an armistice was declared and peace negotiations were instituted at Bucharest. The treaty signed there on August 10th, 1913, from the Bulgarian point of view, was a worthy sequel to the Treaty of Berlin. Bulgaria was made to cede to Rumania territory worth eight million dollars a year in wheat alone—territory, moreover, in which four-fifths of the population is Bulgarian. To Greece and Serbia went the much contested Bulgarian Macedonia, and to Turkey still other concessions. Bulgaria was compelled to submit to these unjust terms, dictated by her jealous enemies. Always smarting under her humiliation, she has waited grimly and silently for her opportunity for revenge.

Such are the antecedents of the present situation. Bulgaria has been maltreated. Her people, as Slavs, feel their debt to Russia and sympathize with her. But their resentment against the Serbs, Greeks and Rumanians, throws them into the arms of Austria and Germany; a situation doubtlessly colored by a hundred million dollar loan contracted in Germany just before this war, and by extraordinarily important industrial concessions granted to Germans in Bulgarian trade. The Bulgarian ruler, Tsar Ferdinand, is a German, a Colburer, but related to the King of England, and connected with the French house of Bourbons—Orléans. But these things are secondary. Today, in Bulgaria, the national ideal is of supreme importance; only the prospect of a reunited Great Bulgaria can sway the will of the people. The Balkan allies repudiated their solemn obligations to Bulgaria; promises are worth nothing to her now. Her wounds are too fresh for her to forgive the past, and she will not forget.



More than 800,000 of the 1,500,000 Armenians have been slaughtered by the Turks since May 15, 1915.

The German Eagle: "How goes it, dear Ally?"
The Turkey Buzzard: "If the last census report"



rect, one-third of the Armenian question is settled."

The New Jersey Championship

By HERBERT REED

IF THERE is any such title Princeton now holds it, at least so far as football is concerned, despite the gallant effort of Rutgers to snatch it away. In the course of the battle both teams displayed some of the prettiest football it has ever been my fortune to see so early in October, and, sad to relate, some of the poorest headwork. The eleven from the Bantam was not only strong individually, but it boasted of well devised plays—put on in the wrong situations for the most part. Foster Sanford has maintained that the steady grinding out of first downs is the one thing that really thrills the lover of football. That was true of the old game, and partly true of the new. I doubt, however, whether the thrill of seeing one's team pound along between the forty-yard lines is worth the reaction found in the inevitable failure in the rich territory beyond those lines.

After all, the Rutgers collegians journeyed to Princeton in the hope of winning—and were beaten. They returned to New Brunswick with nothing to show for the trip but first downs. It seems utterly impossible to get through the heads of most quarterbacks and some coaches the fact that in football as it is played today it is utterly impossible to march all the way down the field and over the line for a touchdown against a team of equal strength. And I want to get on record my belief that when Sanford cannot teach a team to do it no one can.

Better generalship, a less stubborn clinging to one idea, might have beaten Princeton, and the Tigers are good enough sportsmen, I think, to admit it. Rutgers committed the unpardonable offense of twice letting Princeton take the ball away on downs. The Scarlet committed the further offense of fooling with open play in its own territory, and trying to steam-roll in opponents' territory. It will not do. Incidentally, Princeton nearly threw away the game by forward passing in home territory. Ames did it. I know that he knows better, and I feel sure that he will bear with me if for the moment I hold him up as a horrible example for his own benefit and the benefit of other quarterbacks who might get into the same pickle by making the same mistake. No one realizes better than I the burden on a quarterback in the modern game of football. Nevertheless one would think he would learn from experience.

It is only necessary to study the generalship of Dartmouth against Princeton last year, of Cornell against Harvard two years ago, of Cornell and Pennsylvania against each other last Thanksgiving Day, to learn what not to do in one's own territory. Add to these much of the play by Princeton and Rutgers for the New Jersey championship. For the other side of the shield it is only necessary to get out last year's charts of the Harvard-Yale game and the

Army-Navy game. The work of the two Harvard quarterbacks, Logan and Watson, and of the Army quarterback, Pritchard, comes close to setting a standard. Both Watson and Pritchard stuck to the orthodox until, with the score mounting fast in their favor, and facing demoralized opponents, they felt justified in taking liberties.

There was no excuse for the taking of liberties against so strong an eleven as Rutgers with only a ten-point lead. It is well for Princeton that the Tigers learned this lesson, if they have learned it, so early in the season. Perhaps Rutgers has learned something too, and will later in the season decide to mix up the attack in opponents' territory instead of wasting it in a midfield and then resorting to downright jamming into a packed defense when there is a chance to score. I have no desire to rob Princeton of any credit for taking the ball away on downs, but if they will compare the judgment of their own field general in the early part of the game with that of the Rutgers quarterback throughout, they will get a lively understanding of how they came to win the game.

MAKING a weapon of attack out of punting, and striking with it at once, was what won the game for the Orange and Black. Harvard has been doing this very thing for years, and doing it successfully. So has the Army. Both are worth copying. The game belongs to no one institution or set of institutions, and there is no disgrace in adopting methods in generalship or even in special plays and formations that have been brought out by splendid coaching systems such as exist at Cambridge and West Point. There is no doubt in my mind that John H. Rush, Princeton's new head coach, has learned a great deal from a study of Harvard's brand of football. It was evident against Rutgers, not alone in the choice of the kicking game when it would do the most damage, but also in the down-field work. The kicker on every occasion took a great deal of room, with the result that his line had to afford him very little protection, and therefore could get down the field just as the Harvard forwards do. This is good football sense and good execution, proof of which is found in the victory.

In the course of time Rush, like other coaches, will probably work out plenty of football of his own, but it is too early in the season to look for the distinct stamp of the head coach's system. The big games will bring that out.

Those who missed the battle for the New Jersey championship missed one of the finest hits of tackle play that has been staged on any gridiron. Nash, of Rutgers, was the best all-round football player on the field, and by a considerable margin. He was espable and brilliant in the ordinary duties of his position, and otherwise, from a Princeton point

of view, was the reincarnation of Captain Kidd. Wherever the play went Nash was sure to go. Not infrequently he arrived ahead of it. And it was he who intercepted Princeton's foolish forward pass in her own territory. Nash's afternoon's work reminded one forcibly of Bellin's play for Princeton last year.

One of the most encouraging features of Princeton's early season play has been the defense against the forward pass. Against Rutgers the Tiger backs repeatedly either beat down or intercepted the pass, even when the eligibles came down the field in a bunch. And the Rutgers' passing was well planned and well executed. The most dangerous of Rutgers' open plays was a short pass to a tall tackle or end just over the line of scrimmage; especially dangerous against Princeton, for the reason that the middle back in the second line of defense was very close up, supporting the centre against the heavy Rutgers running plays. It was a pity, from a Rutgers view-point, that this pass was not mixed up with the other plays in proper proportion, and a pity, too, that Bracher, one of the best backs I have seen so far this season, was not called upon to carry the ball when Rutgers had opportunities to score. Bracher was the best ground-gainer on the field when it came to running with the ball from scrimmage, and if his quarterback will give him more opportunities he should prove a trouble-maker for teams that Rutgers is to meet later in the season.

Yale and the Navy have undergone the experience of being defeated early in the season. Both met teams that were better at this stage of the campaign, with every prospect of being strong in November, too. The Elis got into trouble through putting on the passing game in their own territory, and it is to be hoped that they too have learned a lesson. There was fumbling too close to home, with the inevitable result.

There have been troublesome acts at New Haven, and, as was to be expected, Frank Hinkey has had to face a deal of harsh criticism. In planning a new system of coaching Hinkey has had to sweep out the old and make a thorough job of it. The abolition of room 117 in the Taft as a coaching headquarters is a fair sample of the head coach's methods. Ringing out the old and ringing in the new at Yale is a big undertaking. One can sympathize to some extent with the undergraduates who want their victories now, with those graduates who do not feel that they ought to accept defeat gracefully at the hands of any team other than Harvard and Princeton, and with the old-timers who do not relish a looking at any time; but there is still something to be said for the head coach. It seems only the fair thing to suspend judgment on Hinkey for a time. The impartial outsider will do it, I think, even if some of the Elis, young and old, will not.



Who Will Rule 'Em?

By GILSON GARDNER

Washington, Colorado and Kansas have voted it. Total, nine, and all, except Idaho and Washington, of these include the recall of judges.

Four years ago, ten states—South Dakota, Utah, Oregon, Nevada, Montana, Oklahoma, Maine, Missouri, Arkansas and Colorado—had the initiative and referendum. Since then the people of Arizona, California, Nebraska, Washington, Idaho, Ohio, Michigan, Mississippi and North Dakota have voted to place it in their constitutions; total, nineteen states. Not all of these have these measures in their most effective form, it is true; politicians are tricky, but the disposition of the people is evident.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the results of these new instruments of government. The Old Guard never wearies in proclaiming their failure; but the bare record of what the people have done with them is what changed President Wilson from an opponent to an advocate of the "I, R. and R." "For seventeen years," he said, "I taught my classes that the initiative and referendum would not work. The trouble is they do."

THE progress made by these reforms has not, of course, been made without effort and organized direction. The believers in the I, R., R., and similar instruments of self-government, are zealous almost to fanaticism. They believe the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy, and almost unanimously they believe that only through the adoption of these reforms can our republican form of government be saved from control by centralized wealth, with consequences which would eventually lead to revolution. Believing thus, they have organized and contributed of their money, time and effort to promote the objects of this belief.

The first steps toward national organization were taken in December, 1913, when a number of people who had long been carrying on individual fights for direct legislation, popular primaries and the like, met in Washington, D. C., to compare notes and report progress. As a result of this meeting the National Popular Government League was organized, with U. S. Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma as president, and among its officers U. S. Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, ex-Governor Joseph Falk of Missouri, Francis J. Heney of California, Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City, and Carl S. Vrooman of Illinois, now Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

Senator Owen first came into national prominence as a champion of popular

government in 1910, when Mr. Taft, then President, tried to veto the radical constitution which Arizona had adopted. Owen took up the fight and finally, by a one-man filibuster in the closing hours of the session, forced the President to recede from his position. When Arizona was added to the states, she brought a constitution liberal enough to satisfy even Owen.

Other members and supporters of the Popular Government League are men known for their fights on the people's side. Folk and Heney were pioneers in prosecuting graft; Norris led the insurgency in the House of Representatives which tied the can to Cannonism; Frank P. Walsh is the author of the recently announced findings of the Industrial Relations Commission as to what causes social ills; Carl S. Vrooman, of Illinois, helped to drive the Roger Sullivan influence out of his party in Illinois; William Kent earned a reputation as a radical twenty years ago opposing "Bath House John" and "Little Johnny" Powers in the Chicago City Council, and has been improving on it ever since; William S. U'Ren is the father of "the Oregon system"; J. W. Sullivan, of Brooklyn, started the direct legislation movement in the east twenty-five years ago. And among the forward-looking recruits from the younger generation are Richard Crane III, of the Crane Company, Chicago, a supporter of the progressive party movement, and still an avowed friend of Theodore Roosevelt; Theodore F. Thieme, who has started the fight for a new and liberal constitution for Indiana; Lewis J. Johnson, professor of civil engineering in Harvard University, and Edmund B. Osborne, the courageous and radical leader of the progressive party movement in New Jersey. In addition to its regular membership, the League has the moral support of over thirty organizations, labor, farm, and political reform, which by convention resolutions have affiliated with the Popular Government League.

The man on the job as active manager of the League is Judson King. King breathes and eats the I, R. and R. It is his first love, his grand passion, the companion of his sleeping and his waking thoughts. He would share his last crust with the I, R., and R. and would go thirsty to keep the vital spark in the "gateway amendment." He would rather be hungry all the rest of his life and be true to popular government, than to be well fed, well dressed, well housed and be a William Howard Taft. King has been in almost every state in the union preaching the gospel of political freedom. He has appeared before commit-

SINCE retiring from the White House our genial patron, William Howard Taft, has, on an average of once a week, solemnly warned the American people against the danger of securing too much self-government. At Seattle the other day the familiar red lantern was once more hung out over the initiative, referendum and recall Road-to-ruin, and incidentally the end of all things progressive and radical announced. On the same day appeared a magazine article in which William firmly, but politely, told the women of the country that they were not really intelligent enough to vote.

Professor Taft's apostolate has been emulated by the Honorables Elihu Root, Joseph G. Cannon, Joseph Weldon Bailey, William Barnes, Alton B. Parker, David Jayne Hill, George W. Wickersham, Nicholas Murray Butler and other like experienced tutors of the public conscience. All agree that any added control of the elected by the electorate is extremely dangerous. To this group, majority rule means mob rule. The "mob," composed perforce of the average run of American citizens, is, of course, bent on the destruction of liberty and individual rights. They are now restrained from this purpose only by our blessed constitutions. Things-as-They-Are—are—to these gentlemen—right. Slight wrongs may appear at rare intervals, but the people are to blame for them. Every four years or so the people have a guess as to which political party will cure their trifling ills, and if they guess wrong, or the politicians revise the platform downward, it is the people's fault. They should have been better guessers.

But in spite of the "muttish" character of the populace, and in disregard of the kindly warnings so frequently hung out by these volunteer inspectors of the political truck, the engine of self-government comes steadily on.

When Taft, in 1911, vetoed the Arizona constitution, 141 cities had commission government. To date 374 cities, with a total population of 8,752,019, have adopted it. Practically all these cities have the short ballot, the initiative, referendum and recall; and there are hundreds of other cities which have not yet adopted commission government which have the initiative, referendum and recall.

In 1911, one state, Oregon, had the state-wide recall. Since then California, Arizona, Arkansas, Nevada, Idaho,

tees, legislative and constitutional, messed up in municipal seraps with public utilities corporations, stamped in reform campaigns, and lectured on the Chatauqua. He is one of these men who would not be discouraged if the world was come to American shores, but would probably be found in the trenches propagandizing between shots for the I, R. and R.

THE League maintains a clearing house of information for the benefit of its members and the general public. If an editor, a public speaker, a teacher or any other type of citizen desires to know the truth about the status or practical workings of direct processes of government, King will hand him what he wants. Does a member of a state legislature or a city charter commission want a model initiative and referendum law, the League officer will respond. Is expert criticism desired on some proposed bill along these lines, pointing out "jokers" and showing how to correct them, the League will furnish it.

The National Popular Government League has found that the greatest danger to the progress of popular government is the imitating measure which the opponent seeks to have adopted in place of the genuine article. A number of jokers have been devised by which the real usefulness of the I, R. and R. and similar measures can be nullified. Accordingly, one of the principal tasks of the League has been standardizing legislative forms, and a special committee

has been formed on which are men like William S. U'Ren of Oregon, Congressman Robert Cramer of Ohio, and Dr. Charles McCarthy of the Wisconsin Legislative Reference Library.

The League has a pamphlet entitled "Shall the People be Tricked Out of Their Power to Rule?" which sets out many of the best known tricks and puts advocates of such measures on their guard.

The League keeps out of personal fights. It has in mind always advancing the general cause of people's government. But once in its history there was an exception. When Roger Sullivan, the gas boss of Illinois, secured the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate and became a candidate for the office, the Popular Government League held a referendum of its membership, and it was voted to take part in the opposition to Sullivan. Headquarters were accordingly opened in Chicago in charge of Secretary Judson King, while Carl S. Vrooman, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and Senator Robert L. Owen, took the stump against Sullivan. Both being Democrats, risked their political standing in so doing, but as the result showed, they gained even in party standing. The people of Illinois rose against Sullivan and he was overwhelmingly defeated.

The Popular Government League has always encountered bitter opposition, but recently the League has found that it is to face organized opposition. The friends of special privilege feel that the time has

come to have an organization to fight popular government, well financed, and on a scale as large as the organization which is promoting popular government. To this end, circulars have been issued and a letter written by former Senator Elihu Root, announcing the organization of the National Association for Constitutional Government. The names associated with this movement are William Howard Taft, Alton B. Parker, David Jayne Hill, Julius Cesar Burrows, and many others. The dear old Constitution is the rallying cry. Their literature announces that "a real danger is threatening our rights of life, liberty and property."

EMPHASIS on "property" is not indicated by type or underlining in the circular, but those who read are supposed to allow their minds to linger on this word. It was Root who announced shortly after he was elected to the Senate that while he might be progressive, as that term is understood by some people, he regarded himself as a disciple of Hamilton. Which gives significance to the remarks of Hamilton on the subject of the U. S. Constitution, for it was he who said: "Under that Constitution the people may reign, but property will govern in the good old way." Those who want to see the triumph of Hamiltonian theory are opposed to the I, R. and R. and the Popular Government League, and all such demagogic institutions. No one, therefore, should be their friends but the people.

The Dawn of a Super Race

By CHARLES ERVIN REITZEL.

NO CONSCIENTIOUS student of people, no close observer of life in its many and varied forms, can help being deeply impressed by this important fact,—that the leading feminine characteristic is a defensive one; that the great end of all female effort is protection to herself and to her children. With the safety of the future members of the race in her charge, woman, through the long ages of evolution, has developed a wonderful intuition and intellectual power which are ever alert and awake to ward off any danger, and to discriminate for race safety. It is through these deep-rooted mental capacities that woman is

now beginning to understand (and understand clearly) that if true progress is to be made, then economic, moral and social forces which hinder and hamper the welfare either of herself or her children, must be changed or removed. If the demands of our economic and social order tend to place money above men, profits above principles, and gold above God,—then it is but natural for woman to call a halt to such foolishness.

If the keeping of woman from social influences and activities results in a stunting of her growth, as well as of the growth of her children,—then it is but natural for woman

to demand self-expression and development.

Evolution wills it!

Progress demands it!

Viewed thus the suffrage movement, instead of being a mere fanatic will-o'-the-wisp, holds fast as its basic characteristic an extreme conservatism; a conservatism that conserves the race. Viewed thus the suffrage movement becomes a necessary step to the noblest and highest of our ideals—human betterment. Viewed thus the suffrage movement is fundamentally the basis of a higher civilization. Essentially it is the Dawn of a Super Race.

The Cook's Tour

VII

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

Being the blithe adventure of the erstwhile cook for the Bar-2 cattle outfit, and his crude partner Allingham, chronicled by the former during the progress of an "intensive" tour of certain hitherto little-known portions of Arizona and New Mexico.



A cross between a trompus cat on a gillywaffle.

MASTER EDITOR did you ever git any look at a Mormon luts funny they look right like folks. Hit plumb surprised me. Id years tell of Murmons offen on for years an Id got an iddee they was a cross between a wompus cat an a gillywaffle wich is two feursonne creevchen of the Westron wilds, but they dont shape up that-away nobow.

I bin thinkin hit over an my iddee is that the only difference in them an other people is the difference in their religio. Allingham says when you come ritte down to hit religio an politics is the euzes of a free people.

You euddent git along without em I tole him becaus, wile I aint never mixed none in politia nor never bin right religio. I got good frens as has. Nobuddy aint sever tried for to git along without em says Allingham of they want no politics he says they wudden be no forth of July orashuns nor no black string ties wore. An ef they want no religio they wudden be no devil nor no hell nor no preechers an what a paradisie this earth wud be.

The oay thing wud haf-to be did then he says wud be to asaynate all the lawyers includin statemen he says an wudden haf too wait no longer for the millenyum becaus hit wud be stredly in our midst. I never taken much stook in this year millenyum I says becaus seems like they wudden happen nathin excitin enuff for a feller to git up a good sweat over. Mebbe yore right says Allingham I never learnt yit to play the harp he says myself. But you got the facts of the matter now he says I done my dooty by you Im much oblezed I says.

I was a tellin you about these Mormons Mister Editor an how they lookt now this here Mormon bishop at Hunt where we stopt over night at his house he was jest a thickest sort of feller wearin a black beerd an plumb sparin

in his langwad wich didn set us agin him nose secin we'd bin lossema to words sence early morun when we startet fum Hellbrook with Meekunkthun, the stage driver. The bishop was name Lon Hammil an he taken us into the house wile Meekunkthun was on-hitchin his hosses an showed us a right purty pitcher of his Paw in black an white crayons, an a null order phony-graft wch he dida play becaus he says he dida belief in no frivolty outwell mandown.



Shoud us a right purty pitcher of his Paw in black an white crayons.

Then he made us akwaintet with his famly, wich was made up of three wimmen an a herd of boys what come stragglin in offen. You euddent get trank on em. The Lord had spared him gals he says. Hit was a plumb peereful an domestik seen all on us a setin down to one table an a pillin into the vittils what one the wimmen bring in fum the kitchen.

This one was a right sizible middel nge woman some the boys callt "Maw" an six or ayt of em callt "Anty." Meekunkthun says her given name was Anty Dntes an that the one in the kitchen deen the cookin what we dida see was name Anty Bellum. An he says the young one with yellor haar a settin at the head of the table dishin out spuds

nn sech was n favryte of Lons, an all the children callt her Anty Upp but I dunno them aint right sensible soudin names an caayhow Im beginnin to figer this year Meekunkthun aint a plumb ree-blee dispensary of infimabus.

Wen supper was done ef we all set roun an lissened to the phonygrat playin "in the gloomin" an "the rosery" an sech like poplar melodies twas a reel soddable gatherin oay Lon never said wotcha furch nor either did the boys.

Allingham an me tried to start up a cooverstion in between chunes but we dida git much eurosragram. Fust off

I says Mister Hammil I says how come this year plare is callt Hunt. I dunno he says exceptin mebbe thats what youd haf to do to find hit. This year shok of mine is about the only plare fit for a wite man to stay at for manny miles aroun he says. Yore shore hit aint becaus youall is customed to make game of yore vistor says Allingham. I never talk leinuz outwell a bordier starts to leif says Lon short like.

So we dida say much more on-twell just before the phonygrat chunes was played out wen Allingham who had bia settin quite nort of studyin over somethin fer a wile says keeries like, this year's a fine family you got Mister Hammil hit mus be a joy to yore fathers hart to see the yung wens clustred thisway about the harth of an evenin. They will doubtless be a grate solus to yore old age. Yes says Lon ef I kin keep em outn the penitentiary that long. Did you say you was married? No says Allingham I did not.

Well says Lon hits bes to keep hit a secret longe you kia but I reckn hits bou to git out like murder sometime speshully ef you got a hull rorral full of long hair wild ente like I got cruizin roun eatin you outer house an home. How manny did you say you had? I aint married says Allingham some irtable becaus I reckn he had so manny funny thins he cud say ef he got a chanet he dida like no stranger to add none to the number hits bin my experiance Mister Editor that theres the way with most these humarist fellers.

Shucks says Lon reel reprochfull like he thought Allingham was lyn you

neezter be afear'd of swoppin troubles with me I kin mebbe loan you some right good advice that mought spair you munny a hearthurn an right smart of munny jes confide in me like I was yore Paw.

Allingham lookt plumb harked speshully as some them Mormon kids settin routn began to sniker an slap there overhauls an so we went to bed not very long afterwards. I wonder if their wimmen was all on em Lois wifes I says as we was gittin redly for bed. Well says Allingham I wudden putt it apast the ole skoundrel. How sumever he deserves wesen that the idlee him makin out he bleived I was married do I look like that kind of a feller. No says but you eud mebbe cover your looks by talkin sof an rapid I've yeasn tell hit was did offen thataway I says. For the presen says Allingham I will ignor yore remark I am too proud to notis hit, ho says, an as fer marryin, nothin is further fun my mine speshully arter the hart-renderin site we seen this evenin. Yes-ir Im plumb outn the nosburn.

That there gal on the trane I says wud make some feller a right good wife if she eud be gentled into the idlee that he was a mate bettern the ordinary run. Lets see I says I bleeve she tole me her name was Mary Hallow, hits a right substanshal nome. Ah says Allingham so. Then he lookt at me a minit an says this year I wudden wonder will make a right nice bed for sleepin in so I dida say no more an we shortly sunk into the restful yarms of Morfius as the feller says.

We was callt n' sunup becaus they was a rite smart jag of rode to git over between Hunt an St Johns where we was skeduled to arrive by evenin. Meelankthun says with an ordinary team hit wud take two days but he usually made hit by supper time. We eud hear him boister at his makes wile we drest becaus he was goin to drive the mules wich he says was his favryte team but his words what we heard of them didin betray no love wastet melde hit was becaus Meelankthun haddn got his coffee yet. Hits bin one of my experiences that some fellers is plumb orny before they gits there mornin coffee.

Before startin out Allingham taken Lon Hammil onto one side an ast him how much we owed him for feedin an sleepin so over night. O about twelve dollars I reckon says Lon. What do you neen twelve dollars says Allingham we aint takin nothen offn yore place away with us. Well says Lon hit thisway I figger on takin in about twenty five dollars a week. Hit costs me about that there a mounth to feed my family an stock an pay the upkeep on the ranch, an so far they aint bin but one man come through this week an he was a preacher what kickt like a steer at payin five dollars, an the weeks mornin half gone areddy. I cant afford to take no chances on runnin behine Lon says, you wudden see us starve wid you.

No I wudden says Allingham theys lots worse deaths than that he says an lookt aroun an sevn n' dozen or fifteen them Mormon kids loafin in the vicinity n' whistlin onkoneersd an fillin up the pokkets of there overhauls with there hands. So he gin Lon twelve dollars. That theres tainted money he says I don't want hit gambin at ryards I hope

it dont bring you no had luck the only money ever bring me had luck says Lon was kountersit. I aint superstishus none thataway he says.



They is shore magniffereen ereechers he says.

So we sed adios an got onto the stage where Meelankthun was a waitin wavin his whip aint them sperrited amuls he says speekin of the mules what was an jant or ganther than the bosses we'd done drove the day before an langwid twell hit seem'd like any there harness kep them fum sinkin down exhaustet into there traeks but Meelankthun didin seem to notis hit a tall.

They is shore magniffereen ereechers he says lookt the fire in there eyes an how they chomp onto there bits an atrane at the breechins eager to be off. That's jest my idlee when I glans at these mules theys wonders of enybludly shud stup up an ast you why I eyant do em justis. Yes says Allingham I bleeve the way there bakkin in there traces, ef you shud turn em aroun we'd git furtherer today than the way they is hitched now.

Hit cant be you dont apprate this year team says Meelankthun plumb surprisid like, where is yore eyes? Fer the las ten minits they has been faasend onto them mules says Allingham an I reevel no secret wen I say they dont look right plumb to me. Im redly an willin to belief in ferries he says becaus I done rode on em but fum a cursy inspekshun I wud jdg these mules jest eyant be true. Ef I am mistook he says by anny chane they is at least in a condishun of uttre onpreparedness fer akshun proximatish that of our beloved country tis of thee. They look like they lack mobility an drivin power he says. An reservous energy he says.

Meelankthun lookt plumb despianted an likked the mules vishus with the whip an finely they made up there minds to start on we was off I was goin to say in a cloud of dust hit they want no dust any what come outn the hides of the mules where the whip teched them.

No sooner they strark there favryte gate wich was a right onderdone variety of the walk than Meelankthun begun for to talk. Lon is a fine feller haint he Meelankthun begun but he right close with his money he says. He's a plumb spenthrif with mine says Allingham what does he do with hit. He saves it up mostly says Meelankthun he's right rich I reckon he's got moren five hunderd dollars in the bank at St Johns. Then he begun to tell us all about Lon an how he collectet tithes for the church wich is ten per sent of the crops an ressets the Mormons earnit an how he had hin

on pilgrimagers to Salt Mormon temple at Salt Lake City enny number of times an then Meelankthun begun jest

where he begun the day before tellin us about the time he was krisent an what the minister says to his Paw an Maw

an what they says back.

Mister Barrers says Allingham finely I find myself in a plumb treacherous mood this mornin sense wud be considered golden by me he says ef I eud lisen to hit fer a spell. Well says Meelankthun I aint got no objekshtun to yore walk on ahead theys a right smart stretch of rode there an the ony thin to brake the idles is the cheerful song of the perary dog an the eaushtun sound of the cactus a growin he says. As fer me he says hits jest thisway I fine talkin a plumb healthy exeris an besides it wiles away the tedjum of the trip. How do you manege when you aint got no passengers says Allingham. O I talks to the mules then says Meelankthun they is every bit es responsif es sum the passengers. Well Allingham says I reckon I will stretch my legs a mate.

Hit wont do to git into no jam out year in the desert whispers Allingham to me hit I got a iddee lets ingage Meelankthun in conversashun an when I git tired you begin talkin an time you git wore out Ill git my mind back an between us we wont leaf Meelankthun no room to git a word in edgewise all right I says Im agreeable but I aint no long distans talker a man kin but do his bes says Allingham.

So that theres what we done ony hit didin work out thataway Meelankthun jest hieted his vois a cuppel of notches an hit the cotversushunal trail on a high lope an twent long before we seen we was bent so we quit. Hit was jest as well becaus every time Meelankthun stoit talkin the mules stoit walkin mebbe they figgered they want no sens in leavin a preceful spot mules is right areed critters.

An we soon see we'd a done better to of not caused Meelankthun to strane his vois becaus long about five o'clock when we was yit ten mile or more fum St Johns Meelankthuns pipes give out an all he eud do was to make moushs with his fire like he was yellin. He lookt plumb discourap but we was filled with merment outwell we noticed that the mules had done stoit an eudden he got to move nohow. We boffered an cussed twell hell wudden have it but twarnt no use them orny mules jes stoit that plumb contentet there eyes closed an a smile on there faces I reckon they think theyve done walkt right slip into heaven says Allingham an I dont rightly blame em he says fer there ill looshun.



The Sleep of the Great

Bob Ramsey, of Lair, recently had a dream about a peculiar music box which played a two step that made such an impression upon him that he was able to reproduce the music after he woke up. He kept humming and whistling the tune, which was not like anything he had heard before, and memorized it so well that he wrote the score of the dream march and will have it published.

—The Cynthiana (Ky.) Log Cabin.

They Do These Things in Kansas

The season for dissipation is on in Kansas. Two Emporia men, whose wives are out of town, thought they were painting the town red the other night when they went to the ball game and the sidewalk, completing the night's revel by a visit to the candy kitchen. It is the typical form of Kansas devility.

—The Emporia (Kans.) Gazette.

The Score

Auto accidents multiply, especially on Sunday. When the machines were first introduced they seemed likely to kill all the pedestrians, but now the owners are killing themselves much faster than they are killing us. If the statistics continue we shall be ahead in the game ultimately.

—The Fredonia (N. Y.) Censor.

Passing it Round

The lawn fete and band concert was a success until it began raining which caused a decrease in the sales of ice cream and pop corn. The concert was something very good and the band boys are to be complimented on their good music and the people in return for their attendance.

—The Sandusky (O.) Register.

Sophistry

Sorry, Bud, but we can't write an article about the idle rich. We don't know of any rich of that sort. The three classes we have had dealings with consisted of those who were trying to get richer, those who were struggling hard to keep their riches and those who were

burning the candle at both ends in frantic efforts to spend their riches. Most any minister or country editor will tell you, Bud, that idle hours are as unknown to the man who has much wealth as to the one who has a surplus of chiggers and shortage of nails.

—The Paris (Mo.) Appeal.

Cleaning up the Old Man

Mrs. Walter Jenkins and daughters were up a few days recently cleaning up the old man, who had become a little seedy since his mother had left for a stay with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Black of Wayland.

—The Clark County (Mo.) Courier.

When Editors Didn't Have to Fake

What has become of the public spirited farmer who used to bring the fat of the land—the largest water melons, cantaloupes and the like to the editor, in order that he might feel rich in boosting his section as growing the best in these respective lines?

—The Duthan (Ala.) News.

An Unturned Page

Smiling, calm as a May morning—serene, unruffled, is Page Lanester and he has one busy job. Here he is in his chair and he does not tear his hair but answers questions fair or unfair. Answering the telephone bell at one time and seventeen

Belhaven belles at the same time. The only difference between Page and the bride clerk at the Walled-Up Astoria is that Page does not wear diamonds but he wears the smile that won't come off.

—Belhaven Summer School Item in the Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger.

One of Life's Little Tragedies



—St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press.

What's Going On

—Mr. Duanel Toy had her property on the river front clad in a new coat of paint of combination colors.

—Misses Annie and Verna Auchmuty are treating their home on Market street with a fresh coat of paint.

—The residence of T. F. Bradenbaugh on East Union street has been brightened and greatly improved by a free application of the artist's brush.

—The Millersburg (Pa.) Herald.

Holding Out

It may finally result in a nervous breakdown, but so far we have resisted yielding to the temptation of the short sleeved, open-necked shirt and the wrist watch.

—The Mineral Wells (Tex.) Index

Modern Tommy Tuckers

A merry bunch partook of fried chicken and other good things at the George Anderson home Sunday. The men hunted rats while the women prepared the dinner.

—The Centerville Josephian

Then and Now

About 100 years ago, when the editor of the Times was a small boy, the community gossip was invariably some unfortunate woman whose tongue had brought her into general disrepute. But time makes great changes, and in these days the community gossip is usually some man whose brain has gone to seed through lack of clean thinking, and who hables at the mouth with the continuity and apparent content of a cow chewing her cud. Yes, the tariff will be the leading discussion in the next presidential campaign.

—The Castana (La.) Times.

What They Say About Birth Control

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

"LAST year more than ten thousand children were proposed to the Department of Charities of New York City for commitment to institutions," writes John A. Kingsbury, Commissioner of Charities in the Department of Public Charities of New York City, in reply to my inquiry concerning his view of the limitation of families. "Poverty or sickness or unemployment has outworn the welcome of more than ten thousand innocent little citizens in their own homes. These children are paying the penalty of the social error of *too large families*."

"It is frequently remarked that children are often found in the largest numbers in those homes which are least equipped to properly provide for them. I believe it is as serious a mistake for parents in adverse circumstances to bring children into the world for whom they are not prepared, as for parents in affluent circumstances to decline to bear children because of the inconvenience or embarrassment to their scheme of living.

"If contraception can benefit the born by limiting the unborn, without bringing about any physical or moral deterioration in human lives, I am unqualifiedly in sympathy with it."

Commissioner Kingsbury, speaking as a sociologist and not as a medical authority, very wisely safeguards his approval with the proviso that the limitation must be physically and morally harmless. We have quoted many doctors on the medical aspects. This seems a suitable place to present the letter of one who speaks from the ethical standpoint—John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York City:

"Such attention as I have been able to give to the subject of the control of births by the adoption of contraceptive methods, has persuaded me of its wisdom and beneficence. It would seem to constitute a long step in advance toward that abler ordering of life which is the goal of all the social endeavor of our time. I can well understand that there may be difficulties and dangers involved in this, as in all other matters of sex relationship; but what of the difficulties and dangers inherent in the present program of ignorance and chance? To ignore the latter because of our fear of the former, is the very height of folly and cowardice. Subject to strictest regulation, the dissemination of knowledge upon this point would undoubtedly lift intolerable burdens from countless lives, save innumerable children from hopeless misery, and help to relieve society of some of its most dreadful ills.

"It is in the matter of physical disease that the policy of control of births makes to me its strongest appeal. It is here at least that I feel myself on firmest ground. I believe in the adoption of

contraceptive methods by tuberculous mates, for example, just as I believe in the sterilization of hopeless criminals, and the segregation of the feeble-minded and degenerates.

"I suppose it is in the matter of poverty, in its hundred and one different phases of misery and helplessness, however, that this remedy seems to most persons a matter of crying need. I would not by any means be counted an one who does not recognize this need; still less do I desire to deny to the poor that power of control which has long since been won by the rich and well-to-do. Nevertheless, I beg to point out here what is to my mind a most grave peril of wrong emphasis. That the poor should not have children they cannot provide for is important; but more important is it that the poor should not be poor and thus not faced with the problem of an embarrassing abundance of progeny. I am one of the many in this age who are working for so radical a readjustment of the social order that, among many other things, no child will ever be an economic burden. And it is because I fear that the program of birth control may divert us from this larger end of complete social reconstruction, that I am tempted at times to lose interest in it. This does not mean that I want things to become worse, so that they may become better; rather does it mean that I do not want the better lost sight of in the contemplation of the good."

THIS problem of large families among the poor is ever to the front in New York. Recently a librarian in the children's reading-room in a congested part of the city approached a thoughtful child who sat pondering over the book he had just closed.

"Well, young man," said the librarian cheerfully, "what have you learned to tell your teacher at school tomorrow?"

The boy raised thoughtful eyes and spoke meditatively:

"This book says that in New York City a baby is born every six minutes. At that rate a woman can have ten babies in an hour."

Dr. James P. Warbasse, who in addition to years of general practice, affiliation with many hospitals, and extensive medical writing, has been connected with a number of social institutions like the People's Institute and the Child Welfare Committee, lays strong emphasis upon the inadequate relief given to poverty by the limitation of families. He believes that society should hold itself responsible for the well-being of the mother during pregnancy and for the proper care of the offspring. He said at a meeting of the American Society of Medical Sociology:

"The unhappiness arising out of poverty in the family, out of delayed marriage, because of inadequate financial

means, out of dread of babies because of lack of knowledge of their nurture, out of ignorance of the significance and blessed possibilities of parenthood, out of the ill health of women—all springing out of unnecessary ignorance and economic injustices—may all be ameliorated by preventing conception. In but a small proportion of instances can the artificial prevention of conception be regarded as anything better than a palliative measure which not only does not strike at the root of the evils, but which, like charity, makes rather for their perpetuation by making acquiescence more agreeable.

"On the other hand are certain fundamental principles. A first essential for human development is liberty. . . . Who does not exist cannot be hurt; life is for the living; the dead and the unborn are beyond its ken. . . . A babe is so important a thing that it is deserving only of loving parents; and parents and lovers are so important that to mar their union by an unwelcome child is to threaten both parenthood and sexual love."

The physicians who favor control of births invariably speak first of the energetic aspect of the matter, the elimination of unfit offspring, and secondly of its lightening of the poverty burden and consequent improvement of the environment of those who are born. Dr. Abraham Jacobi, whom we have already quoted in a previous article, reiterates, each time he speaks on the subject, the relation between over-population and deterioration of offspring. Dr. Jacobi has fought the spread of diphtheria and tuberculosis among children, worked for the purity of the milk supply, and preached against artificial feeding of babies. He constantly points out the influence of social conditions on children's health. In his opening speech at the birth control meeting held at the Academy of Medicine in New York City last spring, Dr. Jacobi said:

"One of the great social drawbacks is poverty. It includes overwork for men and women, improper, insufficient, or irregular feeding, coarse or insufficient clothing, tenement dwellings cold or overheated and wet, congestion and want of air, temptation, dissipation, neglect of children, too many children, much disease, many deaths. Even these deaths are expensive, break into scanty savings, and increase poverty. Would it be wise on the part of the children not to be born? Surely. But here they are, born for starvation, or factory work, or prostitution, or an emperor's war game.

"Born they are, and the United States or state laws see to it that whoever advises that they must not be born, to prevent them being born without any danger or harm to father or mother, is branded as a criminal. The prohibition of unnecessary and not-wanted ac-

cessions of human beings is considered criminal. . . . What in Europe is right by law and carried out by scientific studies, is forbidden among us.

"Consider the middle class family. If there are too many children for comfort and health and life, the family will sink back into want and poverty. If there were fewer that family would be exactly what you want it to be, the prop and staff of the state. . . . In a year or two public opinion will veer about and people will wonder how stupid and callous and ungenerous they have been."

Even since Dr. Jacobi spoke these words last May public opinion has veered several degrees. The taboo of the subject has been raised in nearly all newspapers and many weekly and monthly periodicals. Often in a state or national sociological conference some brave soul drags the question to the fore. A Boston paper recently announced the formation of a Malthusian club in the Italian colony of that city, with the object of raising the standard of living and improving the quality of the race.

The entire social aspect of the matter is ably summed up by August Forel, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., formerly Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Zürich, in "The Sexual Question." He says in part:

"If, at the origin of man, as in the animal kingdom from which he is descended, coitus and conception were nearly inseparable, things have changed greatly since then. The severe selection of the struggle for existence has ceased to eliminate the unfit, and consequently it is necessary to employ some other means than selection to prevent as far as possible the conception of feeble beings and invalids. From this fact results the social duty of clearly separating conception from the satisfaction of the sexual appetite, and avoiding conception when useful or necessary without renouncing sexual intercourse. The welfare of our women and our posterity demands this consequence.

"Anti-conceptual measures also allow unfortunate pathological individuals, whose social and moral duty is to avoid procreation, to satisfy their sexual desire without the fear of bringing into the world miserable abortions, idiots or invalids. They render marriage possible for young people, when the income is not sufficient to support a family.

"By their aid it is possible to fix in advance the date of birth of the child who is to be born.

"If the objection is raised that egoists of both sexes profit by these measures to avoid procreation of children, I repeat once more that this is not to be regretted. . . . Anti-conceptual measures also allow men to avoid prostitution.

"A year at least should elapse between parturition and the next conception; this gives approximately two years between the confinements. . . . In this way the wife keeps in good health, and can bear healthy children at pleasure. It is certainly better to procreate seven healthy children, than to procreate fourteen of which seven die, to say nothing of the mother, who rapidly becomes exhausted by uninterrupted confinements."



No More Bread and Milk

You don't want the boy to eat white flour foods if he really prefers whole wheat.

The phosphates, lime, salts and cellulose are nearly all in the outer wheat.

We promise you this: He'll prefer the whole wheat if you serve it in Puffed Wheat form. For these are bubbles of wheat, thin, crisp and flaky, with a taste like toasted nuts.

Try serving Puffed Wheat—or Puffed Rice—in place of bread in milk. See how he revels in it.

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Sole Makers

(1065)

The Detour

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

"MYRTILLA," said I, sorrowfully but firmly, "we can't make Chesly Hills tonight."

"Henry," said Myrtilla, more firmly and not at all sorrowfully, "we can."

I sighed, and changed gears with a raucous clash.

We were speeding—in the most restricted sense of the word—over a patch of newly repaired road about twenty miles from Chesly Hills. Why Mrs. Chesly chose to give a house-party at that particular time is still an unsolvable—insoluble—heavenly! which word?—mystery. It had rained steadily for a week, and the roads were sure to the hubs. Here and there a burough had seen fit to repair a particularly evil stretch—the process of repair consisting of dumping large, pointy stones in irregular heaps along the road, and trusting to the passing traffic to wear them into place. As the traffic religiously avoided these stones, they remained a menace to all who did not know the roads till the mellowing hand of Time leveled them a bit. Meanwhile, tires suffered. However, Mrs. Chesly's invitations are commands in our community. So I had obeyed, and started for Chesly Hills.

Myrtilla had refused me six times. She had laid down no specific reason, except that she hated a man who was always right. I took this as a tribute to my insight and strength of character, and had made my sixth proposal on the strength of it. Myrtilla had made her sixth rejection—she's very nice about such matters, but awfully convincing—on the strength of the same statement. The next day, in the guise of Mrs. Chesly, with that air of abstraction which characterizes her most calculated movements, ordained that I should motor with Myrtilla to Chesly Hills.

And so I said we couldn't go on, and Myrtilla said we could, and I changed gears grudgingly and—stalled my engine.

As I was trampling the pedal that occasionally controls the self-starter, a yodel trudged toward us and passed to watch my struggles. I asked him concerning the roads to Chesly Hills.

"Well, they're not so bad," he said encouragingly. "There's a place 'bout a mile I'm here—melbe two 'r three—where they're puttin' in a new bridge. They's a detower—" he pronounced the word lingeringly, lovingly—"a detower to the right. You turn to the right at a brick house. Why, thank y'—thank y', sir. 'Night."

It was getting late, and as my motor finally started, I switched on the lights. We proceeded for a while in silence. Then,

"There's a house, Henry," said Myrtilla.

I looked. There was certainly a house, and it was of brick, and there was a gap in the fence on the right of the road, through which ruts, deep and wide, made a serrated track.

"It's the detour, Myrtilla," said I joyously. "Hold tight now, while I swing the car."

"I don't think it's the detour," said Myrtilla.

"Why not? There's a house; it is undeniably of brick—what hideous taste in architecture these farmers have!—here is the new road to the right—all is as our rustic mentor described it."

"I don't think it's the detour," said Myrtilla.

"Of course it's the detour," I snapped. "Turn to the right at a brick house. Nothing could be clearer."

"Well, I suppose you're right, as usual," sighed Myrtilla. "You're so irritatingly right, always. Go on."

I went. The road curved gracefully around the house, and ran for some distance between sheds used, if my sense of smell were any guide, for the housing of swine. But it was a fairly good road, and I sped along it for about a hundred feet, followed the ruts around the last shed to the left, and found myself climbing a regular Matterhorn of a hill, bearded with stubble and tremendously jolty. I was hastily changing gears when Myrtilla grasped my arm.

"Stop and let me out."

I obeyed. Myrtilla climbed to the ground, and straightway sank above her shoetops in soft loam. She remained literally rooted to the spot while I adventured valorously to the top of the hill, my car in low gear and the wheels throwing huge clouds in all directions. The summit once achieved, I looked about me.

Before me was an endless vista of stubble, unrelieved by any protuberance save an occasional boulder, and a forest in the distance. The wheel-tracks which I had been following I now discovered, on closer examination, to be harvester tracks. Nowhere was there a sign of a road. I let my glance stray hopelessly around the spiky horizon till it returned to Myrtilla and my port of entry. And I saw the lights of one—two—three—four cars come weaving around the sheds and up to the foot of the hill. They paused, and I saw that Myrtilla was declaiming vigorously, with large sweeps of her arms. I turned with some difficulty, and maneuvered my machine gingerly down the hill. The other cars turned as I did, and vanished whence they had come in a glory of red tail-lights and fanfares of scornful tootings. I pulled up beside Myrtilla.

"What were those cars doing?" I asked, "and why did they go back? This must be the detour."

"Henry," said Myrtilla, and I thought I saw, in the glare of my front electric, a new light in her eyes. "They were following you. One of them wanted to know whether or not you always came this way. Henry—do you know, when I saw those cars coming around that unspeakable pigpen, I thought for one awful moment that you were right again. And then one of them asked where he was. Oh, Henry—you were wrong—all wrong!"

We went back to the road, and pro-

gressed soberly till we came to another brick house, where we were told by a number of zealous rustics that the real detour began. As we plowed through the temporary road, I began to think; and I thought I understood the light in Myrtilla's eyes.

"Myrtilla—" I began for the seventh time.

"Henry?"

"Myrtilla—do you think you could marry such an awful man as I am? I know—"

But what I knew was never told, for Myrtilla nodded her head up and down; and there was no mistaking the light in her eyes.



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An Unusual Trip

By W. W. WASHBURN

I HAVE friends who travel a great deal more than I, but who have apparently no greater number of friends than I possess, yet they tell me it is very seldom they take a long trip without meeting some friends on the train, while I, as a rule, never meet a friend while journeying.

The other day while making a hurried trip west I met with an exception to my usual experience; and what a wonderful exception it was! The fact is, I cannot help telling about it.

I had no more than boarded the train than I met my old friend Hollister of Kansas City. Way back in 1890 we were interested together in the elevator business. When I sold my stock to Hollister it was after a long period of worry for both of us. Business had been bad and the going to the wall of one of the largest banks of the state of Missouri made us financially and in every other way very shaky. I was none too well, but Hollister was "all in," as is the saying. He was unable to think, he could not sleep, he was nervous, he had brain fag, he could not digest his food; there was not a function he could perform with any satisfaction or success; no doubt he believed that he was losing his mind. I, in my own heart, believed that Hollister was slowly dying. I was not alone in this belief that he could not live another three months.

When, therefore, I met him the other day, looking better in health and better in physique—in fact, an unusually virile man as well as in a most exuberant state of mind and body, as though he had been reborn (he is past sixty years of age) I could not help asking for the secret of his renewed youth.

It took Hollister but a minute to say, "I owe my regeneration and life to Swoboda, who, through teaching me the simple principles and secret of evolution and how to use them, has recreated me in body and mind, and made me better in every way than I had ever been in my youth, and all this after I had been told by specialists that nothing could give me health."

Said Hollister, "When I think of my physician telling me to travel and to quit business, which, by the way, was going to the wall because of my inability to run it in my poor state of mind and body, and when I think of thus being practically sentenced to complete ruin, so to speak,

and when at the same time I realize my present condition of rejuvenation, I awoke to a greater and greater appreciation of Conscious Evolution and its wonderful possibilities for the human race."

He said, "Swoboda taught me not only how to rebuild myself, but also how to continue my life and evolution where nature left off. In my case, he improved upon nature, and I have since learned that he has done as much for thousands of others—men and women of every age and condition."

Continuing, Hollister said, "It was a red letter day in my life when I heard of Swoboda from the publisher of the largest newspaper in Missouri—a friend who had learned from experience as well as from others of the wonderful success of Conscious Evolution."

As can be seen, Hollister could not say enough in praise of the renewer of his life and fortune. Naturally, I became interested, for I am getting along in years, and have, mistakingly, like most human beings, come to expect weakness as inevitable, in consequence of gaining in years.

When my friend assured me I could, through Conscious Evolution, be made young again, I indeed became interested and eager for the demonstration. I took Alois P. Swoboda's address, which, by the way, is 1393 Acolian Building, New York City, and obtained his booklet by mail a few weeks ago. I at once started to use his method, and now can comprehend why Hollister was so enthused with delight in the new life, for I, also, am growing younger, stronger, happier, more energetic, and more virile by leaps and bounds. It is a fact that one must experience this new and better life which is produced through Conscious Evolution if one is to comprehend what is being missed without it.

It was an unusual trip and a wonderful day for me when I met Hollister on the train. It was a wonderful day for Hollister when his newspaper friend led him to Conscious Evolution, and I need but hint to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Let this be a wonderful day for you. Get in touch with Swoboda, and obtain his booklet—it will cost you nothing, and may start you on the road to a new and better life. Swoboda will send this booklet to anyone for the asking. I know it is his aim to help as many as possible. This booklet explains his new and

unique theory of the body and mind, and, no doubt, it will prove interesting to everyone as it did to me. It gave me a better understanding of myself than I obtained from a college course. It startled, educated, and enlightened me. It explains the human body as I believe it never has been explained before. Moreover, it tells of the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessive deep breathing.

What Hollister said to me seemed too good to be true. What I say, no doubt, seems to be too good to be true, but Swoboda has a proposal which everyone should consider and thus learn that nothing which is said about Conscious and Creative Evolution is too good to be true.

In concluding this statement I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that I now have pleasure in work and in a strenuous life, and I whistle, hum and sing; where formerly I always wore a frown (according to the evidence of my family) I now, as my friends say, always wear a smile.

O — O — O — O — O — O — O — O

INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS

Recent observations have called attention to the fact that seven men out of every ten who weigh less than 150 pounds and who are more than 5 feet 10 inches tall have active tuberculosis in some degree. This only emphasizes the conclusions at which keen observers have arrived—that tuberculosis is much more prevalent than the human race is willing to admit. Hundreds of physicians have tuberculosis and do not suspect it. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the average layman does not know what is the cause of his languidness, depression or nervousness?

It is fortunate, however, that physicians at last are learning that the body makes its own antitoxins and serums for the express purpose of destroying germs of all character which enter or invade the organism. Physicians are learning that the body is a self-maintaining institution and that its ability to maintain itself depends upon the discipline the cells receive in harmony with the physiological limits of each individual organism. Discipline creates reactions and increases the molecular action. This means the production of greater energy and greater efficiency, mental and physiological.

The address of Alois P. Swoboda is 1393 Acolian Building, New York, N. Y.



Only One Alternative

By RAYMOND CLAFFER

IT IS through control of births that the next step in social and economic progress may be looked for.

In earlier times in our national life, reasons which have not passed away demanded large families. America was a vast, unworked continent in the early nineteenth century. Only a little strip along the Atlantic seaboard was peopled, and that all too sparsely. So the interests of national expansion demanded large families, which could spread out and develop the resources which lay untouched. The United States was almost entirely agricultural. Only New England was industrial, and it did not have labor enough to work its factories. With the high price of labor, both on the farm and in the factories, the demand was for more. Manufacturers wanted to increase the supply and lower the price of

workmen. Farmers wanted many children to work the fields and save them paying out large prices for help. Small children could do the weeding just as well as hired men and women; so the farmer saw no reason why he should not use his own family for that work. But now farm machinery has eliminated much hand-labor which a generation ago children might have done. The capitalistic firm of land tenure has deprived the grown-up sons of farmers from buying land of their own and starting out as independent farmers. Child-labor laws have removed the opportunity to send a host of children to factories to eke out a mite of the family expenses.

The present situation is something like this: We have a large number of families subsisting on extremely low wages, which produces personal inefficiency due to malnutrition, sickness, poverty. Only two resources are open to the unskilled father: Either he must lower his standard of living, or else restrict the size of his family. Since there is a minimum level to which the standard of living can be cut, control of births is the only alternative. But long before this limit is reached, conscious control ought to be invoked to limit poverty and starvation.

We'd Never Been Called This Before

By F. B. HUTCHINSON

WHILE I have always had the highest respect for the elevated-how features of your publication, it has suddenly and unexpectedly shown itself in a new light.

My son, F. B. III, etat three, has from his early youth taken considerable interest in the various publications which find their way to our library table (poetic license). Until recently he has expressed no desire for HARPER'S WEEKLY, but the issue of September 4th evidently made a tremendous hit.

The manner in which this was discovered was due to the fact that at the breakfast table this morning he set up a cry for his "elephant book," and upon investigation it was found that it was HARPER'S WEEKLY he wanted.

It is seldom that one finds a magazine revelling in elevated thought which appeals alike to young and old.

Springfield, Ohio.

An Editor's Comment

From the Portland, Maine, Argus:

A RECENT issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains a reproduction of a confidential letter written by Republican Congressman Bartholdt of St. Louis, Mo., in April, 1893, to a certain major,

whose name is not given, telling how he tried to "work" the agent of the North German Lloyd line of steamships for a reduced fare to Europe for himself and wife.

In this letter he says: "Some time ago I addressed a letter to Herman Oelrichs of the North German Lloyd in New York telling him that the immigration question would no doubt form an important factor of the deliberations of the next Congress and that I had reasons to believe that I would become a member of the Immigration Committee. At the same time I asked him for (special) rates for myself and wife to Europe," etc., etc.

HARPER'S WEEKLY does not say whether the Congressman secured the (special) concession or not. It should not leave us in suspense. The public also wants to know if the versatile and pliant gentleman became a member of the committee and if, while a member of that committee, he voted in favor of the foreign shipping interests and against the interests of the country at large.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has performed a valuable service in reproducing that letter, written by the leader of the German-American party in Congress. It throws a powerful light on the caliber of some of the Congressional leaders.

From a Georgian

By HOMER L. HUNT

I THINK I said something some time ago to the effect that HARPER'S WEEKLY was in discussion of public questions, in my opinion, the fairest and most just of the magazines that came to my desk or that I had been able to find; and perhaps in the main that is still true. However, I find there the same evidences of animosity I find nearly everywhere else. Ah! where does Wisdom have her dwelling place?

From recent discussions in the northern press, one might well come to the conclusion that the northern people had become so accustomed to the grossest immoralities and impositions upon women and girls, especially those who have found it necessary to earn their bread in shops and factories, as to regard such impositions and immoralities—assaults and murders committed upon these helpless women and girls—with complacency.

And when you are lambasting us for disregard of law, why can't you get it through your thick heads, that just what the people of Georgia have been an strenuously objecting to recently is the flagrant and unwarranted setting aside of the law.

Athens, Ga.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous

By JOHANN HUBER

"DU SUBLIME au ridicule n'est qu'un pas!" The truth of these words of Napoleon is proved every day in America by articles in newspapers and magazines written by Germans, who try to justify the actions of the German militarist government in the present European war. Any attempt to justify the burning of Louvain is ridiculous, to

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any the least. There are German professors in this country and in Germany, who until recently had quite a reputation, but who, since the outbreak of the war, have made themselves the laughing-stock of the world. Their silly and forced essays to exonerate Germany of her self-evident and indisputable guilt, have disgusted and disappointed the world, and have helped greatly to convince everybody that Germans are still a very primitive people, who lose reason, logic and forget justice when their chief calls them to armed conflict. The much boasted of German Kultur seems to be a pitifully thin veneer covering a fundamental base of barbarism, or else there would be some Germans civilized enough to tell the truth.

Oakland, Cal.

Rubbing it In

By R. C. ARLEN

YOUR comment entitled "Agitation," relating to the Commission on Industrial Relations, caused the writer deep regret. I have followed your paper closely since the Hapgood coronation, and although aware of some prejudice and perverted tastes of your comments, I passed them by as a necessary shortcoming of the organization.

But in the face of "Agitation" and "A Railroad Grievance" in the same issue, and others in previous ones, it appears there is a reason. Your brand of agitation is for a group of Hypophens called Privileged-Americans. Your open columns are lures for progressive readers, your editorials saturated with rank reactionary opinions. You will soon be a fair competitor of William Randolph.

Galion, Ohio.

The Control of Births

By DR. J. S. ULLMAN

MAY we not ask Dr. Brannon ("A Swift Road to the Grave," page 331, HARPER'S WEEKLY, October 2nd, 1915) a question or so?

Do the statistics from the registration area of the United States lead one to believe that the morbidity and mortality rates of women have increased as the birth rate has declined?

Furthermore, does he not confuse the

terminating of an existing pregnancy with contraception?

What is to be said of self-control? How does that "cause an increase in insanity, tuberculosis, Bright's disease, diabetes and cancer"?

The writer, with his touching picture of the wife of the near-millionaire dying of cancer, evidently wishes us to infer that this misfortune should be laid at the door of contraceptives. What of the statistics of "the greatest gynecologists" showing carcinoma uteri to be of greatest frequency in those women who have borne the largest number of children?

And while on this subject, the remarks of Dr. Peterson (on the same page) remind me of those of a physician who refused to address a body of young men on the dangers of venereal diseases because he felt that such diseases were a dispensation of Providence and therefore should not be interfered with! The class of men that Dr. Peterson mentions are not the class that Mrs. Hopkins speaks of, and fortunately—both from

the point of numbers and of offspring—will not greatly influence the future of the race.

"All of which says Allingham is byly intrestin an importan of trae."

Natebes, Miss.

Preparedness Again

By STANTON WALKER

THE present international situation brings to mind a statement of Jefferson Davis in his work entitled "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," as follows:

"That nation negotiates to most advantage which is best prepared for war."

This, in the light of our recent notes to Germany, Austria and England, seems sufficiently apropos to warrant its being unearthed from the many forgotten works and sayings of a clear reasoner and a great secretary of war.

Jacksonville, Fla.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Edited by **NORMAN HAPGOOD**

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Fundamental

HARPER'S WEEKLY is far adequate defense, as it has been since before the war started. When we took up the state of our army early in 1914, the move was extremely unpopular in army and political circles. Since then we have given a great deal of space to showing the need of defense and some of the technical conditions of it. But we are no believers in fourflushing. We do not expect any permanent solution from a merely expensive plan, that will be repealed soon after the war is over, and people think more of taxes than they do of invasion. Two points, however difficult, are fundamental:

1. Early in the war it was given out, apparently officinally, that the President put much stress on the evil of private manufacture of ammunition. Our government should make its own ammunition and armament. After the war other governments should be bound to the same course by treaties. The money interest of influential men abroad, up to crawled heads, in war preparation, is a scandal beyond words.

2. There must be no politics played by those in charge of the program. If a single army post, a single navy yard, is saved for political reasons, against overwhelming military and naval views, what is going to believe that in contracts, in strategic plans, in pension policies, we are going to get anything sound in return for our immense expenditure?

Who Gains?

IN SUCH a dire extremity we all look for consolation. Will any country have a gain to offset the loss? Germany will perhaps become democratic more quickly, if she is beaten, than if there had been no war, but it is uncertain, and, at any rate, her democratization would have been inevitable, within half a century, had peace continued. France will gain pride and self-confidence, and perhaps austerity, if she wins, but will the increase in those qualities last as long as it will take to make up the loss in strong men and in painfully saved wealth? Russia was headed for more democracy, with or without war. The most likely country to derive actual progress is England. Her troubles in obtaining industrial efficiency are teaching her a lesson profoundly needed. She must realize at the end that she must consider more generously the welfare of her factory population. Bismarck told Germany the new empire could not last unless it studied the prosperity of the laboring classes. To England the truth of that lesson is now being bitterly brought home. It is not enough to answer that the laboring men are enlisting.

The fact that the industrial situation is not solved makes all positive and enthusiastic cooperation in the nation difficult. The problem is very complex, but it is a certainty that democracy cannot get rid of its inefficiency in war unless it also gets rid of its inefficiency in peace.

The Will to Live

OLD George Hamlet, as it is the fashion to call him on Broadway, had his own views of what keeps men preferring this earth to oblivion.

To die: to sleep:

No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

Who would fardels bear,

That grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Hamlet got the wrong reason. He was prone to express not infrequently reasons far better than the true one.

Few now believe in hell, with the active belief that could be a decisive influence in an emotional crisis. Yet millions choose a life of sorrow, pain and drudgery, in preference to oblivion. The will to live is a deep, inalienable element of our being, implanted by Nature. It is beyond reason. It is the basis of existence. Without it there would be nothing. The force that creates is the force that preserves. We go into experience as the cork with the stream. We go, understanding nothing.

The Poor Balkans

IT IS a popular occupation these days to scold the little Balkan states for "selfishness." The idea seems to be that these small nations should have been self-sacrificing,—a belief none of the larger nations has acquired. Why should they not regard their own interests? The possibility of their working out their relations in harmony has been interfered with by the intrigues of the big countries, and by the presence of the Turk in Europe, thanks to big-country diplomacy. What simple-mindedness to select them as carrying the duty of sacrificing themselves for some one else's welfare. What they should have, now and after the war, is not punishment, but sympathy and sincere help in arranging their relations, so that they may no longer be the danger-point of the world's peace.

Getting at the Truth

THE world is ringing with the massacre of nearly a million Armenians by the Turks. *The Fatherland*, however, says: "Under the reign of the deposed Sultan there was some justification for the stories of Turkish outrages against Armenians, but under the reign of the Young Turks the Armenians have had nothing to complain of." They have complained,



nevertheless, both of the sweet Young Turks and of Hadji Wilhelm, defender of the Moslem faith and special friend of God in Europe. That shows the Armenians are so unreasonable they ought to be exterminated. Reading the German newspaper mouthpieces is one of the consolations for being alive at such a cruel time.

Barks

ATTACKING Sir Edward Grey's fitness because of disappointment in Bulgaria, Roumania, and Greece is about what one should expect of the Northcliffe papers and a few others of equal impartiality and nobility. Grey has been before the public a lifetime, and even Tories rejoiced that he was in power when the war broke out. But disgruntled partisans need something to bark at, and in England the cheapest malcontents are allowed to have their squeak.

And by the way, in connection with Delcassé's resignation, it may be the right time to do a little of that boasting which is so favorite an occupation of newspapers and magazines. When the whole world was assuming that the attack on the Dardanelles was the individual decision of Winston Churchill, *Harper's Weekly*, as far as we know, was the only publication to attribute the initiative to Delcassé.

If Only

BISMARCK used to maintain that it was impossible to say that any war was inevitable. He declared that offensive war to anticipate a possible



attack was suicide in apprehension of death. Bismarck had many kinds of brains. The militarist mind has only one kind. Its logic is shown by these favorite propositions:

1—Preparedness makes against war.

2—War is a good thing.

3—Preparedness is a good thing, for reason given in proposition number one.

If Germany had possessed a Bismarck—if William the Second had ever wished to be led by the greatest minds in his empire—this war would never have occurred.

Mr. Morgenthau

SOMETHING like what Mr. Whitlock did in Belgium, and is still doing there, to lessen the tragedy, Mr. Morgenthau is now doing in Turkey. Day and night he is working for all the suffering people of that country; and heavens knows they are all, innocent and guilty alike, suffering unspenkably. Ambassadors, consuls, missionaries, teachers, have flocked to him, and all bring back, or send, the most enthusiastic praise. Just at present he is working valiantly to save what Armenians Hadji Wilhelm's friends have left alive and to alleviate their sufferings. This effort to save Armenians, in which he is now so wrapped up, is only the last and greatest of the many services that, since the war began, this American representative has rendered to the near-east's afflicted children.

The Turk's Fate

BEFORE the Armenian massacre there was a general disposition, in case the Allies ultimately win a decisive victory and run the Turk out of Europe, to give him a place of his own in Asia Minor. That feeling has now gone, giving way to a conviction that he must never be allowed to rule over any other people. His only hope, therefore, is in a draw or in German victory. If the Allies are fully triumphant, the Turks will probably live in hands ruled by other powers. This fate, after all, would be poetic justice. The Turks are a minority in Turkey. They are barbarians, upholding a military occupation at the expense of the majority. They are a tyranny, lasting for centuries; and at what a cost! Great English liberals have always opposed the Turk, as they opposed the opium wrong against China, but the Foreign Office is usually Tory in its personnel. The Tories of Great Britain have much to answer for, but not even the opium blot can surpass in cynical and permanent damage the results of the defense of Turkey's European power.

The Vice-Presidency

COMMENTS in the newspapers on whether Mr. Marshall will be nominated again almost all include two points, and only two. They discuss his pleasantness and the agreeable personal impression he has made on his fellow statesmen in the Senate. They talk about carrying Indiana, Illinois, or whatever state is the domicile of a prospective substitute. They do not seem, any more than conventions do, to treat the President as if he were a mortal, insecure of life's tenure. If a man is suggested exceptionally well fitted for the place—say Senator Owen of Oklahoma, for example—the principal argument will be on whether Oklahoma is southern or western, and next to that will be considered the disadvantage of going outside the big doubtful states. The principal

ground on which a Vice-President should be chosen, his fitness for the Presidency, is seldom even a factor in his selection, so profoundly do we carry out our political obligations.

The New York Constitution

THE proposed Constitution of New York State was drawn by Republicans. Therefore Democratic organs are in the main opposing it. A profound reason. That it is not a perfect constitution has been fully admitted, but the choice is not between it and an ideal. The choice is immediately between it and the constitution now in force, and less directly between it and any constitution the state is likely to get. The short ballot, one of the best features, is vigorously attacked by old-fashioned demagogues with arguments that are too familiar and too silly to repeat here. Another great advance, the budget system, is attacked for giving to the Governor greater initiative,—which every solid student of American affairs knows he ought to have. That further legislation or custom is required to coordinate this initiative properly with the legislature and the public is true, but the first step is provided for, and if it is taken the rest will soon follow, and can be taken as soon as the public sees the need of them. The summing up of a progressive attitude in the New York situation is this:

- Pass the new constitution.
- Give women the vote.
- Elect the fusion aldermen.
- Elect Perkins.

That Tammany is working against all these interests, working against the constitution, against votes for women, against those aldermen who have done most to raise the standard and usefulness of the Board, and against Perkins, is not a convincing argument, but it is a characteristic bit of history. Tammany is right sometimes, but it is right with extraordinary infrequency.

What is the Matter?

IF Harper's Weekly has a single virtue it is impartiality where crowds are concerned. Yet we get slaps not infrequently. Indeed, active impartiality on any subject leads to more slaps than any other course.

Church Progress warns its readers to keep the *Weekly* out of their homes. The *Michigan Catholic* thereupon says: "It is a defender of the anti-Catholic press, a defamer of the Catholic Sisterhood and a disseminator of a vicious theory contrary to the fifth commandment."

Did you ever see the beat of that? Defaming the Catholic Sisterhood would be an unpleasant occupation for anybody. When did we do it, O Michigan friend? As to the press that exists to attack the Catholics we have scolded it, although we did oppose a sweeping bill in Congress that undertook to prevent the publication of anything whatever offensive to the religious susceptibilities of anybody in the world. This might lead to the publication of nothing at all, which might be a good thing, but radical. The vicious theory, no doubt, is the right to discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of birth control. We can see why a paper like the *Michigan Catholic* should attack us for that doctrine, but not why it should lie so profusely on the other two points.

An Occupation

A NEW job has been discovered for women, new that is, in this particular form, although ancient in its spirit and purpose, as ancient as civilization itself.

This is not a kind of work which progressive schools will hasten to introduce into their courses. Neither will it be advocated by champions eager to extend business opportunities for women.

So specialized is this work that even in large communities a few women may produce the total output, advertise and sell it. It was invented by a foreign born woman who lives in a prosperous town in America's great Northwest,—a shrewd old woman whose creative spark is doomed by the stealthy encroachments of tuberculosis. She plies her trade so secretly that only by chance was it discovered by a school visitor, prowling in search of truant children.

Plying her needle, marketing her wares, she has a



harsh pride in her task. She fashions one-piece dresses made with pockets edged with crimson, black satin garments that open at the front, fastened with red buttons which run from neck to heels. And when they are finished, a dozen at a time she takes them and sets forth. With sly glances right and left she steals through dingy streets, and in those nameless places where only shrouded faces appear in cracks of doors, she sells them. Sells them for three dollars and stores the greasy bills.

It is a lucrative business. Unlike shrouds which are made for one occasion and swiftly buried out of sight, these black satin garments with their touch of scarlet are always wearing out. And the stealthy foreign woman somehow gets the whisper that new fine raiment is desired by these adorned in rags, in rags of black and scarlet.

Surely this product conforms to standard. It supplies a constant demand, maintains an even price, amply rewards the worker for her toil. Such a penetrating old creature! Her business sense is rewarded. She is an inventor making money not by breaking or evading laws, but by serving long established custom, a cherished practice as old as dawn and death.

Evening

HOW gentle it is, how tender. How the shades of it are infinite, gracious, and refined. Sweet middle-period between sun and dark, nothing in nature is so fine. More energetic the day, grandly tragic the night. To prefer one glory to another is child's play, for all are infinite; but if the day buoys and drives us, if the night consoles with the grand banishment of little things, evening wows and encourages, with beauty that shades the world and alters it, with her richness and measure, with her balance between hope and resignation.



Claude Grahame-White

I

YOU have motored from a small inn, where you have been billeted for the night, out to the temporary flying ground, which is one of the advanced bases of the Royal Flying Corps, and is situated—well, somewhere behind the fighting line in France. It is a bright morning in early summer, but there is a keen breeze, and the sun has not yet gained its power; so you are glad of your warm clothes, and will be more glad of them still when you are aloft.

The aviator with whom you are to fly, who has been your companion in the car, now consults a superior officer and obtains his instructions for the flight; while the mechanics wheel your aircraft from its shed. The machine you are to use is a two-seated biplane; and you look at the span of its white, curved wings, and are impressed by the delicate taper of its fuselage, or hull. At the bow, highly polished and gleaming in the sunshine, is the two-bladed propeller; while fitted immediately behind, its nine steel cylinders arranged in the form of a star, is a motor developing 100 horsepower.

But now your pilot returns, preoccupied and terse of speech.

"A reconnaissance for us," he says, "behind the enemy's left. They've been moving up troops all night into their fighting line, and there's another army corps supposed to be on the road this morning. It is our job to find it: get aboard."

You mount a pair of wooden steps that are placed beside the body of the machine, just behind the main planes, and from these you scramble into a circular aperture with a padded rim—close behind the engine and propeller—that forms a break in the smooth taper

War in the Air

By

CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE

and

HARRY HARPER

of the hull. A few feet behind this aperture there is another, more towards the rear of the machine. This is the pilot's seat. Your seat, being that of the observer, is arranged so that its occupant can obtain a wide field of vision, without interference from the planes.

Sinking into a comfortably padded seat, you discover that your head, alone, projects above the level of the hull. Then you observe that the pilot has taken his seat behind you and that a mechanic, seizing the propeller, has begun to swing it vigorously. Once, twice he spins it; and then, after several preliminary barks, that sound like the rattling of a machine-gun, the motor settles down to its full-throated roar. A gale of wind sweeps rearward along the hull, and you cringe for a moment in your seat, glad of the protection afforded by an upturning of the surface of the hull immediately before your face, which serves as a wind screen.

The propeller flickers round until it becomes a faintly defined disc, and then it vanishes altogether. Now your pilot thrusts up an arm, and the men who have been restraining the aeroplane release their hold. You feel a movement, like the smooth starting of a car, that tells you the machine is rolling forward across the ground on its pneumatic-tired wheels. This movement, smooth and vibrationless, continues for a moment or so, and you can tell you are gathering speed. Then, before you are prepared for it, or can quite appreciate what it means—seeing that the din of the motor confuses you, to say nothing of the rush of the wind—there comes an obvious tilt upward of the hull. Surely you are not in the air?

The movement of the machine appears smoother, even more effortless, the tilt upwards seems to grow a little more pronounced; and then you glance downward over the side of the hull. The ground is leaving you—sliding away swiftly rearward. Each instant, your eye tells you, the gap is widening between you and the earth; and yet, save for the wind that whistles past the hull, you feel that you might be suspended motionless. Your dominant impression is, indeed, that you are poised motionless, while the earth recedes and falls away below.

The machine is mounting swiftly, and your next sensation is of the power that seems imprisoned within its hull. It sweeps up purposefully—irresistibly; and the roar of the motor, which beat so insistently upon your ears at first, now seems lulled to a steady, unbroken drone. And with the pure morning air that rushes past, now you are clear of the earth, you fill your lungs gratefully, and it sends a tingling exhilaration through your whole body. But you are glad, all the same, that you are warmly clad, and not exposed fully to its searching penetration.

Still the machine climbs, its bow pointed upward; and, having collected your thoughts to some extent, you try to analyze the sensations of flight. But it appears hopeless; your feelings seem indefinable. Nor is this surprising. Very many men have flown; but none, as yet, have been able to describe precisely what their

sensations are. You feel you are supported in the air, that much is certain; it is amazing, indeed, how secure you seem to be. There is no sense of danger, no feeling that your grip of the air is unstable, or that you might fall. Nothing, say, of the feeling of a tight-rope walker on his wire. You are as comfortable as though you were seated in a motor-car, traveling smoothly along a road. And yet below, when you look over the hull, is an empty void that grows greater as the minutes pass. You should, by all rights, have a feeling of insecurity; such indeed is what you expected. But the aircraft ascends without a tremor; you sit easily in your seat; and, if you shut your eyes, it seems impossible to realize you are being carried through such an intangible medium as the air. "Gliding on a sheet of ice that is invisible, and on skates you cannot feel, and which make no noise!" So, in one instance, has this sensation of flying been described; but actually it seems almost indescribable.

II

YOU pass over the British lines, with the aeroplane at a high altitude, and the earth receding until it appears remote. For a vast distance, it seems, you can view the land on either hand; but off on the horizon-line, far away, your view is shrouded by a delicate mist.

Immediately below, though it is thousands of feet distant, the land lies revealed with an extraordinary detail. You see a road, which looks like a tiny white ribbon, winding away across the surface of the ground. A railway lies to your left, and its metals, glistening in the sun, appear like the finest of silver threads. Some distance in front, and to the right, is a river, and the water shines like the surface of a mirror. Farmhouses, with their outbuildings, dot the landscape here and there. These habitations, more than anything else, seem to convey to you a sense of your height, and of your loneliness. That such seemingly tiny structures—looking like the toy houses in some child's box of games—should actually be the dwelling-places of human beings, seems to you impossible.

But now you are reminded that war is being waged on the earth below. Your pilot, pointing downward,

calls your attention to a belt of wood, the tree-tops of which show darker than the surface of the land near them. At one corner of this wood, evidently well screened, a British battery is posted. You can see the guns, neatly placed; and away behind them, in a depression of the land, the ammunition wagons are waiting. Little shapes, which it is hard to realize are full grown, active men, are bustling round the guns; and as you look, one of them is fired. You see very distinctly the quick, vicious spit of flame from its muzzle; and then your pilot, attracting your attention with a call, points away to a long ridge that must lie several miles ahead. You look, but for a moment or so there is nothing to be seen; and then suddenly, appearing in the air almost like a conjuring trick, is a white-gray cloud of smoke. It hangs just over the ridge, spreading and widening; then it trails away on the wind.

"That's the shell bursting," calls your pilot; "the shell you have just seen fired. They're getting busy down below."

They are, certainly. All along the fringe of the wood, and from points also behind it, come vivid stabs of flame; while over the ridge, where the German trenches are placed, there is a constant line of smoke-puffs which tells of bursting shells.

And now the German guns, somewhere behind the ridge on which their infantry is posted, respond to the British fire. Only an occasional point of light, several miles away, tells you where they are in action; but nearer at hand, in the woods that lie below, German shells are bursting with strange effect. It seems to you as though some hurricane might be sweeping through the trees; yet, as a matter of fact, there is little wind. It is the destruction caused by the shells which suggests the effect of some furious gale. Trees, while you look downward, fall as though they had been struck by a wind-gust of abnormal strength. Gaps appear suddenly here and there, several trees that have stood together being snapped and torn asunder; while some of the shells, falling short of the wood, strike and throw up a great column of earth; and, when this has subsided, you can see a gaping hole in the ground where the missile has burst.

Away to your right, somewhere behind the woods, heavy clouds of smoke



are rising into the clear air. You turn with a shouted inquiry to the pilot.

"Shells have set on fire some farm buildings, I expect," he calls back. It is difficult, above the drone of the motor and the noise of the wind, to distinguish individual words.

And now, watching this scene below, one remarkable fact is borne upon your mind: there is so little to be seen. Human agency appears to play so small a part in all this work of destruction. Beyond the few tiny shapes you saw just now, round one of the British guns, there is no figure that moves on this shell-swept country-side. Some long dark scars, cut across the earth near the fringe of the wood below, indicate the position of the advanced trenches of the British; while, near the crown of the ridge opposite, lie the positions the Germans are holding. But, though you know there are many thousands of men within this comparatively small area, no sign of them is to be seen. The infantry shelters in its trenches; the guns fire from cunningly hidden positions. All you can see is an occasional flash from the muzzle of a gun, the constant hursting of the smoke clouds as the shells explode, and the ripping up of trees in the woods, or the tearing of gaping holes in the surface of the ground.

III

YOU have flown on, rising steadily, and now you are looking down almost directly on the ridge where the German trenches lie. Suddenly your pilot, a trace of excitement in his face, points earthward. The trenches, which a moment before showed nothing to the eye, have now sprung to life. You are reminded, on the instant, of the sudden disturbance on an ant heap. Tiny figures swarm into view; the whole ridge seems alive with them; and behind the trenches, under the shelter of the slope of the ridge, you can see them moving in columns.

"An attack coming off! Look!"

You hear your pilot's voice, but your eyes are riveted on the scene below. The ant heap has been disturbed to some purpose. There is method, evidently, in the movement of these tiny shapes. Out from the trenches they swarm, forming neatly defined columns; and, as these columns pass down the slope of the ridge towards the trenches of the enemy, they spread out at the head

and extend some distance right and left. The effect, when seen from your altitude, is decidedly curious. These columns do not appear like assemblages of men, each living unit distinct. They seem rather like some huge, creeping things that have awakened suddenly to life and are moving snake-like down the ridge; and, when the head of the monster appears to spread out as it advances, you are reminded irresistibly of some gigantic toadpole.

Down the slope the columns move. They are steady at first, and their progress seems irresistible—like that of some stream of water that is running down-hill. But soon you note a hesitancy at the extended head of the columns. The smooth lines are broken, and they seem to change shape. Gaps appear here and there that are quickly filled; but the movement forward becomes fitful. And this you know is the effect of the British gun fire. A hail of lead, pitiless and never-renting, is sweeping across the open space that lies between the ridge and the British trenches near the wood.

Perceptibly slower, now, is the advance of the columns. The whole of the advanced line comes momentarily to a halt; then it is reinforced and thrust forward by the weight of the column behind. But the progress is slower, more irresolute, and soon there comes a halt that is longer than any of those before. The line wavers, but it surges forward again. Then it stops. Again comes the forward surge; but this time it spends itself almost immediately; and the next moment, with a rearward movement nothing can stay, the columns are pouring back towards their trenches.

"That fire they've been under was simply deadly; flesh and blood could not stand it," calls your pilot.

You look down again; the retreating lines are pouring back into their trenches and flowing behind the shelter of the ridge. But marking the lines of their advance down the slope—like flotsam left on the beach when some big wave breaks and ebbs—are rows and clusters of tiny motionless shapes. Some seem stretched in long lines, marking the farthest sweep of the human tide; others form little patches, here and there, against the green of the slope. But the horrors of war, when viewed from your altitude, seem strangely blurred and softened; and it is hard to realize that these insignificant dots, scattered haphazard down the side of the slope, are the bodies of men who will never move again.

The second article of this series will appear in the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A Little While to Glimpse the Sky

By GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

A LITTLE while to glimpse the sky,
To see the far off hilltops gleam;
And then a million years to lie
Within the quiet earth and dream.

But dreaming all the ages through,
I still shall see the landscapes glow,
And love the world that once I knew
Where once I joyed and suffered so.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



HALLOWE'EN

Warwick Messary Hough
 RIALTO BUILDING
 St. Louis, Mo.

Sept. 30th 1915.

Dr. Robert C. Bicknell,
 4120 St. Elmo Avenue,
 Chattanooga, Tennessee

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the article in Harper's Weekly for October 2nd, wherein it is made to appear that you had some information (presumably to the detriment of the Pattens) which you were willing to sell to any one who was willing to pay you for it; and that you had told the writer of that article that "Wine of Cardui was a fraud".

In view of the statement which you made to me, I do not believe that either of the statements in the article is true.

If they are not true, however, I think it is due to you, as well as to the Messrs. Patten, that you make a prompt and unequivocal denial; in which case I suggest that you write the Editor of the Chattanooga Times as follows:

Editor of the Chattanooga Times,
 City

Dear Sir:

In an article in Harper's Weekly for October 2nd 1915, it is made to appear that I was possessed of information detrimental to the Messrs. Patten, and that I was willing to sell it to any one who was willing to pay for it; and also that I had stated to the writer of the article in question that Wine of Cardui was a fraud. Both of these statements are unequivocally false.

The only positive statement which I have ever made with reference to the medicine, was made to the attorney for the Chattanooga Medicine Company to whom I expressed a willingness to testify for the Company when the case should come on for trial.

Respectfully

I assume that you will write this without delay, and I suggest that you then decline to make any further statement.

Please advise me by return mail whether you have made, or will make the denial as suggested.

Yours truly

W.

W. M. Hough

The letter reproduced above was sent to Dr. Robert C. Bicknell, formerly manufacturing chemist for the Chattanooga Medicine Company, when it became known that he might make public his information concerning Wine of Cardui and Black Drought. The letter is written by the head of the legal forces of the Chattanooga Medicine Company. Dr. Bicknell's account of the incident is as follows:

"I met Mr. Hough once in the Chattanooga Medicine Company plant. At that time I told him very distinctly that I would testify in the suit against the American Medical Association, if called upon, and would tell the truth as I saw it. On Tuesday I was approached by Mr. Griscom, the Superintendent of the Chattanooga Medicine Company's factory. We discussed the matter of the pending suits, and he finally said that a statement had been published in which I had said that Cardui was a fraud. I had not made this statement directly, although it may not have been very difficult to gain the impression from what I did say; that I did not approve of the product or the methods of those connected with it. This I told Mr. Griscom, who was already aware of my attitude concerning Cardui. Following the report of Mr. Griscom to his superiors, this message has been sent from St. Louis through Mr. Hough, since the first attempt had failed."

Dr. Bicknell's second article—"Black Drought: the Story of Another Nostrum"—is on opposite page.

Black Draught

The Story of Another Nostrum

By ROBERT C. BICKNELL, Ph. G., M. D.

IT IS a primary tenet of the nostrum business that the public be deceived. Even should a medicine have certain properties of value, a great many more alluring ones must be claimed for it. Systematic exaggeration and misrepresentation are necessary; otherwise it would be impossible to justify the exorbitant price that is asked for it. The average patent medicine fiend will not pay a dollar for a concoction that will merely relieve his headache; but tell him that the same dose will automatically cure his asthma and vitalize his liver, and he will jump at the chance to pay double the price.

Popular credulity is thus capitalized. In the eyes of the nostrum maker every individual is a possible purchaser, a potential source of profit. It is not his cure, but his dollar, that requires the attention of the patent medicine faker. Hence, more attention is paid to the wrapper than to the medicine itself. It is on the wrapper that the fraudulent claims are made, and so long as secrecy in composition is permitted, these fraudulent claims must stand unchallenged. The most that the federal authorities have been able to accomplish, even under the amended Pure Food and Drugs Act, is to compel the modification of a few terms which may be employed.

THERE is on the market a large family of nostrums known as Liver Medicines, Remedies, Regulatives, etc., according to the fancy of the maker. Most of these concoctions depend upon senna as their basis. Senna is an effective purgative. Moreover—and quite as important—it is comparatively cheap. The southern states have always been a fertile field for this class of nostrums, and a large number of them have originated there. Some sixty years ago, in Macon, Georgia, a family named Simmons manufactured a powder known as "Simmons Liver Regulator." A daughter of the family subsequently married a man named Theford. The "liver regulator" business being in a flourishing condition, Theford was straightway initiated into the mysteries of the art. He remained in the business for some time, and then sold the formula to Z. C. Patten, Sr., who was making Wine of Cardui in Chatta-

noog. Apparently the Simmons family as a whole was not acquiescent in this transfer, for a lawsuit followed. Finally, about 1882, Patten was permitted to

to the fake-loving American public.

In the earlier wrappers of the nostrum, beneath the picture of Lookout Mountain, was the caption: "Gathering roots and herbs on Lookout Mountain for" followed by the name "Black Draught." This statement was quite in keeping with the character of the medicine. None of the ingredients of Black Draught have ever been gathered on Lookout Mountain. Few of them have ever been grown there. The principal and only essential ingredient—senna—has always been imported from India and Egypt. *Serpentaria*, or Virginia snakeroot, does grow in the vicinity, but has never been gathered in commercial quantities.

The original composition of Black Draught was three parts of senna to one part of Virginia snakeroot, in moderately fine powder. When, because of a growing scarcity, the price of Virginia snakeroot became higher, one half the quantity was used and an equal amount of Canada snakeroot (*Asarum Canadense*, commonly known as wild ginger). The latter herb was cheaper, and the paramount concern of the patent medicine maker is to have his nostrum cost as little as possible. Of the ingredients that are contained in Black Draught, Virginia snakeroot costs 48c a pound, Canada snakeroot 40c, and senna, the chief ingredient, only 8c a pound.

From these several prices the cost of making a pound of Black Draught may be computed:

3/4 lb. Senna	@ 8c per lb.	.06
3/4 lb. Virginia snakeroot		
	@ 48c per lb.	.06
3/4 lb. Canada snakeroot		
	@ 40c per lb.	.05
Cost of grinding02
Total cost per pound19

The small packages that sell at 25c retail contain 3/4 ounces. Five of these—weighing 3 3/4 ounces in all—make a large package. Hence, the weight of a dozen large packages is 45 ounces or about 2 3/4 pounds. At the cost (figured above) of 19c per pound, it can be seen that the actual cost of a dozen large packages is approximately 35c.

The other items of expense may be estimated as follows:

THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

(The Vegetable Liver Powder).

(Spanish name: HEPALINA)

FOR Liver, Stomach and Bowel Troubles, this medicine will be found very successful, reliable and gentle in action. It is a pure vegetable remedy, containing no dangerous minerals like mercury, (calomel) etc., and for nearly seventy years has been in successful use in thousands of homes, assisting in keeping its users' systems in health, preventing many dangerous diseases from developing, and saving much unnecessary suffering. For indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Malaria, Chills and Fever and similar troubles, it is safe, effective and prompt in results.



DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Theford's Black-Draught may be taken dry, or made into a tea or bitters, as follows:

Theford's Black-Draught Tea.—Put the contents of a 25-cent package into half a pint of boiling water, and let steep for several hours, strain through a clean cloth, squeeze the powder dry and bottle the liquid for use. Sugar may be added, if desired. In warm weather, this must be kept on ice to prevent souring, or enough pure grain alcohol, or whisky, added to preserve.

The tea may also be made up fresh, as needed, by steeping an even teaspoonful of the powder in a cup of boiling water, for a few hours, straining through a cloth and then drinking.

Theford's Black-Draught Stomach Bitters.—Put a 25-cent package into a pint of pure whiskey, and let stand 48 hours, shaking occasionally, then strain through a wire cloth and pour into a bottle, adding enough water to make a full pint and flavoring with sugar, cloves, cinnamon and allspice to taste. Take a tablespoonful in the morning, and it will improve your appetite and digestion, and regulate your liver and bowels.

For chills and fever, malaria, coughs, La-Grippe, etc., add 20 grains of quinine.

DOSE.—Of the **TEA**—An even teaspoonful, swallowed with a few sips of water. Less for a woman. Half for a child.

Of the TEA or BITTERS—A tablespoonful. Less for a woman. A teaspoonful for a child.

Liver Complaint, Constipation, Etc.—Take a dose every other night for a week. Then stop four days. On the fifth night take a dose and then every third night for a week. Continue this treatment until you are relieved, and repeat whenever the symptoms reappear.

Dyspepsia and indigestion.—A small dose after each meal usually relieves. Your own feelings will determine when you need it. Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Bad Breath, Stomach ache, are all relieved in the same manner.

The "Stomach Bitters" should be particularly popular. Note the directions: "Put a 25-cent package into a pint of pure whiskey."

Make the powder under a modified name, and "Black Draught" was given

Making and filling packages, per dozen, 13c; carton wrappers and foil paper, per dozen packages, 12c; box for shipment, 12c; packing this box, general superintendence and inspection, 5c; add the cost of the powder itself, 55c; total cost of a dozen packages, ready for shipment, 97c.

If to this cost be added 15 per cent for selling and 5 per cent for collecting, we have a total of \$1.16, the complete cost of production, with the exception of the amount spent for advertising. In the patent medicine business, this is by far the largest item of expense. Economy may be practised in making the medicine, but money must be lavished in advertising it spectacularly. The amount spent in exploiting Black Draught is less than that spent in a similar way for Wine of Cardui. But, to make a liberal estimate of the costs, let us figure it as being equal to all the other expenses put together. These expenses estimated \$1.16. Double this, and we shall have the final cost of our Black Draught—\$2.32 for a dozen packages.

SO MUCH for expenses, which have been liberally estimated. Let us now attempt a conservative estimate of the revenue yielded by Black Draught. As is the case with Cardui, the selling price of the stuff varies according to the size lots in which it is sold. The average price, however, is about \$7.20 per dozen packages. By deducting \$2.32—our estimate of the total cost of manufacture, sale and advertising—we find that the net income on each dozen packages is

\$4.88. During last year the business averaged 400 dozen per day for 280 working days,—of 112,000 dozen in all. This output, at the rate of \$4.88 per dozen, means that net profit on the year's sales of Black Draught amounted to \$546,560. Pretty fair, for a firm that was making about \$949,000 out of Cardui at the same time!

AND who pays? The public, of course,—but particularly that part of the public which can least afford it. By its very nature, the nostrum appeals to the most uneducated and illiterate. Consisting chiefly of senna, it naturally brings relief from indigestion,—just as any other simple purgative might do. The relief thus afforded results in a repetition of the dose, but one soon finds that with repeated use the power to relieve is lost, and the ensuing condition is worse than the first.

The purgative habit is easily formed and is encouraged by the directions that accompany each package of Black Draught. For example: "A small dose after each meal usually relieves." It is not the fact that it "relieves" that is important: "after each meal" is the real issue.

Even more effective still are the following directions, reprinted from the latest output of Black Draught propaganda:

Put a 25-cent package into a pint of pure whiskey and let it stand 48 hours, shaking occasionally, then strain through a white cloth and pour into a bottle, adding enough water to make a full pint and

flavoring with sugar, cloves, cinnamon and alcohol to taste.

There we have the idea: Don't drink your whiskey clear; flavor it "to taste," with a little of our liver regulator!

YES, the Chattanooga Medicine Company knows how to boom its products. By looking at the wrapper of the Black Draught package, you will find that the "Spanish name" of the lotion is "HEPALINA." Ah! you say, the Spaniards use it, too, do they? It must be good.

And then you turn the package around, and you discover that while it does not "guarantee" a cure, it is "recommended for" "Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Pimples, Bad Blood, Sick Head Ache, Offensive Breath, Biliousness, Bilious Cholera, Chills and Fever, Kidney Disorders, and Rheumatic Pains." And again you are impressed. This certainly is a good, all-around medicine to have about the house.

There is tragedy in the fraud of the whole business, in the deception of thousands of gullible, unfortunate people each year. But there is at least one note of humor in the affair: one of the directions in the Black Draught pamphlet reads as follows:

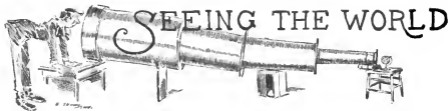
Take a dose at bed time, then skip two or three nights and continue until the pains disappear.

Continue until the pains disappear! No wonder 112,000 dozen packages are sold every year!

"Somewhere in France"



A French ambulance riddled by shrapnel returning from the front with wounded soldiers.



Loyal to Home Folks

A little girl in an east-side family has been hearing her parents discuss out-of-town buying, and their argument has been strongly for the trade-at-home policy. A mother who, with her small son, was visiting at the home last week from a neighboring city, was surprised to hear the daughter of the house say to her offspring: "Don't try to hold my hand. I'll die an old maid before I'll marry an out-of-town man."

—The Independence (Kans.) Reporter.

For His Wife's Health

Ten kegs of beer, eight gallons in each, a case of beer and a quantity of whisky, this is what Free Warden has ordered from May 4 to July 4 for his wife's health, according to evidence introduced in the hearing of Warden before Judge George H. Castle, at Shenandoah.

—The Tabor (Iowa) Beacon.

Theft is Theft

We wish to correct a statement made in our last. The meat stolen belonged to Henry Beebrecher instead of Fred Hartwig, and there was a somewhat lesser quantity than reported. However the fact of the theft remains and our sentiments are unchanged.

—Sandusky (O.) Register.

Placing Jim

A Quitman correspondent to a Conway paper says: "Jim Brinkley was in town Monday afternoon, using his eloquence against agricultural schools and demonstration work," adding that Jim is a good farmer.

Jim may have always paid his debts and have had plenty of "hog and hominy," but we'll bet he belongs to the hull tongue brigade and is a full brother to the old guy at the circus who, after a careful and most critical examination of the giraffes, exclaimed, "Hell, thar ain't no sech animals."

—The Van Buren (Ark.) Democrat.

The Devil's New Ways

Rev. Dr. Boggs had the misfortune to break his automobile Sunday so there

were no services in the Presbyterian Church here.

—Texas Valley Note in the Marathon (N. Y.) Independent.

No House of Cards. This

Lightning struck the home of Fred Klemm near Duncan's Falls, in the Sunday morning's storm and was destroyed.

—The McConnellsville (O.) Herald.

Will Work Both

Omer Rowland and wife left for Blain to-day where he will work on the county directory and the guest of his father.

—The Dunkirk (Ind.) News.

Something to Worry About



—St. Joseph (Mo.) News Press.

Romance

"I want to know of any lady that owns a farm that would like to get married. I am a bachelor and would like to find a lady of that kind. I am a harvest hand. I don't own a farm myself and would like to find a lady that does own a farm."

—Letter in the Troy (Kans.) Chief.

Doubtful

FOR SALE—One yearling Shorthorn bull and 2 good milch cows, each giving 4 gallon of milk a day. Alva St. John, Cedarsville, Ohio.

—Adv. in the Xenia (O.) Republican.

Fascination of the Farm

Bill Beck, the village plumber, was out at Thompson Scoggia's ranch last week putting some finishing touches to the individual gas lighting plant that now makes Thump's house and barn almost as bright by night as by day. It is improvements like this that keep the children on the farm.

—The Fossil (Ore.) Journal.

Life in a Small Town

Talking about pathetic things, how could you beat the hunger for amusement in the average small town? Just take note of the people who have nothing

special to do—old men who no longer work, younger men who have retired from business, women who are idlers by choice or force of circumstances—and watch them as they go about the streets. They stand before a store window half an hour at a time, looking at things in which they are not interested at all, walk six blocks to see something a busy person would not notice at all, take a hand in discussions they know nothing about nor care anything about and stop in an aimless way looking for something they know not what. The days are a hundred hours long to them and the future looms dismal just ahead.

—The Para (Mo.) Appral.

A Sad Affliction

Now we, have the closer-to-nature women who dance bare-legged on the grass, and our eyesight is growing dim.

—The Brenham (Tex.) Banner.

Oh, Joy!

The music from the instruments fill the crowds with enthusiasm and pleasing efforts, the sweet strains floated out on the atmosphere like waves on the ocean deep, vibrating on and on, causing the person of melancholy tendency to feel happy and those presumably happy to feel highly elated, and the rest to feel as all the world was a flower garden, and paradise was theirs, all for the asking.

—The Crosbyton (Tex.) News.



MENDING I

Drawing by Coatsworth



ENCES



A NEATLY PLAYED FORWARD PASS

Tibbott of Princeton (No. 1) has sent the ball away to Captain Glick (No. 2), who received it about five yards beyond his position, as shown in the picture. The passer has been well protected by two other backs (with the white numbers).

The Football Shock-Absorbers

By HERBERT REED

IT REQUIRES no seventh son, nor yet even a follower of the football Yogi, to divine that the title of this article refers to the line—to the seven, or five, or perhaps three, men who take up the first thrust of the enemy's attack. To these men their foes are much more intimate, much more heridien with individuality than is the case with the backs. They look upon their foemen face to face. It follows as the night the day that if these men are shock-absorbers they are also shock-producers. On their ability to stop the foe short upon occasion, and upon occasion to yield both wisely and well, as well as to carry their drive to the enemy, hangs many a game, big or little.

While the season is still young it might be as well to call the attention of the football public to this line, for in mid-November the line will be forgotten, the sterling work that it does overlooked. The football public, like any other public that follows sport, is looking for heroes. It finds one in the line now and then only because the choice is playing super-football. At that, it may be had football from the view-point of accepted technique. It may be a bad style of football for even a good, perhaps a better than good, forward to play. Ned Glass played his position much as he pleased. The same was true of Shenk, the Princeton guard. The same was true of Journey of Pennsylvania last year, and is true of Cool of Cornell this year.

But the man who is making a reputation behind the line can seldom count upon the individual in front of him. He must count upon the line as an entity—the shock-maker or the shock-absorber—and the deeper one digs into the heart of that line play the more one is led to the belief that the terms are well-nigh interchangeable. The immediate

technique differs—not the fundamental theory.

Returning from any football game the careful observer must answer two queries, the first put by the lover of football who has not delved very far below the surface, the second put by the man who is interested in the geometry of the gridiron game—and it has taken football to prove to many that geometry existed. The first query is, "How are the backs? Have they a Brickley, a Hardwick, a Coy, a Kenaard, etc.?" The second query is, "Have they a line?"

On the answer to this second compact query hangs much of the law and most of the prophets of football. Year after year Harvard has produced brilliant backs, and for this reason the outside public has made the Crimson a favorite almost every fall since the régime of Haughton began to show results. Once in a while a man like Pat Grant, like Parmenter, like Storer, has appeared and stirred the crowd, but I might mention the names of many Harvard forwards who have been tremendous factors in the success of the team without so much as stirring up an echo of applause.

I have here momentarily separated the line from the game of football considered as a whole, mainly to emphasize the fact that the spectator who studies the game as a whole cannot afford to think heroward, cannot afford to be bewitched by individuals. The front shock-absorber, the front shock-producer, will never rise above the fume and fury of the play to the outsider. But why be an outsider? The men in the line do not care. They are content with work well done.

All of which leads me to a restatement of the game of football as a whole, and I hope leads the reader to a rereading

of a statement that it seems necessary to make annually. The statement may not be correct. It is simply epitome of the theory and practise of football as it is understood by the brightest and the most successful minds connected with the game. Well, then, let us have at it.

Football within the limitations of the rules and sportsmanship is a war game. Either by force or by deception the attack advances through the opposition to the goal line, which might be considered the capital of the enemy. If force is the method used it can be applied only on certain lines. These lines go forward perpendicular to the line of defense, on either a close or a wide slant, or around a wing of the defense. It is the history of football that it has developed certain standard drives known as the two straight drives, the two elbow slants, the two wide slants, and the end run. In the same manner the deceptions have become standardized. Without going into detail they may be labeled as follows: the criss-cross, the delayed runner, the forward pass, the delayed pass, the fake forward pass, the split play, and the fake kick. Their inherent strength lies in the fact that the opponents must be deceived.

Failure in deception is failure in execution.

This is opposed to the straight game, wherein the application of force is not dependent upon surprise. The distributions in front of this attack are unimportant as long as they are simple and concentrated.

Returning to the straight game, a fundamental principle, involving the team element, must first be properly valued. Arising from the basic fact that one man on the defense is more capable under the rules than his equal on the



WHERE THE TIGERS WERE FOOLED

Wilkinson, a Syracuse back, turning Princeton's left end for a neat pass. The left side of the Nassau line has been badly spilled, and even the defensive halfback has been droun in.

offense, it results that equal concentrations on attack and defense at least offset one another. But the nature of offensive plays is such that the masses are concentrated against players weak numerically, provided the masses arrive at the vital point before the defense can concentrate on that point—in other words, provided the time element is not violated.

In order that the mass may arrive within this time it is necessary that the play shall not be behind the line of scrimmage more than a given fraction of time, that fraction to be determined by the stopwatch. This is the way it works out—no play in which the man with the ball takes more than five steps behind the line of scrimmage is good, because the defense has time to concentrate.

Difficult for one to quarrel with that. Those who do quarrel with it must show teams that by victory will prove their contention. That is what Yale, and for

that matter all teams that use the lateral pass, are trying to do. The work of the lines this year ought to answer the three questions: How long can a good line hold against a good line? How long ought it to hold? Is it worth while holding overtime in order to lose a play of debatable value?

In the early season those teams that did not use plays of debatable value but that did use plays and formations long admitted to be sound, won for the most part through the work of the line. It was so when Cornell ran up a big score against Williams, thus dedicating the new Schoellkopf Memorial Field at Ithaca. It was so when within the limits of the stopwatch's checking Princeton was able to get the kicking game in action against Syracuse, and it was so when Lehigh all but defeated Yale.

As these lines appear the Harvard-Cornell game will have been decided—an excellent test of line play both in

theory and practice, but it will remain for the Harvard-Yale game in all probability to settle the moot point of just what that is worth while can be developed behind the line, and in how many seconds or fractions of seconds. It is unfortunate, indeed, that lateral passing has not been put on more extensively by the smaller colleges in the early season games, so that the lover of football might make a closer study of it.

So long as the present régimes at Harvard and Cornell endure there is every probability that their battle will be one of sweep against thrust, and the same is true of the Yale-Harvard game. Thrust so far has won, and won handily. Sweep is yet to have its day and its test in a battle between two first-class college eleven. The Carlisle Indians under Warner had sweep, but the team and the methods used in preparing it for its big games were such that it was impossible to obtain a verdict on the value of that type of game, considered as a type.

Confetti

By RALPH M. THOMSON

WHY should the heart appear disconsolate—
What need is there to shed one soul-wrung tear,
When ruddy Nature holds her happy fête,
At fall's request, in honor of the year?

The multi-colored leaves which autumn strews
About the hills and dales in silent mirth,
Are but confetti from God's avenues,
For spirit-winds to scatter over earth.



A view of Belgrade, showing the railroad from Austria into Serbia,—a strategic point of importance.

Wartime Gaiety in Serbia

One of the redeeming aspects of the war is the devoted work that is being done by Americans, both here and on the firing line, to relieve the suffering of the unfortunate victims. This article is an extract from a letter sent from Nish, Serbia, by Mr. A. E. Evans, a member of the Committee of Mercy's Serbian Expedition. Mr. Evans' letter, while outlining the somber background, speaks of the brighter and less familiar side of warfare.

IN SPITE of the war there seems to be considerable gaiety. The people enjoy their promenade hours to the utmost, sitting on the walks around the plaza which we have dubbed "Columbus Circle," sipping their delicious *café à la Turque*, or their abominable drinks, and eating *kolache* (little cakes). The officers strut and the soldiers salute and the ladies bow and smirk. Every one is very happy. In the evenings there is a theatre. It is a marvel. Last night we went to see it. Ordinarily they have an outdoor stage, and the people sit crowded around little tables in the garden, but last night it threatened rain, so they had it inside a crazy old hall. It was a French tragedy translated. The hall was jammed with officers and ladies, all eating and drinking and chatting, and yet they actually seemed to hear and enjoy all that took place on the stage, in spite of the terrible hubbub. Some of the acting seemed quite good, but as a whole it did seem pretty primitive.

However, we went again to the theatre, when, instead of a play, as usual, there was an orchestral concert for the benefit of the Serbian Red Cross. It

was held outdoors in the garden, and when we arrived, about nine-thirty, an immense crowd of all sorts were jammed around little tables sipping coffee and *schlitzers*, and making a very glittering ensemble—every man in a blazing uniform, every lady in her best. Standing room only was left, so we stood against the trees around the edges of the garden. The stage was completely filled with a soldier orchestra, all in the uniform of the Serbian privates—a somber, soft brown wool, making a good background for the leader, who literally vibrated with medals. There were about fifty pieces, a very fair symphony. They played perfectly, getting really wonderful effects, the Serbian and Russian things, with their stunning ensemble effects. The audience listened spell-bound through each number and were most enthusiastic; and how those fellows did love to play! As a matter of fact three-fourths of the orchestra is made up of Austrian prisoners. They dress them in Serbian uniforms and let them play in the band. Each Friday night they play here; other nights in Belgrade and other large cities, thereby

earning quite a decent, regular sum for the Red Cross. It was very interesting to watch their faces while they beat to their bows, drawing out a sweeping, sobbing melody. Here they seemed to give vent to all they had experienced and suffered in the past year, and to all their sorrows and long ups. It seemed strangely ironical. The little modest Austrian, who was first violin and carried the solos in *The Tales of Hoffman*, won storms of applause from the people who had tried to kill him, had perhaps wounded him, and now beheld him as a slave to work without pay for his bread. He did play divinely, too. Yes, it seems that the Teutons are carrying culture to the others, but hardly in the manner they had planned and hardly of the sort they advocate. For not one German note was sounded. They played one of Saint-Saëns' pieces (*Dance Macabre*). I was curious to see how it would take, and I was satisfied. It was the hit of the evening. The audience, delighted by the weird style, made them repeat it twice. They closed with Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," after which the American contingent cheered.

October

By HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD

AH! Nature, vain deceit—why this dissembling?

To robe yourself in garments all so gay,
The die is cast, within the balance trembling,

Your fate is but the passing of a day,
And in the knowledge of that dread tomorrow,

I read 'neath painted face your heart's deep sorrow.

The Cook's Tour

VIII

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

Being the blithe adventure of the erstwhile cook for the Bar-2 cattle outfit, and his erudite partner Allingham, chronicled by the former during the progress of an "intensive" tour of certain hitherto little-known portions of Arizona and New Mexico.

HIT was nigh nit o'clock in the evenin when we got to St Johns wch they call seventy five mile fum the Santa Fee at Holbrook. Allingham and me had bin movin right apte sence leavin the stage an takin long steps to save our shoes ez the feller says. Hit waz bad walkin fer the fast few male but at sundown a cole wind sprung up from the Noth an come a creepin up behine us an slippin in bechme the chunks in a fellers ribs twell onet nr twirt I lookt down to see ef my shirt waz baloonin out in front seems like hit felt thataway. Allinghams teeth waz chattering but he was in a good enuff humer praps becaus we couden hear nobuddys vaw only a kyotes down the draw to the left an that waz right soothin compaird to Meclankthun the stage drivers convenashun.

Haint the stars wunnerful says Allingham. Shorely they is nothin so lully as naeber in all her tekked beauty he says. Nacher wud make more on a hit with me I says ef she waz wearin of a overcoate. You aint cole are you says Allingham like he waz surprised. O no I says sarkastik Im ony shakin fer a drink of I kin hold out I says I reckon Ill be able to shiver a right hartry sweat air long.

You shud not talk so lite about seryus matters like likker says Allingham remember we have not had none sence we left Vegns an as fer yore slitin refsrens to nacher he says I am greifed at hit ware is yore pote sole. Hits ware my luck in I reckon I says ef you kin locate that there Ill split with you an no kwestyuns ast an be haft.

I wud like I says after a breek paus for to have some of them nacher lovrers here now with no more cloths on than we got I done redd a lot in books about the beautys of nacher I says but my iddee is that most of them books waz wrote in a warm room with a fire burnin an mebbe ef the riter possent an incompent income a sidebord handy. Bein clot to the sofl is all rite I says ef you got a cuppel of second planks berhune you an hit. Otherwise not.

Quit it says Allingham leave me have my ill looshuns I done condemned mankind out of hand years ago an ef you go an deestroy my fish in nacher I wont have nothin left to admire ceptin my own lovlie persnalty but you aint mean in them words you jest got a mood thats all. Now looky here I says plumb riled I aint no hand to take a fence unnecessary but you got to return that there remark hits right insultin when I git

to wearin moods I says I wanttoo be shot at sunrise I got some self respeek left I says ef I have bin ridin behine a team of mules the best part of the day O alight says Allingham yore jest feelin



Nobuddys vois only a kyotes.

ornery I reckon. I kin stan fer that I says becaus I shore an well he says Im glad you admit it becaus we aint got time to argy the pint yonner is the fighs of St Johns.

The fast thin we done on gittin into town waz to hunt up a hotel wch waz callt the St Johns house an git a room now says Allingham wile you are resin yore weery disposishun Ill jest step out an locate a estin place well I says alright but after Allingham done got gone I begun studyin an hit didd seem right nacher him offerin to go out skounin thataway. I wondred ef hit waz wiskey waz a larin him. Allingham aint what you cud name on-genrus but hits bin won of my experienes that these year fellers what is callt genrus to a fault is usually most genrus to one of there own. Es a rule that is

So I wazt out into the street an lookt into two or three saloons an about the third won what waz a ornery lookin whitewash shuck name Jacks place I see Allingham a standin up agin the bar talkin earnest to the bartender an sippin at a glass of beer. I waz right

glad to see he waznt drinkin nothin strong after him promamusin me not to teeh sperritin endurin of the toor but all I says waz well hit dont look like thas waz a short order house none. Im jest a wottin my appetite says Allingham turnin aroun some hocked an the bartender says partner you kin putt in es short a order ez you please ef hit inkludes the right words Im year to fill hit.

In fark says the bartender youall dont haftoo name yore bevrage a tall hits wiskey how kan you tell I says. Wy you got a wiskey fare says the bartender alert an determind he says. Now yore fren here he says waz plumb discouragd lookin when he come in like he waz bin traied by a erring wife or somethin. So I drawd him a glass of beer he says without wastin fer him to open his wiskey Im right cute sizz fellers up thataway he says.

What will you have yoreself I ast the bartender O a little sooly he says keerless I aint taken nothin strong sence I went huntin wildcats over to the St Johns house las summer one nite an shunt up the bridle chamber soos they had to kalsomane the wall paper all over agin Im offen the stiff. So we drink up.

Allingham seemt satsifide after he had his beer so we went over to a Chink restrant what the bartender who says he waz the Jack owned the saloon prated out to us an ordred a cuppel of T bone stakes. They waz tuff stakes do you reckon these is shore enuff T bone stakes



Be youall the gents what hat the argymen.

I says I dunno Allingham says but ef they is huts a double cinch my teeth need sharpenin somethin fierce.

Lets us order a nother cuppel of them he says an then step out in the kitchen an see wharein lays the mistry alright I says. So thats what we done an after hearin the Chink in front about out the order an waitin a minit we smook out through the door to the kitchen an thar was a littel skannery Chink about so high takin T bones from a pile in the corner of the table an poundin them into a cuppel of slabs of ooery roum stike that lookt jest like ours had tastet. The iddee Mister Editor was to brile em thataway I reckon an gin em to is fer genuvine T bone stakes hit shore riled me an I grabbd the littel Chink by the neck an passet him outa the back door.

Allingham was laffin fit to kill but I eudden see nothin to luff at lessn hit was the way the Chinks all hollered an tuk on I dont see nothin humrust into onderhandet himis speshually regardin somethin I got to ent.

Well we finely quitted down an explained to a deputy sheriff how hit come about an he made the Chink gin us a cuppel of reg'ar T bone stakes an so we made out to git a mesl. But hit jest shows Mister Editor you cant never putt no credit in a Chinks doins Allingham says they was a feller wrot a pome over there beethen suitlessn onet hit was a purty good iddee but I dunno seems like ef I had my ehvye what to write over one on em twud be a eppy-taft.

We hadn hardly finnist entin when a slim lookin yung feller right nother because the sholders an wearn one thim kakky suits fun Norfolk Virginia an eyeglasses come bustin into the restrant an approach us ware we set. Be yonall the gents what hat the argymen with the proprieter of this year establishment jest now he says hasty like an drax up a chair. Mebbe so says Allingham plumb onicouragin an mebbe not whints hit to you my yung fren.

I lookt fer troubl when Allingham anserd the yung feller thataway but he jest smilt an wiped off his eyeglasses with a fancy hankercher mebbe I was a trifel presuptin he says but seen as my paper is jest desidet to adopt reevn rastren editorial styles an has undertook a poley of mitant sivik regenerashun more comunty callt maktrakin he says an es I understand yore rcontroversy with Mister Sen Long he says involved a kweshstion of feed adulterashun of large moment to the comunty praps I may be pardond well alright says Allingham but be right shore hit done happen agin.

The yung feller lift an says now fer the facts an pullt out a pad an penel this is a grate story he says hit will doubtless work up into a feacher artikel praps we cud even git out an extry he says we aint got one out sence the gowiner passet through year last summer an onderwent a hot bath an a change of linen at the St Johns house he says.

Well mebbe so says Allingham like he

had his doubts but me an my fren is right pickler wharabouts our names is feachered what did you say yore paper was callt. Hits the St Johns Oh-lee-oh-ee he says spellin hit out slow. Oboe he says an there haint no aitch before the nishul O as some of my degerat feller members of the noospaper perfeshun wud lave hit.

Thats a right funny name for a paper says Allingham but hit has hits pints a oboe is a wind instrument aint it yes says the yung feller an a load won. Ef you hin to grand opra lately he says you kin doubtless remember how when them there oboes gits goin right strong the rest of the orkestry mought jes as well set back an res there lungs fer all



Most of them books was wrote in a warm room.

the good theys doin. Wen I fust come on to Abrazona he says this year paper was callt the Clarion but I recallt the fak that effisheny was the order of the day an the funkshuns of a noospaper was to make a nose an I jest give her the out-beatmet titel I cud think up an whats fiore he says I glory in my shame. Now how about this year story he says fust off who are you gents an whar you fun ns do you know enythin about the projektet railrode through St Johns them there is my U. P. Qs messin usual preliminary kweshstuns in the vernakler.

Ef there is a railrode comin through St. Johns all I hope is my next time I make the same error says Allingham we started by the stage with a yuman talkin mashine name Meelankthun S. Barrers what broke down sum ten mile outside St Johns an we hooft it into town I aint rite shore yit wether to sympathise with my feet or congratulate my yerss. That aint nothin says the yung feller Meelankthuns got a gal in them hills Noth of town he allus brakes down there be'll be along tomorro mornin bre you gents himis in these parts or are you travellin for plessur. Neither says Allingham. So far that is he says.

I reckon you mought putt hit down wether travellin for our helth Allingham says ef we aint we soon will be lessn we git better treatmen on the root shake

says the yung feller cordyal my names Griggs an I come out four year ago come winter. Yessur he says four year ago I lef that pest hol Noo York with six months gin me to live an look at me now the pitecher of helth to say nothin of Bein sole owner publisher editor reoportorial staff an compositor of the livest littel sheet in the state. An me ony four year in Gods country he says.

Well says Allingham of this years Gods country he must manage it by depity hits shore in a lamentabel state of disarepare the only thin you got here they aint got better an more on in Noo York is elbow room he says. All we needs is a few boosters like they got in Cahiforny says Griggs well says Allingham of theys enny truth in the sayin evry knocks a boost you dont need fer to go no further Im yore press agent.

An whats more says Allingham dont git the iddee that me an my fren is lungers I didnt mean for you to take that there fraze about our helth in a tekknikal sence he says of theys ennythin wrong with my lungs persnaly he says hits merely that theys suffrin fum a temporary sence of fatigg doo to expoundin sterlin truths to some these year local horny headed sons of mental rest. Lets git back to the story says Griggs we go to press next Chooseday.

You mustn immagin theys ennythin persnaly in my remarkz Mister Griggs says Allingham theys merely callt out by the demans of the okkashun. To show theys no hard feelin he says I bin thinkin up a story with three of this year Chink insident I was discussin of it with my fren Jaek over at his saloon when I was interruptet a while back an ef my fren Mister Allen here will excuse us well go over thar an settle on the details.

Im shore I dont see how Mister Allen wud mine us a leavin him says Griggs you got a hull lot to learn then yung feller I says there aint no call as I see fer me to be left. When hit comes to trouble I says to Allingham you must recible by this year time that I got a right level head. Shore you have says Allingham. On all four sides he says. Hit aint the shape that counts I says his wether hits got enny peth into it.

Well Lem says Allingham sometimes I think yore right bright other times I dont feel you got enuff gray matter amongst yore brains to make a confederate suit fer a gust outn an this is perloous close to won of them times. Now I got a skeme to work up an stratelgy says you aint to know about hit jest now. Ill tell you whats happen later when I get over to the hotel an I ask you es a persnal favor to go on over an wait there pashant for me will you do that there.

About twelve or sech a matter he come in an waked me up by laffin hartly as the feller says. I done got a good won on yore fren Meelankthun he says laffin some more Im a goin to ride on ahead to Springerville hosshack early in the mornin on a hoss I done hired fun my fren Jaek an yore to come on with Meelankthun when he comes in.

Ware is the joke on Meelankthun I says because I was plumb d'leepy an eudden see hit nobow. O says Allingham eyant you see Meelankthun will be deprived of my company the hull day an I herd him still a laffin twell I popt off to sleep agin.

Hits on the Stage

Though HARPER'S WEEKLY has no policy that is absolutely rigid, it has general tendencies and preferences. It likes to discuss things which give pleasure and at the same time have sense. Under the heading of "Hits on the Stage" it means to describe successes of every kind, popular and intellectual, but it will be particularly happy when it is able to proclaim the appearance in our theatre of dramas and actors who appeal at the same time to the popular taste and to what little educated taste there is.

"Cock o' the Walk"

HENRY ARTHUR JONES' latest play, *Cock o' the Walk*, was produced in Washington before it was produced elsewhere in this country or in England. It was received by the Washington audiences with enthusiasm. That fact is altogether to the credit of the Washington audiences. Whether it will have the same success when it gets around to New York is another matter. Our guess is that even New York will have perception enough to like it, but we should not care to risk money on any proposition involving the support by that city of plays and acting which require the finer kind of appreciation. Not that *Cock o' the Walk* is extraordinarily elevated or subtle. It has neither of those terrifying attributes. The worst that New York could say against it would be that nobody ought to see it who hates any touch, however slight, of literature in a play, or who hates acting that requires more of the mind than the jaded love of violent novelty or stereotyped sentimentality.

Not only is Mr. Otis Skinner one of the very best actors in the United States; he belongs to a school in which we have distressingly few actors who are even competent. He does not belong to the prevailing school in which repression, with a few outbreaks, is the standard of art. He belongs to the school of free expression, of generalization, of poetry. It is the open art of the great traditions. It is a method that tests the gifts of the actor far more drastically

than the opposite method does. In this new play Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has made the central character an actor whose mind is full of the words and images and ideals of the great dramatists, especially of Shakespeare. The magnificent language of inspired writers springs to his lips on every occasion. This richness of vocabulary and allusion is saved from pedantry by the fact that the keynote of the character is humor. The hero's ideals, dreams, hopes, tastes are all mitigated by a sense of genial irony, by realization of his own extravagance and futility. It is a hard kind of character to make the centre of a play, but Mr. Jones, whatever one may think of his philosophy or of his ultimate inspiration, is a master of construction; and the difficult task of weaving this vagabond, philosopher and poet into the more or less familiar story of a young man's girl becoming silly and being barely rescued from serious consequences, is carried out by Mr. Jones with distinguished technical skill. One imagines the plot about to break down at various stages in the play, but it always comes up smiling. Indeed, it grows stronger as it goes along. The first two acts are full of easy-going, pleasant, but extremely loosely knit scenes, illustrating the ridiculousness of the fashionable actor-manager who is the semi-villain, the childish love-vagaries of two young girls, and the wayward but enlightened and really noble thought and aspiration of the hero. The third act, containing the infernal trial of the actor-manager

by a group of bishops, and his rescue by the testimony of the hero, illustrates the theatrical ability of Jones at its height. It is a mixture of laughter and pleasant intensity throughout.

A less skilful dramatist would have found his play ended with the conclusion of this act, since the young girl has been rescued, but Mr. Jones slyly raises our interest in another theme to the highest point just as the young girl theme is disposed of. As a reward for the help rendered to his old friend, the actor-manager, the down-and-out hero is to be allowed to play Othello on the occasion of a great Shakespeare celebration. At the end of the third act this hope seems to be dashed to the ground. So much have we been led to care for its fulfillment, that we hang on the outcome of the next act. That act, taking place in the principal dressing-room, allows Mr. Skinner splendid scope for bits of Shakespearean acting, comic and tragic, sober and apparently drunken. It ends with optimism and yet without mushiness. It sends one home wondering why we are not furnished with more plays which delight us without calling exclusively to our stupid qualities, and with more acting that is full of quiet, understanding, culture, ease and scope.

"I cannot keep the girls out of my theatre," says the actor-manager.

"Give them good plays," says Mr. Skinner, "that will keep them out."

Will it? Not always. Not, we fancy, in the case of *Cock o' the Walk*.

Monotony

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

WAR is a monotony. In city streets at home men are going to their work busy-brained, eager with schemes of expansion. In the evening shops are pleasant with lights, cinemas are alluring with mystery. Underneath

all the traffic and barter and pleasuring are the strong arms of security. In safety, women and little children go out and come in. They can make their little plans. But put dread into life and at one stroke you remove the interest in

planning for tomorrow, in performing patient work. If a destruction is lurking close by, then all continuing effort, all growth, becomes futile. There is more charge and wonder in one hour on sea than in a month on the battle-front.

Professor Perry and the Condescending Man

By PROFESSOR E. K. RAND of HARVARD UNIVERSITY

HARPER'S WEEKLY is such a constant and enthusiastic supporter of equal suffrage that it naturally receives many replies from the anti. They do not usually strike us as interesting enough to publish. Professor Rand, on the other hand, is unmistakably interesting in the skill with which he expresses himself, whether one is impressed by the familiar anti arguments or not. Professor Perry's reply to this article is on the page opposite.

IN THE issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for August 14th, my friend and colleague, Professor Ralph Barton Perry, has a delightful diatribe entitled "The Condescending Man and the Obstructive Woman," which deserves a place beside that glorious flaying of the masculine animal in George Meredith's *Egoist*. The strength of good satire is not necessarily logic. Caricature is an essential of satire and is not lacking in Mr. Perry's genial ridicule of the Condescending Man. The truth behind the caricature is that man, as both Scripture and elementary physiology assure us, is the stronger—they do not say the better—vessel. For purposes of argument, which is not necessarily satire, let us call him not the Condescending Man but the Virile Animal; qualities of brutality, condescension, nobility, adoration are all possible for the species *viridis*, and are all irrelevant to the present discussion. Man's strength makes his, not woman's, the *fero moenia militis* and the no less rude task of politics. Exceptions? Certainly. There was St. Joan of Arc and there was Queen Bess, glories of their kind and of the human race. We feel more confident of the rule for such exceptions.

The main truth, as I see it, is this: Woman as a class is not fitted for these strenuous acts of state, and unless she can as a class enter freely into them she should not have the right to vote about them. No representation without taxation—though taxation need not mean that she will henceforth miss at the polls the salutation of the humbled but still condescending man. The opinion of some women on matters political and military may be more valuable, her interest more direct, than the opinion and the interest of most men. True enough. In the ideal state, perhaps, suffrage would be entrusted to only some women and only some men. Plato gave this subject considerable thought; in fact he had thought it through. I will surrender to the enemy an important utterance of his which, divorced from its context and the rest of Plato's theory, might be advertised on Suffragist banners today.

"As concerns women," he reminds Timæus, "we should fit their natures in like mode to those of men, and assign to all of them all the common functions both in war and in the other walks of life."

Plato also anticipates the sneer of the Condescending Man, who will doubtless find it incongruous to behold women strip and wrestle on the athletic field,

"not only the young, but those who are getting on in years, just as we see old gentlemen in the gymnasium, all wrinkled and no longer goodly to look upon, yet loth to give up their sport."

Thus far Plato walks arm in arm with the Suffragist of today, who pinches his approval as the sage continues:

"Many women are better than many men in many things. There is, Friend, no civic function appropriate to woman as woman or to man as man, but natural aptitudes are equally diffused in both; woman shares all functions by right of nature and so does man." (A very cordial pinch from the Suffragist.) "But in general, woman is weaker than man."

Here the Suffragist looks curiously at his companion and perhaps unlinks his arm, even though Plato goes on to assure him that a woman may be versed in medicine or ignorant of it, musical or unmusical, bellicose or meek, acrobatic or unathletic, philosophic or misosophic, just like her stronger brother. A woman or a man, then, is to be assigned in the Platonic Republic the thing for which she or he is best fitted. But there is an obstacle in the way. It is the family. Plato unravels the knot in the only possible fashion. He cuts it. There is to be no family. Fathers and mothers will yield to governmentally appointed agents of reproduction, who will patriotically contribute new citizens to the community. Perhaps that is what we are coming to. Who would be wiser than Plato? For the moment, however, it were well for Suffragists to note that their program, if thought out with Platonic thoroughness, leads to the abolition of the family.

But to return to Mr. Perry, and the immediate issue, which he delicately obscures. He bids us construct the race of women somewhat as Pascal found infinity from a ubiquitously traveling point. Think of the best and wisest woman of your acquaintance he says; think of her knowledge of political situations and her longing for political rights, then magnify her into all feminine society and give her the vote. But what am I to do, if the best and wisest woman of my acquaintances is a particularly vigorous worker for the cause of Anti-Suffrage? Shall I magnify her and look at the equally vigorous Suffragist through the wrong end of the telescope? The procedure in either case is excellent rhetoric, by the laws of which the part may sometimes represent the whole, but in logic it is commonly known

as the converse fallacy of accident, which consists in arguing from a special case to a general principle.

Mr. Perry tells us that the question is between men and women, not between Man and Woman. To this position he is driven because many women obviously do not want the vote. Such women must be obstructive. Let them hold their own ideas, but why should they obstruct the women who want the vote? The answer is pitifully plain. It is because if woman suffrage is adopted at the polls, the duty to vote, not the choice, will be imposed on every woman. Now the imposition of an objectionable duty is perilously like the deprivation of a cherished right. With a generous consideration for the women who do not share his views, Mr. Perry would not compel them to use the vote. Is this a serious suggestion? If so, nothing could be more subversive of the principles of true citizenship. I prefer to take it as another summons of Meredith's comic imp to a fine field for revelry. Mr. Perry hopes that in time, when women in politics seem less incongruous, his fair opponents will consent to play the game; he will let them hite and scratch with the prospect of an eventual parr. Is he not treating them with somewhat of the spirit of the Condescending Man? If women of the opposite type object to having their good defined for them by Man, how does he think feminine Anti-Suffragists like to have their ideals molded by certain women? It would be well, as a preliminary, if all women were allowed to express their opinion in this matter. It is too soon for one section to call the other obstructive until their respective numbers are ascertained. To one positive jurymen the other eleven seem obstructive. If we found that the majority of women are opposed to suffrage, we should be a trifle condescending, to use no stronger terms, in making them accept it. If we found that the majority of women wanted suffrage, I for one, might change my present views. These facts are simply not before us. They constitute only one element in the problem, but they at least would tell us who the obstructive women are. Would Suffragists like this test applied? Whatever the prospects of getting it, the men of Massachusetts are not to decide at the polls this fall whether some women who want the vote shall or shall not get it; we vote on the general issue, which Mr. Perry, with a condescension to particulars unusual in a metaphysician, is obscuring with the special case.

A Reply to Professor Rand

By PROFESSOR RALPH BARTON PERRY of HARVARD UNIVERSITY

PROFESSOR RAND'S genial reply both saves my former effort from obnoxious and points another moral or so that I am glad to have brought to light. To argue the disfranchisement of women one must deny to the sex as a whole some quality with which men are by nature endowed. That Professor Rand should have accomplished this without arrogance testifies not only to his modesty, but to the nimbleness of his wit and the range of his erudition; while the reasoning by which he has accomplished it testifies to the extremity of his position. For, in order to make as little as possible of man's prerogative, he disparages not only the prerogative but also the province for which it qualifies him. That which men alone are fitted to do, which women are constitutionally incapable of doing, must to a chivalrous mind like Professor Rand's, seem a relatively ignoble thing to do. Hence the distinctive mark of man is his animal virility, and the province for which he is fitted is the "*fera morsus mortalium*" and the no less rude task of politics."

Where Professor Rand obtained his conception of politics I cannot imagine, unless he is merely borrowing the shallow opinion by which some of the more fastidious of the *Virile Animals* excuse their own political indolence. He can scarcely have got it from reflecting deeply on the function of the state or the ethics of citizenship. I know he did not get it from Plato—whom he knows so well. For Plato, having distinguished between the "rudeness" which is "the natural product of the spirited element" and the "gentleness" which is "a property of the philosophical temperament," proposes that "the class of philosophers be invested with the supreme authority in a state." For Plato, in short, the supreme political qualification is not hardness and daring, but philosophy—and Professor Rand is too polite to have insinuated that philosophy is a display of rude animal virility!

In all seriousness, is it not time for us to banish altogether this American provincialism, which conceives politics as a square-jawed, bull-necked occupation requiring calloused hands and a strong stomach? Can there be any act to which mere animal virility is less appropriate than the act of social self-government? Is there any act which calls higher spiritual qualities into play? Citizenship is a matter not for brawn but for brains, not for physical, but for moral courage. It puts a strain not on body but on character. It is because I know women to possess these essential

qualifications for citizenship, and because I know that they possess some of them preeminent, such as humanity and the power to endure, that I cannot but concede to women the full rights of citizenship. Politics is discussion and organization for the general good. Shall men deny to women participation in these matters because men have so conducted them as to make their purpose obscure and their name odious? The tone of political affairs is given to them by the quality of those who conduct them. Professor Rand's poor opinion of their tone would suggest that they may have been left too largely in the hands of *Virile Animals*. Even he would not propose that the refinement and delicacy which occasionally manifests itself among men should be regarded as excusing them from political life. In short, if one is to argue at all from the rudeness of political life, the conclusion would be, not that the higher humanity should be kept from politics, but rather that politics should be more highly humanized.

PROFESSOR RAND clinches his argument with the inverted sentiment: "No representation without taxation." Since women as a class are too frail to bear the burdens of politics and war, they "should not have the right to vote about them." Now either Professor Rand has an inadequate conception of politics and war or he has an inadequate conception of the public service of women. Since his chivalry acquits him of the latter, we must convict him of the former. He is betrayed, I think, by a conventional and antiquated conception of politics and war. That he regards politics under its superficial and local aspect, and confuses its abuses with its uses, we have already found reason to suspect. If he were to remind himself that politics is concerted action for the public interest, he would find it less incongruous with his conception of womanliness. Similarly he appears to identify war with the shock of arms, despite the fact that recent events have relegated this idea to the class of picture-book anachronisms. War is the organization and mobilization of a nation's resources. War is the care of fatherless children; war is food and clothing, science and invention, nursing and sanitation, diplomacy and literature. When war is thus conceived the participation of women is not questionable at all. They do participate. Their loyalty is staunch, their industry unremitting, and their burden more heavy than the most generous man has ever fully acknowledged. There is only one

symbol of civil rights, one instrument of political autonomy—the vote. There are a thousand forms of service, equally burdensome. The day has passed when it can be lightly said that women are to be denied the former on the ground that they do not assume a proportionate share of the latter.

As to Professor Rand's next argument, I do not follow it. I have never been able to see the slightest connection between equal suffrage and communism. Plato and others have adopted them both, but that does not argue an inherent connection between them, any more than Professor Rand's peculiar bent of mind argues an inherent connection between anti-suffrage and medieval Latinity. His solicitude for the family is commendable, but is wasteful of good, righteous feeling. Politics need no more draw women from the nursery than men from the ditch. Since women must bear and rear children, and men must feed and clothe them, women have an equal leisure for citizenship, and at least an equal schooling for it.

Finally as to the obstructive woman. I object to the disfranchisement of women whom I know to be qualified by interest and capacity, whose right seems to me to be acknowledged in principle in our political institutions, and who are conscious enough of their right to assert it as a claim. I feel somewhat indignant in their behalf, especially when that claim is disputed by other women who prefer to devote their political talent to obstruction. According to Professor Rand these other women have on their own account to protect their ideals and their conception of good. But the removal of arbitrary restrictions upon the exercise of political power, means freedom and fair play for all ideals. The only grievance that remains is the uncongenial task of acquiring familiarity with public affairs and the labor of going to the polls; which is, I think, to match an annoyance against an injustice. Furthermore, by their present attitude Anti-Suffrage women condemn themselves to a task that is equally laborious, and which must be more uncongenial. For it is a task of opposition and repression. It involves all the ordinary agencies of political action, but directs them to the stifling of legitimate aspiration. And unless the whole spirit of our institutions is altered, it is either a hopeless or a perpetual task. For the motive which they seek to oppose is that irrepressible motive of liberty and equality which finds in democracy its proper soil and native air.

As an Englishman Sees

By C. E. WHITTAKER

AS A rule professional sociologists do not write novels in their leisure hours; but nothing will prevent the English novelist who visits America from writing a book of "Impressions of America."

He starts on the profitable and accepted convention that America is a country which produces trusts and humorists. The writer, therefore, polite to a degree—and following the maxim of adopting Roman customs when in Rome—thrashes himself into a paroxysm of "funny" writing. Dickens, the leader

of the tribe, like all good English novelists, was a man of the middle classes. In England, novel-writing is the only profession for the inspired bourgeoisie. Dickens discovered America. It is a painful topic. Out of the multitude of bad works given to a mid-Victorian world, none excels for sheer stupidity the "American Notes." One might have thought that a cold, everlasting silence would have followed. Dr. Cook "discovered" the North Pole, and most decent Americans have tried to forget the incident and to make their friends forget

it, too. Not so with the English literary gents and ladies. A melancholy procession of funny men have done their worst. They all come over to emulate Dickens. They all find new beauties. Each confirms the worst impressions of his predecessor.

The latest offender is Mr. H. C. Shelley, who has discovered rocking chairs and spittoons, the clever dog. And the myriad spinsters, young and old, of Brixton and Baywater, Heme-Hill and Hampstead,—bless them, they are the only people who buy books in England—

will giggle in a genteel way at this recurred Joe Miller; and they will greet his japes with the hearty welcome extended to old, familiar friends in the true English style, and they will all agree that Mr. Shelley is a very bright young chap.

Sensitive soul! He takes all the blows on the funny bone. Partisanship is his breath of life, he is about as free from bias as the Tower of Pisa; and it is his job to be as "funny" as a court jester. Simple justice compels me to admit that he succeeds about as well as that functionary.

The list begins with Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, and it finishes—alas, only for the moment!—with H. C. Shelley. All the Wellbes and the Tweedes and Bennetts are in the Rogues' Gallery. Mr. Arnold Bennett, for example, has not yet exhausted (to his own society, at any rate) five miserable Staffordshire towns in twenty years of novel writing, but he has disposed of an entire continent in four months and one volume. Each of these authors writes his little book by rule as conventionally as he would write his pleasant little bread and butter letter after a week-end visit to a country house. He and his class are well meaning, in the words of Claude Elmer Humphries. They all attempt to be polite. If they praise the frame only

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it is because the picture has staggered them. Let us credit them with good intentions, limited by the necessity of writing humorously. Nothing more agonizing has been given to a discerning world than the misinterpretation of the English writer. And his polite soul would be inexpressibly pained if any one suggested that he was deliberately misrepresenting America. He would probably burst into tears; and he would be quite justified in his emotion, because the accusation would be quite untrue.

Of all the races in Europe, the English are least fitted for analyzing. The Englishman is always in an attitude of self-defense; he only becomes offensive when he begins to write a book of "Impressions." I admit that the record in analysis is held by the Frenchman who said, "This animal is very wicked; when it is attacked it defends itself." But how true that was! How much more exact than the great lesson which Mr. Cecil Chesterton drew from his visit to America, which was that the young New York poets round Washington Square wear their hair long. The Englishman is a trusting soul. He takes everything at the foot of the letter. If the American has been led by phrases, the Englishman has been fed on proverbs. Work is the primeval curse: the Bible tells him so. It is therefore an act of piety to work as little as possible. He is a fatalist. He is told in his young life that he is to eat a peck of dirt before he dies. When the Pure Food Act was passed by the House of Commons three years ago, there were many who religiously resented it. The Act prevented them from eating their peck of dirt; they felt as if they were parting with an old friend.

And these writers—dare they snatch away the illusions from the confiding, simple, English believers? The Englishman has a great respect for the printed word. England is a country of shallow books which are deeply read; America is apparently a country of deep books and shallow reading. To the Englishman, America is a country of humorists; Scotland is a land of pawky humor; France is a land of wit. All these beliefs, of course, are quite incorrect; but what analysis of America can be expected from a land whose American reading, until ten years ago, was confined to Fenimore Cooper and Mark Twain? Our elderly English novel-writing relative has a smacking idea that America has grown up, but his proud soul is not disposed to admit it, even to his readers.

Some day perhaps a writer will tell the truth. In *The Land of the Dollar* G. W. Stevens, describing America in the throes of the Presidential election of 1896, made a far truer reckoning of this country than any other English writer before or since. That no further truth was ever given to England is probably due to the fact that Stevens died soon afterwards. But it is quite certain that when the English public learn the truth, they will tear Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Tweedle limb from limb. Having discovered that the unsuccessful engineer may become a successful farmer—a change not permitted in happy England, where a man must muddle through at his appointed curse until he is glad to die—such of the English as are cynics with a little hope and pessimists with a little

courage will come to America in their thousands.

Perhaps, also, one of the English aristocracy may write a book on America. The English nobleman understands his own democracy far better than does the demagogue, (who uses democracy without comprehending it, like a performing dog playing the piano) and it is quite possible that he may comprehend America. The aristocracy have produced great analytical writers, from Francis Bacon to Lord Bryce. And whilst one

might derive a good deal of amusement from a symposium written by his Grace of Marlborough and their Lordships of Camoys, Decies and Yarmouth, it is more than likely that some young gunsliman may prove to be the interpreter of this country to the English readers.

Possibly, too, one of these days, one of the more cautious and discerning Americans like Colonel Roosevelt or Mr. Hearst may write a deliberately friendly book about England. I rather fancy it would square all accounts.

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Discuss the Underlying Issue

By L. H. SEELYE

AS A steady reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY I was much interested some time ago when you announced that a series of articles on birth control was to appear. I had seen brief and rather partisan discussions of it in another magazine, and I looked for something in your weekly which would get to the bottom of the problem, outline the issues, and present some of the evidence. Instead, we had some good, harmless articles on infant mortality, etc. Admitting that there are many children among the poor and few among the wealthy, and that the mortality among the former is high—what has that got to do with first, birth control, and second, the public dissemination of information conducive toward this? The failure to discuss what seem to me to be the real underlying issues is characteristic of all the articles in your paper and most of the articles elsewhere.

P. S.—I like your sheet, though.
Chatham, N. J.

Mr. Taft and the Ladies

From the *Democrat-Chronicle* (Rochester, N. Y.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY insists that Mr. Taft has made himself ineligible for the presidency by taking a stand in opposition to woman suffrage. We can tell more about that after the suffrage question has been voted on in November.

Appreciation

By HARRY FRIEDENWALD, M.D.

I HAVE read with such keen enjoyment the articles which you recently published on phases of the Jewish question, that I feel impelled to express my appreciation and my admiration.

I confess that I have been surprised at the deep and sympathetic insight which you have shown, while I regret to say many of our own Jews are blind to the problems you have discussed.

Baltimore, Md.

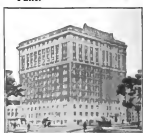
Encouragement

By T. M. MARY

YOU are making a brilliant fight, Mr. Hagood, and let us hope that your strength and that which loyal friends and supporters of your principles give, will make it possible for HARPER'S to live and grow with each passing month. The ordinary reader does not always stop to consider what it costs an independent magazine to take the stand you have taken against the privilege-seeking classes and the patent medicine-fakes which have cost the nation so much in money and lives, not to say that against the hyperbated Americans who are busy stirring the people toward sympathy for the war spirit.

In the end you will win.
Santa Fe, N. M.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Journal of Civilization



Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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What is Honor?

THE British judge who praised a confessed German woman spy and regretted the need of imprisoning her was no doubt a mollycoddle. The German commander in Belgium who shot a woman, not for spying but for having helped a few men to escape, was a red-blooded man. The fact that she had, as Mr. Whitlock urged, nursed German as well as allied soldiers, did not daunt his mortal soul. If American representatives interfered with questions, they could be officially lied to, as the secretary to the American legation reports he was lied to. Truth, promises, merry or sissy things anyway. Those German officers who gave their paroles to the American government and then disappeared are as far above superstition as was the official representative of Germany in Belgium who assured that country a few days before the war broke out that her neutrality would be respected.

Immigration

FEW of us are quite easy in our minds about immigration. Most of us are against a literacy test, believing it the wrong sieve to get us the best stock. Few believe in a higher money requirement, since experience shows how easily that condition is avoided. An absolutely numerical limit would give us tough problems, in distinctions among the various countries. By saying whether the past immigration, on which the new allowance would be determined, should be based on five years, ten, twenty or fifty, we should be deciding whether we preferred Italians, Slavs, Jews, Greeks, Germans, Irish, Scandinavians. Moreover, apart from the practical difficulties, there is the ideal one: the drawing down of the bonnet of welcome and freedom. That banner is not drawn down by rational conditions; it would be lowered by a rule of absolute numbers. Yet the probability that terrible taxes in Europe after the war will drive new hordes over here must be seriously considered. *Life* quotes *Harper's Weekly* as follows:

"The German-Americans have so conducted themselves that a new immigration bill will probably be introduced next winter."

Life then adds:

"A bill to what effect? To exclude immigrants from Germany?"

"That would not be kind to the anti-Prussian Germans, who may want to escape.

"Certainly we want no more 'German-Americans,' but if we got another lot like the Germans who came here after '48 we might be gainers."

We were talking about what probably would be, not what ought to be. We do believe that anti-immigration feeling has been greatly increased by the way the German-Americans have behaved. Naturally the bill would not be aimed at Germany, even if the movement acquired momentum through her. It is a mere question of taking more time to digest foreigners, or not taking it. The problem is so difficult that we have no wish to dogmatize. One point, however, is perfectly clear. A large number would be kept out even under our present general laws if we had any brains in administration.

Study up the figures for England, O ye Congressmen, and grow wise. See what exclusion she has brought about by the mere way she does things. Last year Congress insisted on considering the administrative features of the bill with its general features, instead of passing on these two distinct things separately. Hence administration improvements went down to defeat with the literacy principle, with which they had nothing to do. No doubt Congress will commit the same idiocy in the year of grace 1916.

A Bitter Choice

LET us be honest. *Harper's Weekly* has been constantly in favor of our keeping out of the war, if it could be done without abandoning the principles laid down by our government in defense of humanity. It has been done, and brilliantly, and we are glad we have kept out. Glad, in the sense that it is our choice; yes, but not happy. It is not a joyous thing to see other countries bleeding for our benefit, while we pay nothing, but instead prosper. Especially if Germany is successful enough to justify the planned and prepared aggression, control of reluctant peoples, glory of material power, contempt for ethics,—then indeed will the American choice be bitter to look back upon. Then indeed shall we dream bad dreams over what psychological effect our coming in might have had, at a critical moment, on the Balkan States, on Turkey, on Germany—what effect a most energetic effort to reach our maximum in munition shipments as a belligerent might have had. The choice is exceedingly bitter, but many things that are bitter are also right. It was right for us to stand as the great neutral friend of peace; friend of the peoples of all nations; helping the peoples of invaded countries as far as we could; using our prestige and our potential force to insist on certain ideas of right; doing what we could to strengthen principle by employing it. We feel sure it was right, and is right; but how it hurts to think of what others are bearing, for us as well as for themselves; for all who would be free.



Armenia's cross of iron.

Mr. McAneny's Move

THE most distinct success in the American newspaper field in the last twenty years has been the building up of the *New York Times*. Different newspapers achieve distinction for different things. The editorial page of the *New York World*, for example, is deservedly famous for its freedom and its power. The *Springfield Republican* is almost sure to contain among its editorials something that a careful person wants to know, and it comments with unusual catholicity on happenings in different parts of the country. No American newspaper compares with the *Christian Science Monitor* in freedom from rubbish and in grasp of foreign affairs. And so one might discuss many others.

The excellence of the *New York Times* lies in its quality as a newspaper. It has no special intellectual quality of its own. Its editorial page is merely respectable conservatism. What has made it important has been the business sense and news instinct of Mr. Ochs. He has presented the news in so orderly, complete, and fair a way, at one cent, that his circulation, when size and quality are both considered, is the most desirable in the country. The paper has acquired such a reputation that it may fairly be called a national institution. It is a satisfaction to see Mr. George McAneny associate himself with so able and influential a publication. Mr. McAneny has done splendid service in the task of raising the level of political thinking in New York. It is hard to see him depart from the City Administration. The recompense is that, although he lays down one line of service in which he has done so much, he can now hardly help influencing the future of a great newspaper. It is now about as efficient as it could be in

news-gathering and presentation and in business sense. Because of him there is likely to be increased the amount of pure white light of understanding that radiates from Times Square.

Where Are the Press Agents?

MUCH of the customary zest of a new dramatic season is missing this year because of the dreadful silence of the press agents. Reckless and daring spirits, have you all hastened to the continent—to the Eastern and Western Theatres of War, leaving poor old Broadway flat? In no other way can we account for your silence.

Here is the season well advanced; May Irwin has offered to establish a department of laughter for the national government; but perhaps the best thus far produced is this: "A consignment of tiger fat from India to the Palace aroused much controversy at the theatre yesterday until it was found that the owner was Dorothy Jardon, the prima donna, who is booked there for next week. Sents now selling at the box office, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1. It appears that Miss Jardon is rubbed down with tiger fat to give her the dangerous felino grace of the great jungle cats."

Is the golden age of publicity past? Indeed, we haven't even heard a yawp in months from G. B. S. When was the change? How far back was it that the staff of special policemen in front of the *New York Hippodrome* had just been increased by the addition of two police dogs, "carefully trained by A. Toxen Worm, and other members of the theatre's press staff," to bite the legs of ticket speculators? A soup-carrying contest, between a restaurant at Thirteenth street and Broadway and a theatre in Times Square, was on about that time—the con-

testants an Irish waiter and a German. And then along came that classic of the art of publicity, Mile. Poinre. Could this Old Master, P. T. Barnum, have secured in our sophisticated times any wider and quicker publicity for a thin lady who dances, than merely by billing her in America as "the ugliest woman in the world?" She wasn't, and spiritedly denied the distinction, whereupon the resourceful, unknown genius substituted "thinnest" for "ugliest," and the populace turned its attention from the face to the wasp-like waist. The press agent next announced (and got it on the front page, as cable news) that Poinre would return to America in the fall wearing a gold ring in her nose.

Where are the agents of yester-year?

'Twas Ever Thus

THE sale of General Beauregard's letters brings to mind the inevitable sweeping condemnation of military foes. The General speaks of the Federals as barbarians; as dastardly and unworthy to control the tomb of Washington; as threatening to impose the most cruel tyranny. And he attributes the thwarting (up to that time) of such fell desires to a kind Providence. All of which sounds familiar to our readers of the war of 1914-15, and rather surprises us in connection with our own affair of 1861-65.

Spot

DOES B. L. T., of the *Chicago Tribune*, know why the same paragraphs, with different headings, appear in his column and in our "Seeing the World"? If so, would it not be more according to Hoyle to inform his correspondent E. R., than to treat the mystery as he does?

A Bold Statement

THERE are more beautiful women on Fifth Avenue than on any other street in the world,—at least more women who look as if they were beautiful.

Luxury

THE most enslaving of bad habits is luxury. Modern production, multiplying vastly the result of man's labor, has enabled a skilled laborer to have better clothes, better books, better lights, better teaching, more current information, and more travel than a lord had two centuries ago. But while steam and her daughter machines have done all this, they have hugely increased the number who are denuded by excess of material things,—too much food, too much help, too many diversions. If England were



actually to carry out the advice of the Parliamentary War Savings Committee, and abandon treating, expensive meals, change of fashion in clothes, and excess service, the war could be paid for out of the savings, and the nation would increase its vigor many fold.

Celtic

RELIEF at not having to pronounce "rise" as if it were "rice" was implied by us a few weeks ago, when we mentioned the preponderance of expert opinion in favor of the way the ordinary man pronounces it anyway, and wondered why a few go through such struggles to be unusual. The same observation might be made about "Celtic," pronounced as if it began with a "K." There is more authority for the easier way, and yet many put good hard labor on acquiring the pronunciation that they for some reason imagine to be more correct.

Echoes from Afar

THAT one of the most frequent surprises in reading is to come across in old books what we have been accustomed to taking for modern colloquialisms, was pointed out by us recently in connection with a saying of Epictetus. Here is another example. We speak of bad penmanship as "hen scratches." In Plautus' "Comedy of Pseudolus," when Calidorus shows his sweetheart's letter to his slave Pseudolus, Pseudolus says that unless a sibyl read the letter, no one could



interpret it, and adds, "Pray, have hens bands, for surely a hen wrote this?" Of course, these examples of permanent slang shade up into colloquialisms that cannot be called slang. For instance, in the "Aulularia" of Plautus, the miser Euclio charges his prospective son-in-law, Megadorus, with having furnished for the wedding feast a lamb that was "all skin and bones," and in his defense of Milo for the killing of Clodius, Cicero urges that under the "unwritten law" Milo is entitled to an acquittal.

What Is Passion?

IT IS not any of the limited meanings of passion we inquire about,—not rage, scorn, ferocity in desire,—but the soul of the thing; that which Milton had in view when he said poetry must be impassioned. It means intensity of feeling, but yet it is wholly consistent with what Wordsworth meant in

The gods approve the depth
And not the tumult of the soul.

It is consistent with Hamlet's plea for the man who is not passion's slave. It exists intensely in the refined Shelley,—in a far more ultimate sense than in Swinburne, Baudelaire, or Wilde. Usually it is used stupidly, like the word moral, in a single limited context. In its noblest meaning it is unity of the heart and mind, concentration of an ardent being, like the rays of the sun focused until they burn. It is not calm, but it need not be disturbance. It is fulness and warmth and swell, like a summer ocean. Without it is no greatness of the heart and scarcely even greatness of the mind.

Hearst: War-Maker

By HOWARD HALL

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

has recently given a further testimonial of his news-gathering proficiency. Not content with endowing Europe with a few dozen highly imaginary war correspondents, he has now opened operations on the western frontier. He has discovered that Japan is about to "invade and conquer" the United States. In fact, she might already have descended upon us had not Mr. Hearst stood in the way. Her organization was complete; her plans were prepared; she was coiled for the spring—when Mr. Hearst stepped in and saved the country.

He stepped in with two double-page articles, appearing on September 26th and October 3rd, in his celebrated "Sunday Magazine section." There, bordered on one side by "Recent Important Progress in Determining the Cause of Diabetes," and on the other by "Science Explains Why Chorus Girls are Suffering from a Love Famine" — Mr. Hearst makes his patriotic appeal to his fellow-countrymen to prepare themselves against Japan.

The articles are of the typical "Amurrican" type; with a set of bizarre pictures and a shivery, inch-high headline, running all the way across the top. "Japan's Plans," it reads, "to Invade and Conquer the United States, Revealed by Its Own Bernhardt." Following this display of Hearst pyrotechnics there comes "a literal translation" of the Japanese book in which these plans are revealed. One might imagine "Japan's own Bernhardt" was an unimportant, anarchistic individual with a love for sensationalism. But Mr. Hearst would not

devote two pages of his Sunday Magazine section to the exposure of a piker. He is after bigger game. And this book, he tells us, this book, "cunningly devised to fan hatred against the United States," is written "not by one author but by a very powerful society known as the National Defense Association" and that "naval

CONSULATE GENERAL OF JAPAN

60 Wall Street
New York City, N. Y.

October 15, 1915.

To the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY,
251 Fourth Ave., City.

Dear Sir:

You have addressed to me an inquiry regarding the translation of a Japanese book, entitled, *The War Between Japan and America*, as published in the New York American of September 26th and October 3rd. This translation charges that the book was published by "The National Defense Association of Japan, whose membership includes the highest naval officers, army officers, cabinet and government officers of that country, and whose president is Count Okuma, the Premier of Japan."

In reply to this inquiry of yours, I would state that I cabled to our Foreign Office for information on this point, and received the following cable:

The Dream Story of the War Between Japan and the United States is a trashy work written by a certain newspaper reporter at the time when the California alien land question was hotly discussed. It appeals only to a few jingoists, and has received no recognition by the intelligent public. During July, 1913, the publisher of the book fabricated the name "National Military Association" and gave it as the responsible author of the book. Such an organization, of course, has no existence whatever in Japan. The book inserts the pictures of the Premier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ministers of War and Navy. From these illustrations, it may be presumed, the translator got the idea that the alleged organization is a powerful and influential body. There are also inserted in the book the pictures of the President and Secretary of State of the United States."

In addition, I would point out that this denial came a few days ago from Count Okuma, who was then Foreign Minister as well as the Premier of Japan, and who is the high authority accused of being the president of this non-existent organization.



Consul-General of Japan.

officers, cabinet and government officers are members of this society; that its president is now Count Okuma, the Premier of Japan, and its last president was the ex-Premier, Count Yamamoto."

These are pretty strong statements. They charge the Japanese government with being the actual perpetrator of a book urging war upon the United States. If these charges are true, Mr. Hearst is indeed playing his long-coveted rôle of popular hero. He is warning his country of a real danger and urging it to prepare while there is yet time. But if there is no truth in his charges, if it is sensationalism, desire for circulation, that lies behind this "beware of Japan" cry of his—then he has committed an entirely despicable act. He has undermined international confidence and stirred up bitterness on both sides. Such an article aims at being the mother of war.

IN THE centre of this page there is a statement made by the Japanese Consul-General of New York, in reply to a request of HARPER'S WEEKLY for official information on the subject. The Consul-General cabled to his Foreign Office for information, and received a reply denying that there has ever been such an organization in Japan as "The National Defense Association." His answer states that the book is "a trashy work written by a certain newspaper reporter at the time when the California alien land question was hotly discussed." It furthermore states that the book "appeals only to a few jingoists, and has received no recognition by the intelligent public." The Japanese government, through its Consul-General, thereby brands Mr. Hearst's statement as false. It places itself on record to that effect.

Before deciding whether you will take the word of a high Japanese official (who might be deceiving you through loyalty to his government) or the word of



The date in the lower left hand corner shows that the picture was printed in January of "the twenty-eighth year of Meiji—or 1895. It served as a patriotic poster for the war with China; but Mr. Hearst calls it "A highly popular picture in Japan, which purports to be a prophetic view of the Japanese invading army landing at San Francisco."

William Randolph Hearst (who might be deceiving you through force of habit), there are certain pieces of evidence worth considering.

In the first place, the title is mistranslated. It does not mean "The War Between Japan and America," but "Dream Story of the War Between Japan and America." The book was first issued in July, 1913. This was at the time of the California land ownership agitation, and there was quite as much excitement in Japan as there was in this country. An enterprising reporter saw the possibilities for a popular success—and wrote a "Dream Story." Then, two years later, Mr. Hearst resurrects this "Dream Story," attributes its authorship to Japanese cabinet officials—and sends it forth over the United States as a warning of impending danger.

In the second place, the popularity of the book has been considerably overestimated. Mr. Hearst says that "it is the most popular book in Japan, and it is now in its sixth edition; more than a million copies have already been sold and distributed." Now, in Japan, an edition usually means one, two, or three hundred copies. Perhaps, with six editions, this "most popular book in Japan" might have had the sale of two thousand copies; let us be generous and say five thousand copies. Even so, there scarcely seems to be sufficient grounds for stating that "more than a million copies have already been sold and distributed"—and thereby implying that Japan as a nation is behind this book.

But a still more flagrant example of Hearstism is the insecurity of the translation. The editorial comment at the head of the articles states that "the translation is a strictly literal one by the well-known American writer, Lawrence Mott, in collaboration with Mr. Hain Jou Kin, a distinguished Chinese writer and scholar." The second chapter in the original Japanese book opens with the following statement: "The beginning of the anti-Japanese question in California, U. S. A., is not of

today. Therefore, it is necessary to speak of the land and affairs of California." Now note the "strictly literal" translation: "The problem of California is so much in the mind of the Japanese at present and also in view of the fact that we intend to colonize it shortly, that we give its description." Somehow or other, in spite of the "strictly literal" translation, there has crept into the passage the statement that Japan intends to colonize California "shortly."

Here is another example of the Hearst method of transposition: The original runs, "On the south it is bounded by Mexico and on the north it touches Oregon." Simple statement of geography; but this is what is made of it: "On the north, California is side by side with another small state—Oregon—and it is bounded on the south by the territory of our great and powerful ally—Mexico, who will help us against the United States when the time comes."

In this same chapter there is not a single word about the Panama Canal, yet we read in this "strictly literal translation" the eloquent heading, "Japan Plans to Destroy Canal," and following it the still more eloquent sentence: "The Americans boast of their Panama Canal, but it is only too ridiculously simple for us to dynamite it EFFECTIVELY—at the cost of an old ship full of powder! etc., etc."

PERSISTENT faking as a policy is bad enough. It is bad enough to force reporters to lie about our relations to South America and Mexico. It is bad enough to load everything against Hearst's personal enemies. It is rather cheap to invent a lot of correspondents having picturesque experiences on the firing line or in the chancelleries of Europe. It is rather worse to make up gross lies to create bad feeling between this country and Japan. Among this journalist's many feats there is none more contemptible than this.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT

UNCLE SAM, to Miss Ponomo (a connection by marriage):

"Durn it! as fast as I get one hook hooked another hook comes undone!"

The Plattsburg Experiment

Perhaps the sharpest discussion of all in Congress this winter may be on national defense. A central point will be the question of reserve. Since the Plattsburg experiment there has been much talk everywhere about the value of that sort of thing. A committee was appointed at Plattsburg, non-partisan in nature, to keep up the national consideration of defense. Mayor Mitchel is a member of that committee. It may be said, perhaps, that the following three statements represent in brief form the most authoritative opinion as it has settled down after the Plattsburg experiment.



JOHN FURROY MITCHEL
Mayor of New York City.

THE Plattsburg camp is the concrete expression of the growing general demand for military preparedness in this country. Two results ought to flow from this and similar camps. The men who attend will go home with an understanding of the fact that an efficient soldier cannot be made in four weeks of training, and with a complete realization of the absurdity of national reliance upon volunteer armies. The second result will be that the members of the camp will have a ground-work training which would make them available for officers in case of need, with the further training which can be given them either in other camps or in concentration camps in time of need.

It is my belief that the Plattsburg camp should be a continuing institution, and that similar camps should be established throughout the country. This is a very small step toward military preparedness, but in the absence of the federal system of general military training, to which I am convinced we must ultimately come, these camps will serve a highly useful purpose.

JOHN FURROY MITCHEL.

THE principal impressions I got at Plattsburg were these:

The enthusiasm with which fourteen hundred business and professional men go "back to the blanket."

The enjoyment of living out of doors and mixing hard physical work and mental application.

The quick response of amateur soldiers to intelligent army officer instructors.

And, finally, a sudden realization that the people of the United States know so

little of the requirements of the soldier, and that this wonderful Plattsburg camp is a mere beginning of what must be done if this nation is going to organize a skeleton citizen army for threat of defense alone.

Nowadays an army cannot be made up of citizens who rub up their muskets and fall in on the village green. Science



ARTHUR WOODS
Police Commissioner of New York City.

has been applied to war just as it has to everything else. Further, the ocean is not as wide as it used to be; it has been narrowed by steam and electricity. We must therefore have trained defenders if we are in danger of attack, and the war of the last year in Europe proves that this world has not yet developed beyond the state when war, as cruel and relentless as ever, may be thrust upon any nation.

This country never has wanted, does not now want, and does not need, for defense a large standing army. What, then, do we need? My experience at Plattsburg convinces me that we need (1) an adequate supply, kept up to date, of munitions and equipment; (2) a sufficient number of trained officers; (3) the young men of the country given training as we were trained at Plattsburg, only longer, so that they can be mobilized in case of threat by a foreign nation, and present an army of millions before any hostile force could break through our force and land on our shores. Such training would not take the man out of his vocation. A large part of it could be given in the schools, and every hour of it would be of lasting benefit. This would not constitute a large standing army. It would not constitute any army at all unless we were threatened. But if we had such a po-

tential force we could always sleep in peace, for there need be no fear that any nation would attack us.

ARTHUR WOODS.

I BELIEVE the Plattsburg camp has been of great value. First, it has brought a large number of highly intelligent men in close contact with the army, and they have seen much of its method of administration and have learned to appreciate the character and ability of its officers.

Second, the men who have been under instruction have received military training valuable in more ways than one. They have had practical instruction in rifle shooting, have learned pretty thor-



LEONARD WOOD
Major-General of United States Army.

oughly the infantry drill, both close and extended order, the method of establishing camps, both permanent and on the march, camp sanitation under both conditions, conducting and policing camps—in short, they have received instructions which will be of great value to them in case their services are ever required in time of war. They have also learned a great deal concerning the intricacies of the training of the soldier, and have left camp with the full realization that they have only taken the first steps in this direction.

Through the lectures which have been delivered to them they have had an opportunity to learn a good deal of our method of organization, our military history and military policy. The same is true concerning the students' camps, at which the same general course of instruction has been followed. I believe the camps to be a military asset of real value.

LEONARD WOOD

Hits on

"Our Mrs. McChesney"

THE charge that we are "commercializing our drama" is a familiar one. No doubt there is a certain amount of truth in it. Unjustifiable "happy endings," atrocious hits of "local color," and large chunks of questionable comedy—all emanating from the gentleman in the box office—have marred many plays that had a chance of approaching artistry. The wail of our critics is not without justification. But of late years it seems that the business men have a kick coming: if we have been commercializing our drama, we have also been dramatizing our commerce.

For the man interested in the technique of the stage it is distressing to see three acts of good drama spoiled by a hasty switch to the let-us-embrace-it's-half-past-ten method of getting the curtain down. But the business man has his grounds for complaint, as well. It must irritate him to see Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford coin a fortune, when he knows that if this same Wallingford actually entered the business game he wouldn't have a nickel left by sundown. It must annoy him to witness the sensational success, in *Rolling Stones*, of two business neophytes who would be forced to the wall in a fortnight. He might well object that the partnership of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter is a commercial absurdity. He might—but he doesn't. Though he recognizes the complete incompetency of the stage man of affairs, he accepts that man's financial miracles without question. Though his own art—the business of making money—is being debased, he looks on in keen enjoyment.

To the line of Perlmutters and Wallingfords that have been delighting us is now added *Our Mrs. McChesney*, a dramatization of Miss Edna Ferber's stories. Like its predecessors in the field of dramatized commerce, the play seems destined to a popular success, and again we are confronted with the puzzling "why?" These plays of business life surely do not succeed for the sole reason that their lines are bright and amusing; there are other plays—*Seven Keys to Baldpate*, for example—without a business background that have lines that are quite as bright. Nor can it be said that they succeed because they portray, such a statement, would reflect severely on the integrity and capability of American business. The true reason for the success seems to lie in the pleasure of recognition. The average theatregoer (by which is included all those who do not indulge in their drama on press tickets) likes to see familiar figures and hear familiar terms. Being fundamentally criminal he can enjoy plays that deal with law-breakers. Being even more fundamentally business-

loving, he glories in plays with stock-tickers and "35" busts. He is not satisfied with business as a means of livelihood; he must have it for his diversion.

As a play, *Our Mrs. McChesney* is good material for the novice to study. By its failure to obey certain laws, it emphasizes the necessity of obeying them. It has no action, no real movement. In its stead, it provides a number of good lines and three distinct plots. The lines

usual oat-sowing son. Paradox though it seem, Jack has been sowing his in the vicinity of Sandusky, Ohio. To this town comes Emma McChesney, crack saleswoman of the Featherloom Petticoat Company. She is sick of the road, and of the flirtatious drummers that infest it. The audience writhes in glee as she tells one of these creatures that he is "a limousine for speed, but he's got a jitney brain."

Emma soon discovers that her son has committed a forgery, and married a blond chorus lady to boot. So she sticks to her job and resolves to make a man out of her son.

But, by the beginning of the second act, son has already become a man, so a new plot is necessary. Petticoats are substituted for wild oats. Emma is now the partner of T. A. Buck, maker of Featherloom Petticoats. She has designed a new model, which permits the adult woman to walk without risk, and thereby fails as a commercial proposition. It is too new. As one of her buyers says, "In Sandusky we may be ultra, but we are never *outré*." However, since Mr. Buck has invested all his capital in the new model, Emma is morally bound to put the thing across. With the aid of Jack's young wife and some more off-stage selling prowess, she manages to do it,—but not until Mr. Buck's pen has been poised in mislay over a contract of surrender.

That plot having been settled to the satisfaction of everyone except the grimy individual who wanted the contract signed, another one is introduced. This time it is love, the stage manager's last resort. Perhaps this is a bit unfair. There had been glimmerings of Mr. Buck's passion for Emma earlier in the evening; but it is not until now that he permits it to become his, or the audience's, dominant interest. Once started, however, there is no stopping him. He woos in fervid, Colonesque fashion: "Emma-will-you-be-my—"(Enter janitor.) "Emma-there-is-something-I-have-wanted-to—" (Enter piano-mover.) But when both he and the audience have been satiated with amusing interruptions, he is at last permitted to speak the crucial words—and Emma accepts a real partnership in the Featherloom concern.

Miss Barrymore, in the title rôle, acts with the same poise and charm that have made her such a popular figure on the American stage. But she lacks the aggressive keenness that we might expect in a record-breaking saleswoman. She is Ethel Barrymore, not Emma McChesney. The cast as a whole is quite capable. This is fortunate in a play of the "Emma McChesney" type; for, as Emma herself says, "It isn't the petticoats that count; it's the personality."



Miss Barrymore as Emma McChesney.

are welcome enough, but the abundance of plots is to be regretted. And what is worse, Mrs. McChesney's selling ability—around which the whole play centres—is never demonstrated. It is merely talked about. However, the play—like its *Potash and Perlmutter* predecessors—has all the factors necessary for a success in this new field: traveling salesmen—hotel lobbies—grammatically atrocious actresses—routy "types"—comedians named "Fat"—errandulous investors—and stenographers who trip over thresholds. The first act of the play concerns the

the Stage

"Adelaide"

SEVENTEEN years ago David Bispham played the part of Beethoven in a one-act play called *Adelaide*. The excellence of his performance led a number of critics to comment on the fact that a capable singer occasionally made a capable actor. This fall Mr. Bispham revived his play. He is no longer a great singer; but by virtue of this misfortune he is an even more capable actor. His audience cannot help feeling that there is a certain identity between the deaf Beethoven and the Bispham whose voice has failed him. His very infirmity adds power to his acting. One feels the force of truth when the supposed Beethoven says, "Fame is a beggar's cloak for curs to snap at, so long as its wearer is living; but when he is dead, the cloak is turned into deathless marble."

No glaring electric signs heralded Beethoven's return to Broadway. The play has none of the *me quo non* of a New York success. No one is being hounded by the arm of the law. There are no trench scenes nor panoramas of the New York skyline by midnight. There isn't even a chorus,—although the subject lends itself naturally to musical comedy treatment: Beethoven—in his garret—in Vienna—a troupe of art students—"The Beethoven Glide"—and all that. Small wonder that the play should slip quietly into New York as a purely *matinée* feature—on the orlier of Mrs. Whitney's Fashion Show. But it is such theatrical side-shows that often give us our most interesting drama. *Adelaide* is not a play of thrills; but it is a pleasing and unusual treatment of the genius. It is difficult to put such a man as Beethoven on the stage without vulgarizing him and wounding those who love him. *Adelaide* is a sincere and satisfying half hour in the life of a great man.

The play has been translated and adapted by Mr. Bispham from the German of Hugo Müller. It opens with a dialogue between Beethoven's landlord and his washwoman. They comment on the composer's loss of geniality and his increasing harshness and suspicion, not realizing that it is his deafness which has caused the change. Then Beethoven comes in, humming his latest melody. The washwoman and the landlord nag him: one wants her bill paid, the other objects to the composer's influence over his daughter. Beethoven cannot hear

them; so he keeps talking about his music, and jealously conceals the secret of his deafness. At last, after their yelling has irritated him beyond suffering, he drives them from him in anger.

At this point the landlord's daughter Clara, comes in. She is the only person who understands the man's genius. Moreover, she is the only one who knows the secret of his deafness. Clara is in love with Franz, a young musician who helps the composer with his copying. Beethoven reads her lips, as she tells him of their love. He will not understand, she says, for he has never been in love. Beethoven breaks out into a scornful laugh. Love? He does not understand love? "Love is the passion of the sirocco which passes over the meadows, searing the blossoms and leaving only the charred stems." He tells her of Adelaide, a young girl whom he had loved, many years before, but whom he was too poor to marry. He will not let Clara suffer the same tragedy now. He is poor—"though he has written as many notes as there are stars in the heavens, he could not buy his own coffin"; but he will write a symphony, and give its revenue to the young lovers.

He leaves the room, humming the first movement of this new undertaking. Then Franz comes in. He has brought a copy of Beethoven's new song, "*Adelaide*," and he sings it to Clara. As he sings a beautiful woman comes to the door and listens. She insists upon seeing the composer. Beethoven, angry at the interruption, does not look at her, but asks her gruffly whether it is an autograph, a sonata, or a lock of his hair that she desires. He cannot hear her voice, and she thinks that he has forgotten her. Then, accidentally, he turns and recognizes his visitor. "*Adelaide!*" he cries. She tells him how she has always loved him, and how she is now free to marry him. But Beethoven cannot hear her, and she thinks that he has ceased to care. Suddenly he seizes her in his arms, and tells her of the secret that he is keeping from the world, lest he be twitted and jeered at as "the deaf musician." But he sees the soul of love, as well as the soul of music. It would be madness



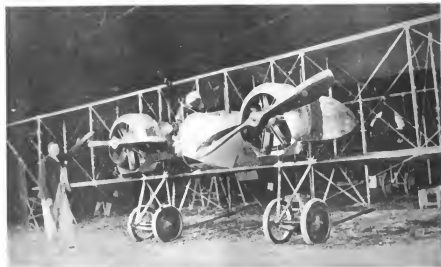
David Bispham as Beethoven.

for them to live together—to know that she was speaking words of love that he could never hear—so he sends her away, and sits down, deaf and alone, to play the strains of "*Adelaide*." It is not the course that you and I would have taken. But then, as the landlord puts it, "what can you expect of a man who wraps up a pound of butter in his newest symphony?"

Mr. Bispham acts the part of Beethoven with a breadth and sincerity that fully justify the revival. And if there were more revivals there would be more variety and better standards on our stage.

"Do Americans Dislike Jews?"

Norman Hapgood will answer this question in the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. His article will be the first of a series of three dealing with the Jewish question in America.



Aeroplanes that guard Paris against attack by the Zeppelins.

War in the Air

By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE and HARRY HARPER

This is the second of three articles describing the business of the military aviator. The concluding instalment will appear in the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

IV

THE German trenches are now behind you, and your pilot, you observe, is descending nearer earth and is steering occasionally from side to side. He is on the lookout for the enemy's troops, for bodies of men marching to reinforce those who are already in the trenches. There are roads below. One or two of them show white and very clearly marked—main roads evidently; others appear less distinct, and their course seems lost in places, and these are the lanes and hrench roads. Away to your left is a cluster of roofs that denotes the presence of a village, while rising above it, quick to catch the eye, is a church tower which, in the brokenness of its outline, you can see has suffered from artillery fire.

You pass high above a road, leaving the fighting line further behind. Ahead of you, this road turns sharply to the right and passes through a wood, its white track lost for a time to view. Your pilot is following the windings of this road; he thinks, evidently, that he may see troops upon it. And so you come above the wood.

Your ears have grown so accustomed, now, to the drone of the motor that you are scarcely conscious of it; the sound seems to mingle with the hum of the wind. And it is for this reason—the reason that your ears are able to select and register other noises, above this constant, steady drone—that you detect

suddenly, coming apparently from the earth below, a series of faint but quite clearly heard sounds. It is a "pop-pop-pop"—very remote but distinct; like the sound made by the crackling of wood when a fire is lighted. And, hardly have you become aware of this sound, when you see that your pilot is attracting your attention. He points quickly earthward. Then you can feel by the motion of the aircraft that he is forcing it to rise.

Glancing down, you find you are looking directly upon the white strip of road as it enters the wood between a dense avenue of trees. A moment before, when you looked earthward, this road seemed completely deserted. But now, running out from beneath the trees on either hand, you observe a number of tiny figures, which show up black and distinct against the white of the road. They stand an instant motionless, then each little shape makes a movement that is unmistakable. The body is bent back, the arms rise; something is pointed skyward. Obviously they have raised rifles, so as to fire a volley. You comprehend these movements without emotion. The little figures seem too distant, too tiny and insignificant, to concern you in anything more than a casual way.

There comes again that "pop-pop-pop", like the crackling of wood. You look down. Clearly these little men are discharging their rifles; and it is equally obvious that they are firing at you. The

aircraft, meanwhile, is climbing at high speed.

And then, quite perceptibly, you feel a jar. It is slight—in itself not at all alarming. For some reason, you can hardly tell why, you look out along one of the main-planes. And, when you do so, the reason becomes apparent for that sudden jar. Half way along the lower plane, which presented a moment before a smooth, unbroken, tightly stretched expanse of fabric, there are now a number of jagged, untidy little holes—quite small, but very clearly seen. It is as though some mischievous person had come along with a pencil and driven deliberately a number of punctures in the wing. You look at these holes for a moment, uncomprehending. Aloft here, high above the earth, your mind seems somehow to work slowly and with labor; everything appears strange. Your thoughts are out of focus in some way, and need a constant adjustment. So you stare at these little holes; and even as you stare, there is again that faint jar, several times repeated, that you felt before. Accompanying it, clearly apparent to your eyes—occurring in fact under your very gaze—there appear along the plane, only this time nearer the hull, several more of these tiny perforations. They appear as though by magic. Nothing apparently causes them. One instant the fabric is clean, smooth, drum-tight, and the next you are looking at a ragged little hole, not more than a couple of

yards from you, with a tiny strip of fabric, at the rear edge of it, flapping back furiously in the rush of wind.

Then, as though some spring had been released, your mind works quick'y. These are bullet holes, of course, bullets fired by those insignificant little shapes in the road below; bullets that are rushing skyward, each a messenger of death, and stabbing the widespread planes of your machine. And they are drawing nearer to you, these punctures of the fabric, drawing nearer the hull.

Suddenly you hear an exclamation and turn towards your pilot. He shrugs his shoulders when he sees that you are looking, and points towards the dashboard just in front of him, on which his instruments are fixed. At one corner of this board its smoothness has been rudely marred. There is a small, dark, ugly hole; and, hanging down from it, a long splinter of wood.

"Bullet ho'er," calls the pilot. "Too close to be pleasant. Went clean through the board and passed just in front of my face."

Again there comes that "pop-pop-pop" from the earth; but this time it is distinctly fainter, and there are no further jolts or vibrations of your craft. Again it sounds, fainter still; scarcely audible in fact. And now you hear your pilot's voice.

"They won't hit us again; we're climbing too fast. I never saw the beggars till they popped out of that wood."

V

STILL you fly on, following the white road. You have begun to feel a strange drowsiness; your eyes are heavy, and you blink them constantly. Always, drumming in your ears, there is the steady, monotonous beat of the engine and the equally monotonous sound of the wind, as it rushes past the wings, struts, and hull.

Suddenly, however, you are awakened

to a new interest. The aircraft has swung to the right, its planes heaving perceptibly to the turn. This brings to your left the road below. Along its ribbon-like surface, and some distance ahead, your pilot is now pointing; and you guess, by the urgency of his gesture, that the discovery he has made must be one of importance. But when you locate the exact spot he is indicating and look intently down, the spectacle that meets your eye conveys little to your mind. Above the surface of the road, extending away farther almost than you can see, hangs what appears to be a heavy white cloud of smoke. It does not seem to rise very high, lying thickly just above the surface of the road, and there does not seem to be enough wind, at any rate near the ground, to cause it to drift. You look again, a thought coming into your mind, and you lean so that the pilot may hear your voice:

"A fire, isn't it? Grass or a hedge alight, perhaps just by the side of the road."

By way of answer your pilot laughs; you can hear this laugh distinctly, and you feel a little hurt. Why should the fellow laugh? It must be a fire; there is the smoke. But now the aviator deigns to speak. Leaning so that you can see he is smiling—looking in fact very pleased with himself—he says:

"That's not smoke, though I'm not surprised at your making the mistake. It's a cloud of dust—thick, white, powdery dust, driven up off the surface of the dry road."

"But by what?" you ask.

The pilot's smile broadens.

"Troops," he answers. "By the feet of thousands of marching men, who're stifling down there in that dust cloud, which they beat up themselves from the road and can't escape, while we're flying up above here in the pure air."

Again you look towards the long white cloud, which shows so distinctly

against the face of the land below. It has a new interest now, and you see something you had not observed before. The cloud is moving forward, creeping almost imperceptibly along the highway. When you peered down, a little while before, the head of it was some distance from a red-roofed farmhouse near the side of the road; but now it is level with this, and still creeping forward. Again you hear the airman's voice.

"We're in luck," he calls, "great luck! Below us, their eyes smarting in all that dust, is part of the enemy's army corps. And away there to our right, along that other road"—he extends an arm—"is another portion of the corps. They're advancing a'long parallel roads. And to their rear, almost out of sight, I can distinguish other dust clouds, made by baggage trains and ammunition columns."

"Is this," you ask, "what we came to see?"

"It is," replied the airman cheerfully. "We've found the enemy's reinforcements; not all of them perhaps, but a sufficiently large number for it to be worth while for us to fly straight back to headquarters and give them this information, and show the exact position of these troops, while the news is still fresh."

The biplane wheels, her planes banked steeply, and you grip instinctively at the side of the hull. For a moment or so you are tilted at what appears—to you, at any rate—to be a very dangerous angle. The hull of the machine is all on one side, and you have the apprehension that, if you do not hold on tight, you may slip out over one side and fall sheer towards a green field which, looking like a small colored pocket-handkerchief, happens to be immediately below you. But then, with a smooth, swift movement, the aircraft straightens herself, and you are flying towards your own lines.

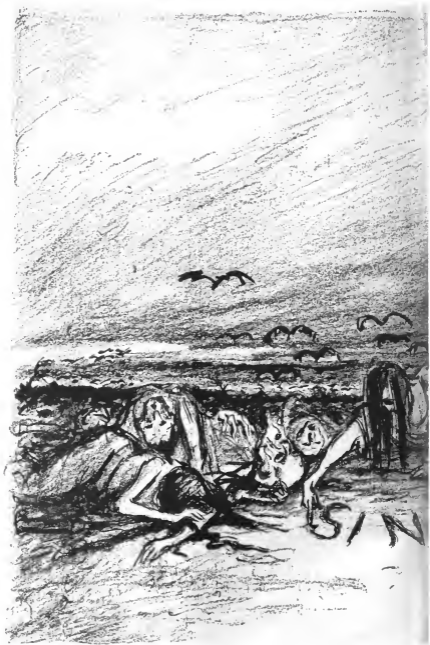
The Outlaw Bard

By CHART PITT

YOU ask me to tune my outlaw pipes,
To the hurdy-gurdy's tink—
I who have walked in the trackless night
Where the hills are old and gray.

You ask me to fashion you liting lines—
That the world has no use for my woe—
I who have heard the song of the pines,
O'er the trail where the vagabonds go.

The wind whistles on its mystical runes—
Scornfully laughs o'er your doleful complaint.
'Twas the fingers of God that fashioned its tunes—
It sings the same song for the sinner and saint.



IS THE FINAL CHAPTER OF AN



IA ABOUT TO BE WRITTEN?

With the Nostrum Makers

By ROBERT C. BICKNELL, Ph. G., M. D.

This is the last of a series of three articles describing the making and selling of "Wine of Cardui" and "Black Draught." These articles have been written by a former manufacturing chemist of The Chattanooga Medicine Company, which makes these nostrums. They have aimed to aid in the abolishment of those features of the nostrum traffic which are fundamentally wrong.

TO BE a successful money-maker, a nostrum need not possess any value as a medicine. The class of people taken in by the patent medicine faker does not require proof. For them any statement convincingly made and insisted upon through frequent repetition is soon accepted as true. In fact, so anxious is the patent medicine enthusiast to exercise his credulity that he is ready to credit the nostrum with even more marvelous powers than its makers claim for it. It is this tendency that renders the procuring of testimonials so easy. Many come in unsolicited. Others are the result of a system of petty rewards and premiums, consisting of cheap jewelry, perfumes, trinkets and plated ware. When a testimonial is received, the writer is sent a warmly worded letter of appreciation, followed by some trilling present and a set of blanks designed to incite others to forward similar testimonials. The scheme works effectively. Besides securing the testimonials, it provides a valuable mailing list for later literature of the "follow up" variety. Furthermore, it is of great assistance to the advertising manager.

It will be noticed that the Cardui advertisements consist largely of such testimonials. Such displays require the minimum outlay of thought and secure the maximum results. If Mrs. Katie Schoumer, of 71 Bloomfield street, Wabash, Ind., has been rewarded by frequent appointments of Cardui, then Mrs. Werner of Sioux City, Iowa, is apt to try the panacea herself. The company thus sidesteps the responsibility by assuming a position of aloofness, and allowing its purchasers to take the responsibility for the nostrum's medicinal value.

IN ADDITION to the reward system, the Cardui people have another effective means of securing a mailing list. This is "The Ladies' Advisory Department": to wit—

For sick women, whose cases seem to be too complicated for ordinary treatment, we offer in our Ladies' Advisory Department the best help in women's diseases in the country.

Treating thousands of sick women every year, where the ordinary practitioner may treat a hundred, we have great opportunities for observation and we give each applicant the benefit of this free.

Simply write us, giving full details of your case or fill up our symptom blank (sent free on request) and we will write you fully as to your trouble.

At one time this department was in charge of a man who made sincere efforts to return intelligent answers to

the inquiries received. But he has now been superseded by a member of the clerical force, who reads the letters and pencils on the margin the number of the form letter to be sent in reply. The addresses and any personal touches needed are filled into the blanks left for that purpose in the imitation typewritten letters. The chief advising done by the "Ladies' Advisory Department" is, of

serve any other purpose. Few outsiders are now permitted to enter the factory, but occasionally some prospective buyer is brought to the door of the laboratory and in a husled voice is told of the wonderful operations going on in those mysterious precincts.

During the past year and a half a large share of the attention of the Publicity Department has been devoted to the case against *The American Medical Association Journal*—which paper is being sued for libel by The Chattanooga Medicine Company. All sorts of weird schemes have been hatched in an effort to build up a case. One of these, the employment of Pinkerton detectives to get evidence against the *Medical Association* was exposed in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* of October 2nd. Another scheme was the employing of a young lady lawyer to interview women in regard to Cardui, with the object of presenting the feminine point of view.

THERE is some difference of opinion as to whether the makers of these nostrums, so simple—and inexpensive!—in composition, actually believe in the extravagant promises that are made for their concoctions. Prob'ly not—although it is easy to believe in that which is profitable. Surely they profess to believe in them, at any rate. Not long ago, Mr. John A. Patten, president of the company, told his superintendent that he believed it his duty to distribute Cardui as widely as possible. However, about the same time that Mr. Patten voiced this sentiment, the capacity of the bottle was reduced ten per cent—so the remark loses some of its altruistic flavor.

THE spirit of the whole patent medicine traffic is epitomized in one of the advertising devices used by the makers of Cardui. This device consists of a calendar with weather predictions for each day of the year. These "predictions" are received for printing two years before the time for which they are made; but a surprising number of credulous individuals take them for gospel and arrange their plans accordingly. Perhaps, in view of this willing credulity, it is small wonder that patent medicines can flourish in a supposedly enlightened age. "If a lady takes Cardui," reads the *Cardui Salesman*, "she should take it according to directions." And the directions are quite explicit. They read: "Buy five bottles and get a bottle free!"

Can Walk Now

"Wonderful Cure"

In this Cardui bottle you will find, Cardui prepared in the most scientific manner. It is not a simple mixture, but a pure vegetable tonic, and will, therefore, build up your system.

"I've treated our family doctor with you, for three months, and I feel like a new man."

"I have a friend who says Cardui is a wonderful tonic, and I have used it for three months, and I feel like a new man."

"I have used it for three months, and I feel like a new man."

"I have used it for three months, and I feel like a new man."



MISS MARY J. BROWN, 1000 N. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn.

CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

The testimonial bait.

course, to advise a more liberal use of Cardui, Black Draught and the minor nostrums supplied by the company. This "Advisory" branch is conducted

YOUNG GIRLS

At a certain time in every young girl's life, she needs the help of a tonic, to carry her through to healthy womanhood.

Mothers! At such times give your daughters CARDUI, the female tonic! It acts gently, is non-intoxicating, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and has no bad after-effects.

Cardui is an ideal tonic for young and old. Advise your daughter to

Take CARDUI

"Non-intoxicating, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless—20 per cent alcohol!"

under the direction of the Advertising Department. Around this department the rest of the whole establishment revolves. In all matters it is paramount. To it, office, factory and sales force are subordinate. It is probably due to the fact that the laboratory was equipped at the instance of the Publicity Department that it is almost as much of a joke as the "Ladies' Advisory Department." Two or three thousand dollars were spent on its equipment, but it was designed for exhibition purposes only. It was not even pretended that it was to



FORWARD PASS SPREAD FORMATION

Colgate has the ball and has strung her men out across the field in a formation that, while not new, is always dangerous. The Army, defending, is nearest the camera. This formation leaves five men eligible to receive the forward pass, although from the angle the picture was taken the Colgate quarterback does not seem to be a full yard back of the line of scrimmage. The men from Hamilton worked the pass prettily from this line-up. It contains the threat of a kick, run or pass.

The "Big" Team's Resources

By HERBERT REED

THOSE who disapprove of anything like a close corporation in American college football rejoice mightily any time one of the so-called small college teams triumphs over one of the recognized leaders, such as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Pennsylvania, the Army or Navy; and we'll they may, not so much because of the victory in itself as because of the spread of the knowledge of the game. They are apt to overlook the fact, however, that in the long run, were the larger institutions to prepare especially to defeat the smaller, the status of the little college might soon be what it was some years ago.

They simply have not taken stock of the resources of the older football institutions—resources that still exist even in the days when prestige is not so much in evidence. These resources are seldom realized upon in games against the smaller elevens. Hence the frequency of defeat for the big fellows. Coached usually by one man, the smaller college can be rounded into form much earlier than elevens that are coached through a system that relies upon a capable head and anywhere from five to twenty able assistants. The one-man team comes rapidly to the front, say about the last week in October—and thereafter stands

still. The period of experimentation over, there is nothing more that can be taught the team along its own lines, and its type of play can hardly be changed for the November campaign.

Certain apparent trifles, but real fundamentals, especially in position play, have to be slurred somewhat, and even were the one-man coaching system desirous of changing radically between games, it could hardly be done, since the team has learned but one type of game in the past and has no firm foundation upon which to perform the volte. Further, there is not the basic generalship in the eleven to warrant doing much



NIPPED IN THE BUD

A flash of the Army defense at its best. Gillo, the Colgate back (incidentally carrying the ball on the wrong side and thus unable to use the straight arm), is being thrown for a loss by an Army forward. The third man from the left, in the foreground, is a Colgate forward putting a member of the Codets' secondary defense out of the play, and coming perilously close to using his hands in so doing.

more than letting a good thing alone.

With the "big" team the situation is different. The larger colleges are rich in the history of successful football games, won on the same groundwork, but showing surface changes. Or perhaps it would be better to say that more than one great university has changed its type of play almost between games more in the matter of field values than anything else, and very few of the smaller college coaches understand this matter of field values. Those who do understand it find it difficult to teach, mainly because they are breaking new ground.

Harvard is a fair example of an institution rich in the understanding of field values, as was Yale years ago—resources not at the command of the smaller institutions.

In general there are two ways of scoring: first, by getting into striking distance with the running and passing game, and then scoring by field goals; second, by covering midfield territory with the kicking game and then traversing the remaining thirty yards or less with the passing and running game, neatly blended. The well equipped big team is able to put on one or the other of these methods and work it up between games, and sometimes able even to change from one to the other under fire, although the quarterbacks who could be counted upon to make the switch in a single game last season could be counted upon the fingers of one hand, with an even chance that the thumb would be left over.

While Brickley was doing his desdly drop-kicking at Harvard the general public, and, indeed, many Harvard men who should have known better, were led to believe that Harvard could score in



A GLIMPSE OF HARVARD INTERFERENCE

Although in this particular play Captain Edix Mahan has been caught by one knee from behind, the picture is a graphic illustration of the advance protection afforded to every runner under the Crimson system of interference beyond the scrimmage line. Two men of Virginia's secondary defense are being neatly put out of the play, and but for the successful tackler to the right, back on ground, feet in air, the run might have been a long one.

no way other than by bringing Brickley within field-goal distance. I even heard an old Yale player famous from one end of the country to the other, say, "We must find a way to stop Brickley's drop-kicking and then we shall beat Harvard." In the meantime Harvard continued to win and football followers continued to taunt the Crimson, demanding proof that Haughton's pupils could produce touchdowns. In due time the touchdowns came, for the resources of the running and the punting game had been abunding, and when the time came there was a prompt switch from one type of generalship to the other. Incidentally, a successful switch.

At the opening of the present season superficial observers bemoaned the loss of Brickley to the Crimson, and also seemed to think that the departure of Hardwick and Bradlee must ruin the running game. But Haughton and his aids, not the least of whom was Mahan, had been working along quietly, and at this writing it would seem that Harvard was well equipped to resume the type of play that brings up the eleven by the running and passing attack and then

practically out of the question for the small college eleven.

But if, in the early season, one wishes to see brilliant, well-devised passing and running plays that are sound in principle and execution, then let him follow some of the smaller college teams, notably those of Colgate and the University of Pittsburg. One's study of field values and the resources inherent therein, may wait until the big elevens come together.

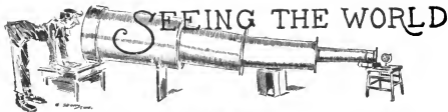
It is many a day since I have seen a prettier running attack than that turned on by Colgate against the Army. Had Colgate been possessed of the resources dwelt upon above, the young men from up New York State might well have had four touchdowns instead of two, especially in view of the poor defense against punting displayed by the Cadets.

Pittsburg will be a treat to watch in all its games for an entirely different reason—the quickly formed massed interference behind the line of scrimmage of which Glenn Warner is master. The type of play is quite distinct from almost any other I have in mind, and is well worth watching for those who cannot get to the big games.



COLGATE ON THE RAMPAGE

A sample of the shifty running game put on by Bankhart's pupils against the Army, which team was thoroughly beaten. The soldier left end is nowhere near the play, nor in position to do anything with the two interferences who have been thrown at him. The back has just reached the line of scrimmage. The Army's left tackle has not only been boozed but sent to earth, where he is utterly useless. The Army's left halfback is coming up to make the tackle, but too late to present a substantial gain.



How to Keep Young

The Coshen Independent says: "Ebenzer Greene, carrying his three quarters of a century as if it were but little more than a couple of score of years, paid his annual visit to the Independent Republican the other day, and incidentally remarked that it was the fiftieth year of his membership in its fold of subscribers. Mr. Greene lives at Edenville, where good surrounding, he says, good air and good water insure every dweller good health and keep them young. Besides the salubrity of Edenville, we venture to say that one other thing that makes Ebenzer Greene so chipper and young. He always pays his subscription in advance."

This same habit kept the late Hon. Andrew Jackson Rogers a young man to the last. He used to pay his subscription to the Sussex Independent five years in advance, and he never lived at Edenville.

—The Sussex (N. J.) Independent.

Error is Right

However, it is doubtful if there can be any real regret in the expressions of apology by the editor whose paper, through typographical error, made a reference to a male quartet read "male" quartet. Sometimes they sound that way.

—The Port Arthur (Tex.) News.

Getting Warm

That old-fashioned fellow who writes anonymous communications to the editor, just by way of being unpleasant, still lives in Spartanburg.

—The Spartanburg (S. C.) Herald.

The Better Day

We ain't no psychologist, but honest to goodness a lots of trouble is mental. Some folks talk hard times until their talkers fairly explode with nothingness. Get on the band wagon and make a good fight for the better day which is at hand.

—The Americus (Ga.) Times.

A Poet's Pet

At the gate she always meets me, greets me in her cheery way, and I quite

forget the harsh words that I had in mind to say. Then I sit beside her and caress her soft brown hair, I am blessed with sweet contentment, life is calm and peaceful there. Always patient, kind and faithful, helpful, constant, true, I vow. She is worthy and I love her. She's our faithful family cow.

—The Anderson (Mo.) News-Review.

It Follows

Mrs. James E. Lake and Miss Gertrude Wells were married Monday—and Tuesday it rained.

—The Milan (Mo.) Standard.

One of Life's Little Tragedies



—St. Joseph (Mo.) News-People.

A Taste for Words

Sunday afternoon the "clanging" of bells notified our citizens that there was a fire. Soon people were seen rushing towards Lee street, on foot, in buggies, in automobiles and on horseback. The bucket brigade was working successfully until the hose carriage arrived and got to work. When the fire was subdued and the dense smoke had cleared away, it was discovered that the lurid flames had licked up Walter Otten's wood house. The fire originated from children playing in the house with matches.

—The North Emporia (Va.) Independent.

The Sheltered Rich

WANTED—Nurse for children over 18 years old.

—Adv. in the Terra Haute Tribune.

Awaiting More

The fall styles show a little more of the feminine human leg. We courageously await further revelations.

—The Logan (W. Va.) Banner.

Unnatural History

Admitting that he is a graduate of an unnatural history class, the Filosopher of the Louisiana Press-Journal refutes a rumor circulated by the Mexico Intelligence in substance that said Filosopher did not know the difference between a katydid and a cricket. After defining the cricket as "a gryllus Domesticus, a saltatorial orthopterous insect of the Grillyidae family," and the katydid as "a microcentrum retinervis," an explanatory note makes it all clear that "the cricket is a chirp-tunist and the katydid is a pessimist, as it foretells frost and other calamities."

—The Kansas City Times.

Well Broken

FOR SALE—Pair of broncho horses; good weight, sound, broken; owner in hospital. Address L. B. Scbell.

—Adv. in the Eau Claire (Wis.) Leader.

Like the Good Indian of Old

If you see an editor who pleases everybody, there will be a glass plate over his face, and he will not be standing up.

—The Thomasville (Ga.) Times.

Profitable Frankness

E. H. Fair, with his small son, of Centerton, were business visitors at The Pod office last week. Mr. Fair is a real estate agent with a record for honesty and fair dealing as well as one of the most successful ones in this county. It is hardly necessary to say that he has an ad in The Pod this week.

—The Pea Ridge (Ark.) Pod.

Twins

George Pullman stood at the station in Chicago, selling space in that car—two men to a berth, in the old-fashioned way.

—The San Francisco Call.

The Cook's Tour

IX

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

Being the blithe adventure of the erstwhile cook for the Bar-2 cattle outfit, and his erudite partner Allingham, chronicled by the former during the progress of an "intensive" tour of certain hitherto little-known portions of Arizona and New Mexico.

WELL sir when I first waked up in the St Johns house I want overly anxious to pile outa bed. But they was somethin worriten me though I didn rightly know what twas outwell I luppent to think of Allingham sayin he was a gain to ride on ahead an noticed he had done got up early an left. Then I got plumb riled because I'd forgot what reason he give last night when I was sleepin thataway for leavin an hit didn seem like nothin cad be importan enuff for to putt the inflicksbum of Meekbanthun the stage drivers compny onto me for a hall day.

But when I heerd them a beatin on the breakfast tray I deciderd hit want no good layin there in bed no longer so I got up an dressed an went down whar I foun that Griggs feller what was editor of the St. Johns Oboe, the newspaper settin to the tabel ho'din his head with both on his hands an grocin.

Wharabouts did you leaf my fren Allingham I says an Griggs turnt his head towards me an I give a startle he lookt right sick an his eyes remindet me of a cuppel of ho'es burnt into a blanket. You'd have to come up closter of yore a dressin me he says yore vois sounds faint an far-away ef you'll about yore message into one of my years he says hit wont have moren a nidle or thereabouts to travel before hit reaches the reejon of the brane. You got the bighead this mornin I says youve shore guest hit says Griggs thats no moren the truth shes srook up the size of a flower hart seems like he says.

Wharabouts did you leaf Allingham I says agin I didnt leaf him nowheres says Griggs he done left me. In the burch he says he leme an I aint hardly estirkatet myself yit. Is hit a saloon anywheres rich Jacks plare I says hit aint a place says Griggs a tall tale a cond'shun well I says ef anyhuddy left me in a condishun like what yore in I believe I'd git satisfakshun that theres jest what I bin tryin to git outn this year brekfast says Griggs but I aint findin moren theu I kin rest easy onder.

You aint tole me whare Allingham went to yit I says to Griggs. Becus I dont know is the reason I aint tole you he says, but I know whare I wist he went. I bin propt up arin the har in Jacks playin host in the game of seen

St Johns an tryin to git facks fer a story senre we left you las night an the oty two facks I come away with this mornin is that Allingham has got holler lugs an I haint.

He's done quit drinkin I says yes I reckon so says Griggs he takes but with a funnel now I spose you meen he says. When he dies they wout be at no expense huryin him he says all they'll haftoo do they'll jest pour him back into the bottle he says. What was you all drinkin I says beer they callt it says Griggs ef they was a shorter an uglier name for hit he says hit shud be lost to it I aint felt so bad sence the Oboe tole hits fight for lokal ophan an the editorial staff an frens tried to putt the likker



O says the lanlady gittin outn her choir plumb wisshus.

intrests out of hisia by retin'e purchases in quantities. They was too strong for us he says.

I was a fixin to kwestyun Griggs some more when jest then the lanlady of the St Johns house what was a right fsvrable lookin gal reeban on towords forty yuam or sech a matter come in with my serial food wich Allingham says is so callt becausa a feller gits more hongrier arter each installmen an the lanlady says to Griggs kemuse lift you a nother cup of coffee Mister Griggs or kin I bile you a cuppel more of them aigs no marm says Griggs not with satisfay.

The lanlady lookt at the aigs Griggs hndnt ate an says ef they aint right tasty I kin skramble them Mister Griggs. We got too be keferful of this year mans ferlias she says to me smilin ingrasuhun-ny' eshen he mouthe putt me in the paper we dont print nothin but news says Griggs. Then he notised the lanlady lookin at him right sharp an he



Holdin his head with both on his hands an grocin.

says hits no news that the St. Johns house puts up the best tabel in town well sir the lanlady begun dabblin at her eyes with her apron an says is that all you kin say fer me Mister Griggs.

Hit is this mornin says Griggs short like I aint feelin peart es I mought I ban talkin banis with a feller las night an he kep me up twell all hours. Well wud you bleve it that that wumman begun to be! like a yearlin eaff an when I ast her what was the matter she says O Mister Allen she says hits this year mans unfeelin dimpishun here I be workin for to feed him fresh an nurrishin food twell my fingers is wore of clean to the elbones an all the gratehude I gits is him stayin up late carousin and ruinin his helth an criticizin my vittis an mak'n slurries remarks onto my age men is crool creechers she says an a wummans hart is brittle an easy broke she says an run outn the room.

I lookt at Griggs an he was plumb red in the face I thought for a minit he was a shamed of hiself but when he begin talkin I seen twas jest that he was strugg'in for what Allingham says is the luxury of se'f expreshun. Hit most of him plumb hard for him to express hiself becausa hit taken h'im sevel minits an a lot of words before he was satisfide an then seems like he had expresset the lanlady more complete than him yur dont you try for to comfert the gal instend of swearin thataway I ast him she seems right downhearted.

Instend of soothin him like I had aimed to my remark seemed like riled Griggs some more an first th'ing I knowed he jumpt up an startet outn the room. I will be over in Jacks plare he says ef you wantoo find me well I says I hope you git over yure mad before I happen room I aint no stieker fer estykwett but I believe a man had ought to show respek for the feebiller secks I says speshully ef they is ole an helpless you had a mother wonet yess says Griggs but I haint lookin for a nother an he went

out an slammed the door an I lookt around an thar was the lanlady stannin with my sigs an a feerce glans in her eyes.

What was that you was a sayin Mister Allen she says I didn jest ketch hit. I started to tell her becaus I enjoy bein truthful when theys no good reason not to be but then I haggpnt to think here was a good chans to praktis dipplom-masy wich is the name Allingham calls lyn with o strait face, so I says well marm I was jest a tellin that Griggs feller ef I was him I wudden never leaf this year brekfast room longs I was welcome when a man kin feast both his inwards an his eyes to womet I says the fust an vitals on the secon on a viadun of yuth an beuty sech as I see before me I says hee has a plumb fool fer lunk I says.

The lanlady drawed a smile like a pore mans lease from year to year an come over an set down acrost the table from me an I began to git fidgetyt mehbe I bin too dippelematik I says to myself but I didn say notin aloud any ate my sigs. Dont you want I should lift you another cup of coffee Mister Allen says the lanlady or some more that there serial Corn Scrapes. No marm I says I wudden wish for eny. How long did you say you was n goin to stay in St Johns says the lanlady Im leavin this mornin I says ef that there stage comes along wich aint no shore het.

Well says the lanlady after studyin a spell Im right sorry to year hit they haint manny brite yung fellers like you comes through year lessn they is the kind to pester the life outn me to git me to moory em I only bin marrid twict she says an I oist had no luck o tall so fur they both on em died—the secon las spring. Before the summer rains she says pore ole Harmon how he useter love to set on the front porch an watch the Mexvans runnin in outn the wet when a shower come up but hes gone now where the wicket seese fum trubbel-in an the weery is at rest she says. You marm I says comfortin like seems like some men aint right satisfile without they gits oll the best on a harg'n. Whats that says the lanlady Im a kettie hard heerin youll hafno speak a mite louder.

Well sir I was plumb hacked on didn knut jest what to say the lanlady seemt putt out over somethin so I made belief to choke on a piece of lightbread whas the matter Mister Allen says the lanlady did it hurn you. No marm I says I aint lin uset to these here three tin forks theys right luxurys in camp we only have two tiners. You cud learn to haul em better ef you shud stay here a wile Mister Allen says the lanlady sof like wen I think on it hit seems like a nice yung feller sech es you had ought to git marrid an settle down stead of rompin round the country like you be. I got o gal in Oklahomy I says an ef I kin git enuff money I expek to git marrid come fall.

O says the lanlady gittin outn her chair plumb vishs so yore a goin to git marrid an you a rumin here and yonner with a come-day-go-day-the-devil-take-Sunday look like you was plumb broncho an unroped an doutless deceevin hundreds of trustin winnins what aint knowin enuff to see through yore smooth an trechrous ways you men is all stike she says I wudden take no stock in enny

one of you she says ef shares was sellin for nothin on the dollar yore hill is seventy five cents she says I aint got no more time to waste year.

You cud a knocked me down with a fether I cudden figger how come the lanlady was right sivil won minit an the next might nigh redly to smach a feller baidminded withouten no reason a tall but then I never made no pretens to know the whys an whuffers of winnins ackshuns so I didn say nothin any paid my bill an walkt over to Jacks place.

I foun Griggs a sleepin n a littel table in the cornder an Jack was stannin behine the bar with his elbows onto hit lookin outn the wiuder plumb uninter-estet like he didn expek to see nothin. Ill take a littel wicky I says hits all they is to take says Jack them fellers done drink up the beer two hits please.

Do you know wehaway Allingham went I says no says Jack but he left a letter fer you an Jack pasted over a peen of paper on which was wrote Dear Lem ef you shud happen in this is to tell you Ive gone n head hosback an will see you later dont ast me no kwestyuns becaus stantej demans silens an secrecy.

I trus to yore superyor intelligens to follow these year instrukshuns an ef you do I will promus to apologis for my remarks about yore brances as a matter of fack I think highly of them as the



We putt up our hands like the feller said

feller says I love evry bone in yore head. Allingham. Poserip. Dont give no infmaashun about ourselfs to Griggs ill git him a good story later ef you want you kin interview him about St Johns an then fergit what he says.

Well they want much in the note I didn know before but that idee about interviewin Griggs seemd like a good won only Griggs was asleep so I says to Jack how much of a poplahun is St Johns got O he says about five hunderd I reckon rountin Mexvans an Mormons on subscribers to the Oboe wht lives outn town whate it to you ef I aint overly inquisitif.

Im a nauther I says what says Jack. A nauther I says agin I make my money by writin for hit. That aint a right good himis says Jack they was a yung feller hereabouts last year worked it twell his ole man got sore on the deel an quit sendin checks. But I cwant brag none he says the likker trade aint what it useter was theys closin in on us I look fer state probashun soon he says.

Aint they nothin else you kin do I says becaus he lookit plumb moornful well he says I kin go back to work but I aint right elamorous for hit. Ef I was a Mex-can he says I ead mehbe git o job as a offs holder theys good graft into that he says. Or ef I was a Mormon I mought make out or even ef I was marrid to some industyus woman but what chanet has a wite man got year he says an him singel only to earn his livin by the sweat on his brow. An no hum-dity in the atmussere neither he says.

Mehbe hit wont come to that I says hit cudden go no furtherer nor prove was Jack says an thats a foek. Yonner is yore stage driver he says dreckly. Ef I aint nautook I kin year lius airen vois he says a screechin at them mules of huss. So I walkt over to the Post Office an shore enuff hit was Meelankthun a changin teams.

Hit were the last jsg of the stage trip and they callt it thirty five mile fun St Johns to Springerville ef wed had a possible team twusden of him n drive a tall becaus the rode was good enuff an we want moren ten or eleven in the mornin gittin startet but when I seen what Meelankthun hat hitched into the traces I wud of walkt out for havin paid my fare in advans.

I didn mind Meelankthuns talkin nigh so much this time for one thing becaus I knowd they want goin to be no more

of hit after today an for a nother becaus my years had got tuffend up like see his vois wud slide offn em an Iraf jest a sort of hummin sound like bees a hivin. Nothin to disturb a feller. Long toowards evenin when wa was comin into a patch of foothill timber an the shades begin to foll acrost the rode I might night fell asleep twas right soothin. Seemt like somebody was singin a lul-lul-lu low an sof as the feller says.

Jest about then I yeered a vois comin fum the rode a head hands up hit said and thar I seen a feller standin in the shades with shaps on a black mask on an two six guns right snaky lookin a pintin at us. Well sir you cud a knocked me down with a fether I was that surprized. So both on us me an Meelankthun we putt up our hands like the feller said becaus seems likt hit were all they was to do.

An Editor's Confession

By MARVIN FERREE

Formerly Managing Editor of *Lo Tribuna*, a Spanish newspaper in the City of Mexico.

EDITORIAL NOTE: The author of this article is an American war correspondent who has traveled throughout Mexico. The evolution of his attitude toward President Wilson's policy with regard to Mexico is like that of many others.

SHARING the view of other foreigners in Mexico City at the time of the announcement at Washington of the administration's non-recognition policy, I was of the opinion that President Wilson should have recognized the

de facto government set up by General Huerta, thereby giving it a chance to float a foreign loan and properly equip an army to check the revolution, while arrangements were being made to hold an election. As a newspaper man, and

having considerable knowledge of Mexicans and their ways from experience and life among them, the repeated threats from Washington that "Huerta must go" seemed futile to me, as to other foreigners. More than once I allowed my personal convictions to creep into my cable dispatches.

Business was being ruined in Mexico; hundreds of millions of foreign property were being destroyed or threatened; the cost of living was increasing fearfully, inflicting keen suffering upon the poor, who constitute a large proportion of the population; and peace seemed more remote than ever. The foreign press became fiercer in its condemnation of the American policy and many asked if there really was any "policy" after all.

I reread Mr. Wilson's *Short History of the American People* and, in it, saw that he knew as much about Mexico, its past and present, as any living man. Then I came to the conclusion that his "waiting" policy had something behind it that the rest of the world and I had not fathomed.

Henceforth the United States has not inquired very closely into the internal organism of South or Central American countries. Revolutions have been incessant. One blood-stained adventurer after another has mounted to the seat of authority, and, so long as he maintained peace for a few months, obtained prompt recognition from Washington, as well as from European capitals. President Wilson has called a halt. He declined to recognize General Huerta not only on the ground that he had no possible legal claim to his office, but also for the wider reason that granting recognition to him would be to promise it in the future to any Latin-American politician mounting to leadership through the same sinister channels.

The commercial possibilities of the Panama Canal will change the map of the world and greatly influence its nations. It will bring the United States directly into competition with Europe, and, still more, with Japan. This will mean new interests by new foreign capital in Mexico, and these interests, under the Woodrow Wilson Doctrine, will have to be obtained under the new order of things, and not as they have been in the past. Business and politics will both have to be on a higher level because of the stand he took.

It unquestionably would have been easier for President Wilson to have recognized General Huerta, but his stand was not mere policy. To use his own phrase, it was "shot through with the principles of life."

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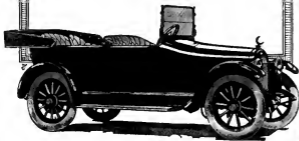
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Ship's Spirit

By GEORGE DYER

THE cruiser Portsmouth is certainly a happy ship. Forward and aft she has the unity and cheerfulness which is the goal of every commanding officer's desire, and which is so rarely really attained. It is my belief that unity of feeling among the officers, justice at "the mast" in dealing with offenses, and good fare for the men have most to do with it; but you can never tell. A ship either has it or hasn't, and all an officer can do is to thank Heaven if he wakes up some fine morning and finds the spirit he prays for is there.

Only last night there was an example of what I mean. The Senior Engineer had some guests off to dinner. They were friends who had been kind to Mrs. Chief during a family crisis while he was away on cruise. The wardroom officers' messroom had been gaily decorated in the customary manner by some of the quartermasters. Its metal walls, with their shining paint and brasswork, were covered by the folds and festoons of signal bunting. Biss, the colored steward, had laid himself out on the table decorations and the dinner. The warrant officers' mess had lent its candelabra, cunningly wrought of empty cartridge cases by the gunners' gang. The Doctor had written some of his easy flowing doggerel for the place cards. Every one, in fact, recognized that the Chief was digging quite a hole in his month's pay in appreciation of help in time of need; but knowing the circumstances or not, all hands pitched in cheerfully to make the occasion a success.

After the table was cleared of all save the liqueur glasses and coffee cups, some one stopped the band and sent it forward with a bottle of beer tucked under each jacket. I turned from the lady beside me and listened for a minute to the babel of topics which

collide when a mess dinner is well underway. The confusion and animated talk gave the usual result of curious disjointed sentences. Have you ever noticed this effect at a big table? "There's no use putting an enlisted man on bread and water . . . when a torpedo can make forty knots . . . I'll ask for four days' leave, and tell him . . . we must get the Navigator to sing 'The Coast of the High Barbaree' . . . thirty million Chilean dollars they said it cost. . . . Yes, all our boys are

Filipinos; we enlisted them in . . . Gibraltar—a good place to stock up with . . . butter sauce."

From the tangle I picked the most promising. Experience indicated some one had told the Paymaster what his contribution to the guests' entertainment would be, and that he was "winding up." I recognized the cue to open the way for him. Our teamwork in the mess is perfect in such matters.

"See there," I nodded down the long table. "Pay" is telling how we staffed



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listen to talk in New York, three thousand miles away; they hear the roar of the surf on the far-off Atlantic Coast; they witness a demonstration of Transcontinental telephony which has been awarded the Grand Prize of Electrical Methods of Communication.

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the prize at Valparaiso last fall by purely Yankee methods. It's worth listening to."

A rollicking, competent voice was booming out from the "fourth ward" where he had stowed himself among the younger officers and guests:

" . . . and take it all in all, it was the most elaborate celebration the old Portsmouth had ever polked her nose into."

"When the Paymaster makes that statement, ladies and gentlemen," said the Executive Officer, "you may accept it as final authority. He's been the first man ashore and the last aboard at every flower show we've been to in the past three years, from Seattle to Santiago, or Pelelech to Philippines."

The Paymaster turned a tolerant eye on the presiding officer.

"Be that as it may," drawled he, "the Commander knows if it hadn't been for his pet beach hitting Pay, we never

would have walked off with that piece of bric-à-brac there."

He indicated a bronze statuette which stood on the piano.

"That young lady represents an achievement typical of the Portsmouth. I happened to be in the apex of the 'V' which broke through our difficulties, but it was the old ship which furnished the spirit. Remember that night, Cranford?"

The good looking youngster referred to smiled back across the table.

"I'd never forget it, even if you fellows would let me."

"Well," continued the Paymaster, "there we were in Valparaiso. As usual with such fêtes, we were simply overwhelmed with hospitality. This was even worse than usual, if one may so refer to being smothered in kindness. The Chileans don't have a hundredth anniversary of their independence often, and they celebrated this one sumptu-

ously. They hired a whole hotel, lock, stock and barrel, and turned it over for the free use of visiting naval officers. They imported an extra cargo of champagne for their guests. The Chilean naval officers had a club on the harbor side, and fixed it so it was hard to land without passing through its bar to the street. You would always find there a splendid lot of fellows from all the navies of both hemispheres. After taking one drink with your boots you had to take another—or get your clothes torn in breaking away.

"The Chilean civil authorities organized themselves into a never-a-dull-moment association. Balls, picnics, dinner parties, excursions, high masses and parades—I never saw anything like it.

"The harbor was filled with foreign men-of-war. So to the schedule ashore was added the round of official calls, dinners, etc., which must be interchanged when such a gathering takes place.

Every few minutes, it seemed, the officer of the deck's messenger would report, 'Sir, some German officers calling on the ward-room,' or, 'Sir, a Brazilian boat with officers is coming alongside.' Crowded and weary as we were then, with the ship's work to be kept up, such calls rang dully on our ears.

"After the first few days even the hardened fussers and feasters amongst us broke down and went on the sick list to get a chance to recuperate. It was impossible to get volunteers to appear at the various festivities. So the Captain had to look us over and order the most fit to go to this ball or that dinner. How the Old Man stood it himself I don't know, for he was harder pressed than any.

"You may dimly imagine my feelings, therefore, when one morning he sent for me. I found him in the cabin being shaved.

"Paymaster, don't you know something about water carnivals?" came from somewhere under the lather.

"Yes, sir; while I was in the Atlantic Fleet we had them at Guantanamo and Bar Harbor. Good Lord, Captain, we're not in for one of those?"

"Yes, son, we are, and late into the bargain!" He tossed a paper to me. I read aloud: 'The Captain

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Condé Nast, Publisher

Frank Crownshield, Editor

of the Fort requests that description of entries by visiting war vessels for the grand and other prizes in the coming night water carnival be sent to his office by noon today.

"Three days to rig a float! Pretty snappy work will be in order! That explains those beautiful little caravels the Argentines had hauled out to their boat booms. I wondered when I saw them last night. . . . Why didn't we hear of this before, Captain?"

"Lost in the rush, I suppose. When I signaled just now the flagship claimed that a letter directing us to enter a float was sent by guard boat over a week ago. Anyway, we've got to do it, and, young man, you're the one to see that the Portsmouth produces a float which does not disgrace her!"

"Aye, aye, sir," was what I said. What I felt is not fit to be recorded.

"I'll tell the Executive to relay any other work necessary to give you the help you need. I have to go to Santiago tonight for the program up there; but after you young houses-afire in the ward-room get started on it, I'll know that when I come down with the official party from the capital to see the water parade, I won't be ashamed of the Portsmouth's exhibit."

"That was just like the Old Man! I left the cabin feeling I wouldn't have him disappointed if it took a leg. As a matter of fact it did, the next thing to it. . . . But that is ahead in the story."

"Down in the wardroom I called a council of war.

"See here, you people, the skipper has detailed me to get up a float in three days for a water parade. Come across with your suggestions. It looks to me as though it were nerve and ingenuity against time. Those Argentines have some miniature caravels that must have taken months to put together. What can we do?"

"The Chief there suggested a rubber-duck wagon with a barker instructing the occupants as to the sights in the harbor. Some one else thought Neptune and his attendants in a giant shell chariot would be fine. The frivolous remark was made that the temporarily disorganized condition of drills and routine generally could be best illustrated by a lonely sailor perched on a pedestal swinging away on a lute viol, with the legend 'Excused from all duty.'"

"Wasn't do," I announced. 'All either take too much time or won't be understood. We must get something as powerful and elemental in its appeal as a punch of the White Hope. . . . Here's an idea! These Chileans are so full of patriotism that it oozes from every pore. Whether it's because they're so isolated by the Andes, or see Argentine passing them in the race for wealth and population,—or that the Panama Canal threatens to sidetrack them forever—every other native I meet asks me what I think of Chile and the Chileans. And if my enthusiasm doesn't instantly boil over, his face falls about a foot. We can build a whopping big Chilean flag in electric lights, mount it on a sailing launch, and conceal the band under it to play their national air. Unless I miss my guess, this will make a hit with them.'

"As no one could make any better

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suggestion, this plan was submitted to the Executive, and soon we had the necessary people busy with the preparations.

"But with all our efforts, the time was woefully short, and late in the afternoon of the carnival the chief electrician sought me out.

"Paymaster, we can't get enough juice through to the lights!

"Great heavens, Smithers, what do you mean?"

"We've just tried her out and the belt between the dynamo and the en-

gine stretches and slips so that we can't seem to generate more than enough current to put a dull glow on the lamps!

"I went over the situation with him hurriedly. It appeared there was no suitable belting on board. The other ships signaled to couldn't produce any. A makeshift had accordingly been devised. It was too late to make a purchase ashore. All the other remedies I could suggest had been tried.

"I went up on deck in a pretty wild state of mind. Here we were expected to make a showing with a float that wouldn't function. . . . We should be the laughing stock of the Sea!"

"Cranford was on the quarterdeck taking an airing before dinner when I reached there. Heaven knows what providence placed him there at that particular moment! My eye lighted on him. As you can see, ladies and gentlemen, he is the man for an emergency.

"Here, Cranford, I said, 'we are strictly up against it.' In about four sentences I rapped out the situation to him. So much goes on at once in a big ship that he hadn't heard any of the details.

"She's due to shove off now, and I can't go with her because I'm assigned as one of the parade marshals. Down into the boat with you, and make those lights go if you have to crank that dynamo by hand!"

"But, Paymaster, dinner—"

"Hang dinner!" I exclaimed, as I slipped my arm under his elbow and drew him to the gangway. This is a case of life and death with the ship's reputation. I'll square your leaving without permission of the Executive Officer."

"He bounded down the ladder, with the surprise not yet off his face.

"There was a launch waiting at the opposite gangway to take me to the section of the parade for which I was to act as marshal. As we sped up the line, I overhauled float after float of remarkable beauty. Lighthouses, dragons, pirate ships, all sorts of craft, glowed and flashed in the wonderful night. I watched with faint heart for the blank in the line of light which might indicate the position of our boat.

"Suddenly the scattered cheering ahead of me broke into a roar. 'Vive Chale!' resounded from thousands of throats. It fell, only to rise again and sweep along the crowd ahead. It was not until I nearly reached the judges' stand that I could make out its cause. When I did my heart jumped.

"Full and effulgent against the blackness of the night shone the single-starred flag of Chale! Well under it, down near the water-line, sparkled the name of the Portsmouth. Hidden in the bottom of the big cargo launch, the band was blaring out the inspiring strains of the music the crowd loved so well.

"The thousands in the stand rose as one man when they in turn recognized the emblem, and the compliment it conveyed. Handkerchiefs and hats waved frantically. Such a burst of 'viva's' came from them as you never heard. It continued, too, at full volume, all the time our float was in front of the stand. But no sooner had the flag passed this crucial point than its lights dimmed and went out.

"I ranged within hail. 'Cranford

there! Splendid work!' I shouted through my megaphone. The answer came back at once angry and rueful.

"Damn it, Paymaster, you owe me a new pair of trousers,—and I won't be able to sit down for a week!"

"A glimmering of the truth came to me.

"How's that?"

"The only way I could keep that cursed belt tight was to sit on it!"

"Well, I went over and picked him up and took him back to the Portsmouth. On the way he was silent, not to say morose. Nothing I could say between recurrent spasms of chuckles cheered him up. It was not until the next morning that he recovered his spirits.

"It was just after breakfast, when a bugle sounded attention. As we faced toward the gangway we saw a number of Chilean officers and civilians come over the side and be met by the Captain. One of them carried a bulky package.

"Then and there the miracle happened!"

"One of the Chileans began in somewhat flowery terms to describe his party as the Water Carnival Committee; and wound up by saying to the Captain that it had paid him this visit for the purpose of congratulating him and the ship on the award to her of the Grand Prize for her float!

"When the Captain had sufficiently recovered, he took the committee below for the usual ceremonies.

"Whoops of jubilation began to spread through the ship as the news leaked forward amongst the men. I turned to the Flag Lieutenant.

"Now, what do you think of that?" I asked.

"All I've got to say, Pay, is that in a long experience of watching the Portsmouth slip things over, this absolutely takes the cake!"

The Paymaster ceased his narrative. My neighbor was dividing her attention between the ardent, boyish face of young Cranford and the little bronze lady captured half a world away. He caught her glance and leaned across the table.

"You would have liked Valparaiso, but the myriad lights we can see here at anchor in San Francisco Bay are more beautiful. Would you care to go on deck?"

"I'll send a boy up with some chairs."

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EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

CORK TIP
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JUST LIKE BEING
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Cigarette Company
in the World.*



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The Safety Valve

Commendation

By HARRY J. BENGMAN

YOUR paper is the only fair-minded paper I have come across and is certainly interesting clear through.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Watchful Waiting

From the *Republicans* (Springfield, Mass.)

IN ORDER to keep HARPER'S WEEKLY up to date in national affairs, Norman Hapgood is to make Washington his headquarters until after the 1916 election. The number of editors who do their watchful waiting in the national capital is on the increase.

"Twenty-Three"

By JOHN HULINO, JR.

YOUR editorial "Language" in HARPER'S for October 2 reminds me of the expression "twenty-three." Do we not, or did we not, say "twenty-three for

you" because Sidney Carton was the guillotine's twenty-third victim?

Chicago, Ill.

One Who Returned

By MRS. BURNS SHERMAN

NOT to be one of the unreturning nine, reproved of Scripture—I am writing to give thanks for the uncommonly good editorials on "What We Want," and "Heroes."

Harvard, Mass.

A Protest

By F. S. WILSON

ALLOW me to protest the "great part Germans have played in building up our country in peace and war." The majority of Germans in our Revolution were hired by King George. Also, the records show that less than two per cent of the army in the Civil War were Germans.

Hanover, N. H.

Time as Football's Tyrant

From the *News* (Denver, Colo.)

MR. HERBERT REED, the sporting writer of HARPER'S WEEKLY, names Time as the true football tyrant. "So much to teach, so much to learn in so little time," he says, is the wall of the coach.

It is true. In the old days when the mysteries of Yale's organization of "interference" were all that had to be learned, in that ancient era of the early '90s when Lorin F. Deland tried to screw football strategy up to the level with that of the chessboard, in that hardly less ancient era when the Carlisle Indians brought in their eerie "revolving" wedge, in that comparatively modern era when Andy O'Dea and Henschberger were developing the kicking game—in those days the short football season was perhaps sufficient for what the men had to learn. But Mr. Herbert Reed is right when he calls the whole present season a race of the mind against time. Even to understand the "open game" as brought to its perfection by the great team of Notre Dame two seasons ago requires time; to teach it requires far more.

Is it possible that our rules are tending to make football so scientific a sport that it will be impossible to play it, simply and solely on account of the limitations of time? Is football, in other words, approaching a theoretical perfection that may have to be legislated against like the "acc serve" in tennis?

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Journal of Civilization

Edited by **NORMAN HAPGOOD**

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A Big Chance

SOME printed and some spoken comment lately has contained censure of the Federal Trade Commission for not having accomplished more since it was appointed. Slowness in getting well started, however, is not a serious evil. The only point that matters is whether the Commission is going to prove adequate in the long run or not. Give it a chance. Also fix in your mind, before you criticize, exactly what its duty is.

The powers given to it by Congress are important. They were made about as extensive as possible, without contradicting the position taken by the Democrats, and notably by Mr. Wilson, in the presidential campaign, that the government should not pass in advance upon the legality of proposed combinations. The Commission has nothing to do with the enforcement of the Sherman Act. In exercising its power to prevent unfair competition, illegal holding of stock by corporations and interlocking directorates, it can act only where violations of law have occurred. Its decisions in such cases, however, can do much to clarify the law and not a little to develop it. And the very fact that it shows itself willing to take up important cases, however dynamic, will have a quieting influence.

The bigger and more immediate the cases it accepts the more likely is the Commission to justify to the public its existence. It seems rather a pity that the great Shoe Machinery case, which was presented to it, was not taken up by it. It was a case of unfair competition and an actual, pressing one. Perhaps if the Commission had been in existence a little longer it would have felt more like accepting the responsibility. Cases important enough remain. For instance, it is at work now on the big and far-reaching problem of price-maintenance, and if it cleans up that question, of such moment to the business world, it will at once place itself upon the level on which it is intended to stand. There are a multitude of minor services it can perform, but on its handling of such large, underlying matters must it ultimately stand or fall. Hence, the importance of having one of the best equipped and creative lawyers in the United States for its chief counsel. Commission government, as we have said before, is on trial. It has done none too well of late, either in the nation or in the states. If the Federal Trade Commission, recognizing the importance of the powers given to it by the statute, takes up the most important problems of competition, it can do much to justify the commission form of regulation. By complete and clear study and reports to Congress, with recommendations, it can do much; and if in

addition to such thorough study and clarification, it has to its credit fearless and competent decisions in important cases, it will accomplish the purpose of its creation, and it may possibly be covered with blessings by posterity for solving some of the most difficult of our business problems by the smoothest and least disturbing methods.

Freedom

THE number of Americans who can think outside their class increases. The following observation is from a wealthy woman residing in one of our great cities:

"We have a fine, lusty strife on now, between the rich and powerful Jews and their poor and defenseless co-religionists in the clothing trade. I go down occasionally, when I can, to watch the paid sluggers and bribed policemen riding with motor-cycles and horses into crowds of little underfed Jews. . . . I'm going to join the Socialist party."

Then she passes on from conditions in her city to conditions in the world, and asks: "Who knows what tyranny may be fastened on Europe by the war? Can America serve the world better than by safeguarding and enlarging her own liberty?"

The answer is: It cannot. And it is a pleasant thing to witness more and more of the well-to-do and powerful learning to think spiritually. The camel can get through that needle if he is seeking the transit for the glory of God.

A Syllogism

THE following is a real cooversticism:

Republican Politician: "How is the German-American vote to go in the presidential election of 1916?"

Independent Observer: "I think it will go solid against Wilson."

Republican Politician: "Then Wilson will be elected."

There is a good deal in it. The more German-American societies come out against the President the more firmly will the real Americans determine not to be ruled by any compact group of foreigners residing here. The latest discoveries about German enthusiasts in our midst, trying to blow up ships, will not help the hyphen propaganda. The German campaign against Wilson will result as did the effort last spring of a candidate for mayor of Chicago to rally the German vote around himself. He was beaten worse than any candidate for mayor had been beaten before in the history of the city.



In Armenia: The division of labor.

Islam and the Kaiser

WHEN in 1889 Hadji Wilhelm set foot in Yildiz Kiosque he outraged the feelings of all true Mohammedans. He was the only non-Mohammedan potentate who had honored the "assassin" with his visit. The outrage was repeated in 1898, when the second visit was paid. It was repeated again on May 25, 1908, when the Grand Vizier of Abdul Hamid, Ferid Pasha, was decorated with the Black Eagle. The real Mohammedans all over the world had suffered under the aspersions which the leadership of such a Sultan had brought upon the faith which he represented officially.

Once again, in this unequaled slaughter of Armenians, the individual Moslem must feel that things are being done with the connivance of Constantinople—or at its behest—which he would disavow in the name of the very faith for whose benefit they are supposed to be done. Does his Koran not tell him: "But if the Lord had pleased, verily all who are in the world would have believed together. Wilt thou, then, compel men to become believers?" Or, again: "Let there be no compulsion in religion."

In order to accomplish their purpose, these enemies of their own people and their own faith in December, 1914, declared the capitulations void. Now, the capitulations—however onerous they may have been for the Turkish government in some particulars—furnished the only stable and legal basis upon which rested the relationship that existed between the Moslem population of the empire and many of the non-Moslems. That these capitulations were in certain respects antiquated, is true; but their sudden abrogation opened a way for all manner of excesses. And, at the same time, a general *jihad*, or sacred war, was proclaimed. The absurdity of such a proclamation—intended, as it was, to stir up Moslems in the countries and possessions of the Allies—was at once apparent. Advanced Moslems had begun to drop the "sacred war" from out of the category of the so-called "acts of adoration." They were outgrowing it—just as the Church has outgrown the Inquisition. Indeed, the Ahmadiyyah Moslems in

India have come to regard such means for the propagation of the faith as absolutely unlawful. No wonder, then, that the *fetwa* was disavowed by the Nizam of Hyderabad, by the Agha Khan in India and by the Sherif Yusufal-Hindi in the Sudan. No wonder that it has, practically, remained a dead letter—however willing a *Shukh-ul-Islam* has been found in Constantinople to compose and sign the call. Even, therefore, if Hadji Wilhelm gets to Constantinople it is improbable that he can start a holy war. He represents the present Turkish clique in power, but he maligns the Moslem world.

A Russian Choir

HEARING the Russian Choir of New York singing at Princeton the other day, we seemed to be carried into the very centre of the Russian spirit. The Russian church music, adapted from the early Greek Church and sung in old Slavonic, is one of the last rare remnants of the ancient Greek choruses of the times of Sophocles. But aside from that, there is great human interest in the fact that this music is the still living expression of the Russian soul. There are many who know the great Russian writers, who have read Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevsky. And Russian composers, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninov, are not without honor in this country. But there are few indeed who have felt Russia from the religious, emotional side,—felt her as one can do only through the poignant melody of her magnificent church music—rendered as it is simply, without the aid of any instrument, by the pure, sweet voices of boy sopranos and a few deeper voices.

The folk-songs, which the choir sings in addition to the religious music, are certainly no less distinctive in their contagious melancholy and contagious merriment. They are both unstinted expressions of the rich and varied spirit of the Russian people, a spirit which is little known here, but which this choir can bring fully to the realization of any Americans who hear it. "There is no surer basis for friendship than sympathy born of knowledge, or knowledge born of sympathy." Toward this basis this choir builds surely.

One strange instance of the influence of the Russian church music we had the other day. We had chanced to make the acquaintance of an old gentleman, an inhabitant of Cape Cod from 'wny hack. He was eighty-three years old and his life had been a full and useful one. Yet in the twilight of his old age he could find no brighter spot to look back upon than one morning fifty-three years ago, in the Russian church in Vienna, where he was entranced by the very music that can be heard in America today.

Motive

NEARLY every forward movement is hard. Sometimes it is discouraging. Then progress comes, like the breaking of a hostile liar.

Eleven of the leading wholesale drug houses of New York have written a letter that will have consequences. The letter follows:

Dear Doctor Goldwater:

The undersigned wholesale druggists and dealers in proprietary medicines have signified their intention of complying with Section 117 of the ordinances of the Board of Health of New York City in regard to the selling only of registered patent and proprietary articles.

We also desire to go on record as favoring a federal law regulating the sale of patent and proprietary articles for the same reasons which brought about the passing of the above mentioned local ordinance.

We are,

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) BAKST BROTHERS,
BRITT, LOEFFLER & WEIL,
BRUEN, RITCHEY & Co.,
EIMER & AMEND,
HENRY KLEIN & Co.,
LEHN & FINK,
C. S. LITTELL & Co.,
MATZ & COHEN,
MCKERSON & ROSSINS,
SCHEFFELIN & Co.,
TOWNS & JAMES.

More will be heard about the last paragraph of that letter. *Harper's Weekly* for the last eleven



months has not been harking up the old patent medicine tree for nothing. It has had two things in mind. One was improvement in the various states,—and several have improved. One was much needed improvement in the Federal Pure Food and Drugs Act. Congress meets in a few weeks, and one of the jobs from which it should not be allowed to escape is the amendment of that act so that the Supreme Court of the United States will admit it means what it was intended to mean when it was passed.

"The Unchastened Woman"

IT IS thoroughly worth while, Anspaeher's play. We should have put a review of it under "Hits on the Stage" except for the desire to save a week's time. Happily it is both kinds of a success—in popularity and in prestige. The netting is very uneven, but it is something to have three of the parts well played and it is a pleasure to see Emily Stevens still adding to that all-round, detailed, and easy mastery of technique for which we usually have to go to the continent of Europe. The play is full of sharp lines. The story is compelling and true. The principal character will not please those who like only chorolutes, valentines, and horse-play, but it is a just subject for American satire, since it exists among us conspicuously. *Harper's Weekly*, being interested in the theatre, takes off its hat to Mr. Anspaeher.

Hidden Kindness

A PLAY now being revived in the United States, among other popular features, has the appeal of contrast between the shell and the kernel of a character. "Grumpy" is not the first character to be made charming by a gruff outside covering an affectionate and generous nature. Some years ago "the disagreeable man" in *Ships that Pass in the Night* made a



strong impression. Chief of this type, perhaps, is Rochester in *Jane Eyre*. What is to some extent a feminine counterpart is even more frequent, the girl who seems frivolous, pleasure-loving, and selfish, but uncovers depths when her heart is touched. It ought to be more frequent in literature, for it is more frequent in life, and more important.

Vividness and Slang

FREQUENTLY of late we have quoted from the ruscies instances of what are generally deemed modern colloquialisms. Often these colloquialisms are even slang, as now used, though not as used by those who coined the expressions. For example:

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Whereupon, Hot-spur, according to his temper, not waiting to know what Worcester was talking about, but seizing merely the image of the hazardous walk, exclaims:

If he fall in, good night.

It wasn't slang in Hot-spur, because he coined it. It is slang in us, because we overuse it, lazily, uncreatively, which is what makes mere slang of many a pleasant figure.



From Jewish Life in Modern Times, by courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Co.

Exiles.

Do Americans Dislike Jews?

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

When HARPER'S WEEKLY ran a series of articles last summer on Zionism and related Jewish topics, a number of points were raised by our readers, with requests for further treatment. This article and the two to follow are based on that correspondence.

THE United States is the most interesting of the great countries in which to consider what the Jews are really like; whether they are a menace or a strength; what their characteristics are, their ideals, their future. In those European countries in which they exist in large numbers, they are likely to be seen from some single aspect. They are a problem. Here, while anti-Semitism does exist, it is nevertheless more possible to consider the Jews merely as people. At least the freer minds can do that. And we have all kinds. We have the Jews of high finance. We have those who wish to forget their race and conquer a place at the dinner tables of the Gentiles. We have dreamers of the Ghetto. We have prophets not a few. We have those who believe that freedom, found in America, threatens the race to a degree that persecution never has threatened it; and we have those who see America as the only needed Zion.

Before I go on to the way the Jews feel about America, and America feels about the Jews, let us form a background of contrast by looking at accounts written by Jews from the front in France, printed in a socialistic paper—*La Guerre Sociale*. Here is one letter:

"May 16.

"Good day, dear friends.—I have sad news for you. We went into battle 4000 strong. We returned barely 900. We formed part of the Moroccan division (*Zouaves, tirailleurs* and ourselves). Of six captains of our legion three have been killed, together with the brigade general. All our friends are dead or severely wounded. Litvak is dead, Dossik severely wounded, and how many others? Our people died bravely to the enemy. We took three lines of trenches. . . . You will find details in the papers. You will see yourselves the reasons for this valor. Well, life has . . .

a burden to us. Six months of physical sufferings in the trenches, and as a consolation the taunt of our French comrades, 'You have come here for the rations!' We have paid for their rations, and paid dearly."

And here is the greater part of another, written before the battle in which the writer was killed:

"The greater the heart's anguish the stronger the will, so that all the world may see how the Jews die for freedom, for their ideal. When we, the volunteer Jews, on the day of the republic's peril, ran to arms with the other citizens, we hoped to find on the part of the military authorities of this country a reception in accord with the sentiments which guided us. How bitter was our disillusion! During the whole winter, during the long and painful sojourn in the trenches, moral pain was our constant companion. At each step the motive for our act was matter for suspicion, and our ardent desire to shed our blood for France was interpreted as a desire for *la gamelle* (soldiers' rations). Oh! that wretched *gamelle!* . . . In a few hours we shall go into battle with the order we have received: 'Death, but no retreat.' I know that we shall fight well, that we shall die facing the enemy, and we will show every one that the Jews know how to die proudly.

"Death has no terrors for us when we think that it will not pass unperceived, and that it will benefit our persecuted Jewish race. And we shall show France that the Jews know how to die for a country which makes no difference between her sons. . . . I feel myself a Jew and a soldier. In an hour we shall be marching, and we shall die for France, for the Jews, for the emancipation of all the Jews. *Vive la liberté, vive la République, vive la libre, noble et démocratique France!*

"I embrace you.—Your

LITVAK."

NOW it is not impossible that these Jews took the jeers too desperately. I am told that the same jeers are flung playfully by Gentile soldiers at one another also, although I do not know whether this is so. However, the very fact that Jews feel as they do when about to die for France is some indication of how they must feel in Russia, Roumania, Germany, Austria.

Imagine how it would be here, if we were at war and Jews fought well. The entire lack of disabilities, along with the enormous differences in degree of prejudice, must be borne in mind if we are to appreciate the depth of feeling that hundreds of thousands of Jews have about this country,—have, even when they are well aware that even here there is a misty barrier between them and us. That barrier must be conceded.

The numerical size of the problem will be seen at a glance from this table showing the Jewish immigrants admitted to the United States from 1880 until near the beginning of the war:

Fiscal Year, July 1—June 30.	Jewish Immigrants.	Percentage of Total.
1880-81	8,193	1.2
1881-82	31,807	4.2
1882-83	6,907	1.2
1883-84	27,410	5.3
1884-85	36,214	9.0
1885-86	46,967	14.0
1886-87	36,412	11.5
1887-88	62,619	11.5
1888-89	55,851	12.6
1889-90	67,450	14.8
1890-91	111,284	20.0
1891-92	136,742	23.6
1892-93	68,569	15.5
1893-94	58,533	20.4
1894-95	65,309	26.1
1895-96	73,255	21.4
1896-97	43,434	18.0
1897-98	54,630	24.0
1898-99	37,415	12.0
1899-00	60,764	13.5
1900-01	58,098	12.5
1901-02	57,688	8.7
1902-03	76,203	8.8
1903-04	106,236	13.0
1904-05	129,910	12.6
1905-06	153,748	14.0
1906-07	149,182	11.6
1907-08	103,287	16.6
1908-09	57,551	7.7
1909-10	84,260	8.0
1910-11	91,223	10.3
1911-12	80,556	9.6
1912-13	101,330	8.4
Total	2,359,476	11.4

Will this percentage go up or down or about hold its

own after the war? It is hard guessing, but I believe it will go down. The immigration from Russia is largely due to Russia's being a church-state. When it becomes less religious, as it is sure to do rapidly with the big spurt in industry that will come soon, the Jew's lot will be pleasanter and his temptation to come here less. However, in this article we are dealing with things as they are.

As an illustration of the prevailing spirit here, this is a conversation I had walking home late one night with a prominent and public-spirited Jewish merchant with whom I had been closely associated in political work for many months. He had proposed a certain well-known Jew for an important office.

"What I don't quite like about him," I said, "is that his left hand has such complete information about what his right hand does."

"You must make allowances," said my friend. "We Jews are forced to call attention to our services to the community as conspicuously as possible,

because recognition does not come naturally to us. People inevitably fight for what is kept from them. We are isolated, forbidden any real part in your life."

"Is not that rather overstating it for America?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "look at me. I see Gentiles in my business relations. I know you and others in public work. But I do not go to a Gentile's house and no Gentile comes to mine."

I was amazed at the completeness of this well-known man's isolation, but I returned to the question of his candidate, and I said: "Not all Jews certainly are subject to the charge of advertising what they do. The most creative mind in the United States, in the study of political-social-industrial problems, is a Jew, who worked a great many years before he was known outside of his own state, and who today is making most important intellectual contributions and devoting great labor where few know anything about it."

"Yes, I know," my friend answered. "You mean Mr. Brandeis. But he was not brought up as a Jew. He was brought up more as a New Englander." [The speaker was in part inaccurate there, but let that pass, as his point was not affected.] "He thought very little about Jews as such until a few years ago. He is more a New Englander, even today, than a Jew."

I could have given many other illustrations, but there was no use, since his meaning was undeniable. The separation does exist, even in America. There are Jews who circulate freely in Gentile society, and Gentiles who number many Jews among their friends, but the rule holds. Moreover, there are many who think the prejudice in America is becoming more distinct. The Frank case seemed to lend some color to that view. While that case was fresh one of the most scholarly Jews in America wrote to me thus: "Part of the subserviency into which so many of my people have fallen is shown in the unmeasured confidence they have in the words spoken by one who is not of their own race. They imagine that we have some personal interest in thinking and in saying what we do. You cannot have. I am so glad that you got to the spirit of the whole thing—self-reliance, the wish to be what we are, without of course any unnecessary antagonism to other racial and social groups. But you will see—mark my words—that the so-called leaders will fail us in this awful Frank tragedy. 'Nur nicht zu laut sprechen!' We must not come forward and demand our rights, but we must



From Jewish Life in Modern Times, by courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Co.

efface ourselves as much as possible and merely pull the strings which work the others." That charge, however, as it turned out, could not be made against the Jews in the Frank case. They took an open, frank interest in it, for the honor of their race. The blot that remains is not on them.

The Frank case is, heaven be praised, the worst we have done in anti-Semitism in America. If we are tempted to wonder why so many Jews think of this country as Zion, it is because we do not realize what they go through elsewhere. Here they are generally kept out of high office. The first Jew has just been elected Governor. They are to a large extent kept out of hotels, clubs, society, private schools. But there is not a profession, not an occupation that is closed to them; they are eminent in all. They do better in our public schools than anybody; they honor our colleges. It cannot be said that because of prejudice they lead miserable lives here, as they do abroad. It is a wholly incomparable thing. They have here not everything that is necessary for justice and content, for developing the gentler and more joy-giving virtues, but everything that is necessary to show industry, sheer practical ability, worthy ambition, industrial and political enlightenment, independence, sympathy with reform; and those things they are showing. Taking the average, they are showing them on a higher level than the Gentiles. Taking the top flight, they are represented at least in proportion to their numbers. What reason is there to doubt, therefore, that if they were not kept on the defensive, if they were given easy confidence instead of aggressive confidence, if they were treated with Christian friendliness, they would not show more of the qualities that marked Jesus, the greatest of the Jews? If it is on the esthetic side we expect them to fall short, if treated with full hospitality, let us remember that art and impersonal contribution in general are the overflow of free happiness, and even under the conditions of today the few million Jews can point to much distinguished literature in Yiddish and in the languages of dominant countries to such work as is done by Stephen Phillips,

Pinero, Sidney Lee, Max Beerbohm, Israel Zangwill, Sarah Bernhardt, Georg Brandes, Catalles Mendes, Aaron Aaronsohn, Maximilian Harden, Max Nordau, Henri Bernstein, Ludwig Fulda, Arthur Schnitzler, Bakst, Sonnenthal, Bergson, Lombroso, Heyse, Reinhardt, and dozens of others well to the front.

As to the United States the simple truth is that Americans do not deprive Jews of any rights, but that they do not on the whole like them, and do not therefore bring out their more ideal sides; the sides that are seen often by one who knows the Jewish slums and seldom by those who know only the Jews who are fighting their way into the Gentile world or working so near to Gentiles that, not being treated with sweetness and light, they find it almost beyond human power to show sweetness and light in their own development. Some Americans, many of them, will tell you that this aggressiveness of the Jews is not the inevitable result of being on the defensive, but an innate characteristic; that it is the cause of social ostracism, not the result; that the Jews are by nature overtrenuous and overbearing, like the Prussians. But I do not think that is the view of those who have Jews of all degrees among their friends.

Many attempts have been made to explain this prejudice. It cannot be primarily religious in America, though some of it is, no doubt, due to what little children hear about crucifying the Saviour. It is most deeply of all mere contagion, catching because others have it, because it has always existed. Among the laboring classes it is to some extent based on underselling and cut prices in working. In the higher circles it is, next to mere tradition, the idea of overtrenuousness combined with that of parvenuism. Partly it is separatism in the Jews themselves, which I shall discuss next week.

If Americans, then, are legally fair to the Jews, but socially still aloof and uncordial, what do the American Jews think of the American problem themselves? What do they think their relation ought to be to the United States and to its people? What do they think of intermarriage and amalgamation?

Mr. Haggood's article next week will be called "Intermarriage of Jew and Gentile." On November 27th he will write on "The Future of the Jews in America."

Trade Follows the Shade

By ELON JESSUP

IN SALONIKI is a thoroughfare known as the Rue Venizelos. It is possibly one hundred and fifty yards long and fifteen yards wide. Also it is the busiest street in the city. Overlapping the sidewalks and well out into the middle of the street are innumerable café tables, and through the narrow lane that remains in the centre of the street the pleasure-loving, or in other words, the entire population elbows its way. Underfoot are the rusted tracks of a former trolley line; overhead, the wires still intact. The trolley had interfered with the liberty of the people. Now it runs elsewhere.

At night all tables are crowded to their capacity. And a cosmopolitan mixture it is—Greeks, Turks, Bulgars, English—veritably a meeting of the nations. *Garçon* is on the jump and the lips of *Monsieur le maître* smack with satisfaction. But in the daytime when the southern sun beats upon the pavement and tables, and hits you as a slap in the face—that is another story. Around the shade travels from one café to another and with it the customers. And not a canopy in sight. I suggested such to one of the proprietors. It had never occurred to him. It never does in Greece.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



ZUVIELE TELLER

Hits on the Stage

Pavlova and Possibilities

"TOUJOURS pareille, jamais semblable!" Pavlova has appeared in New York in a new rôle. To rest on her laurels never occurs to Anna Pavlova; a little body, full of grace and at the same time full of an insatiable spirit of ambition, she is too much occupied with mapping out new fields to conquer. So this year she is blazing a new trail of glory for herself in the world of choreographic and mimo-dramatic art.

Her program is varied and contains much that is new to the American public. *Carmen*, for instance, has never been given in this country before with its ballet, as Bizet wrote it. There is certainly a touch of pleasing originality in having a Japanese soprano to sing the part of Madame Butterfly. It is interesting, too, to see even well-known operas with all their musical, dramatic, and choreographic possibilities developed to their fullest extent. Add to this the scenic masterpieces of Bakst and others of his kind, and the effect is well-nigh complete. What with an opera company composed of the best known singers here and abroad, and a *corps de ballet* such as Pavlova commands, there are no limits to the possibilities of their productions.

The newest and most interesting feature of the work Pavlova has undertaken is her experiment with mimo-dramatic and mimo-choreographic art. In the former the story of the opera is told largely by means of pantomime. Pavlova herself was the exponent of this in the *Dumb Girl of Portici*, in which she took the title rôle. In the latter the opera is so constructed that the dancing, instead of forming an extraneous part which may be excluded and never missed (as is the case with *Carmen* as it is usually given), becomes an integral part of the production, fully as important as the vocal and instrumental portions. The "Enchanted Garden" was the example she chose of this art.

All this is, of course, extremely worth while and laudable. At the same time, however, one cannot but feel that a great opportunity is being let slip by. Just now the world is agog in search of everything Russian. Since the first season of Russian ballet, music-lovers have been



Anna Pavlova.

fired with a desire to know more of the artistic expression of a country which had produced such marvelous dancers. That interest has continued to grow; lately the war has stimulated it. Now Pavlova has been here, not simply with her *corps de ballet*, but as impresario of the Boston Opera Company. A great hope sprang up at the news of her undertaking. We felt sure that she would not content herself with florid Italian operas and that she must draw upon the Russian store for the best expression of her art—operas where music is adjusted to the necessities of expression rather than to a display of technique, and where rhythmical expressiveness is emphasized by the ballet instead of acrobatics. She knows the wealth of sound and color at her disposal, but we must wait a little longer it seems. Yet it is just now that we turn almost instinctively to Russia for the satisfaction of our music hunger. In these days, when the book of life is being written in letters of blood and fire, one is not in a mood to accept artificialities; it is a time of deep feelings, great deeds, and sincere patriotism, and Russian music, as we understand it today, was called into being by the great wave of national feeling following close on Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812. Writers and musicians alike were inspired by it; they went to the people, they soaked themselves in folklore and song, and then they began to write.

Now we have the productions of nearly a century from which to choose. Glinka was the real pioneer; as a child he was moved by the sound of the church bells as he sat at his window, as a man he traveled far and wide over Russia, always with his ear to the ground, listening, listening. . . . His first opera, *A Life for the Tsar*, shows the lingering remnants of Italian influence, but it is a great favorite because of its theme. In it the story is told of the Polish invasion of Russia in 1613, and of how a peasant, Ivan Susanin, saved the Tsar-elect, Michael Feodorovich, founder of the Romanov dynasty, by leading the Poles astray in a forest during a blinding snowstorm, and then gladly paying for his patriotism with his life. This opera is a perennial favorite, and the *mazurka*, danced by the ballet, rouses even the spoiled Russians to a great state of enthusiasm. His other opera, *Ruslan and Ludmilla*, based on an old Russian fairy tale, is charmingly fantastic. The setting, the costumes, the ceremonies, and dancing are a constant delight to the eye, while the music is most attractive, containing as it does so much of the real melody of the country, with touches here and there of oriental weirdness.

After Glinka came the group of musicians known familiarly as the "Mighty Cique"—Moguchaya Kachka." These were César Cui, Balakirev, Borodin, Moussorgsky, and Rimsky-Korsakov. They worked together for several years

and then drifted apart, but they were all imbued with the same idea, that of expressing the true Russian spirit in music, just as Pushkin did in poetry and Turgenev and Tolstoy in prose.* Of the five Balakirev was perhaps the most talented, and for the years that the group worked together he was the leading force. He was thoroughly familiar with all the Russian folk-music, but turned his energies into symphonic work and the composition of songs rather than opera.

Though it was said of Borodin that his nationalism exuded from every pore, he, like César Cui, was not of pure Slavic origin. His father was a descendant of the hereditary rulers of Imeretia, in the Caucasus. This accounts for the oriental strain in him that continually crops out in his work. His best known composition is the strikingly original opera *Prince Igor*, which is to be given at the Metropolitan this winter. The story is taken from an old epic poem of the days of the Tatar invasion. It breathes in turn a spirit of the elemental, uncouth, but grand character of the early Russian warriors, and the barbaric splendor of the oriental invaders. In the wild dances and festal choruses of the latter Borodin could give free rein to all that was eastern in him. It is splendid in its bold, clear outlines. Borodin died before he had finished *Prince Igor*. It remained for Rimsky-Korsakov to complete and arrange it for production.

Moussorgsky was usually known as the ultra-realist of the group. From early childhood, when he lived in the country, he felt the life and spirit of those close to the earth, and listened with eager interest to the stories of his old nurse, and when he began to write his idea was to use art as an instrument in the uplift of the people, to bring them to a realization of their social and moral duties. For this purpose realism was indispensable and essential. To his creed of "art for life's sake" he remained unswervingly faithful, and the fullest ex-

* This is true even of César Cui, whose father was a Frenchman, left wounded in Russia in the war of 1812. He also shared the ideals of the group and rendered good service more by means of propaganda than of musical creation.

pression of this principle lies in his two operas, *Boris Godunov* and *Khosrov-shchina*. The former is known here, Americans are familiar with the elemental note in it, its impressive power and drive. The latter is one of the operas we are still hoping to hear. This opera is better knit as a dramatic unit than *Boris*. It is more powerful in idea and very rich in the songs and dances of the people. But the deeper and more significant side of *Khosrovshchina* is in the religious music. The plot of the story hinges on the persecution of the Dissenters and the struggle between the old conservative forces in Russia of the seventeenth century as represented by them, with those of the "Westerners." The passion and religious emotion that sweep through it are alike stirring, particularly the chorus of the Dissenters at the beginning of the third act. Into this Moussorgsky put that touch of otherworldliness, of calm, unquestioning faith and deep religious fervor, which is the halo and beauty of Russian church music. It is a masterpiece of its kind and a revelation of the depths of the spirit of the Russian people, an unfettered expression such as only Moussorgsky could produce, with his fearless realism and contempt of conventions.

THE last of the "Mighty Clique" of nationalists, Rimsky-Korsakov, stands out in sharp contrast to Moussorgsky. He was the polisher not only of Borodin's but also of Moussorgsky's works. His greater respect for form especially fitted him for this task of filling gaps, toning down crudities, and framing up the works of his friends to meet the requirements of Russian musical traditions. This does not mean that Rimsky-Korsakov sacrificed content to form. He used it merely to give firmness of outline and clearness to his colorful and varied material. Of the five he was the most prolific writer, he wrote fifteen operas alone, and almost all his subject matter was drawn from Russian sources. His *Snow Maiden* is perhaps one of the most charming in its poetic beauty. *Mlada*, with its setting in the pagan days of the early Slavs, is warmer in coloring and offers unusual opportunities for the combination of dramatic and chore-

graphic art. Still another of his fantastic and original operas is *Sadko*, taken from a half legendary, half historical tale of the eleventh century.

The next motive force of first importance in the world of Russian opera is Chaikovsky. He is already known here, and his symphonies are particularly appreciated. Chaikovsky, however, represents a departure from the school of nationalists. It was not through him that the folk-music was to find expression. He did not submerge himself in a greater spirit, the spirit of a nation. But rather took themes and suggestions, Russian and foreign, and fused them into a whole which bore the stamp, not of a people, but of an individual. Nevertheless there are two of his operas which would interest Americans. One is *Eugen Onegin*, popular largely because of its story, taken from Pushkin's most famous work. The other is *Maestro*, a dramatic piece with a historical setting from the days of Peter the Great.

These are but a few from the storehouse of Russian opera, some of which we could hope to see introduced here. Steeped in the folklore and song of a great people, they are vigorous, fresh and real. There is a breadth, depth, and vividness to them for which one craves. It is the expression of nature in them, big as the great Russian plain, that appeals. Often, too, there is the fascination of a poetic fantasy, the myths and legends of long ago, weird, oriental strains, and the passionate expression of love and joy. The main thing is that these operas are strong and elemental. This is just the time too when influences such as theirs would be an inspiration. The war is bringing the primitive to the fore; all that means artificiality and superficiality bores, when it does not hurt. For this inspiration we have to look to a new country, young and vigorous, with a great past and the promise of a greater future. Russia is the young man of Europe today, and as youth seeks youth, America must seek out Russia. Perhaps Pavlova has paved the way from Russian ballet to opera, and from opera to Russian opera. We hope so. Our spiritual lungs need some of Russia's untainted ozone. May we look forward to finding it.

Wild Geese

By GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS

THE wild white geese fly over
With strange and eerie cry,
And seem but dream-shapes ghostly
Against a windy sky.

My thoughts go backward faring
To long and long ago,
And all youth's dreams are phantoms
That now I scarcely know.

War in the Air

By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE
and HARRY HARPER



This is the last of three articles describing the business of the military aviator. When this instalment begins, the reader and the aeronaut are flying over the battle line, having observed the enemy's movements.

VI

IT IS obvious as you retrace your flight, recognizing landmarks here and there, that the wind has risen considerably. The biplane has begun to roll like a ship in a swell, though the movement is not abrupt or violent; and the machine seems occasionally to rise several feet in the air, sheer under you—a rapid, quivering spring, as though the machine was leaping some invisible obstacle; and the next instant you see her take a dip forward, plunging in a dive that the pilot checks quickly. You have no sense of fear; the experience is, in fact, exhilarating. But the pilot's good humor seems to have gone; he calls to you with disgust in his voice.

"Confound this wind," he says. "It's blowing dead against us, and rising fast; and that means our speed is reduced, and we shall be so much the longer in getting back to headquarters; and every minute is precious with such a report as we've to bring. Besides, we're just passing near the enemy's trenches now, and it's not pleasant to be flying anywhere near gunfire, when you're moving against a high wind. Why? Well, the speed of your machine, owing to the influence of the wind, and relative to the earth, is very perceptibly reduced; and this means that an artilleryman, when he aims at you, is given a slower-moving and therefore a more easy target. And then you see—hallo!"

Your ear tells you, without any words having been spoken, why it is the pilot has broken off so abruptly in his speech. From below, breaking upon that steady drone of your flight to which your ears have become accustomed, there is the sound—clear and sudden though not very loud—of three quick reports. "Bang! bang! bang!" The sounds, following close upon each other, come like faint yet angry beats upon a distant drum; and then, before you can look over the side of the machine, in an en-

deavor to locate the point from which the gun is being fired, the reports ring out again—three times more, just as quickly as before, and with the same mechanical precision, the same brief yet perceptible pause, between each sound as it rises to your ear.

"Anti-aircraft gun . . . semi-automatic . . . six shrapnel-shells, one after another . . . then a wait while they reload . . . trying to get our range . . . look out for the smoke of the shells."

The words drift to you, disjointedly and in jerks. The pilot shouts while he bends forward. The biplane is, you can tell, beginning to rise steeply. Obviously your pilot is seeking to escape, as quickly as he may, out of range of this gun, which has been designed specially and placed behind some concealment, so that it may bring destruction to him and all his kind.

Your sensations are chaotic, but you do not feel afraid. It is true that men, somewhere down on the earth with their gun, are seeking industriously to rob you of your life—to send you reeling earthward through several thousand feet of empty air. But, though you realize this, your feeling is impersonal. You seem to have no more than what might be called a sporting interest in the affair. Will a shell strike you? Has the gunner, so far below, really any chance? You feel speculative—rather as you might were you watching some unknown marksman shooting, under difficult conditions, at driven game. And with this feeling there mingles, rather confusingly, another and a purely physical one. You are getting cramped in your seat, your legs ache, and the high wind has become chilly. You find yourself wishing the flight was over.

And while your mind has been racing, like a motor-car engine with the clutch withdrawn, you have turned instinctively in your seat and are looking down to-

wards the ground. Woods lie below, and here and there a building and a winding road. But what catches your eye, and holds you fascinated, is a series of grayish-white clouds, rather dirty looking and small, and dotted more or less in a regular line, which appear in the air, with the unexpectedness of a conjuring trick, at a distance—to your inexperienced eye—of less than a hundred feet below your craft. They are just beginning to blow away on the wind when you hear again, more plainly it seems than before, the harsh "bang! bang! bang!" of the anti-aircraft gun. But it does not need this to tell you that what you have seen, staining suddenly the sunlit air, are smoke-clouds from bursting shrapnel. If one of those shells had only risen a little higher, if—

Your reflections are cut short; the pilot has begun to tell you something. You hear such words as "wind" and "range"; evidently, in view of the increased altitude of your craft, the aviator feels a greater security. Something more he is about to add, and you lean to catch his words. But then—well, how can you describe what takes place? What impression can words convey? It is chaos, a paralyzing chaos—the feeling a man on earth might have during an earthquake; the feeling that everything is falling away around you; that all security has gone; that you are being hurled, ruthlessly, into some perilous unknown.

You have been conscious, even when leaning towards the pilot to hear what he was saying, of a brilliant flash of intensely white light, set here and there with a jet of flame-like red, that has leapt into existence, out of the empty air, just to the left of your machine and—as it seems to your startled eyes—within a few feet only of your wing-tips. And after this, before your mind can grasp the significance of the threatening splash of light, two things have

happened, following so closely on each other that they have mingled in your consciousness. The machine in which you sit—and in the stability of which, a moment before, you have felt perfect confidence—has reeled suddenly and convulsively, as though seized and arrested in its flight by some giant hand. Its wing-tips, on the side of the machine from which the flash has come, rise jerkily; up and up, till they are nearly vertical above your head, and you are clinging sideways in the hull, with the sensation growing upon you—and rendered more definite by a rush of wind which seems to strike up at you from below—that the aircraft has ceased to move forward through the air and is falling swiftly towards the earth. And then, while your fingers grip tenaciously the sides of the hull, and you brace your feet so as to hold your body steady, your ears are deafened by a violent explosion, which seems to jar and vibrate in the atmosphere all around. A tremor passes through the aircraft, and there is a sound, following quickly the clap of the explosion, like the tearing of fabric and the splintering of wood.

But now you see nothing, appreciate nothing, save the fact that you are falling—falling at a helpless, sickening speed. The planes of the machine have cauted up until they are vertical. You are hanging sideways in your seat; and the pilot—giving you the impression that, were it not for his restraining straps, he would fall bodily from the craft—is bending forward, his head in its leather helmet lowered between his shoulders, striving evidently to regain control over the machine. You find yourself trying to about him a question; but the words die in your throat. Not until you are much closer to the ground will you be able to detect the quickness of your fall. But by that time—

Again your thoughts, jumbled though they are, receive a new and a definite impression. The aircraft, though it continues to fall, is assuming a different position; and the wind that blows round you, and is evidence still of the speed of your movement, begins to blow now from the front as well as from the side. Slow and semi-paralyzed as your perceptions are, you realize the import of this change. The biplane has begun to dive forward as well as slip sideways; and even while you appreciate this fact, you see, from the stant of the planes, that the sidslip is being converted into a dive. The hull in which you sit comes round to a less perilous angle, and at the same time you note it is inclining steeply, forward and downward, in the position it would occupy during a normal glide.

The biplane is coming under control; you realize this with a thrill of intense relief. The planes are now almost horizontal, instead of being reared up dizzily above you; and, while you watch, you note that the forward dive has ceased to be headlong, and that the pilot is easing up the bow of his craft, and lessening the speed of its movement through the air.

But, even while you experience this relief, this renewal of confidence in the knowledge that your craft is responding

again to its control, you find your joy is tinged by the shadow of a new peril. You have just become aware, turning back to watch the actions of the pilot, that he is looking constantly, and in a way that reveals very clearly his anxiety, along the main-planes to the left of the hull. You follow his glance, naturally, and what you see, even though your eye is inexperienced, sends through you a thrill of apprehension.

That shell, bursting so near, has told its tale of destruction. Marring the smooth surface of the lower plane, not far from the hull, is a large, gaping rent—nearly a yard across, it seems, and with the tattered fabric streaming to the rear. The wooden cross-ribs you can see are gone, torn away as the missile ripped its way through the wing.

"We've a chance," the aviator calls; "a sporting chance. That plane may hold up till we reach our landing ground; it's nothing of a distance now. And we must thank Providence this shell splinter didn't break the front spar. I'm going to shut off the engine and let her glide at a fine angle, so as to throw as little strain as possible on the wing."

The next minute or so, when you go over them in retrospect, seem a nightmare and nothing less—minutes of a horrified, long-drawn-out suspense.

The motor has been switched off and is now silent; and the effect upon you, after the long period of its steady drone, is decidedly curious. Your ears refuse to recustom themselves at first to the absence of this familiar sound. There is a tightness in their drums—a sensation of strain and of discomfort. But it is not this that concerns you really; you are, indeed, no more than vaguely conscious of it. What fills your consciousness completely, what engrosses your attention to the exclusion of all else, is the damaged wing.

You sit partly sideways, watching it. Dread is mingled with a tense expectancy. Will the wing bear you, without collapsing, as far as the ground? Or are you destined, at any moment, to see it break suddenly, with a tangle of spars and loosened fabric, and your machine lurch sideways to destruction? You watch the wing, breathing unevenly, your hands gripping tightly at the sides of the hull. You cannot take your eyes away. And yet your ceaseless vigilance tells you nothing. The wing gives no tremor—none at any rate that can be detected by the eye.

YOU are aware, as the minutes pass, though you still sit immovable, your head towards the damaged wing, that the aircraft is descending, smoothly and steadily. Every second that goes by, some inward consciousness reminds you, is bringing you nearer safety, nearer to the earth. If only the wing—

A voice breaks in upon the almost intolerable strain; it is that of your pilot, who calls quite cheerily:

"We're practically there—d'you see? I'm going to flatten her out in a moment for our landing."

You turn your head almost reluctantly—the hole in the wing seems literally to compel your gaze. And, when you do look forward and down, you observe, with a gasp of surprise and of relief, that

the aerodrome from which you started your flight now lies almost below you, not more than a few hundred feet away.

The roofs of the sheds sweep away behind, as you look downward longingly, and you see the grass of the field that forms the starting ground. Another second or so passes; the earth is coming rapidly nearer. And now you feel a new movement in the hull of the machine. Its angle of descent is lessening; the bow in front of you begins to rise. The pilot is checking your descent, and steadying the biplane in its glide, so that its landing-wheels shall make a gentle contact with the ground.

And now, on the very eve as it appears of security, comes swift disaster. Exactly what happens your eyes cannot tell, because you are looking ahead and no longer to the side. But it is borne in on you—instantly, in fact, that the seat in which you sit gives a violent, reeling lurch—just what has happened. The message is telegraphed in a flash to your brain: "The wing has broken."

Then, while all is still a blur you hear—just as it were on the verge of oblivion—an exclamation from the pilot, and a sharp sound as of breaking wood. The aircraft, plunging sideways as though it had been struck suddenly by a hurricane, gives you a visual impression for a second of reared-up planes—stretching high over your head; and, on its lower side, nothing but a jumbled mass of wreckage. And then for another fraction of a second, which might be the briefest moment or the longest hour, there is silence and everything seems to stand perfectly still. You are falling, yet you do not appear to be falling; just for this moment you seem poised there in the air, your machine helpless and beyond control, your pilot tense and motionless within the hull; waiting, yes, that is the word, waiting—

And then suddenly and remorselessly—fit might so far as you are concerned be the end of the world—there is a crash, an impact, a blotting out of everything.

A FACE looks down at you. It is rather misty, yet you recognize it as that of one of the officers who was present when you started your flight. You are lying on the ground, and you feel grass beneath your hands as they rest palms downward. Evidently you are on the aerodrome—your brain is sufficiently clear to tell you that; and then you turn your head, looking round in an endeavor to see the wrecked aircraft, and wondering vaguely what has become of your pilot.

The officer who is bending above you, knowing that you are conscious, smiles and says cheerfully, in a loud and very distinct voice:

"You're both all right; knocked out for the moment, that's all. You didn't fall far enough to hurt yourselves, though the machine was crumpled up. We saw the wing wobble, and then it simply doubled up. But luckily for you"—here he smiles again—"you were close down, quite near the ground, before the main spars broke. No—not another word!"

And you close your eyes again, not at all sorry to do so.



"THE WAR IS IN THE



FOLLOW OF OUR HANDS"

—Kitchener



For twelve years I suffered from paralysis. I am now in perfect health and playing full-back on a professional football team.

Gratefully yrs.
Albert Sparks



Although I ate a great deal I formerly weighed only 116 lbs. I now weigh 237, and have no appetite.

Gratefully,

Rupert Wood



For a number of years we were bothered by rats and mice. A few bottles of "Life-Dew" have made our home habitable.

Thankfully yrs.,

Kate (Mrs. H.) Woods



An accident with a brick caused me to lose my memory in 1906. A dozen bottles of "Life-Dew", applied externally, have completely restored my mind.

R. E. Marshall

Eye-openers, eh? Guess these ought to land em!

A Letter to the Editor

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I been reading, with a good deal of interest, the articles you been publishing on "Wine of Cardui" and similar get-rich-quick. At first I thought you must be a pretty poor sport to squeeze in so another guy's game and put it on the blink. But I was wrong. And I want to say that you been doing a lot of good for humanity. You sure have opened my eyes. For the last twenty years I've been in the gold-brick business, but after reading your articles I have decided to go over to the patent medicine line. Shucks! as a gold-brick artist I was nothing but a piker.

According to your articles, the twenty years I spent making gold-bricks ought to qualify me as the greatest little

patent medicine maker in the world. But you seem to know the business so well that I'd like to get a little expert advice before I sink my wad in the new line. I ain't sure about some of the frills and here is where I want your advice. Of course, on the fundamentals I'm O.K. I've bought three tons of brown sugar and my shop is on an inland lake. Alcohol is cheap, too. I guess I can turn out as snappy a little cancer cure as the next fellow.

It seems to me that the labels are the most important factor in the business. Any old medicine will do—if it's got a punch in it. But a fellow's got to be pretty particular about the labels. It ain't the cures, it's the sales.

Here are two labels that I have worked up. The one on the left is for the front of the bottle. The other's for the back. Please note the name: "Life-Dew." And pipe the highbrow stuff: "It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven." Guess that ought to land 'em, eh? It's always good to quote the poets. But I ain't sure about two things. The first is, have I got a good enough pseudonym? "Dr. Gulch" sounds sort of professional, but wouldn't it be better to take something like "Prof. Fontaine" or "Monsieur Roschod"? The other thing is, have I charged enough?

I guess the back label is O.K. Perhaps, though, it would be a good thing to add LIGHTNING to the list of curable diseases. A lot of people die by lightning every year.

I got the various prescriptions fixed up so that they look different enough, but I'll show them to you—just to be sure:

For Liver Trouble: One teaspoonful in a glass of cold water.
For Bright's Disease: Two teaspoonfuls in a glass of hot water.
For Old Age: Apply vigorously to back and arms.
For Paralysis: Drink with a straw.
For Leprosy: Same dose, followed by a brisk walk.
For Sore Throat: Apply to the throat.
For Scarlet Fever: Mix with coffee, and drink slowly.
For Hog Cholera: Mix with corn, and feed rapidly.
For Consumption: Same dose as for Leprosy.

For Loss of Memory: Stir half pint in the bath.

For Exterminating Rats, Mice, Ants, Etc.: Use in unadulterated form.

Come to think of it, perhaps I ought to prescribe "Life-Dew" in larger doses as a cure for Liver Trouble. Liver Trouble is a pretty common complaint.

I guess that's everything, except for the testimonials. Of course they're rather important, although the main thing is to have the signatures look different. Read these samples over and tell me if you think they're crazy enough to attract the average citizen.

Thanking you kindly, I remain
Yrs. truly,

ORVILLE P. GUTHRIE.

DR GULCH'S

CELEBRATED
AND ONLY
GENUINE

LIFE-DEW

"IT DROPPETH AS
THE GENTLE
RAIN FROM HEAVEN."



**FOR MAN AND
BEAST.**

\$2.50
A BOTTLE

Buy Six Bottles and
Get the Seventh Free

This one's for the front . . .

A CERTAIN CURE

FOR

LIVER TROUBLE
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
OLD AGE
PARALYSIS
LEPROSY
SORE THROAT
SCARLET FEVER
HOG CHOLERA
CONSUMPTION
LOSS OF MEMORY

— — —

And, when unadulterated,
A SURE EXTERMINATOR
OF
RATS, MICE, ANTS, ETC.

And this is the back.



A view typically Serbian,—though it fails to emphasize the importance of the three "Ps."

Prunes, Pigs and Peppers

By GEORGE KENNETH END

IF ANY ONE were to ask me what impressed me most in Serbia, I would certainly answer that it was a toss up between prunes, pigs or peppers. I haven't placed prunes first because I consider them more striking than pigs; nor have I placed peppers last because they are a less significant part of Serbian life than prunes.

I had been in Serbia some time before I realized how vital a part of Serbia is the prune. I saw the great plum orchards, but orchards are conventional things to look at, and besides, the fruit was green while I was in Serbia. I really never rubbed up against the prune as one commonly thinks of prunes. My first association with the Serbian national fruit came about one day when I was interviewing an officer at Pirot.

After I had been announced to this person, almost before we had an opportunity to shake hands, he said to his orderly, "Wir wollen schlivovitz!"

Ah! They are gentlemen, these Serbian officers. We were to drink "stroso" to the king. It was a mighty good way to lose formality, that sip of schlivovitz. I didn't dare insult the man by betraying my ignorance of the ingredients of what I was drinking. The only thing it brought to mind out of my past experience was paregoric, or a pleasing cough syrup I remembered from childhood.

So we sipped and we "strosoed," the colonel filling his goblet half a dozen times. When I left he was still "strosing" the king.

I got back to the city and found my interpreter. "What under the sun is schlivovitz?" I demanded.

"You hav hat some schlivovitz?" he inquired eagerly. "Vy," he went on in his broken English, "schlivovitz iss prune viskey!"

I found out later that schlivovitz was the national aperitif, the national wine and the national liquor. Every peasant kept a supply of the stuff. Some of them boasted a homemade variety, of a vintage seasoned by a period covering

three wars. Time is measured by wars and rebellions in the Balkans. The Serbians drink schlivovitz at home before meals, they imbibe it at the coffee houses downtown between meals, and many of them drink six goblets of it before going to bed. That, schlivovitz, is the principal part played by prunes in Serbia!

PIGS in Serbia are, without a doubt, more obvious than prunes. You may be sitting at a coffee house in Nish or Skopje and be startled, all of a sudden, by a grunt underneath your table. Then you'll feel a spiny back cross your trouser leg. It is only a pig, you find.

Pigs are very tame in Serbia. The natives humor them, scratch their backs and treat them much as a New England housekeeper treats her cat. So the pigs expert strangers to scratch their backs too. On market day the main square where the peasants gather with their pigs resembles a nook in one of Chicago's large meat-packing establishments. One hears all sorts of squeals there. The pigs don't like to have their feet tied together, and the peasants insist upon tying them. Sometimes a pig gets the better of three or four peasants. Then a wild chase ensues through the main streets, until Mr. Pig is finally rounded up, wallowing under a table in front of a coffee house. The point is not that the pigs, full-grown fat pigs, can move any faster in Serbia than they can in Missouri, but that they can escape because the peasants in Serbia are a lot slower moving than the American farmers in Missouri.

On the whole, pigs have a great deal more prestige in Serbia than anywhere else on earth. Kara-George the Great, father of Serbia's present ruling dynasty, gave up his swineherd's flute for the trumpets of the Serbian court which he founded.

THE Serbian pepper plant is a marvel. It grows everywhere and abundantly.

At the vegetable markets there are green peppers, yellow peppers, black and red peppers. It is the cheapest food in the country. I heard of the case of a widow who lived on a farm not far from Belgrade, who had overdone the vegetable diet theory. With her two children she had lived on peppers, alternating however between the red and the green, for so long a time that when a doctor from the American hospital found the whole family sick, he said it was a case of pepperitis, the only name he could give.

I have seen Serbs lurching on raw peppers with as much relish as an American eats a raw tomato. At the native cafes you have boiled peppers in the soup, sliced peppers in the salad, eat up peppers in the vegetables and dried pepper-skins garnishing the meat. Curd milk is a staple article of diet, for it counteracts the "bite" of the pepper.

PEOPLE who are surrounded by swine, who can drink schlivovitz as if it were water, and who can subsist on a diet of peppers, are bound to be different, and the Serbs are different. There are so few wealthy persons among them, the peasantry class being so emphatically in the majority, that a Serb does not often see riches. Therefore he cannot visualize wealth, and consequently cannot attain it. He remains unprosperous, minus any ambition to become prosperous, but he is happy in his poverty.

As for the schlivovitz, it will always be the favorite Serbian drink, for the plum orchards are abundant and there are many of them. Pigs enjoy just the kind of life that the Serbian peasant makes possible for them, so that the pigs will continue to thrive just as the prunes. Peppers will always occupy a prominent place in the Serbian garden, for the Serb would rather go without pork or schlivovitz than not have his dinner garnished with peppers. Thus will the three "Ps" which have so tempered Serbian manners continue to "stroso" to the king.



The Lake Was Too Wet

The young people planned a corn roast at the lake on Monday evening but the rain prevented, so they went to the creek instead.

—Mayville cor. of the Johnstown (N. Y.) *Republican*.

Won't Chase Rabbits

Ray Stewart wants it distinctly understood that his dog is not one of those complained of to the conservation commission for running rabbits out of season.

—The Johnstown (N. Y.) *Republican*.

No Wander They Are Proud

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Lybarger are the proud parents of a little girl, born Monday. Take it to Rollins, the Shelby jeweler.

—The Shiloh (Ohio) *Review*.

The "Devil" Needs a Fire

Bra. Mindrop, the venerable typo, "devil" the chief cook and bottle washer of this print shop, is a cold blooded Yankee, but a clever fellow. He set type and worked the press, Thursday Sept. 2, with a fire in the office to keep him warm. How will this do for the Sunny South?

—The Hillsboro (N. C.) *Enterprise*.

Prominent in West Virginia

William Fryngpan and Thomas Noodles made a trip to the county seat last Thursday returning in good condition. Miss Polly Tinglefoot has been enjoying a visit from her sister and her six children.

It is reported that Will Slaughter our accommodating butcher is to be married very soon to a girl by the name of Lamb. Arthur Sniffles has a new buggy. Look out girls!

—Snake Creek cor. of the Bladestown (W. Va.) *Gazette*.

Hiskey and his Dad

J. M. Hiskey, the general manager, train dispatcher, superintendent, yard master, et cetera, of the Nevada Cen-

tral Railroad, spent a few days in our city during the past week and had the extreme pleasure of having as his companion the venerable author of his being. The party left for Austin yesterday.

—The Battle Mountain (Nev.) *Scout*.

Reducing his Weight

Lee Osborne has lost his two fine calves.

—Hunt's Corners cor. of the Marathon (N. Y.) *Independent*.

Tom is Known

Tom Pluso has been painting the fronts of the three buildings owned by him on West Main street. If we were going to guess at the color, we should say it was red.

—The Marathon (N. Y.) *Independent*.

Salient Statistics

The roar of a lion can be heard further than the sound of any living creature. Next comes the cry of the hyena, the screech of the owl, and then the scream of a woman when a mouse is taking an unexplored route in attempting to climb upward and onward.

—The Hoyt (Kans.) *Booster*.

Keeping Together

Every wife should be a helpmate to her husband. For instance, if you have the pleasures of a large washing before you and he has the laborous task of the city, or taking a trip through the country, change work with him; let him help you wash in the forenoon and you help him ride in the afternoon.

—The Abbeville (La.) *Progress*.

A Nice Character

For Sale—Seven-year-old gelding; splendid individual; safe for lady and can step some; a bargain if you want something good.

—The Kalamazoo (Mich.) *Gazette*.

We Rarely See So Much in Music

Mrs. Louise Lindner, the accomplished pianist, showed herself an artist gem of the purest water. Her technique seemed perfect and to the writer most marvelous, reminding him of a winding brook, the water rippling over the myriad of white pebbles, while the sun in the dewy morn overflows the whole vista with his sprays of gold just dispensing the inquisit laughing, singing and, since early dawn, dancing fairies, while reflecting all the colors of the rainbow from the tiny scales of the thousands of the wily and basking minnows swimming hurriedly past the beholder, oblivious to his surroundings.

—The Oconee (Wis.) *Reporter*.

Our Most Important Indoor Sport



—St. Joseph (Mo.) *News Press*.

When Grasshoppers Made Their Reputation

Do you know a fellow tried to make us believe the other day that a visitation of grasshoppers such as we had in 1874 wouldn't do much harm now, as there is so much vegetation they couldn't eat it all. When a man talks that way we know he never took the grasshopper degree. Why, if the corn had been fifteen feet high on every acre in the county when those hungry migrators lit down they'd eaten it clean, licked the platter and kissed the cook before noon the next day.

—The Mankato (Kans.) *Advocate*.

Man Wants But Little

Charlie Ray says that it is not as hard to do without ham gravy as he thought.

—The Monterey (Tenn.) *News*.



A FAIR SAMPLE OF CORNELL'S ATTACK

Collins is shown at the finish of a good gain through Harvard's left flank. In the early part of the game the Cornell forwards got the jump on the Crimson, and although the Ithaca attack was exceedingly simple and lacking in deception, there was enough power in it to carry it for a march of twenty-five yards and a touchdown.

Football Artillerists

By HERBERT REED

THE very high gods of football are still in their heaven, and the kicking game still lives. Proof of this was furnished, if proof were needed, in the victory of Cornell over Harvard, and the defeat of Dartmouth's powerful eleven by Princeton. In both cases the team with the best punter and the best adjuncts to the kicking game in the shape of ends, won. Driggs of Princeton and Shiverick of Cornell, have earned lasting football fame no matter what their performances in games further along in the schedule, and in a sense Shiverick's day's work was a shade better than that of Driggs, in that the Cornellian added to his superb punting the ability to turn in a field goal by the drop-kick route, at a critical stage, while the Tigers had to trot out Tibbott to care for the aerial scoring.

In the last decade of football Harvard has been a leader in the kicking game, whether punting or drop-kicking. The Crimson has also put on the best running game, but always without waste. The Harvard artillerists were always able either to bring up a scoring kicker or to put the team in a position from which a clever running game, that combined both deception and force, could be counted upon to turn up as the deciding element.

To borrow from the baseball vocabulary, Harvard has been able to "ease" the team into a logical position from which to strike.

For some years the teams that met Harvard misunderstood the problem. They and their coaches were unwilling to admit that Harvard was absolutely right—right in strategy and right in tactics. Harvard was also right in detail. Victory against this Harvard system was possible only to those coaches and captains sufficiently farseeing to attack the Crimson by first admitting that no flaw could be found with the system. The Harvard fire must be met with the torch—a torch ignited not necessarily from the Harvard conflagration, but from the original football bonfire. Harvard's kicking game had to be wrecked before

the Crimson could be attacked along other lines. Cornell provided the wrecking crew. After last year's experience against the Crimson Princeton came to the conclusion that the football artillerist was still as valuable as ever, and that not alone Harvard but other elevens could be beaten by booting the ball and covering it, all over the field. The test of the theory came against Dartmouth, and after that game, if any doubters were left, they had gone into retirement.

Harvard made one serious mistake, and that was underestimating Cornell. There was nothing the matter with the plans laid to defeat the Ithacans save that Cornell made it impossible to carry them out. Early season scouting had something to do with it—the decent,

honorable sort of scouting that is in vogue with the leading universities at present. Harvard's scouts anticipated, I think, a more versatile offense than Ithaca had to offer. The Harvard defense was looking for variations that their own strategists would have put on had they been working on the same principles of attack on which Dr. Sharpe and his aids were building. The variations were not in evidence on the important day, and simplicity in the running attack



PRINCETON'S SURE METHOD OF SCORING

Tibbott has been caught by the camera just as he was hoisting the ball by a drop-kick over the Dartmouth crossbar. The picture illustrates excellently the fine protection Tibbott received from the rest of the backfield. He was not even hurried by the Hanover forwards.



A FLASH OF DARTMOUTH'S RUNNING ATTACK

Outkicked by the Tigers, the Hanover eleven turned on a strong running game that, unfortunately for the visitors to the Palmer Stadium, had to be used too often in defensive territory. Duhamel is here shown carrying the ball into a quick opening close to the side line, an opening that was quickly plugged by Glick, the Princeton captain, who is breaking to his right and headed directly for Duhamel.

was as much of a baffler to the Crimson as guard-mount, dress parade, etc., before the ball was snapped, could possibly have been.

Cornell kicked into position from which it was legitimate to attempt to score, and from that position scored. Thus the Ithacans defeated the Crimson not so much with "Harvard stuff," as many would have us believe, as with rock-bottom football that Harvard has been using these last few years with great success.

There can be no doubting the fact that the Crimson had planned to revert to the generalship of a few years ago when Harvard was equipped with the superb punting of Felton and the drop-kicking of Brickley. Mahan the punter was expected to bring up Mahan the kicker, and around this great player was built a midfield offense that depended not merely upon Mahan's actual kicking, but also upon the running game from the two kicking threats available. Mahan can bluff with a football better than any player who ever took the field. It is perfectly possible that with both elevens scoreless for a protracted period the Harvard captain could have made his deceptions from the always dangerous kick formation count for a touchdown, a field goal or two, and perhaps victory. But he suddenly ran into the masterful kicking of Shiveriek, the Cornell second-string punter, and two of the best ends the game has seen in a decade. The Cornell kicking combination, supported by a running game simpler than Harvard had been led by its scouts to expect, put over a touchdown and a goal therefrom in about three minutes of play with the gale—and gale it was—and proceeded immediately thereafter to prove that wind or no wind it was possible to discount Mahan about fifty per cent.

With seven points against himself and his team Mahan discovered that it would be useless for him to sweep into striking distance and then make an actual field goal, for the reason that it would take three of these field goals to work into the lead, and it was further probable that with the wind in the last quarter Cornell would score at least once again. Therefore he could neither kick a field goal nor make the bluff of trying. The Cornell defense, once Harvard was in position to score, knew that the attempt to score would be a run or a forward pass. The Ithacans had only these two moves to meet. If Mahan chose to try a drop-kick, well and good; let him not merely try it, but also make it. It would represent only three points. A successful forward pass or a run might mean a touchdown and a tied score. By their keen generalship from the start, therefore, the Cornellians not only made openings for themselves, but closed the openings that Harvard had planned to make, that plan being perfectly sound and in the past good for victory nine times out of ten.

Princeton's kicking game was the ruination of Dartmouth partly because it was a safe wager that the Hanover men would not know how to meet it. Cornell's kicking game was too much for Harvard for the very reason that there was greater room for demoralization in turning against Cesar the things that were Caesar's than in staging a popular but inefficient uprising such as Yale has been depending upon for some time.

Defeating Harvard, whether the defeat come at the hands of Cornell, Yale or Princeton, universities that meet the Crimson in other sports, does not mean that Harvard has let go of any of the great basic principles of football. It does not mean that the theory of Harvard's kicking game is wrong. It means

merely that perfect football, including above all things the perfect kicking game, will now and then open the way to beat the Crimson or any other first-class team. When good football meets good football the game rebounds to the material in action, which is as it should be. In other words, Cornell's victory over the Crimson, and Princeton's triumph over Dartmouth, granting the best of coaching on both sides, were due to a very considerable extent to the husky and heady young undergraduates who bore the shock of battle.

From the very beginning of the season Yale has lacked artillery. If Captain Wilson turns out to be a first-class punter toward the close of the season I shall be surprised. The loss of Guernsey was a body blow to the Blue, and for the same reason the loss of LeGore was unfortunate in the extreme. Punters are not developed in a day, whether they are taught by such masters of the art as Billy Bull or are allowed to develop themselves, the proper protection being carefully designed for them. Further, when the offensive kicking game is slow of development then the defensive kicking game must also lack considerably.

To Washington and Jefferson must go the credit for designing and putting into action the most deadly forward pass the game has seen, and Yale must bear the burden of blame for turning out the poorest defense against the forward pass so far in evidence. Last year the Navy and the Cornell defense against aerial scoring was very poor, but Cornell has already proved that a change has been made for the better.

After all is said and done, however, nothing in the way of novelty has appeared to destroy the value of the kicker, of the artillery whose bombardment is, and always has been, a tremendous factor.

The Cook's Tour

X

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

Being the blithe adventure of the erstwhile cook of the Bar-2 cattle outfit, and his erudite partner Alingham, chronicled by the former during the progress of an "intensive" tour of certain hitherto little-known portions of Arizona and New Mexico.



A sine wich said The Rode to Ruin.

ME AN Meelankthun set thar in the stage a stretchin our hats towards the stars twel the holdup feller come nigh us an feet aroun fer guns of wich we didin have none. I never did carry enny exceptin when drest up like ever sense won time down in Oklahomy when I was yunger an more sensif an a six shooter done got loose fum me an hurted a feller an I lef the country shortly after. Soons I cud ketch a boss that is.

Theys dangrous weepins Mister Editor an thats a fact. An often mostly so to the gent a packin them of some feller has a mad agin you an he knows yore a sportin a forty four canon he aint agoin to miss gittin the fust shot lessen hes weakheaded. I am awer theys a roomer prevlent in Eastren cities that a feller eynit qualify as a reel Westrenner without hes got a toothpick into his mouth an a jug of whisky in one han an a Colts gun in tother I wisht youd stomp on that there roomer Mister Editor becaus hit aint so. Whisky is gittin skuser and skuser an toothpicks I never seen imployd out year becaus whatfor wud a feller need them when hes got a wife. An guns is wore chiefly by hunters an tenderfoots excep of cours in the wilder settlemens often rail-rides an stage lines where law an order is notworthy by there totel abeans. I dunno why Meelankthun didin carry no gun him havin mail along mebbe nobuddy never give him won.

Well as I was a savin the holdup man when he seen we didin have no guns he haked off a step or so an says gruff like turn over yore vallybles pronto elsen Ill jest about shoot the top of yore heads off I aint carryin no vallybles says Meelankthun ony mail an thats likly nothin but mail order house catalogs fum the left an hit.

Haint you got no money nor jewellery says the holdup feller nary a sent says Meelankthun them bosses has got enuff to pack as tis an as fer jewellery he says plumb disgustet I aint no wumman. How about you says the holdup feller pantin to me well I says I aint got nothin wud do you no good lessn hit was advise you eudden huy nothin out year wuth ownin I says ef you had a millyun dollars. Whos a doin this holduppin says the feller. Jest lef that to me he says ef you got enny cash you best drop hit out onto the groun fore I fill you full

of holes ef one of these year guns goes off they wont be nothin left of you a tall exceptin the paneful story of yore deevine.

Well Mister Editor I cudden think of no other plan at the moment ony to do like the holdup man says so I turnt my pokkits inside out onto the rode an didin hold out moren ten or fifteen dollars fer emerjensys. Thar I says I hope you spen hit foolish I was shore rited. Im much chleegeed says the holdup man more perlite I hope I aint robbin you O no I says sarkastik. We kin jest call hit a loan I says taint the prinsep of the thing I mind ennyway I says so much as tis



So I turnt my pokkits inside out onto the rode.

the intrest.

Dont assn him so strong Meelankthun whispred to me hes a desprit karakter the more perlite they is the more dangrous they be. Shore I says an the more money they takes offen you becaus Mister Editor thats hin one of my experiences. Sho says Meelankthun whata a little of yore money when both our lifes is at stake. Nothin I reckn to you I says yore dern whistlin says Meelankthun plumb chearful Im glad I fine you reasnable thataway.

I was jest thinkin up somethin to say that wud of cut Meelankthun deep when the holdup feller what had bin countin

my money an puttin hit away into his trousers pokkit straitent up an says stern like looky here you two fellers we done had enuff of levitashun lets git down to hisinr agin. Stop that whispren he says an pay a temshun to me. Now I got to make my ginaway.

Lemme know how we kin help you I says smuffingly jest say the word. Hol on says Meelankthun not seen I was makin use of sarkasim dont you give him no help nohow hit sers him rite the worst be gits. Ef he was a gent he wud of thought twet an more before holdin up us two peeeble fellers late as we is I wudden wonder ef twas nine ten o'clock afore we hit town. Mebbe you think hits a pleeshur fer us he says to the feller to set here in the coed wind wile the shadders of night is creepin cloeter an cloeter. Hit must of bin a overite on my part says the feller notsin the hour was onkonvenyent fer you all I asts yore pardon he says. After I git gone he says you kin start them varmints of yours a creepin too an ef you whip em proper he says I bleeve you kin yet outdintene the shadders in time he says.

Ef youll drop them guns says Meelankthun plumb bowed up Ill jest shoot take you to a cleanin. You bes begin on yore teem says the feller hit looks to me like there carryin wright for agin in virgin soyl be says. Seems like hits plumb crooily he says lessn yore iddees is to sow em to oats nex spring sos they kin pack thire own feed.

Well sir I thought Meelankthun wud of went out his mind he was that rited but the holdup feller jest laft at his langwid. After a spell he says you the homely won lookin at me you jest take that there tie rope an fassen hit aroun yore ennergetic freas hans an feet Im afraid he mought do hiself a injunry ef lef at larg. An when you git that done he says take that there neck hankercher of him an draw hit fast acroet his mouth I eyant take no channes gittin ketchet I bleeve they kin year him a bellerin clean twel Springerville.

So thats what I done though I thought the holdup feller wud finely haftoo shoot Meelankthun afore hed set still an Meelankthun lookt at me right mean whist I was a fastnin the hankercher over his mouth. Ill git squar with you ef hit takes me a month of Sundays was the last words I yeerd him say. Sho I says you oughtnt to make sech a fuse

over the loss on a few words when both our lives is at stake I says so he tried for to bite my finger but I was too quick for him.

Then the holdup feller says to me homely folks is usually honest kin I trus you not to ontie him twell you git into Springville. Your freebers wuddent break no harts therself I says lessen they was them canly harts mebbe yes I says ef I gin you my word you kin trus me tho hit hurts me moren hit does him. I says this becous I knowed Meelankthun cud year me on I was wantin to heap coles of fer onto his head after him showin no symphy with me when my money was took I reckon he didin apprehend my kineness becous he got red in the face an straned at the ropes twell I was afeared theyd hust. So I jest taken a nother wrop or so roum his hane an feet I wasnt goin to break my promus to the holdup feller even ef his was forced outn me at the pint of a euppel of guns. Im plumb honorable thatsway.

Whilst I was a tokin them extry wraps the holdup feller bakked off down the rode an dispeerd behine a scrub oak hush an so I drove on into town but I sudden make much headway on account of bein afeard of hurtin Meelankthun jouncin him like an I reckon hit taken us four hour or sech e matter before we reached town.

I didin have no time to look about gin in ony I noticed that they was a plaza aroun wich the town was buidlet ony fer gaps at the two ends an part of one side an so I drove up to the Post Offis an genell store a right sizable buidlin made outn bricks an they was a crowd of punchers an sech gathered aroun waitin for there mail or makin belief to. Whats done happent they holers when they see Meelankthun. Why we kin held up I says an Meelankthun he was tied down I says I hattoo promus the holdup feller on account of sparin our lifes I wudden ontie him twell we got to town did he say what part of town says the Postmaster a larg feller with a black Stetson hat what I foun out afterward was also the genell storekeeper an the Sherreff an other thins I fergit. No I says he did not.

Well says the Postmaster you hin in town now fer a mile or more how eud I tell that I says they want enny signs paintet onto the perray an besides I says I passt my word not too ontie Meelankthun fer n certane time but I didin give no promus to leaf him loose when I arrove of you think hes sufferin I aint got no objekshun to yore takin the rope offn him yoreself I says hts nothin to me one way or tother.

You got a lot of symphy aint you says the Postmaster plumb sarkastik. Ef youd hin listnin to that there stage driver talk fer the las three days nannin youd luff when you heerd the word I says the springs of my feelias I says is plumb froze up his winter thar I says an enny man wants for to try an crack



Meelankthun lookt at me right mean whilst I was a fastnin the handkercher over his mouth.

the ice by talkin trubbel is welcome. Im fed up on other peeples panes I says they aint of intrest to me right now a tall.

Well says the Postmaster I hleeve wed ought to make you ontie this feller. They aint enny law on the subjek I says. Well he says wo got a right handy subsichute fer law out year wich is callt justice ef you kin see enny justice I says in leffin that eritter boghted an hustin with supprett langwidg wile we stan year augrin over a meer matter of presidens you got sharper eyes then what I have I says. Howseomever I says jest to satisfy you all I aint plumb visibus heartet Ill ontie him.

So thats what I done Mister Editor an for sovel minits Meelankthun jest lay whar he was an a lowed the words to gush forth like one them guyzers I years tell on whilst all the wimmin an children went into the Post Offis an the men erowdet aroun closer so not to miss nothin. An wud you belief hit that there ongrateful skounrel after me untyn him an all dyrecktet most on his words towards me. Some on em not right fitten to year.

When he done run plumb outn breath I says esam like Meelankthun I says you done passt enuff reemarks on the subjek of me an my assistans an my habits of thot on akshun fer one day you best safe what breth you got lef fer whats a comin becous wile Im right pashunt by neeber I says I got my limtatebum an youve went apast them e mile an more. Thats the talk ole boss says the Postmaster grinlin like hit want nothin aeryus wich it were. Fly to hit he says an cleered a roum space free fum fellers war we eud be a lose with each another.

So I made a pass or so as Meelankthun an he jumpst fer me an we had right smart of a jam fer fifteen minits or sech a matter twell finely my yuth an deen livin as the feller says or mebbe the fack that I hit him more often telt

agin Meelankthun an he admettet he was satisfide heel hin in the wrong an took back what hed done said an we shook hane an wiped the dirt offn our faces an went ocrest to the saloon to rest an rekoopate.

Hit was a right nice saloon with aines pastet up onto it over the entrans door was a sine wich said The Rode To Itun on behine the har by the cash redishier was a sine readin Dont Ask Fer Credits We Aint Got Anny. Aerost fum the har about two feet fum the opposit wall they was a railin bout high es a mans chest an over hit was a sine said Them What Is Porein Sperrit Twel Theys Filled Kin Rest Year I sudden make out what for they had the railin so after we dooe drinkt once or twict I says to the bartender a fat feller with a droopin mustoeh an a aubren nose you got some right nice sines year I says.

Yes says the bartender theys relics fum the early days when the Indies come in frekwent an a feller hattoo talk to em in that kind of langwidg. What for is that there railin I says wait a minit theres a feller he says will be makin use on hit dreckly an I lookt war he pinted an there was a plumb ornery lookin feller skraggly built an with littel coverin ony what growed mecherl. He was a bout half down an singin to hisself an every time he endet a vers he sang out loud Im Wild An Wooly An Full Of Fleees An Im Hard To Curry Below The Knees.

Hits Dinghat Jones the trapper says the bartender he comes in town every so often an gits on one. Im a tuff littel boss to ride reemarks Dinghat when he see me lookin at him I wudden wonder I says perlate an jest then the feller taken a nother drink an slid onto the floor plumb down. Now lookit says the bartender an pickked up Dinghat an packked him over to the railin an hung him onto hit by the yarns an lef him there sleepin peaceeful. Hits right handy an onexpensif says the bartender proud like an hit keeps em outn the sawdust ef they shud fall by the barside he says.

So we taken one or two more an I begun to feel better so I says to the bartender you aint seen a feller by name of Allingham roum year have you was he a tall thin feller drinkin beer says the bartender yes I says he shud of bin I seen him says the bartender he was in a euppel of hours ago an he done went over to the hotel to bed was he a fren of yours I dont rightly know I says twel I talk with him I got some ques-tyuns to putts to him hit all depens. So I lef the saloon then an startet ocrest to the hotel.

The Miracle

By E. HOWELL NEUMANN

PIERRE leaned against the counter. His grotesque, melancholy features by the night lamp looked like a painting of Gringoire. Something pleasant must have passed through his dream, for his lips parted in a half smile that made his pointed face, so darkly brown with its high pompadour, singularly gentle. An air of wistful loneliness, of isolation, hung about him. Then a frown crossed his brow and he started in his sleep. All about him were the flacons and jars of the pharmacy, dim and vague in the half light. The farther corners of the room were black shadows; only the pale yellow night lamp shone on his features. Outside, the rain beat against the door, and cries and hoarse laughter came through the night in the tongues of the Babylon of Montmartre, that part of Paris where men turn night into day. But the little drug clerk slept on. Then swiftly a silvery sound tinkled through his dream, sharp and urgent. Some one was pulling the night bell.

Sleep had fallen upon him like some huge python, folding him in its irresistible coils, and yet through all came the clear call of the bell, light and insistent. All day he had worked, and day after day; all night he had stayed at his post till this monster sleep had seized him. Yet a sensitive little nerve answered, and he raised his heavy head, blinking, and went to the door.

The rain beat heavily on the pavement. The red lantern of a taxicab climbing the long slope of Pigalle lined its way through the black darkness, and the laughter of women came from the street below. As he opened the door a woman or girl swept past him—he could not tell which, for she was covered from head to foot in a great black shawl. She had evidently been running and was out of breath, so that she could not speak. Her eyes shot him a quick glance; in the shadow of the shawl they were dark and moist like the night itself.

"It must be made quickly, m'sieu," she said, handing him a white prescription slip.

He took it mechanically, held it beneath the thin, yellow light, and read it slowly, "Asperine, 2 grs., quercetine 2 grs., etc."

He turned to a large white flagon and poured some of its liquid into a shallow mortar. He ran his hand along a second shelf, where it was dark and dusty. The earth itself seemed to send its musty odor through the thin board flooring. He lifted a large flask with dark green liquid and poured it into the mortar. Under the thin yellow light it sparkled like an emerald with malicious coloring like jealousy. Pierre sighed wearily. The night was dismal, and the little girl leaning against the counter wrapped in the great black shawl seemed like one of its shadows. And outside came always



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the wild laughter and mocking joy of Montmartre. He reached for a small bottle and poured the mixture into it carefully, without spilling a drop.

The girl was standing before him, stretching out her hands for it eagerly. The heavy black shawl had fallen from her and lay at her feet. He looked at her in surprise—she was so intensely alive.

As she felt his glance fastened upon her, she instinctively drew the rags together across her bare breast.

"Rags!" she cried, her eyes wide and flashing, "and I wished for dresses of silk!" The dark hair fell around her face; she seemed all at once to have stepped out of the black shawl like a living thing, strikingly vivid and bewitching, that he did not stop to replace the great flagon with its green liquid, but hastened to hand her the bottle.

"M'sieu, it is for my master," she said sadly. The expression changed swiftly

on her face—a face with arched brows and lips, touched like a flower with curves and coloring, with that charm not alone in the radiant coloring, but in the eerie spirit back of the flesh—alluring, appealing, reaching out pathetically, bright and flashing as a bubble. Whoever else masqueraded behind conventional, that little creature, in her rags, surely did not! She might have had only the soft prettiness of a kitten, had her bed been a soft one. As it was, she, deprived of her natural environment, had the startled alertness of a wild thing driven out into the wet and the cold, scurrying to provide for itself. Her movements were as swift and graceful as if her veins flowed with mercury, and her feet were small and fine.

"He will die if I do not bring it—and he'll beat me if he lives," she said, her dark eyes upon his. "He rages so that no one will come near him, and he's very old."

She leaned over to him, her hand lightly touching his, and he was surprised how soft and pliant and little it was, how its warmth passed through his like a fluid flowing unto him, something wonderfully human and near and real.

"Will you hate me if I tell you?"—her very spirit seemed to be leaning over to him, appealing to him as no one had ever done before. "I'll never see you again, perhaps—so it won't matter—but I wish—I wish he'd die—in my heart, in my heart! Voilà! this is in my heart. Ah, it is sweet to unburden oneself! As he thinketh in his heart . . ." Suddenly she put her hands to her eyes. "A murderer am I!" she whispered to him.

But he only wanted to put his arms about her and thank her, for no one had ever spoken to him before what was in his heart—it didn't matter what it was—just for some one to speak close to him, close to the very naked truths that were within him. But he was afraid, for awe of her bared soul held him. He could only stare back at her, speechless.

Her voice swiftly changed, and it was as if a door had closed to him. "Good night, good night," she said. "I must hurry to take him the medicine, m'sieu."

There was the whisk of her garments, the tapping of little wooden heels on the floor, and she was gone.

Pierre leaned a moment back against the counter, his eyes upon the door which had just closed behind her. She wished the master would die, because he beat her—she was a fragile thing to beat. Yet she was the only one who stayed near the master, striving to help him live, struggling to keep him alive, even against that mad wish of hers. Strange, marvelous thing, the ordinary human heart of a wisp of a girl.

The half smile that had crossed his boyish face in his dream came again. There was something vague about him, about his movements, and in his gray eyes lay a strange wonder at the life all about him. He was continually putting out his hands to find out by feeling the things whether they would melt away when he touched them. His face held an expression as if he had never got



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over his surprise to find things real—to find the chair that he touched wood, and not a fragment of a dream—to find himself waiting, waiting to wake from some trance in which a world whirled madly round him, pushing him on forever in the treadmill of its daily necessities.

And out of this state he was roused—suddenly, rudely, sharply. He put out his hand mechanically to lift the green flask to its place, for sleep was descending upon him. He was very, very sleepy. The light of the lamp flickered a moment upon the flask, upon its label, "Poison."



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His eyes fastened steadily upon it. Once he passed his hand across his eyes as though to wipe away a film. He stared, without uttering a sound, till the irises of his eyes were dark and so dilated that the gray eyes were black. His face became white and gray, and crumpled like a mask. The little glittering black letters on the white label, the green flask itself that he had lifted down only a moment before, seemed but part of the vague dream. It was some nightmare from which he must wake—that the girl had been there—at first a dull, dark thing that his eyes had barely noticed, till as if out of a chrysalis she had suddenly burst upon him; even now he felt the wings of her spirit beating upon the air—"Rags! and I wished for dresses of silk!" And red roses in her hair, he wished. Stranger, it was some mental somnambulism that even in this dull moment of agony wrenched his imagination; the flower stand at the corner was scarlet with roses—he knew why only now! They were for her hair.

He detached the little black wrought-iron lamp and held its sickly light close to the great bottle. His hands were shaking as the green fluid that awayed and glistened against the glass sides, the fluid that he had but a moment ago poured out by mistake.

But the thing could not be true. Out of his existence of hour after hour of dull, methodical work this sharp, piercing horror cut through the farthest borders of his being, and roused him to an agony of thought. Some one had changed the old position of the flask of poison. He who had been a steady, monotonously moving machine suddenly found his brain whirling, his blood chilled, and his heart throbs almost stopped with suspense.

He fell to his knees on the hard bare floor, clasped his hands, his white face upturned to the gray-streaked ceiling, and prayed aloud. The words rang grand and august from out the soul of the dull little drug clerk, filling the barren atmosphere of the cold room with their fervor. The patter of mice in the wall ceased with the sound, and they sat up erect on their haunches, listening, held by the sound of the voice.

He rose to his feet, still and motionless like one waking and finding the dream all unreal. Only his eyes fell on the little puddle of water where her shawl had dripped.

With a cry he ran to the door, without out or cap. Outside through the rain swam the lights below the hill; the city lay radiant; scarlet, blue and white lights shone through the velvety darkness like jewels caught in the tangle of a woman's hair. The red wheel of the Moulin Rouge swung crazily on; the

line lights of the Abbaye called far and wide; the café doors swung perpetually to and fro. Through it all came the low, muffled laughter of the city. He looked up and down the street, his dull gray eyes staring through the darkness as if it must open and show him what he sought. But no dark figure came along the shadowy way.

The rain made curls of his high brushed-back hair; his white chemist's apron blew out with the gusts. He retraced his way to the other corner. Two girls stood under an umbrella, laughing at him over their shoulder. Many little satisfied feet tripped, with lifted skirt past him, but no shawled figure lessened the fear in his heart. A police seized him. He was a murderer, and they would guillotine him. Life and its day's necessities had been hitherto wearisome, and he never had been able to find enough sleep—even when a little boy, for his mother had been a *cosseuse*; he had waked all through the night to the late corners of the house, with the little bell above her bed rousing him, and always the great fat of sleep burdening him. But he did not want to sleep always—not that. Life which the moment before had been dark and gray and lonely, suddenly grew alert with color. No, he did not want that last sleep, yet he knew the police would find him, for they were clever, very clever, and he could never get away.

He began taking the blocks from corner to corner, stopping only to gaze long down each new crossing. The streets were lively enough, despite the rain. Along the broad Avenue du Clichy a long procession of umbrellas was moving swiftly in the night. The gay groups under the dripping awnings barely paused long enough to toast the three solemn strokes as from the hill the *Mairie* tolled the hour. Pierre stared with blinded eyes at the lighted tables, then back to the long dark tenements black against the blacker sky—dear God, where was he to find her!

His whole life had been a thing of methodical work, in which he had moved like a snail, slow and with eternal patience; and now in this crisis his long habit asserted itself. He would hunt the neighborhood as one would seek a needle, lifting every straw of possible chance. His was the nature that would have attempted to empty the lake with a thimble, or any impossible task, and perhaps, with his vast patience, achieve it—but this was no time for long tasks. He started to climb the steep stairway up the long hill of Montmartre, toward the immense pile that stood out dim and grand against the dull night sky,—it was *Sacre Coeur*,—peering in at each open doorway whose life invited the passer-by. His heart beat fast at times as his eyes caught the line of a white coat, or a restless figure of a girl in a doorway. Yes, yes, there was a man ill in number 49, or some one was ill in number 73, they told him, and he went on his way, his mind rushing on before him. Every minute might count for a life.

A girl was sobbing her heart out by the wall. He stopped a minute to speak softly to her, then hurried on. Up three more steps, his anxious eyes improving again at another door. He turned and would have gone on his breathless way,

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but a thin voice piped at his elbow, and an old woman clutched him by the arm. Her crusty head slid down the long decline and with a heavy sigh he turned and brought it back to her. Two steps more he took. A tiny gamin lay on the step before him, his black head buried

in the long hair of a dead puppy. He lifted them both in his arms and carried them back to an open door where a man and a woman stood fighting, and they dropped their quarrel and took the bundle he carried.

Madly he began again his upward course, taking two and three steps with each leap. A blind man moving slowly down the stairway put out his arms across its narrow way, and Pierre sighed heavily. Didn't they know what he sought and that he had no time to wait! It was a matter of life or death. Every minute was a thousand years. He flew on like one pursued.

Midway he saw a dark group of figures strangely still, motionless under the repression of awe. The dark tenements rose on each side of the cross street, and the silence was oppressive; it seemed to call out with a brazen voice that yet gave no earthly sound. Every window held its group of figures, strangely silent. Every face was set and gray. All the night seemed but a part of the dream, just as his life was. Understand it, awake to it? No, he didn't understand it—who did? he wondered. No eye sought the others, but centered on the business in the square against the high prison wall. Pierre stood on tiptoes and looked. A shudder seized him. Ah, it was not a dream! He would be there—the next, perhaps! He turned away, and took up, faster still, the upward climb and his rapid questioning from door to door.

"Too late! too late!" held his heart in a vise which each moment seemed to add a turn of its screw, pressing tighter and tighter. Three minutes more had passed—how the time sped on!

Finally, retreating from side to side of the street, demanding wildly at each door, he reached the summit, where the Sacre Coeur majestically looks down on all Paris. A miracle! a miracle! Nothing else could save the situation now. He entered the side door. The candles were lit, the tricolor flag draped before the communion rail. He dropped on his knees. The whole church was filled with kneeling forms. No women's skirts spread their frays on the stone floor, no plumed hat lifted its delicate fulness in the dim light. Outside a black-shawled figure turned away, for it was the All-night's mass of Jesus for men.

Slowly Pierre got to his feet, and turned from the vast kneeling church of men, and took his way down toward Montmartre. The early morning was gray and cold, like the fear within him. There were still dim lamps in the doorway of tenements, making the window panes a faint yellow, but no hope glowed within him.

"Dear God, a miracle!" he had prayed in the church. But there were no more miracles. All the legends of the mountain of martyrs had passed through his head—pilgrimages, and the Saint Denis who, his derapated head falling at his feet, had gravely picked it up and handed it to the startled Roman soldier. But there were no longer miracles. For as he reached the pharmacy, against the door leaned the girl, her eyes dark with trouble. For a moment they leaped toward him, her eager hands outstretched to him.

But his first glance had told him what

he dreaded. He did not know whether he had spoken the remorseful words. "It is too late," or heard them.

"Too late!" Each for a moment of class stared at the other.

Had he spoken or not? But he must have said something, for comprehension lit her face, she uttered a wretched little cry.

Dresses of silk—he could only think, she was dressed in rags!

He saw the frightened appeal in her eyes, and realized the fear that death had come. He reached and took her little hands between his. She winced as he touched them. And they were very cold.

They lay like ice within his. He lifted one of them to his lips tenderly. He thought, even through his grief, that he had never seen such a small perfect little hand. There was a deep cut running into the palm. He was used to doing up small wounds, and he studied it with a serious professional air.

"You've cut your hand," he said. Her dark eyes widened. The lashes drooped suddenly; then her eyes lifted to his. They were full of pain.

"When I fell and broke the bottle!" "Broke the bottle!" he whispered. He turned to her as if he would snatch the words from her. So abrupt it was that she sprang back from him as if he had made to strike her.

"I broke it. I spilled all the medicine—all—all—"

"All!" he echoed again and again, saying it over and over duly.

The girl stared at him sadly, waiting in patient agony as for a blow.

"Then—had none of it?" he questioned with a gentle, pleading voice as if for her assurance.

She shrank from him, hiding her face in her hands. "It was broken. I had no other money. I went back to the pharmacy, and rang and rang the bell. No one answered, no one answered," she said. "I climbed up the hill to Sacre Coeur to pray Him they ask for miracles, but even He would not hear me, for the doors were closed to me. Then I came back here and waited till you came just now. It's too late, you said. It is—over. Just a little thing, m'ieu—just a little bottle of green"—he shuddered—"who would think for the lack of such a little thing, m'ieu, it would make his life gone—make my life wish to be gone? Oh the cruel wishes of things, the cruel thoughts of things!—it was I, I who—" She stared ahead, twisting her handkerchief.

"Come," he said gently. "Let us go."

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Approbation

By E. B. EVANS

HARPER'S WEEKLY is exercising a tremendous influence in shaping public opinion.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wheels Within Wheels

From the Eau Claire (Wis.) Telegram.

HARPER'S WEEKLY gives currency to the view entertained in some quarters that William Howard Taft is likely to be the nominee of the next Republican national convention, but considers the notion "startling." Not a whit more than Victor Murdock's idea that Theodore Roosevelt is likely to be nominated again by the Progressives for the same office. And in fact the nomination of the colonel might be in part brought about by that of Mr. Taft, *er vice versa*.

A Difference of Opinion

By DANTE BARTON

YOUR attitude toward Mr. Walsh and the Walsh report of the Commission on Industrial Relations was a disappointing surprise. I had taken for granted HARPER'S WEEKLY would approve both.

Were you fair, Mr. Hargood, in saying in your editorial of the number of October 16th, that Mr. Walsh "chose to assume, practically, that he knew all about it already"? To my mind he chose to assume that nobody knew all about it already, not even the academic experts, and be chose to stir up the public in order that the public, as well as himself, should know more about it if not all about it. I think he succeeded in that splendidly.

Kansas City, Mo.

Give the Laymen a Chance

By ALFRED GORDON

I HAVE only recently become a reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Would like to see this birth discussion stopped, or controlled in such a way that we laymen will have a chance to declare ourselves.

This is big stuff for the doctors. It is their last stronghold and naturally they will defend it with their life blood. Just the same, if you were to recruit a regiment from us common, every-day, right-thinking people, we could storm that stronghold of the docs and put them all on the blink. Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins, hits the nail square on the head when he says "total abstinence" is the only way. But he is just one solitary sentinel discharging his simple duty against a horde of medics who are not soldiers of the common good, but who are soldiering for their own selfish ends.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Laconic

By Dr. F. S. GRAY

I ADMIRE your journal.
Miles City, Mont.

Are You Hitting at Nothing?

Herbert F. Shaw, Material Accountant of the Postoffice Park, Baltimore at Los Angeles, California aimed at nothing and hit it—until—but let him tell his story here—



His
Letter

"Like most people, I was a drifter, ad-miring success, weakly wishing for better things to come, with no conception of what those better things were or how to proceed to get them.

"I aimed at nothing and hit it.
"I performed each task that presented itself, did it fairly well and then lay back awaiting the next task, using the spare time to build castles in Spain.

"Paragraph One, Lesson One of your **Course in Personal Efficiency**

started me to thinking. This I have never ceased to do since. If the Course had done nothing else for me than this, it was well worth the price paid. But it did more.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Who Will Conduct?

WILLIAM F. M'COMBS, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is out for the repeal of the Seaman law. He says "it never was a Democratic measure anyhow."

Has Mr. McCombs read his own party platform? Has he read this clause:

We urge upon Congress the speedy enactment of laws for the greater security of life and property at sea; and we favor the repeal of all laws and the abrogation of so much of our treaties with other nations as provide for arrest and imprisonment of seamen charged with desertion, or with the violation of their contract of service.

Does Mr. McCombs know that a similar bill was vetoed by Mr. Taft on the ground of treaty difficulties? Does he know that several committees in both houses heard every argument, and that the President also heard every argument before he signed it?

Mr. McCombs did remarkable work before Mr. Wilson's nomination. It was unfortunate for him that he broke down in the campaign. Since then, apparently embittered by disappointment, he has played with the worst politicians in the party and has steadily represented reactionary tendencies. What does he mean to do about his present powerful position? Does he think that today he fairly represents the Democratic Party of progress,—the only aspect of the party that has any strength? If the public wishes to select a reactionary party it will be wise enough to choose the Republicans, well aware that they know that game a whole lot better than the Democrats do.

Inertia

OF ALL the forces in politics inertia is the greatest. Unless the electorate is highly galvanized its decision will be negative. Hence stand-pat or cheaply partisan victories whenever ideas are not very strongly presented. It is a condition that every experienced fighter takes for granted. By it he is not discouraged. He simply goes again about the task of inducing the millions to think and to care. He knows well enough that progress is not a joy-ride, but a pilgrimage.

A Man

IN THE compromising of Democrats, John Purroy Mitchel at least had no part. Although the proposed New York Constitution was a Republican measure, he voted for the greater part of it. Although

respectable Democrats came out for the feeble Tammany rubber-stamp, Judge Swann, the mayor voted for the Republican incumbent, Perkins. He did what he could to save the fusion aldermen from the Tammany sweep. His record for technical efficiency is extremely high. His moral record is inspiring. In any unwavering following of a just cause, regardless of enemies made, there are dark hours. Two years from now, when the voters have to express their opinion, even the voters will have brains enough to give to Mitchel the tribute that is his due.

Using Others

WHY is Washington our greatest executive, with Lincoln second? The reasons are many, including in the first place the greatness of the occasions; but one quality without which neither could have met the emergency is impersonality, pure white light, the ability to see facts regardless of individual feelings. Washington used the ablest men in the country, of every party, Jefferson as successfully as Hamilton, and Hamilton recalcitrant as well as Hamilton in accord. Lincoln selected opposition leaders, and men who sneered at him, and read mostly those newspapers which were against him. Without knowledge of men an executive cannot reach the highest plane, and without impersonality of view, knowledge of men cannot be.

The Wish as Father

OUR able, safe and sane friend, The New York *Times*, says of the Federal Trade Commission that Congress . . . established it "to inform business what it could do."

Of course, the statute carefully refrains from giving any such power.

Of course, many Senators refused to vote for the bill until assured no such power would be usurped.

Of course, the reports of committees show such power was kept out of the statute carefully.

The Commission has many big jobs on its hands, as we pointed out last week, and it ought not to be afraid to tackle them. It cannot escape by handing out soap. We don't know where the *Times* gets its information. We do know the wish and the thought in the human mind have a very intimate relation. Also we know that the Federal Trade Commission has a great future if it fearlessly undertakes what it was created to do, and no future at all if it seeks merely to jolly the business community and to avoid difficult problems, the solution of which was the purpose of its creation.



"Where next, sire?"

Hungary's Share

MANY of the countries at war will come out far worse off than they went in. Many of them, on the question of who wins, can echo the question we quoted some time ago, "Who won the San Francisco earthquake?" But is there any country that stands in a more absurd position than Hungary? If Germany wins, the domination of the Teuton elements in the dual monarchy will be greater than ever. If the Allies win Hungary gets a severe surgical operation. Meantime she has lost hundreds of thousands of able bodied men, and she is an agricultural country. So short is she of men that even before the war Russian peasants used to come over to help harvest the crops. And yet it was the combination in which Hungary is a partner that set the conflagration raging.

Peace

WHY have the comments of Germany's press become so frank on the sufferings of the people, from loss of men, from hunger, from the price of all necessities? They cannot speak without permission. It may be that the government is preparing them for peace terms that are not those of a victor; that are at the best those of a drawn battle. Germany hasn't a chance if the people of France, Russia, and England keep their nerve, and apparently they will. It is a terrible way to win a war, grinding down the resources, destroying the most effective manhood of a great nation, but it is being done. France, helped by England and by Russian diversion, saved Paris. Then Russia saved her own armies. England swept the surface of the seas, then solved the submarine menace, and then undertook submarine business on her own account and closed the North Sea. For Germany to get from Constantinople to Egypt and India is a dream. She is beaten, if the allied peoples will it. Probably she cannot stand for a year the

strain now being frankly revealed. It is even possible she may not stand it through the winter. But what a price!

About half the fighting men of Germany are supposed to be dead or crippled. The Allies are losing about as many, but swapping even for them means victory. How many will be dead in a year? Of course it is worth it, in a sense. A military despotism must not rule Europe. But Germany has suffered so much that if peace were made today on the *status quo ante* the people of Germany would soon hand a blow on the solar plexus to the régime that made them pay such a price for nothing.

War Play Technique

A FEW years ago it was the working-girl problem, and last year it was the "trick" play. *On Trial* was written backwards; *Under Cover* had a surprising dénouement in the very last lines. Anything "stunty" was sure of a success.

But the trick play has joined the problem of the working-girl in the land where all good plays go. And this year it's the war play. We have *Under Fire* and *Moloch* and *The Battle Cry of Peace*. And we have more certain proof than that: our chorus ladies are carrying bayonets. Gone are the fairy wands from our Winter Gardens and the shepherd's crooks from our Follies. Gone is the spoon-'neath-the-moon motif from our operettas. It's "The Red Cross Rag" or "Let Us Tango Through the Trenches." The war—having permeated politics, magazine fiction and literature, and paved the way for still another interpretation of the Bible—was not to be kept out of the drama. It must be obvious, even to the most artistic producer, that a divorce problem or a single seduction has none of the dramatic opportunities that are possible in a war play. Formerly, a whole act might be necessary to motivate a single throat-cutting. Today, let the stage mechanic rattle a sizable piece of tin,

and we will passively accept the wholesale slaughter of a score of innocent bystanders. It is interesting to note how the dramatist handles his technique: do his drums roll before, or after, the fortress has fallen? does his shrapnel whistle or buzz? does he use a bugle, or a muffled drum, when the spy's head falls upon his breast?

Illustrating the Preceding

SOMETIMES the realism is intense. Take *Under Fire*, for example. Ethel Willoughby has become the companion of a young English lady whose father is Lord of the Admiralty. This intimate relationship naturally warrants the old gentleman in telling Ethel all the plans of his navy. A war with Germany seems imminent; so he tells her just how many dreadnoughts and coal stations and torpedoes he has. Even so, the old gentleman's hobby for retailing his naval secrets might have done no harm, if Ethel were not the wife of a German spy—Henry Streetman. No one—not even Ethel—suspects that Streetman is a spy. No one—except the audience. When he closes the double doors of the drawing-room, he does it with both hands behind his back. That gives him away. We sit up. Aha! we say, a spy.

Another bit of technique is a scene in the British trenches on the evening of the first day that the Germans first invaded Belgium. The soldiers speak at great length of the boredom that has been theirs during the weeks and weeks of trench life. Perhaps their one day in the trenches has seemed interminably long. The English, we know, are easily bored. You go home thoroughly awed by the realism of the thing. However, what's the difference?

Office-Seekers' Paradise



IN ONE town, at least, in our republic, election day never causes an ache or a heartburn and never disappoints an office-seeker. The name of this place is (or was) Nickeltown, Kans. In the past year it may have been changed to Jitneyville. Its adult male population is four, and there is a public office for every man in town. One of the boys has a fancy for the title of "Judge" and is regularly elected to the bench of the police court. To insure holding this judiciary post he keeps neutral on the mayoralty question. The other three males run for mayor, each stanchly voting for himself; and the two losers lose little in any event, for they are guaranteed seats in the town council. "Then why is the poll not always a deadlock?" you ask. Because in Kansas the women vote. If any man in Jitneyville fails to be 'niece' to his wife, she casts her ballot for somebody else's husband. Thus the most gallant man in town becomes its mayor.

Jitneyville once was a thriving place, with aspirations to become the county seat of Woodson County. Now its population has dwindled away to four households, but it supports its identity on its humor.

Russian Village Life



WE SPOKE last week of the Russian choir in New York and what it means. Another chance to grasp a good deal of the essence of Russia was given by an exhibition in New York that ought to be seen elsewhere. It was an exhibition of peasant industries. It took one straight into the home of that little-known brother in the family of nations, the Russian peasant. If it was the wooden objects that attracted the eye, one thought of Northern Russia, the land of immense forests of firs and birches. The winters are long, but they are not passed in idleness. Out of a bit of wood the peasant will fashion all sorts of beautiful objects, whether scoops or plates to be used in the home, or toys and dolls for the children. These he decorates with the designs most natural to him, with birds, with fishes, or with mushrooms that grow in the forest.

Farther south are the flax-fields; this is naturally the home of the laces and the hand-woven linens. Around Moscow and in Central Russia the handicraft of the peasants has become more commercialized. It no longer expresses itself in the terms of the natural products of the region and the spirit is no longer purely that of beautifying the home; the idea of entering to unknown, distant customers has crept in. Fortunately this has not caused any deterioration in their art; at least the embroideries Torzhok, north of Moscow, and the drawn work of Tula are both beautiful and typical. In contrast to the repressed, geometrical designs used in the north, the south of Russia expresses itself in charming, gay embroideries or woven woolen rugs, that are a riot of color and informality. There is a touch of the Orient too in the embroidered leather that comes from Kazan, on the Volga. With the help of the local self-governing bodies, the Zemstras, the peasants can get the beautiful old Russian designs and are helped learn new methods of executing them.

At this exhibition, by taking a few steps and keeping one's eyes wide open, within an hour one went from one end of Russia to the other, as the guest of the Russian peasant, showing all his treasures, the children of his fancy.

Honor and English

OUR unfeeling delight, *The Fatherland*, in another attack on the administration offers choice reasoning, flavored with feeling of the English language:

Two American officers were censured because they were present at a toast to the Kaiser in German, although they did not understand German.

Not understanding German ought to be an excuse. As to understanding English, nobody who did understand it would hit upon such a happy picture as two officers being censured. What *did* they look like after the objectionable part had been cut out of them?



An American School Army

By KENT E. KELLER

The problem of national defense will attract more attention during this fall and winter than any other question before Congress. Enlightened and responsible discussion of it is therefore necessary. The following article by an Illinois State Senator seems to us to contain points of very real interest.

WE MAY as well face the fact that when this European slaughter is over and its horrors removed from our very eyes America is going to prosper greatly, rejoice and talk peace, and straightway forget the necessity of being prepared to defend our rights and liberties when troubled days come again. Getting through this present crisis without a fight will only make our self-satisfaction and sense of security the greater.

It can only be hoped that now, while the necessity for a defensive army is clear to the very great majority of Americans, we may develop some rational system for providing and maintaining one. It must not be an army founded on present emergencies, but one that will justify its existence and continuance even throughout the long years of peace to come. If we are to have an army, it must be an American army in every sense of the word. It must be the most efficient army in the world. Its organization and maintenance must be in harmony with our best traditions and highest ideals of liberty and equality. It must appeal to the common sense of the people generally as not only an efficient weapon of defense, but as well an army beneficial to the country in time of peace; an army around which the nation can grow without any of the fears which our ancestors had about large standing armies.

Sufficient preparedness to defend ourselves against attack appears to be a prime necessity under present world development, because the same reason which induced European nations to make war on one another will lead them to make war on us if they think they can win. How to prepare most effectively and at the least cost in money and the least loss of industrial energy is the question. Any army we may form must be and remain a volunteer army. No form of conscription will be found necessary, nor would be tolerated. We must not adopt bodily some system from some other country that may appear excellent for that country, but that has not been tried out in actual warfare. We ought rather to originate some plan of our own, suited to our own conditions, the fundamental principles of which have been thoroughly well proven in actual conflict of arms.

An army is a development. To be a soldier is to have made a growth. Soldiering today is a business which requires thorough preparation. It is not founded on patriotism and enthusiasm alone. The technique of soldiering reaches to almost every branch of science today, and in the future this tendency will be greatly extended. The soldier who does not know his duties and know well how to perform them in conjunction with his comrades may, in case of a conflict, be in the way rather than helpful against a well-trained enemy. It is easy enough to get shot for one's country. It is difficult to shoot the enemies of one's country and live.

Military drill a few minutes each week in schools; a few weeks' outing in summer camps; a business men's army league to drill when they can spare a little time; a three weeks' militia encampment with occasional evenings at drill between times; a summer school for officers that can neither make actual officers of them nor soldiers of the boys back home, and all the other kindred attempts at soldiering are good and inspiring in many ways. But a little study of the European conflict will show any thoughtful man what a grim and terrible thing warfare is, and that it is impossible to prepare for it too well. We must face the matter with open eyes at least. And it is no less than the truth to say that to send these fine, courageous militia boys, these enthusiastically patriotic summer soldiers—against three-year men would be little better than murder. Three-year men only can meet three-year men on equal terms.

Germany required the men who are making these astounding drives to serve working two years constantly in the infantry and three years in the cavalry and artillery. France tried out a shorter time of service for her soldiers to her heart's content. She was compelled to admit the inferiority of these short service men, and adopted the same period of service as the Germans. A short period would not do. A shorter period of service will not make soldiers of Americans. We must see this plainly or suffer dearly for our folly if the test ever comes. The necessity for this long preparation is fully understood and appreciated by all military men. It must also be fully accepted by the people of this country generally before we can have a real army. The hope

that any makeshift will do ought not to be indulged in at all, in any quarter. To rely on summer soldiers is to court disaster. It is training that makes the soldier; it is training that makes the officer—plenty of training and plenty of time. It takes trained soldiers and trained officers both to make an army.

West Point takes plain American boys with only fair education, without any proof of soldierly qualities, aptitude for war, or native ability to command, and in four years' constant training and educating hammers them not only into soldiers of the first class, but into officers and gentlemen—commanders and leaders of soldiers—the equal of any military men in the world.

The plan here offered to meet our requirements makes no pretension to completeness. It is set out rather as a basis for discussion in the hope that rational direction may be given the present general desire for some adequate means of national defense.

THE PLAN

1—Let one hundred thousand boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, apportioned among the states, volunteer each year into the American School Army for a period of three years.



Boy Scouts—a start along the right line, but not thorough enough to be of real value.

2—Let these devote from two to three hours (about the time used in West Point) daily to military drill, army exercises, study of military science, and physical training and education, including sanitation, prevention of disease and like broad general information.

3—The remaining time to be devoted to study along general educational lines, devoting especial attention to agriculture, manual training, and the useful arts, trades and sciences that are best adapted to fitting men for the practical work of life.

4—These boys to live constantly under the strictest military discipline, and to maintain a standard of morals equal to the best secular military schools.

5—The United States to pay all costs of maintenance, food, clothing, instruction, medical attendance, and a small allowance for "spending money." The boys themselves to do all the labor of every kind and character, the same as soldiers do under conditions of war. This will not only train them in actual soldiering, but the expense of maintenance will be so low that the number suggested in this plan will prove no burden to the country.

6—The boys in return for this three years of schooling and methodical growth are, upon graduation, to become Reservists for a period of twenty years, subject to call to the colors, classified so as to let the oldest be called last in case of war.

7—These schools should be distributed in large units, probably not less than ten thousand in a unit, in localities best suited to their work. The school should continue for the ordinary school year. Then for ten weeks the boys should break camp and march under the usual conditions of war to central points where large armies

should meet for maneuver. This would give the officers every opportunity to learn the handling, moving and supplying of large bodies of soldiers. It would give the men every experience in actual soldiering under all the conditions of war. It was these great maneuvers that perfected both the European men and officers for these immense strategic moves.

8—In this school army leadership would be encouraged among the men from the very beginning. The natural leaders would come to the front. They would, of course, supply their own officers for this school army, as well as grade and classify for future use all who aspired to leadership. At graduation, from among those who had shown the best leadership and fitness for command and for special technical service, would be selected as many as should be required for higher officers. These ablest men—these strongest natural leaders—would be sent for four years to a greater West Point, or West Points, where they would very certainly develop into the world's best military men.

9—The government would establish an "Army and Navy Journal" for the use of all army and navy men. After graduation all the men would receive this paper free during the entire twenty years, wherever they went.

The "Journal" would keep every Reservist constantly in touch with military and naval development all over the world. Their training and experience would enable them to at once understand and use intelligently every new invention or method of warfare in case war should be thrust upon us. It would make American Reservists the most intelligent in the world. It would stimulate inventive genius among a vast number of trained, resourceful men. It would keep up interest, encourage individual growth and aid team intelligence.

10—This system would result in giving the United States two million men constantly ready, the best trained, the most intelligent and resourceful soldiers in the world—not machines—but men who would grow as military invention and practise grow. It would put us in position to say to all nations: We will do no wrong; we will suffer no wrong.

From this school army idea would naturally develop an American School Army system, either as an independent or coordinate establishment, as should be found most practicable.

ASIDE from military purposes this school army system would give the country each year one hundred thousand graduates in usefulness. It would offer to every boy, who had for any reason been denied an education, an opportunity for three years of the best schooling possible. It would set a physical standard for all American men outside the school army, as well as in it. This would lead ultimately to an American ideal of physical manhood, so much needed and so much neglected.

Every locality would get back some boy grown to

inspiring manhood, skilled in industry, schooled in patriotism, able to think, clean, knowing sanitation for himself and for his community; the making of a broad-gaged American whom his country had educated and who would owe his best service to his country—fit to father the coming race of better men.

The thorough mixing in the school army of these boys from all the various states and sections of the country would nationalize the school and through it the nation. The hyphen would disappear from our citizenship as naturally as ripened leaves fall to give place to a newer growth.

This school army system would stimulate and make permanent the heroic American man. It would let us hark back to the simple Spartan life. It would recognize the real, the necessary. It would make efficiency the natural thing. The Reservists would know the reason for obedience to law, which our young men today do not know, and which our schools do not teach. The total lack of system in the thought of our youth—the resulting chaos of mind and net would of necessity give way to the methodical competition of these efficient Reservists.

The system would make organization of industry in the broadest sense a part of our natural development, a thing now quite impossible. The young man who spends three years in this school army will be further along industrially, three years after his graduation, than if he had spent the whole six years in industry without the training. For all the years to follow he would do proportionately as well, whether working for himself or some one else. This training would always, because of his largely increased intelligence, open many doors of opportunity to him which without it would have remained closed.

NONE of the plans to form an army of adult citizens is feasible, simply because no sufficiently large body of full grown Americans will ever consent to the conditions of army life for the length of time necessary to form an efficient army, except in the immediate presence of war. Our forefathers were justified in being against a large standing army entirely outside the fears of its misuse, because a regular army is an idle army except in time of war. It is made up of adults who ought to be at work. The time of all the men is not only wasted—it is of necessity idled away—it is east to the wind

with all the paralyzing ills that idleness invariably brings.

We have had a standing army for fifty years and have not one reservist. When the last man's enlistment is out the army ceases to exist. We must have reserves. A regular army large enough to be important probably cannot be had, even if we cover all the remaining hill-boards with flaring advertisements. And we ought not to want one, because a body of adult citizens to be trained into an army is too entirely wasteful to be considered seriously. This applies with even greater force to our militia. They cannot afford to leave their business long enough to become soldiers any more than the business can afford to have them leave it. They, like all other adults, are where they are doing the most good or growing toward that position.

There would be no waste in the school army. It would simply be taking boys before they are ready for industry and using the intervening time to educate and fit them for better service, at the same time making soldiers of them. This saving of the wages of the adults and the enormous gains in efficiency of the School Army Reservists are most important considerations. It is easy for boys to adapt themselves to the discipline of military life; it is difficult for men.

There would be no lack of volunteers for this school army. With strict moral discipline most parents would want their boys to have the training; and most boys would certainly want the experience and growth. But if for any reason there should be a lack of volunteers, the government has within its discretion the power to easily and certainly induce many more to volunteer than the number suggested.

There would always be an abundance of reservists at graduation willing to serve for a reasonable time in manning and caring for the coast defenses and such duties as are now especially required of the regular army.

And, not the least among the advantages to be gained, these reservists who had studied and drilled and soldiered for three years, and marched and maneuvered in great armies, would not only furnish officers for their own body of reservists, but would abundantly supply the very best officers for all the lower grades, at least for as many volunteer soldiers as the country could procure in case of such dire necessity.



Cloture in the Senate

Many important measures have been killed in Congress by talk. A fight will be made as soon as Congress opens for some method of limiting debate. Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, is taking the lead in organizing the forces which will attempt to bring about the reform. He will discuss "Cloture in the Senate" in the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



The New York Police Force is to be instructed in psychology—*News Item.*

THE PSYCHOLOGY COP

One morn, as Robert Ristwatch Rice
Sped Childward for his midday meal,
Upon his shoulder, like a vise,
He felt a grip of steel.

And in his ear a voice there hissed
(With spirits fraught, and crime),
And something snapped around his wrist
That did not tell the time.

"I've panned yer now!" (devoid of tact
Was Sergeant Fay). "For shame!
Yer Hun! I caught yer in the act
Insultin' that there dame!"

"That skirt there in the showy lid,
And muff of classy fur."
"My word!" cried Robert Rice, "I did
Not even speak to her."

"What's words to me, just froth and foam!
I'm a psycholie guy—
I lamp yer thoughts inside yer dome
With my subconscious eye!"

"Then you should know," said Rice, "I'm a
MISOGYNIST!"—"By Gee!
That settles you!" cried Sergeant Fay;
"You come along with me."

MERE WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

The following (barring italics) is quoted from an article by James L. Ford, literary critic of the *New York Herald*.

"Those who have a real knowledge of the theatre know that it was Shakespeare's ability as a dramatist, not as a philosopher or man of letters, that gave to his dramas eternal life. . . . Neither in Mr. Baxter's book nor in any similar work that I have ever read do I find any evidence that the author had gone deeper in his studies of the Shakespearian drama than the *mere lines and speeches*. If these scholars were to find out that the reading of speeches is not as important as the manner in which they are listened to they would cease to believe that Julius Caesar and Macbeth were written by persons unacquainted with the theatre art."

Why is it that our best comic thinkers are so fond of informing us on the one hand that the success of Hamlet with a low-brow audience is a proof of its perfection as a play, and on the other hand that the even greater success of a modern melodrama with exactly the same audience is a proof of its rottenness. As a matter of fact, both successes are largely due to the same cause—the popular passion for pageantry, ranting and romance.

Any one who has a real knowledge of the theatre knows what happens to a play at the hands of the producer even when the author is alive and—kicking. What then if the author is either dead or for some sufficient reason wishes to keep his name a secret? Suppose for instance, Dr. Parkhurst were to write a very naughty comedy and contract with Mr. Belasco for its anonymous production—who would go down to fame as the author of the play? Don't all speak at once!

As for Mr. Ford's amazing discovery that "the reading of speeches is not as important as the manner in which they are listened to," it is worthy to rank with Mr. Lewis Carroll's discovery that the "Snark was a Boojum." Mr. Perry Mackaye, who is writing a Shakespeare masque for the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death (a death masque, I take it) would do well to write in a "listening part" for Mr. Ford.



Shade of Shakespeare, to James L. Ford:
Whaddye mean mere lines and speeches!

Jews and Intermarriage

By NORMAN HAPGOOD



In the heart of the Jewish district of New York City.

THE future of the Jewish race, its social relation to the surrounding peoples, rests to a large extent on the question of intermarriage. In this step many find the removal of the troubles that have pursued that people for two thousand years. In that step many others,—many Jews and a few Gentiles,—find the greatest danger that the race has ever encountered. Napoleon raised a most heated debate when he asked a convention of Jews summoned by him whether it was permissible for Jews and Christians to marry, and the question aroused most intense differences of opinion everywhere and at all times.

As this series of articles was stimulated by comments on the former series, and is treating more fully the topics that seemed to arouse most question, let us begin by quoting a letter to me from an American Jew:

"Requesting that my name be not published as commenting on your articles on Zionism, I cannot refrain from expressing gratification of your sympathetic understanding thereof. Even more gratifying is the realization that the presentation of the essence of the movement to non-Jews cannot fail to result in much good—but, permit a query. At the end of the article of August 14th, p. 152, it seems the Jew is urged not to disappear into the melting pot of America, but to preserve his identity. The idea seems to be repeated August 21st, p. 178: 'the danger of ceasing to be a separate people,' by intermarriage, etc. At the end of the article of August 21st, p. 179, Zionism seems to be presented as a means for

the Jew to lose his identity in America. They 'can feel freer to be merely Americans.' An apparent conflict, this. Which would you have? Of course, there is no danger of lack of patriotism,—but is Zionism good for the Jew personally, in America, that he may preserve identity, or that he may lose it?

"I suppose you mean that the Jewish moral instinct should be preserved so that the ethical contributions of the race may be continued; that till the home in Palestine is established Jews elsewhere should preserve identity; but when that home is accomplished, there is no need for Jews elsewhere to survive, though they will have the option to do so if they desire.

"Assimilation, i. e., loss of identity, *vel non*, has never been adequately discussed. I hope for something helpful in your coming discussion."

The question of intermarriage and the question of prejudice are inextricably bound up together. Therefore, I wish to answer an objection to what I said in a former article about the way many Jews feel toward the disabilities imposed on them in Germany,—subtler than in Russia, but in some ways as galling:

"I have read your article 'The Jews and this War,' with a great deal of interest, but must beg leave to call your attention to what I consider certain errors of fact. After saying (p. 177, August 21, 1915) that the German Jew does not suffer from denial of ordinary education, you state that the discrimination is in the upper walks of life and, in gen-

eral, exclusion from participation in political, university and military life.

"Permit me to say that you are but partially correct in this.

"It is true that the Jew's chances of becoming an officer in the army are practically nil, the profession of arms being regarded more or less as the domain of the nobility, with the result that the ordinary mortal, even if a Gentile, does not generally ascend to the higher positions.

"Similarly the Jew is not wanted in the higher administrative positions as long as he is professedly a Jew. This obstacle removed, there seems to be no bar to ability. Mr. Falk (of 'May-Law fame') was a rabbi's son, and Mr. Falk's son an officer in the army. Still you are correct in speaking of 'general' exclusion.

"But I think that you are absolutely misinformed when you state that there is a general exclusion from political and university life.

"Jews are, and from the very commencement of German political life have been, both prominent and numerous in all progressive parties, in fact numerous out of all proportion to the percentage which they form of the general population. Jacobi, perhaps the leading and the most bitter opponent of Bismarck's in the 60's, was a Jew; and so was Laskor, the leader of the National Liberal party in the 70's.

"Having studied at German universities and polytechnic schools at that time, I am prepared to state that the Jew, then, furnished more than his quota of

the number of students. I also know that several of my professors were Jews, and typical Jews at that.

"Seven years ago I spent a year in Germany and adjoining countries, and I must confess that I am puzzled where your informant may have obtained the impression of 'absolute mental subordination to the governing few by all classes as the basis of German civilization.'

"The actual preponderance of the influence of the governing few is a fact, and it is probable that the above described condition of absolute mental subordination prevails among the partisans of the governing few, and is desired by the latter to prevail everywhere; but it is bold, to say the least, to draw therefrom the conclusion of mental subordination existing on the part of the nation; forming the basis of its civilization.

"This claim flies in the face of the fact that half of the voters train with the Social-Democratic Party, either because they are rebellious Socialists or because they wish to register their protest against the governing few as strongly as possible (without being Socialists).

"It, therefore, seems to me that your informant, even if he had passed through Germany as a mere tourist and without getting into touch with the people, should have avoided the mistake embodied in the statement quoted."

Particularly interesting in this letter is the defense that a man can rise in the higher administrative positions in Germany if he ceases to profess his Jewish faith or race. That defense, of course, admits the case. In the Jewish Encyclopedia, under "Conversion," you will find a list of prominent converts. Nineteenth of them are German. Of course, there are some exceptions to the exclusion of unconverted Jews. Some men are so big that their exclusion would be a scandal. Yet even Ehrlich could not become professor at a university. Ballin could not become a Crown Minister, as both refused to go under the pump. Jacob Barth, one of the most prominent Arabists in Germany, never advanced beyond "Ausererordentliche Professor." A scholarly Jewish friend of mine was advised not to attempt to take his "doctor" in Berlin, but to run off to Leipzig—where he did.

What is the use of the large Socialistic and Liberal vote? The Reichstag is simply a place for talking. Its resolutions are in no way binding upon the government. The government snaps its fingers at its votes and does as it pleases. And even the Ministers are powerless. The Kaiser goes his own way behind them—having his own special envoys, who report to him privately. That came out in the documents dealing with the origin of the war. At Vienna, London and Petrograd were such envoys, and Bethman-Holweg was in the dark as regards some of the most important developments.

Whatever may be said about the relative status of the Jews in the various European countries, it is clear that wherever in Europe they exist in large

numbers their ability to get on is related to their willingness to abjure their faith; which means that very soon they will be amalgamated. Look briefly at the general world-situation regarding intermarriage. It is necessary to consider religion instead of race, since only of religion does the law take account. But the result is roughly the same.

Marriage between Jews and Christians was universally prohibited up to the French Revolution. It is still prohibited in Russia and other Greek Church countries, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and the Mohammedan countries. The countries where intermarriage is most frequent are Denmark, Italy, Sweden, France, and Australia. In Sweden, mixed marriages are more frequent than pure Jewish ones. In Denmark, mixed marriages are much more than a third of the total in which Jews take part. In Australia, the percentage is almost a third. In Germany, it is about a tenth; in Holland a little more. In countries like Hungary, which have only recently permitted intermarriage, the number of mixed marriages has been rapidly increasing. It should be explained perhaps, for the general reader, that what would ordinarily be called mixed marriages exist in small numbers even where mixed marriages legally so-called are forbidden. In other words, some men and more women change their religion in order to avoid the law. It seems to be true that the percentage of mixed marriages varies directly with the prosperity of the Jews and inversely with their relative numbers. Prosperity brings them into touch with the Gentiles. Numbers raise prejudice and also give the Jews a wider choice among their own people. In the United States, therefore, mixed marriages are rather frequent in proportion in the southern states, but less than one to every thousand Jewish marriages in New York.

THOSE being the facts, if you were a Jewish man or maiden and loved a Gentile, what would you do about it? If you were a Jew and had children, would you send them to Jewish schools and synagogues, or encourage their association with Christians, with the not improbable consequences? Would you go to hotels and summer resorts where Jews predominated? Which, in other words, of the following three things would you do?

1—Encourage amalgamation and the relations that lead naturally to intermarriage.

2—Discourage amalgamation and close social relations.

3—Encourage close social relations, but nevertheless battle against intermarriage.

Intermarriage and social relations are comparatively easy problems for a liberal-minded Gentile. They are most difficult for an idealistic Jew. To the Gentile there can be no sound reason against marrying a Jew, and indeed a strong reason for it. He knows that such a strain, selected through several thousand

years,—able, persistent, patient,—cannot but strengthen his stock; and if he prefers more amenity, less strenuousness, than he deems characteristic of the Jew he is yet sure that by crossing and environment the Hebraism will be tempered. To him, therefore, if he feels the desire, and is without social fear or religious prejudice, there can be no obstacle.

Many and many a Jew, on the other hand, liberal as the sun, finds the problem bitterly difficult. The higher and more unselfish his aspiration the more painful the dilemma. Let us leave out mere creed difficulties, such as exist between Catholic and Protestant, as they are on the rapid road to disappearance anyway, unless they are connected with something beyond the question of whether one group of mortals knows more about God's exact opinion than another group does. It is also fair enough to put only minor emphasis on the point that increase of crime among the American Jews is due to the breaking away from their religion by the younger Jews. That is true, but it is temporary. It is a transition stage in which they have left the ancient social and moral sanctions, expressed in their religion, and have not yet become saturated with the ethical group consciousness of the whole social unit in which they live. If we look beyond the transition period, however, there is no more ground for saying that ethical soundness is inseparable from a religious system in the case of a Jew than it is in the case of an American, Briton, or Frenchman. If the Jews become entirely part of the American nation, with no separateness, if they go into the melting pot, they will share the ethics of the whole.

We are merely driven on, therefore, to the one great question, whether they as a race are willing in the end to disappear or not. The question never confronted them before as it does now, because the bigotry of Christians heretofore would have been enough to prevent amalgamation. That bigotry (speaking not in years but in decades) is on the verge of disappearing, if it is not kept alive by Jewish separateness and caste of race solidarity. So at bottom it is now up to the Jew. Will he commit suicide, will he destroy his special attributes, his tradition, or will he not? As a mere matter of observation, leaving theory apart, I conclude that the most poetical, idealistic Jews think that to marry a Christian, as things stand today, is to lower a noble banner; it is, for personal advantage or happiness, to yield a great world-cause. In other words, to intermarry is to do wrong. It is genuine sin, for it is sin not merely against a traditional religious rule, but against the light of reason. I say, "as things stand today." Is there no way out; no development by which the Jews may be less a separate people in the various countries, without sin, without lowering the banner of their worthy and contributive ideal? I think there is.

Mr. Hapgood's article next week will be on "The Future of the Jews in America."

Hits on the Stage

"Hobson's Choice"

ONE of the distressing features of the present dramatic season is that there are so many strong characters and so few charming ones. Most of our stage contemporaries are sinister gobs of humanity. After the ordinary performance it is refreshing to step out into the brisk air of a north-bound subway. In *Hobson's Choice* it's different. Hobson is charming. His three daughters are charming. His three sons-in-law are charming. His five neighbors are charming. Mr. Harold Brighouse has taken a dozen commonplace inhabitants of Lancashire, England, and made them extremely pleasant. His play may lack continuity. It may even ramble. But it charms.

It is rather nice to feel that there are still plays in the environs of Broadway that emphasize character rather than "situation." No doubt the latter adjunct has its value, but it is a novelty to enjoy a whimsicality of human nature, rather than wonder when it's going to shoot its reducer. Perhaps the comparison is a bit extravagant, but it might be remarked that Sheridan and Goldsmith did not depend solely upon loaded revolvers lying in hidden drawers.

It is no more than honorable to confess that the writer is quite ignorant of Lancashirians in general, and Lancashirians of the years 1870-80 in particular. Consequently he will have to forego the pleasure of saying that Mr. Brighouse has drawn his characters true to life. But he has done better; he has made Lancashire a place in which one must spend a week-end, after the war is over; and he has given lovers of clean, entertaining drama a chance to show their enthusiasm.

The original Hobson ("died 1630," in the annals' only entry) was an English liveryman. It was his custom to

force patrons to take the horse which stood nearest the stable door,—from which practise arose the proverb, "Hobson's choice." The modern Hobson is in a less dictatorial position. For him it is Maggie who does the choosing. Maggie is the eldest of the three daughters who help him run his bootshop in Salford. The younger two, Alice and Valer, are not of much assistance. They are too intent upon Salford beaux and 1879 bustles to be capable of much in the shoe line. In fact, after an unusually

outré flaunting of these feminine corollaries, Hobson decides that the two younger daughters must be disposed of in marriage. "I'd like them to wed temperance young men," he says. "Ennery!" exclaims a friend, "keep your ambition within bounds!"

But it is Maggie—"the kind of a maid that men don't fancy"—who first wins a husband. She summons Will Mossop, shoemaker, from his workman's bench in the cellar. Will appears, delightfully

he doesn't love her. Besides, he's "tookened." "Tookened" to whom, demands Molly. Ads Figgins is the lucky maid. Very well, says Maggie, we'll settle Ads. And she does. Ads is informed that there is no use in hoping; she must give up all expectations of having Will and his jew's-harp in her household.

Once started, there is no stopping Maggie. She carries matters to a point, and informs her father that she intends to marry Will Mossop. Her father is decidedly opposed to the match; no daughter of his shall marry a common shoemaker! He threatens to strap Will soundly,—whereupon Will suddenly becomes seized of a passion for Maggie and defies paternal ire.

The succeeding three acts, it must be confessed, are weaker in construction, but they are just as strong in characterization. Will Mossop, guided by the competent Maggie, sets up a rival bootshop and takes all the trade away from Hobson. The father stubbornly refuses to forgive Maggie. But in the last act he has need of a woman's care. The two younger girls have been married; his business has fallen into decay; he himself has succumbed to alcohol. Which daughter will return to him? In a Learlike scene, the two younger daughters refuse to come back; but Maggie agrees to help her father. But if she returns, he must take her husband into partnership. Will Mossop for a partner? Hobson will never consent. But Maggie has her way. Very well, he will see Mossop. Then he must put on a collar, says Maggie. This is too much, and Hobson stoutly refuses. Again Maggie triumphs. "Very well," her father says, "I'll put my collar on. But mind you! it isn't for Will Mossop! It's because my neck is cold."

And thus the partnership of "Mossop and Hobson, Boot Merchants," is formed.

The three chief rôles are admirably taken. Miss Molly Pearson, beloved "Bunty," plays the part of Maggie with charm and vivacity. Mr. Andrews and Mr. Kane, as father and husband respectively, are very capable actors. The other nine Lancashirians make nine most interesting parts. Prophecies are precarious, but these folk ought to have their dialect well memorized by the time *Hobson's Choice* leaves the boards.



Molly Pearson as Maggie.

naïve, and not at all prepared for the blow that awaits him. Then Maggie proposes her scheme! Will has a fine pair of hands for shoemaking, she has a fine brain for bookkeeping,—well, couldn't they . . . ? Couldn't they what? asks Will. Well, replies Maggie, wouldn't it be a good scheme to . . .

But Will doesn't help her a bit; so Maggie tells him that they're going to be married. Will objects strenuously; he respects her infinitely, he admires her beyond words,—but he is positive that

Hits on the Stage

"The Eternal Magdalene"

IN SPITE of a superficial jocularity, *The Eternal Magdalene* attempts to handle a very real problem. Externally the play bristles with familiar jests, big situations and imitation Billy Sundays; internally it asserts that the world has never been able to rid itself of magdalenes, and shouldn't try to. The author, Mr. Robert McLaughlin, holds that the magdalene must come down through the ages for the benefit of humanity. She is put into the world to kindle sympathy and to rebuke false pride. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

To express this idea Mr. McLaughlin has made use of a queer combination of dream and reality. Elijah Bradshaw, having attained middle-age and a sizable income, becomes obsessed by the usual passion for reform. He is chairman of a committee that seeks to rid its city of questionable women. To assist in this work the committee has imported Rev. James Gleason, another stage edition of the baseball reformer. In the first act we are shown the sincerity with which Bradshaw is carrying on the fight; he compels his wife and son to give up theatre for tabernacle, and refuses to sanction a marriage between his daughter and a young reporter who pokes fun at the reform movement.

After his family has marched off to the revival meeting, Bradshaw remains at home to work on the statement which he is preparing for the newspapers, and which is to be the final blow in the cause of righteousness. Fatigued by his zeal, Bradshaw falls asleep over his work. It is then that the dream part begins. The magdalene appears before him, proclaiming herself the daughter of the woman he betrayed, many years before. Alarmed and repentant, he takes her into his household as a servant. Then his own sins visit themselves upon his children: the boy steals from the bank in which he holds a small position; the girl runs away with a scoundrel, who seduces her. These two misfortunes, coming close upon one another, kill Bradshaw's wife and persuade him to put an end to his own life. Wretchedly he asks the magdalene why she has come to him. And then the dream ends,—and his family returns from the tabernacle. But it

is a changed Bradshaw that they find: a Bradshaw who is ready to drop the fight against the magdalene, for he realizes that he is not the one to cast a stone at her.

Now all this may be regarded as an attempt to reap proceeds with sentimentalism or as a plea for human sympathy. No doubt Mr. McLaughlin had the latter aim in view when he wrote the play. It is pleasant to give him credit for the sincere expression of a thought that was

pretation is as serious as insincerity.

The Eternal Magdalene becomes less of a problem when considered purely as a play. Here there are certain technical standards which are easier of application than are moral or ethical principles. Considered by these standards, *The Eternal Magdalene* is not a strong play. The line that is drawn between dream and reality is obscure and confusing. The spectator is never certain which one he is witnessing,—with the result that he concentrates his attention on finding out, and thereby fails to get the full effect of the propaganda. Furthermore, the lines betray an inexperienced author. They are the lines that amateurs write. For instance: "What right have your parents to interfere, when your happiness is at stake?" Not a serious blemish in itself, perhaps; but a continual repetition of such lines—lines that have long since lost their connotation—weakens the force of the play.

There is a third point of view from which the play may be considered: as the involvement that led Julia Arthur to return to the stage. Miss Arthur gave up her career in the spring of 1900. Previous to that time she had played *Portia*, *Ophelia*, *Desdemona* and a score of other rôles in a capable and charming manner. Why she should decide to come out of retirement to play the part of the magdalene is puzzling, but not important. It is enough to know that she has returned. Her voice and her acting are quite as remarkable as they used to be. Mr. McLaughlin's play has fully justified its existence by inducing Julia Arthur to return to the stage.

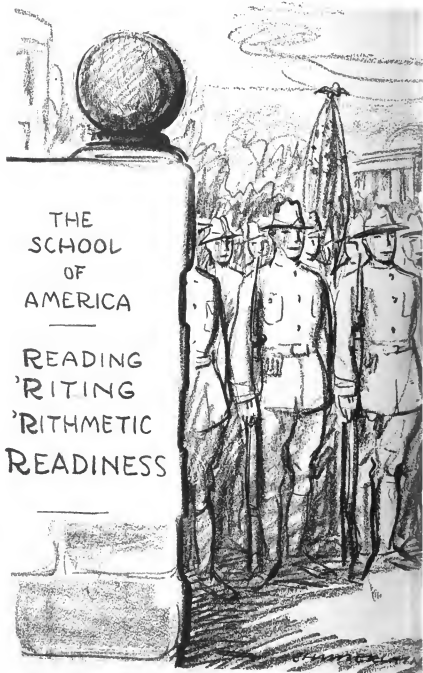
Mr. Emmet Corrigan plays the part of Elijah Bradshaw with much more depth and understanding, probably, than the author expected to be able to put into it. Miss Lucile Watson occupied just ten minutes of the second act, but they were by all odds the most enjoyable moments of the play. There was only one drawback about her acting: she made the character of Blanche Dumond so attractive that she considerably weakened the author's appeal for sympathy towards the unhappy woman of the streets.

The Eternal Magdalene is worth seeing, possibly on account of the play, surely on account of Julia Arthur.



Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene."

real to him. But, unfortunately, the audiences which go to see *The Eternal Magdalene* will not be so sincere. They will be more interested in the "strong stuff" than in the ethical principle behind it. A play which was intended, let us hope, for an appeal to human sympathy is very apt to become the haven for mixed theatre-parties in search of after-dinner thrills. For this consequence Mr. McLaughlin may not be directly responsible; but he is playing with dangerous material, where misinter-





Bulls in China Shops

By RICHARD Le GALLIENNE

Mr. Le Gallienne says a number of things in this article with which the editor does not agree, notably in his discussion of the problem of the relation of the church to practical affairs today. We do not think, however, that it is the business of an editor to print only what he agrees with, and when a man is as interesting as Mr. Le Gallienne makes himself in this article, we are often particularly pleased to have the expression of points of view that differ from our own.

THERE are some people of great value and importance in their own spheres who, on the strength of the distinction gained there, are apt to intrude on other spheres of which they have no knowledge, where in fact they are irrelevant, and often indeed ridiculously out of place. This, however, does not prevent their trying to assert an authority gained in their own sphere in those other spheres where they simply do not belong; and such is the power of a name that is won for any one thing that the multitude, unaccustomed to make distinctions, accepts them as authorities on the hundred other things of which they know nothing.

Thus, to take a crude example, the New York police, which is, without doubt, learned in its own world, and well adapted and equipped for asserting its authority there, something intrudes, with its well-known *boisisme*, into the worlds of drama and sculpture; and, because it is an acknowledged judge of crooks and grafters, presumes to be a judge and censor also of new plays and nude statues.

Of course, the New York police is absurd in such a character, absurd as a bull in a china shop is absurd; yet, as in the case of the bull with the china, it is capable of doing quite a lot of damage.

I take the New York police merely, as I said, as a crude example of, doubtless, well-meant but entirely misplaced energy. Actually, however, it is scarcely more absurd than many similar, if more distinguished, bulls gaily crashing about on higher planes. Such are statesmen who, because they are prime ministers or presidents, deem themselves authorities on everything within the four winds, doctors of divinity, and general *arbiters elephantorum*.

Such a bull in a china shop in regard to literature was the late Mr. Gladstone. It is no disrespect towards his great and estimable character to say, that while, of course, he was technically a scholar—"great Homeric scholar" was the accepted phrase for him—there were probably few men in England so devoid of the literary sense. Yet for an author to receive a post-card of commendation from Mr. Gladstone meant at least the sale of an edition or two, and a certain permanency in public appreciation. Her late gracious Majesty Queen Victoria was Mr. Gladstone's only rival as the literary destiny of the time. To Mr.

Gladstone we owe Mrs. Humphrey Ward, to Her Majesty we owe Miss Marie Corelli.

John Ruskin, much as we may admire him for his moral influence, and admire, or not admire, him for his prose, was a bull in a china shop when he made his famous criticism on Whistler, and thus inadvertently added to the gaiety of nations by provoking that delightful trial, which, farcical as it seemed at the moment, not merely evoked from Whistler himself some imperishable dicta on art and the relation of critics to art, but really did something towards the long-drawn awakening of that mysterious something called the public consciousness on the strange mission of beauty in this world, and, incidentally, of the status of those "eccentric" ministers of it called artists.

I do not mean to say that bulls in china shops are without their uses. John Ruskin's a shining example to the contrary.

ONE of his contemporaries, Thomas Carlyle, for all his genius, was on one important subject—that of poetry—as much of a bull in a china shop as Ruskin was in art. Great friends as were he and Tennyson, the famous anecdote *à propos* of Tennyson's publication of *The Idylls of the King*—"all vary fine, Alfred, but when are you going to do some work?"—and many other such written deliverances suffice to show how absolutely out of court a great tragic humorist and rhetorician may be on an art practised by writers at least as valuable to English literature as himself—say Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge and Keats. Carlyle was a great writer, but the names of these four gentlemen who, according to his standard, never did any "work," have a strangely permanent look about them compared with that of the prophet-journalist of Chelsea and Ecclefechan.

A similar "sage," another of the great conversational brow-beaters of English literature, Samuel Johnson, though it was his chief business to be a critic of poetry, was hardly more in court on the matter than Carlyle. In fact, Dr. Johnson might with truth be described as the King Bull of all the Bulls of all the China Shops. There was no subject, however remote from his knowledge or experience, on which he would hesitate to pronounce, and if necessary bludgeoned forth, his opinion. But in his case,

there is one important distinction to be made, a distinction that has made him immortal. He disported his huge bulk about the china shop with such quaintness, with such engaging sturdiness of character, strangely displaying all the time so unique a wisdom of that world that lies outside and encloses all china shops, so unparalleled a genius of common sense, oddly linked with that good old-time quality called "the fear of God," that in his case we felt that the china, after all, didn't matter, but that Dr. Samuel Johnson, "the great lexicographer," supremely did. His opinions of Scotsmen, or his opinions of poetry, in themselves amount to little—though they are far from being without their shrewd insight—and much of the china—such as Milton's poetry—among which he gambolled, after the manner of Behemoth's chance to be indestructible. Any chance he broke was all to the ultimate good the china shop. Yet, if we accept his so, is it not because he was such a wonderful bull in the china shop of world?

There have been other such bulls I hardly another so great, and with some I will, for the moment at least, permissibly aside and refer drove rather than individual bulls, familiar type of the bull in the china shop is the modern clergyman, who, parently insecure in his status of sainthood, dissatisfied with that spiritual sphere which so many confiding human beings have given into his keeping, will be forever pushing his way like an unwelcome, yet quite unauthoritative, poleman, into the turmoil of human affairs—of which politics is a sort of summary—where his opinion is not of the smallest value, though, perforce, it is received with a certain momentary respect—as though some beautiful old lady should stroll up to a battery of artillery, engaged in some difficult and dangerous attack, and offer her advice as to the sighting and management of the guns. The modern clergyman's interference in the working out of the secular problems of modern life has no such picturesque beauty, and it is even less effective.

ONE would have thought that to have the care of men's souls would be enough. What a world of suggestiveness there was in the old phrase "a cure of souls!" Men's souls need saving as much today as ever. Perhaps they were never in greater danger. Therefore, as the proverbial place for the cobbler is his last, so, more than ever, the place for the clergyman is his church, his pulpit and those various spiritual offices for which he is presumably "chosen."





DRIVING INTO THE PACK.

The end of a long run by Donoho of Columbia, who has been aided by some of the prettiest downfield interference seen this season on any field. Donoho has come forty yards through a broken field in the end to meet tacklers in front and on both sides. There was no choice left but to make his last lunge straight ahead. The Columbia interferer, on the ground, one leg in air, has made a last, but this time futile, drive into the Stevens tacklers.

Columbia Football Comes to Life

By HERBERT REED

IT IS well once in a while to take a day off from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and teams of their class, and study some of the institutions that are building the game of football from the ground up. For this purpose there is no better place to go than South Field, where Columbia football, so long dormant, is enjoying a period of recrudescence that promises well for the future. The story of the rise and fall of the game at Morningside is too well known, and too deserving of oblivion to be retold here. Columbia is seeking to build upon absolutely new and absolutely sound foundations for a long and prosperous future. On the showing to date I believe this future is assured.

The Morningside men are particularly fortunate in that they have not the temptation to "go after" the big teams simply because their own eleven may turn out to be unusually good, and so to swing into that hectic development that ruined the game for the light blue and white years ago. They are fortunate, too, in making their modest beginnings under a coaching system that would prove extremely valuable at some colleges with greater reputations.

Nelson Metelie, the old Oberlin star, has complete charge of the eleven, and he set out single-handed to build up a team in four weeks before the opening game out of material much of which had never seen a game and certainly had never expected to play in one. Quite a large order for any man, no matter how capable. As it turned out, however, Columbia had made many friends through the announcement of the in-

teresting experiment about to be undertaken and the manner of going about it as well. The result was that besides enlisting the aid of Tom Thorp, one of the greatest line players of a decade ago, and today one of the best of coaches, plain, downright interest on the part of capable outside coaches who were lovers of the game impelled them to volunteer their services. Thus two men who were trained under the successful Harvard system, Ted Withington and Charley Haan, have been of great aid almost from the beginning. There were also Telfer, a star end and punter from Dartmouth, and Moffett, an old Pennsylvania halfback, to help out.

It might be thought that the presence of so many volunteer cooks would interfere greatly with the work of the chef. This might have been the case had not the situation at Columbia been different from that at any other institution. The volunteers remained and will remain volunteers, but what Columbia is doing with the game belongs solely to Metelie.

The season opened with a smashing and lopsided victory over St. Lawrence University. The victory helped mightily because of its effect upon the student body, and in making even more plain the real revival of a football "atmosphere" at South Field, and for that matter throughout the university. However, it did not help the team to any great extent.

It was my good fortune to be in the crowd of 4000 or so that witnessed the second game of the season on Election Day against Stevens Institute of Technology. I went to South Field to search

out that which was good in Columbia's play, and also to see what Coach Rodgers had been able to do with Stevens, for I had been told that the old Pennsylvania State College man had planned some rather novel and effective plays. I was well rewarded, for I found much that was good in Columbia's work, both individually and as a team, and there were flashes of good if sometimes ragged play in the work of Stevens. The promised Stevens plays, too, were interesting as well as sound in principle. It is still quite too early to apply the rigid measure of criticism to Columbia's work that because of their established standing must be applied to institutions like Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Army and Navy, which have been playing the game without a break for so many years. The present is the time to look for the good, the encouraging features.

In the matter of greenleash, for instance, Columbia is not yet to be harshly judged. The wonder is that it was as good as it was against Stevens, which, while not one of the strongest of the smaller college elevens, boasted of husky material and good coaching, even if there were periods in the course of the game when the engineers did not live up to that coaching by a considerable margin. It was to be expected, too, that the line defense would be rather weak, and for that matter it has been weak this fall at several institutions still far above Columbia's class in the matter of football. The game between Columbia and Stevens resolved itself into a battle between two rather weak defenses and two



WHAT THE HALFBACK HAS TO FACE.

This picture shows an off-tackle play just as it looks to the halfback in the secondary defense, for whom it is headed. If the reader will put himself in this defensive man's place he will get an idea of his responsibilities. The runner, Monroe of Columbia (No. 1) has succeeded in cutting inside the end (No. 2), but the tackle (No. 3) has not been boxed and looms up as a sudden menace. A guard (No. 4) has gone through to cut down the centre man in the secondary. However, the only chance for the runner is to turn out, which he has begun to do.

promising forms of attack. The score of 15 to 6 in favor of Morningside was a fair measure of the two elevens on the day.

Columbia has a string of good, up-standing, hard-running, shifty backs. They have drive and deception, notably Littauer, Müller, Captain Smonds, and Donoho, and every one of them is good in a broken field. Donoho seems to be the best of the lot against a scattered eleven, but it must be remembered that his forwards and the other backs supported him excellently when it came to individual interference. Stevens men were bowled over all over the field. It was as neat as anything I have seen this year, and promises to be even better before the present season closes.

In other words, the Columbia players right now perform well one of the hardest tasks in football—one that it sometimes is utterly impossible to teach in a single season. There are cruelties of course, but the theory is there, and that theory has been absorbed to a marked extent. Even when the Columbias men were flat on their backs they were able to roll over and use their shoulders or the upper part of their legs to good advantage.

It is probably due largely to Metcalfe's experience and outspoken belief in the forward pass that the light blue and white has already begun to do so well

with this much praise, and in some quarters much criticized, branch of open play. The Columbias do not always work it on the correct down, but I remember distinctly one occasion when the long pass was tackled, on first down, to a long run made from kick formation. The putting together of these two plays swept the ten in a few seconds from a spot deep in home territory clear down into easy striking distance of the Stevens goal. The individual execution was excellent on all Columbia's forward passes, even those that failed, save the one time that a pass was hurled over the goal line on a fourth down. Again, the kicking game was warty eared for, save that the Stevens artilleryist was having one of his really good days and gained some ground in the exchanges from time to time. The kicks were well covered, too, the ball once being snapped up on a fumble for a long gain.

In defense Columbia also proved fairly good, and one pass of an extremely dangerous order was knocked down. Let me say a little more about this pass of the Stevens men, for its theory was interesting. We all know that delay and deception are two of the necessary features of the forward pass. These are variously obtained, but at South Field I saw a part of that delay and that deception made by the clever use of a previous play. Stevens started a back

through a quick opening down the sideline, and as a part of the play three backs swung clear across the field where they remained grouped as Stevens made the next line-up. But for slowness in the centre the play might well have worked. The eligible men had no one in front of them, or would have had no one had Stevens lined up quickly enough and gotten the second play off as fast as it was planned to go. As it was, the ball was snapped, the eligibles went down the field, a three to one combination against the defensive back. The ball was passed truly, and but for the quick individual work of the Columbia back a completed pass, with the best of chances for a touchdown, would have resulted.

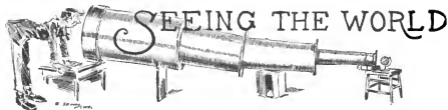
Stevens also showed some well-planned double pass plays that troubled the Columbia defense not a little, and indeed would trouble any team. Unfortunately for the engineers these too often did not go fast enough. The proper deception was there, but the machinery creaked and groaned far too often.

Columbia's principal need at this writing is better work in the line, and this I think will come before the season is over. There were flashes of good charging on attack, and now and then the men went through to the secondary defense, and there were good hits of breaking through by individuals on defense.

QUICK FOOTWORK BY A BIG BACK.

Littauer (No. 4), one of Columbia's hardest runners, has come through cleanly outside of tackle, and turned sharply to weave his way through the Stevens secondary defense. A sample of good individual interference is shown at the right, where No. 9 is seen putting his shoulder into a Stevens player. A study of the faces of the Stevens players at the left of the picture will show how much they have been bewildered by Littauer's shifty running. At this instant they have no idea of just where the Columbia back is heading.





Something New in Cows

The Tusdville Tidings advertise a cow for sale as follows:

"For Sale—A full-blooded cow, giving milk, also three tons of hay, a wheelbarrow, a grindstone, two stoves, a scythe and a democrat wagon."

We have heard of cows that got chilled through and gave ice cream in cold weather, but this is absolutely the first bovine we ever heard of that was versatile enough to give hay, wheelbarrows, grindstones and other farm necessities without making any particular fuss about it.

—The Helena (Mont.) Independent.

Shaking the Scorns

Some people are as contrary as a mule. So long as things go their way they are all right but the moment you disagree with them on any subject they are ready to raise a bowl, the jar of which is hable to shake the scorns from the tallest oak in the forest. We look in pity on such little narrow egotistical people, every community would be better off without them.

—The West Point (Miss.) Times-Herald.

He Seen his Duty

The Burr Oak Acorn tells the news without fear of grammarians or favor to sticklers for form. We quote:

"The Asher Keeslar barn received several coats of paint. Erwin Garbino done the brushing and he done a fine job."

After Erwin had went over the barn twice and had came back to the place of beginning, he took off his overhauls and said he never had did a harder job in his life.

—The Gallopis (Ohio) Tribune.

Romnant No More

Word has been received here of the marriage of Miss Ina Remnant and Walter Loyd, both of Martins Ferry, which took place in Cleveland.

—The Martin's Ferry (Ohio) News.

Reactionary

A Lawrenceburg man argues that Mt. Nebo is in Indiana. He is wrong. Mt.

Nebo is in Ohio. It has always been in Ohio.

—The Lawrenceburg (Ind.) Press.

Life in the Band is Not All Harmony

Ellis Swayze and Bert Thomas had a fight at the band practice last night. They accused each other of blowing wrong notes. If the band boys are going to fight over a little thing like that

Didja Ever Go Walnutting?



—St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press.

they won't any of them be on speaking terms with each other.

—The Henderson (Neb.) Tribune.

Thursdaying

J. W. Murphy and wife dined with Noble Fugard and family Thursday.

—The Newton (Iowa) Herald.

So Say We

A food specialist is quoted as saying that "only a fool eats fried chicken." Bring on the fried chicken; we'll be the fool.

—The Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot.

High Life in Byers

Mrs. A. B. Myers delightfully entertained Monday afternoon from 4 to 6 with a progressive bean party.

—The Byers (Tex.) Herald.

A Sticky Inducement

A new electric sign calls your attention to the Oxnard Hotel. This hotel is absolutely modern and up to date, having just received a nice coating of tar on the roof.

—Cor. of the Gary (Ind.) Post.

The Merry Widows

Mrs. A. E. Hafer entertained the ladies at her home in honor of Mrs. Shalesford of Minneapolis. A social time was had by all. There being only widows present.

—The Roberts (Wis.) News.

On Good Authority

Mrs. Jule Johnson's oldest daughter is named Charity, and she is positively the most selfish young lady in this city. And Prudence Jenks, Charity's eum, is as impudent as all get out. The boys say she is actually tough.

—The Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Emulating the Clothespin

Wash Dugan got caught on the clothesline in Hildstrom's back yard Saturday and cut his lower lip.

—The Mercyville (Iowa) Banner.

Conserving Beauty

"Boots for women" Girls, don't wear them; they will destroy the view of those pretty silk hose.

—The Gainesville (Tex.) Register.

One or the Other

Henry Brumhton has most all of his yard fence torn down by stepping over it. His wife will have to build the fence higher, or get Henry some glasses, so he can find the gate.

—Garber cor. Clarksville (Ark.) Herald.

These Mad Wags

Because his wife threw a pumpkin pie in his face during the course of an argument on why the Lord made man first, a Missouri man named Piper is now referred to by his friends as the Pied Piper.

—The Pea Ridge (Ark.) Pod.

The Cook's Tour

XI

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

Being the blithe adventures of the erstwhile cook for the Bar-2 cattle outfit, and his erudite partner Allingham, chronicled by the former during the progress of an "intensive" tour of certain hitherto little-known portions of Arizona and New Mexico.

I FOUND the Springerville hotel withouten no trubbel a tall but cud be seen plane fer some distans on eyny side there want nothin moeh to obstruck the view any mountain air wich is cleer Master Editor becaus the town is at a heighth of moren seven thousand feet above sea level at the Noth end of the Apache fores in the foothills.

The hotel was kept up by a ole feller name Hosford Hippie wich is a right funny name but nu funnier than the proprieter lookt he was settin in the middel of the bes room when I come in with a quilt over his sholders na his feet in a tub full of hot water whats the matter I says after we done said flowly. The ole feller lookt at me a minat like he didd see me an then says yang feller of twas onyhadly dose ast me that Id give em a right sharp anser but seem hits you Ill tell you the truth.

Im a ole man he says an full of years an my plessurs is few an fercherless they aint many thins intrest nee no more he says like they useter. Wine an wimmin an songs he says has one by one played out on me tho I kin now an agin take a finger or so of wacky with relish. So I done gone back to the pastimes of my interres loyhold he says most enay evenin you kin fine me playin tickytack on the windlers of my nabers or spinann tops on the kitchen floor or flyin kites offn the roof. When theys a fare wind blowin he says an the hot sun aint shinin

too feerse. An won of my mos charrished divvushans he says is stannin onto my head I fine of I stan on hit for an hour or sech a matter arter meels onet in a while jumpin up an down keerful like hit gives me all the exercise a ole man needs an prejuses a plessent an benefiful flow of blood in the loeshun ware a fellers branes is said to be yound ought to try hit wont he says.

Mebbe I will when I get tired of them other thins you menshunned I says whats that got to do with puttin yore feet into a tub of hot water I says becaus I had a noshan the ole feller was lyin. I was a cotuin to that he says ef you hadden interrupter youd a knowed sooner as I was sayin that there custom of stannin on his head warms a feller up like an prejures resful an senensun immeshuns but the trubbel comes in the fact that seems like hits plumb hard gain on the fellers feet hits gn me moren one stone bruse he says ef youd believ it.

Hens I fine it desirable to jes drop my lins into a tub of hot water fer a spell arterwards soe to ease em up like he says thats simple enuff aint it.

Yes I says hits might nigh weakminded kin I git a room Im lockin fer a feller by name of Allingham what come in a nour or so ago. Ah says the ole man an a plessant perlite spoke feller he is I bin talkin to him twell jest a shake back. Loosy he callt out to a gal workin in the kitchen take this young man up to nummer sixty four.

The gal come into the doorway a wipn her hans on her apron an says alright aint you never goin to git out that there tub Paw you bin settin that sense supper yore child-blans shud be plumb soffet by now never mine me says the ole feller irrtable like take this year guest upstairs. So we went up to nummer sixty four wich was a right big



Youll hofsto sleep with him says the gal.

room with two beds into it an Allingham layin asleep in one on em youll hafsto sleep with him says the gal name Loosy theys a roundup outfit in town an the other beds taken we air full up. What I says you aint got sixty four rooms fill an she laft. That theres an kiddes of Paws she says he allows hit some more Mettapolitan like we begin nummern em at sixty she says. O I says.

So I went into the room an shaked Allingham who was breathin right heavy like he was asleep an he opened his eyes slow an says Jest a minat Penbrooke you kin fix my warm bath an see you dont disturb me agin twell hits redly so I grabt the bedcloths in one han an pollt them offn the bed now I says plumb riled I done fit our fite this evenin an I mought as well make a cleen up wile Im in the yumer. Ina caught up with this green an hawin I says an the rest of yore ostimely foolishness seems like I bin gittin nothin but ondeserbel words fum Meelankthun an notthin but silens an secrecy fum you an hits beginnin to taste of the kag I says.

Allingham set up in bed an yawnt an stretched hisself an drawd back the kivers onto han an says Lem of yore branes aint too het up with likker kin you reveal that there gal on the true what tole you a lot of facts about herself I was in a posishun to gather an how you kep me on tenderbooks like



A quilt over his sholders on his feet in a tub full of hot water.

ever sense when a reel fren wud of re-
sist my feelins to woset kin you blame
me be says I shud attemp for to git
revenge for sech onry treatance in
my own ingrenyus way. Well I says
she ony tole me three farkn an she made
me promus not to tell you
but one aday and I done tole
you two aredly that she was
name Mary Hallock an she was
goun to California an this years
the evenin of the third day so
I kin releef you now by tellin
you the rest on hit she come
fum Fiddelfyn thats no re-
leef says Allingham hits a
plumb new tribblashun.

But I aint worryn no more
now he says I was roped right
handy fust off but when she
choosd you as a trane com-
panyun preferid to me he
says hit give me pass I never
eud fancy no gid long lessn she
got good taste he says an ar-
terwards time an distans an the
preshur of more imment an
important matters done drove
her from my mind shes ony a
memory to me now he says a
meer abstrakshun.

That aint a right fisten
name for to call a gal an her
not aroun neuther I says whats
the meannin on it. Lemme see
says Allingham hits difficult
to apine sos you kin un-
nerstan hits thinsay suppose
frinstans I shud take what money
you got in yore pokkit not meenin no
harm hit wud be a meer abstrakshun hit
souns worsen that to me I says. Well
you aint the ony man got prejuides
agin the abstrak says Allingham praps
you prefer the koncrete now spose
I shud knock you down an putt yore
money in my pokkit ao keep hit that
there wud be a koncrete injry. I wud
eall hit a fitin matter I says.

You aint got the pint yit says
Allingham supposen we was campt out
on the mesy an I aint you to take a
drink wud you take wem why not I says
ef hit was handy wich hit wudden be
becaus that time wud of drink hit all
up thats irrelevant says Allingham
the pint is that in a supposishus of abstrak
case it aint reel waresn we bein ware we
is an talkin together I asks you perlit
will you have a tech of wisky yes I says
ef youll git up an putt yore trowsn on
an go over to the saloon. Now you
got the diffrens he says that las was
a koncrete suggestyoun. They was some
sense into that there re-mark I says I
eud unnerstan hit I reckon I got a kon-
crete head I says. Im plumb g'ud you
admittes the fark at last says Allingham
an he left hartly.

I dont see nothin funny about that I
says hut yore speakin of tkin my money
remines me of somethin more important
Mee-lankthun an me was helt up on the
way to St Johns an all my money was
stole ony ten or fifteen dollars I helt out
fer luek what says Allingham dont tell
me you wrot an cheater the futpad I jes
eyant believ hit do you figer that there
was right honest who was hit soid take
my life ef you will hut leaf me my honer
I dunno I says hut hit want me.

Honer is all right for some purposes
I says hut a feller got to eat an drink

and carry the makins what wud we do
broke out year forty seven miles fum
nowhar. You got me behine you aint
you says Allingham. Yes I says hut
sometimes you aint a right reliable lack-
stop. Goin off an leefin a feller an not



I decided to stay in bed

telln him the whys an whiffers of it lin
disquintet in you I says if you want to
know.

I aint overly intrestet says Allingham
yawnin an stretchin out I may haf some
good noos fer you in the mornin howsom-
ever ef you kin compose yore mune in
the meentime at present he says I cant
spare you no more time Im losin the
bes part of my beuty sleep good night
he says an turnt over an begin hreathin
heavy wile I was yit thinkin up somethin
right sharp to say.

I was a worried over that year pint
twel I cleen forgot about the roomer
what had ordred the bed Allingham
wasnt sleepin on an so I elmpnt into hit
an must of fell asleep becaus I waked
up. Seems like in a cuppel of minits
an I seen the outlines of a feller stannin
into the middle of the room swayin bak-
kards an forrards a muttren to hisself.

Well sir for a spell I was plumb senrit
bein half asleep thataway an then I
reckenized the feller by his vos hit was
that there Dingbat Jones the trapper Id
seen in the saloon hed come got un-
dressed an redy to git to bed. He seen
me bust the same time I seen him an says
who alle into my bed the prebulum haint
so bad hit eyant be outanged I says you
kin ajust anny thin in tize exceptin
hangin I says I aint yore pardon Mister
no I startet to pile outn bed.

The feller drawd out a clasp nife bout
a foot long an startet dancin roun an
cussin so finely I decided to stay in bed.
Woofer he says Im a wolf an Im plumb
honery fer blood an danced roun some
more so I didnt say nothin Jest wated
pushans hits best to yumer em Mister
Editor when they gits thataway. Jest
then I yeverd Allingham movin caubans
an fuet thin I knowed he jump outn
bed wavin a cuppel of six guns aroun

lus head an hollerin Doggone it I aint
bin to bed fer a month thost killin a
man fust seems like I cant got to sleep
nowho who was that I yeern talkin jest
now.

Well sir that there Dingbat feller give
one look an grabt up his
trowsn an smook outn the door
quiet an Allingham set down
outn his bed an laif hit to kill.
Then he stopd lafin sudden
an helt up a pair of over-
hauls an says Ho'y Hosifat
an I says whatsamatter an he
stays git yore cloes on quick
Lem an chase after that feller
hes done taken my trowsn
well I says that aint nothin to
brake a laig over you can git
them in the mornin an besides
you got him.

In the mornin nothin says
Allingham plumb savidre you
dont unnerstan in one the pok-
kets of them trowsn they was
a black neck hankercher with
holes into hit what a sertin
holdup feller wore this ar-
noon fer a mask an as soon as
that Dingbat lednts onto hit
theyll be the Sherreff an a
possy over year arter me
what I says was you the hold-
up man.

Yes says Allingham dont
stan thar like you seen a gost
git yore cloes on and seek out
them trowsn they haint no
struck me plumb rediklus so I began to
laif.

Thats rite stan there smukkin says A'-
linglum vasus wile my bull fucher
hangs into the balans tomorrow I may
be inhabtin a felons sell then youll re-
gret yore urswile levty. Jest immaagn
how sidesplitin twell be wen that
there Sherreff gits hol of the black handkercher
I says Id give up fifty dollars to see hit
an I laif some more twas right amooosin

Well says Allingham youll likely give
up moren fifty dollars becaus in the other
pokkit of them trowsn is the money I
taken ofn you. What I says jumpin up
an grabbin my cloes this years a plumb
seryus matter I says no bustid out arter
Dingbat.

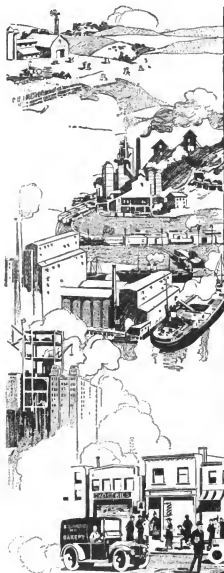
I headet fer the saloon fust off an thar
I foun Dingbat in the senter of a crowd
of fellers plumb excitet with Allingham
trowsn on an the Sherreff stannin with
the black handkercher in one han an my
money in tother. Year I says that
theres my money the feller what owns
them trowsn jest tole me so.

Aha says the Sherreff the holdup feller
wud did you apperhend him becaus I
wantet to git my money fust I says hits
a matter in which I am grately intrestet
I says.

Tut tut says the Sherreff my good
feller aint you never leart that offen the
individjood must suffer sos the magnesty
of the law kin be substained this way
men he says an they all startet fer the
door.

So we went over to the hotel an waked
up ole Hosford Hippie an finely per-
swaded him to leaf us git in an then we
clumb the stairs to room nummer sixty
four Dingbat an me be'n pruden an
takin up a cuppel of stratejikal pushans
in behine.

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The New Woman

By JAMES HENLE

One Who Sees and Does Not Believe

Mr. Henle's ideas are, as he indicates, the exact opposite of our own, but he has a diverting certainty and sprightliness in stating them. Perhaps his arguments will explain why four great eastern states recently refused to grant equal suffrage to women.

AS EVERY ONE connected with HARPER'S WEEKLY seems convinced, there is a Feminist Movement and there is a New Woman. I recognize that fact. That is why I say I see. But, unlike the persons connected with HARPER'S WEEKLY, I am unable to picture this Movement and this Woman as anything save the product of hysteria, sincere but cockleshell enthusiasm, a badly deranged sense of proportion, and general mental indigestion. That is why I say I do not believe.

In the first place, the New Woman is not only new but rare. The Feminist Movement has snuggled up but a small percentage of our females. Just as the ballot is only one of the New Woman's demands, so merely the desire to vote cannot be said to be a test of New Womanhood. That is only one of the emancipations to be accomplished. Woman is to be made free, intellectually and economically. She is the equal or superior of man and is to take her place as such. She is to do a countless number of other mentionable and unmentionable things. This is the New Woman—and you don't meet her often. But she is. She forms the core of the suffrage movement. She it is that gives it strength and vitality.

NOW there has always been in our womanhood this core of greater intellectual resiliency. Girls and women—especially girls—of this sort have always existed and always in all classes. You cannot and never could go to a dance, or to an office that employs a score or so of stenographers, without seeing this girl. She is "interested in things." The girls about her think her "queer"—and come to her for advice. The men she knows are a trifle afraid of her; they have the feeling that she isn't listening to their conversation. Her mother tells her that if she sits up late at night reading she will have to wear spectacles.

There are other interesting things about her. She glances at the newspapers each day and tries to understand politics. In the early 'teens she lies in wait for Maude Adams at the stage door; a little further on in life she joins the crowd that cheers Mrs. Pankhurst. Ten years ago she would have smuggled "Quids" into the house—now it is Ibsen or Shaw. And always she dreams. Sometimes it is of the things that she is to do, sometimes it is of the things that are to be done by others, and often, very often, it is about the man with whom she is to

fall in love. Of course she has her daily little flirtations, but with them all is the consciousness that they are not the real, the big thing that Love will be. Love is to be something so sacred she hardly dares name it to herself. Her friends will discuss it with her, and she will reply, but always with the knowledge that she is withholding from them her true thoughts upon the subject. Love is to be so tremendous—she certainly cannot imagine she will ever feel it for any one of the boys and men she sees about her—for Will, who loses his temper when he is beaten at tennis; for Charlie, who confesses that he spends a quarter of an hour upon his hair; for Walter, who likes to eat and makes no attempt to disguise the fact. The man she is to marry will

be some one strong and mysterious, who will make her tremble when he comes near her. He will want her and she will go to him. There will be no questioning, no parleying.

THIS girl has always existed. The difference today lies in what becomes of her. A few years ago a very definite fate awaited her. In one class she married a cotton broker who had the habit of dropping off to sleep after dinner. In such a case she was apt, at the age of thirty-five or so, to fall in love with her daughter's music teacher. If she did, her daughter's music teacher didn't stand much chance. In another class she married a clothing merchant and took up settlement work and wo-

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men's clubs, finding nothing in them and giving to them little. In still another class she married a printer or a plumber, brought him forth children—and kept hidden in the bottom bureau drawer a school copy of *Éponique*.

Of course all this is changed. The secret now seems to be that girls in their twenties and thirties and forties can remain loyal to the hopes and aspirations of their teens. They are let loose upon the world as bankers' daughters, teachers, stenographers, and actresses, all with the same unobscured desire to "do things" and the corollary conviction that their

success is bound up with the triumph of Feminism.

So we see that the New Woman wants to "do things." She wants to make discoveries in science, to paint pictures and write poems, to direct business enterprises and to build philosophies. Let us see how well she is equipped for such undertakings. We may dummies at once the judgment that condemns her to the moral and intellectual level of children and musicians. That obviously is from a prejudiced source. Let us by all means be fair. Let us take her as she should be at her best—in our universities.

NOW the disheartening truth upon which our college instructors seem to agree is that woman is readily receptive to facts and singularly unresponsive to ideas. From a course in history her usual acquisition is an appalling mass of dates. She will sit open-mouthed through a lecture upon the development of the drama and at the close demand to know whether *Hamlet* or *Othello* is the greater play—and await pencil in hand for the answer. Her whole and sole object ordinarily is to pin down her instructor to a definite statement—something that she can carry away in her note-book for future use. She is impervious to a bold, space-clearing characterization, a poignant epigram, a scholarly assembly of causes and sequences—in fact, to anything save a dry, bare statement of undisputed and indisputable realities. She wants something she can understand. I fear that is the kernel of the difficulty.

Of course the world of scholarship is only one in which woman has failed. Her failure there is especially conspicuous because of what has been predicted and predicated of her success. But throughout the entire field of human endeavor the same result is found. Woman can follow well enough, she can even lead a hunt over beaten trails, but she cannot strike out and find a new path for herself. Except in her pursuit of her mate, which is too big a topic to be treated here, she shows astonishing lack of initiative and inventiveness. She has not the power to create new images.

THAT is just what woman is not able and never will be able to do. The creation of new images or of new ideas involves discovering similarities and resemblances whose existence no one before suspected. But to do this one must consider the qualities of a thing apart from the thing itself. Woman cannot hope to do this. She can understand only something that she can touch or see, and from these things that she can touch or see she cannot abstract their

qualities. That is why a woman can never tell you why she likes a man or a piece of furniture. And since she is chained to solid realities, her only advance lies through what her senses can discover for her or what man will tell her. She can never for herself see a subject in a new light, form an original generalization, or work to a distinctive conclusion. All her thoughts must be of things, never of ideas. For a Woman and a Thinker to converse is for an Englishman and a German to attempt to understand each other's tongues; or, better, for two carpenters to endeavor to work together upon the same task with one employing feet and inches and the other the metric system.

I have no desire to jump to a hasty decision. Yet the conclusion seems inevitably forced upon me that what woman can never understand and what she can form no concept of is an abstract idea. The very fact that the demand for the halit ranks so high in the Feminist Movement points to this same need of something tangible, something concrete to cling to. You can set no woman's pulses to vibrating by telling her that she is being wronged by being treated as man's inferior; to rouse her you must point out the possibility of being allowed once a year to go into a little booth and make a cross in a little circle.

WOMAN is incapable of grasping an abstract idea. She is therefore incapable of ideals. To her the Ideal of Service must forever be foreign. And the one requisite, without which no real contribution to the progress of the commonwealth can be made, is the Ideal of Service. Woman lacks this. I do not speak of Joans of Arc—I talk of women as we see them loose today. And I am right. No woman has ever remained true to a cause; no woman has ever sacrificed herself for an idea. For a man she will give anything and for a child everything—but an appeal to her intellect leaves her unthrilled.

Without the Ideal of Service there can be no service and woman can render none. In the higher sense, for the higher purposes of the commonwealth, she is economically, intellectually and ethically unfit. She is an anachronism and, in one sense, superfluous. Yet in another she is distinctly necessary to the welfare of the commonwealth. It is this last that at once binds us to so much else in her and is in danger of being forgotten.

What is to be the outcome? On all sides infinite twaddle; in all ranks infinite mush. In all months meaningless phrases; in all minds frothy nothingness. What is to be the outcome?

Woman will be given the vote. You can almost see the vote, and woman can understand it. She wants it and she will get it. I would never oppose that desire. The sooner she gets the vote, the sooner she will tire of it.

And the New Woman? Her pretensions will recoil upon themselves. Without the depth of intellect that alone can make possible the achievements she plans, but with sufficient acumen to recognize her failures, her own common sense is sure to save her in the end. A long road she must travel, and false prophets and bitter disappointments she must face, but finally will she triumph in her defeat.

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A Query

By D. W. STODART

JUST to satisfy my curiosity, would you mind telling us the correct pronunciation of Brix Allaire's name. Would you say "All air"? Or does it follow the simplified spelling rule and come out of the mill with an "A Liar" sound?

Philadelphia, Pa.

On Reformers

From the Evening Steeds-Zemung:

THIS kind of reformer reminds us of the chief of the whole gang, the Most Hon. Hapgood, who when he is out on a hunt against the hyphen, is editing HARPER'S WEEKLY.

"Cracking Under the Strain"

From the Arkansas Democrat (Little Rock, Ark.):

HARPER'S WEEKLY used to be a sane, well-balanced publication. It seems to have "cracked under the strain" of the European war. Just at present it rounds out our idea of a national Purveyor of Prejudice.

From a "Swedish-Swim"

By ERNST W. OLSON

WHILE I have read and enjoyed a number of good contributions to your journal during my trial subscription period this summer, I must say that such cheap flags and biased stabs at Germans and German-Americans as HARPER'S WEEKLY gives I have not found in any of the dozens of dailies, weeklies and monthlies that come to our offices. If you can't be impartial, be as fair as you can. That is what we Swedish-Americans are trying to be.

You may notify the subscription department that all letters of indorsement to subscribe again are time, work and postage wasted.

Rock Island, Ill.

"Kultur" and Suffrage

From the Chronicle (Augusta, Ga.):

A WRITER in HARPER'S WEEKLY says that the suffrage movement is "essentially the dawn of a super race." Germany is the only country that now boasts of being peopled by "super-men." In Germany the feminist movement has made less progress than anywhere else.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

At some time the vote will be given to the women. New Jersey does not believe that that time has yet arrived. President Wilson holds that it should be given them at this time. Mr. Taft differs, saying that the country is not ready for the innovation yet.

Congratulations All Around

By W. H. TORTIZZI

THE announcement recently made in your journal to the effect that Mr. W. C. Morris had been engaged to draw regularly the cartoons for HARPER'S WEEKLY was very gladly received by readers of the WEEKLY in the inland empire of the Pacific Northwest, where Mr. Morris's excellent work is so well known and appreciated. HARPER'S is to be congratulated upon securing the services of one of the ablest and most talented cartoonists of the day, a worthy successor to Thomas Nast. Mr. Morris is entitled to congratulations upon securing a worthy vehicle through which to convey his messages, to not only the American people but to the whole civilized world.

The reading public is most to be felicitated over a connection which means for them the best in reading matter and cartoons that is to be had.

We, out here in the Far West, are perhaps best able to appreciate the results that are bound to follow your announcement.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Edited by **NORMAN HAPGOOD**

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Defense

HERE is the line-up on national defense:

1. The virtuous but somewhat too consistent group, headed by Mr. Bryan and Miss Jane Addams, who are for turning the other cheek and for nothing else.

2. The group of fiery ones, including Mr. Hearst, Colonel Roosevelt, and many others who have given us red-blooded stuff and magnificent estimates.

3. The military and naval experts, who, as Lord Salisbury said, would like to fortify the moon to keep us from invasion from Mars.

4. The same old inside gang who own everything and run everything. They want high tariff, indirect taxes, smoking factories and white-faced seamstresses paying a little more for everything than they do now. If the expense of preparedness were to come out of heavily graduated income and inheritance taxes, they would not like it quite as much as they will if they can link it up with high tariff agitation, since the poor pay the tariff without knowing it and the rich pay the graduated inheritance and income taxes and know it pretty well. Moreover, these gentlemen have been remodeling industries to fit war conditions, and if we do not start out on a vast military enterprise of our own when peace checks the new demand, what is to become of the coupons of these poor dears? There are two simple answers to these dangerous hidden forces. One is that when we increase the military bill we should raise the money directly, not indirectly. The other is that the government itself should manufacture its own munitions. Just mention these two things and you will be called an anarchist and a Socialist, and all interest in preparedness will leave the group to which we refer.

5. The group that is disinterested and modern, not infected with the militarist thinking that brought on the war in Europe, and yet not able to believe that the world can yet be run on the Sermon on the Mount alone. This group thinks that the young men of the country ought to do their own strenuous work, as they do in Switzerland, not pay a large standing army in order to avoid this work. On principle compulsion is right. The work of the state should be assigned by the state. If done wisely it would improve the boys immeasurably. And if the state had brains enough it could use the girls for a couple of years, in some way, to their vast improvement also. But that suggestion is remote. A very moderate step indeed toward distributing preparedness among the citizens is that proposed by the President and the Secretary of War. It is of course freely open to discussion, but only in detail. The

absolute pacifists, on the one hand, and the people who want to make money out of private manufacture of munitions, on the other, cannot be persuaded. They can only be overridden.

There was one sentence in the President's speech on preparedness that seemed to have something behind it. He said:

If men differ with me in this vital matter, I shall ask them to make it clear how far and in what way they are interested in making the permanent interests of the country safe against disturbance.

What do you suppose he meant? At any rate his point is well taken. If you see the same old gang doing their best to break the program, think it over.

The last Democratic platform linked together efficiency, economy and adequacy of naval defense as follows:

We approve the measure reported by the Democratic leaders in the House of Representatives for the creation of a council of national defense which will determine a definite naval program, with a view to increased efficiency and economy. The party that proclaimed and has always enforced the Monroe Doctrine, and was sponsor for the new navy, will continue faithfully to observe the constitutional requirements to provide and maintain an adequate and well-proportioned navy sufficient to defend American policies, protect our citizens and uphold the honor and dignity of the nation.

The same combination of efficiency, economy, and adequacy should apply to the army. Although our laws and the habits of our people do not allow us to go the whole distance in principle, as the Swiss do, there is nothing (except inertia and selfishness) to prevent our going as far as the Wilson-Garrison program calls for; nor is there anything else to prevent our supplementing that program with nationalization of the means of supplying the army.

Comparing the amount spent on preparedness with the amount spent on agriculture, as Mr. Bryan does, is referred to the class in logic. Agriculture richly pays for itself, so the government has a relatively small function. Preparedness is outlay for insurance. You might as well use the amount spent by the Department of Commerce on promoting business as a comparison. Mr. Bryan's sincerity holds our respect. We should be glad to see him use his moral fervor and oratorical gifts in creating a public opinion that would force Congress to cut down our pension system, turning it from a vote-catching hog-trough into what in principle it ought to be, a mere recompense for injuries sustained. Then the biggest item in preparedness would be reduced almost to nothing.



Thanksgiving.

German Votes

ONE of the American relief committees, frankly representing the interests of the Allies, criticized "Prussianized Germany" in one of its circulars, whereupon protests appeared, naturally enough, from Germans in this country. One of these protests was written and given to the press by a Detroit organization known as the Deutsches Bund. In a letter accompanying the resolutions and written by a member of the committee that drew them, appear two sentences of interest. After reciting that Belgium did wrong in being invaded, further wrong in having Louvain burned, that France was to blame for Rheims, and that Sir Edward Grey brought on the war, it observes:

"The coming elections will give sufficient evidence of where the great majority of the American people stand in their sympathies with the warring nations." And it reiterates: "The majority will stand with the powers who carry right and justice in their flag, against the propaganda of lies and misrepresentations written in the standards of the Allies."

Probably the Germans were the only ones who knew that the voters of Massachusetts were not voting on Catholicism, on tariff, and on where the Progressives will land; that New York was not voting on its own complicated new charter. The Germans knew that the Americans were voting on whether or not Sir Edward Grey really did start the war. And doubtless they know which of the elections prove that Grey and Belgium did between them force war on a reluctant Germany.

As things stand today, the President needs no help for reelection. But if he did need any, nothing could make his victory so certain as the attempt of resident Germans to make American elections play the German game. On our cover this week the American

turkey is somewhat spoiled by features of the German eagle, and Columbia does not look wholly satisfied with the dish. We must admit, however, in this privileged communication to our readers, that Mr. Herford's amusing cartoon is art, not literalism. The hyphen attempt to introduce foreign issues is too much resented to be serious. For information about what will happen whenever foreigners really are made an issue, inquiring minds may be referred back to one aspect of the last mayoralty election in Chicago.

England and the Teutons

THE protest of the United States to England was necessary in order to keep clear its contention that international law exists and is not subject to change on the plea of reprisals. It was a duty, but a dismal one, seeing in what a civilized manner England has ruled the sea, and for what end the Allies' fight is waged. And how ironic a twist was added, when our note to England was followed immediately by the sinking of the *Ancona*. We can be impartial as a government; we should be; but the task goes against much that the heart tells us, and even against part of what the mind speaks. The choice was not one in which all was in one scale. We have chosen the privilege of standing for neutral rights, and for the life of peace; we have of necessity declined the privilege of pouring out blood and money with the other nations who are battling for the world's right to be ruled by ideas and agreements, not by aggression and warlike preparation. As the months have gone, and all the proofs have accumulated that Germany not only planned but willed the war, and as she has carried it on according to the same philosophy that made her decide to begin it, our failure to help becomes a harder and harder cross for a spiritually minded person, however

sure he be that it should be borne. In the end our choice will probably be justified, since we shall have accomplished one object, while the Allies accomplish another. Yes, but if Germany should win, heaven help our conscience! Our opinion does not waver, but we have a nightmare now and then.

Fresh Air Cars

FOR many a year, and in many a city, men have enjoyed foul-air cars, alias "smoking cars." Now comes Chicago and scores a point for logical consistency. If we can have foul-air cars why can't we also have fresh-air cars? No one could voice a reasonable objection, so the Chicago elevated rail-ways are giving the idea a trial. From one car in each train all the windows are removed and the cool crisp breeze from the lake, seasoned to local taste with a peppering of soot, is made available in unlimited supply. As the season advances, the crispness will develop into brittleness; at last only the Spartans will survive, and busy agents from Secretary Garrison's office will circulate among them soliciting these staunch spirits to band together into a corps of Hardy Riders. And the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is doing the same thing. From every angle the idea looks all right.

The Psychology Squad



G. K. CHESTERTON will bear with satisfaction that the latest thing in police service in New York City is psychological examination for prisoners suspected of being mental or moral defectives. Two or three years ago our metropolitan newspapers were full of the doings of the Strong Arm Squad. Now the honors of publicity go to the Psychology Squad. Dr. Louis E. Biseh, associate professor of psychology in Columbia, and Prof. Ashley H. Thorndyke thus have succeeded in the headlines the late unimpeached Lieutenant Becker. Changed times for which we rejoice! Mickey Murphy and Typhoid Mary have, under our constitution, as inalienable a right to the expert testimony of alienists as Harry K. Thaw; and at last they will be served. This is not said all in jest. Commissioner Woods told the solemn truth when he declared that many prisoners who are sent to penal institutions should be committed instead to a sanitarium or a hospital. The Psychology Squad, if it meets reasonable expectations, will prove one of the most useful arms of a city's police service. In a Chesterton story-book (*The Club of Odd Trades*) a judge says to a prisoner: "I sentence you to three years' imprisonment, under the firm, and solemn, and God-given conviction that what you require is three months at the seaside."

Despair

WOMEN are to vote in the Episcopal Church in New York. Thus the world rapidly goes to the devil. If we cannot rely on the churches to keep women in the home, where are we at?

Style



SECRETARY LANE possesses one of the finest literary senses now on exhibition in the United States. From his latest speech we take the following:

Europe may burn up. Her people may be blasted by bankruptcy. Her national lines may be made to follow new channels. Her industries may be hurried. Her sons may fall, and the blood and the brain of many an unknown Tolstoy, Beethoven, Pasteur or Darwin may fertilize her shell-furrowed fields. She may set up for a day new standards of national greatness. But these, all these, cannot destroy the passionate purpose of her people to own themselves, to find themselves, and to decide for themselves what chains they will bear and what sacrifices they will make.

We maintain that the observation is made in considerably well-chosen words. Also we maintain that style is one of the joys of life. It frequently comes to men of action, because they write to express thought, whereas the writer by profession often writes to write. In this country especially the statesmen rank high as writers compared with those who are professionally literary. Lincoln, Jefferson, Webster,—even Franklin and Hamilton,—you will not find much prose in America to equal the best that they have left.

Strangeness

IS there not something touching in the tendency of the human intellect to be alarmed by, or hostile to, or distrustful of, the unfamiliar. We find it among savages, boys, animals, voters. F. M. Colby, in his *Constrained Attitudes*, says:

There is no doubt that contact with the things that they do not understand is to many minds acutely disagreeable. All the greater dramas contain highly valuable passages which are not only wearisome to many in the audience but actually offensive to them. A dog not only prefers a customary and pleasant smell; he hates a good one. A perfume pricks his nose,—given a wrench to his dog nature, perhaps tends to "undermine those moral principles" without which dog "society cannot exist," as the early critics used to say of Ibsen.

We can remember when society was undermined successively by the eight hour day, college education, impressionism, mollycoddleism, race suicide, and short skirts. We don't know what will be undermining it tomorrow, but it will be something that is either new or bears a new name.

Atavism

IN AFFAIRS of the heart many men do not know the difference between sweetness and weakness in women, and many women do not know the difference between strength in men and wilfulness or brutality. The doll and the man-on-horseback are traditional mates. Many sacred traditions and institutions resemble the vermiform appendix. They may have their use in nature, but it has not been discovered yet.

Cloture in the Senate

By SENATOR ROBERT L. OWEN, of OKLAHOMA

Among the recent bills that would have passed, if the Senate had been free to follow the will of the majority, was the shipping bill, which is to be fought over again this season. It was killed at the end of the last session by a few senators who used the rules of the Senate to talk it to death. This is merely an illustration of what goes on constantly; and to many persons who believe in majority rule it seems wrong to allow a determined and long-winded person to have a veto on the actions of the whole body. Hence the serious fight now going on in Washington to change the rules and introduce cloture. Senator Owen is the leader in this fight, and will bring the matter to the front when the Senate opens a week from Monday.

THE United States now exceeds one hundred million people. Many questions of great importance must be determined. We have immediately before us the questions of preparing our country against the possibility of invasion or wanton disregard of our reasonable rights; we have to consider the questions relating to the promotion of our commerce abroad, and the safeguarding of our commercial and industrial activities at home; we want a rural credit system, a cooperative marketing system; in the Senate appropriation bills involving over a thousand millions must be considered and enacted this winter; we should consider the questions of the United States perfecting its highways, its waterways, its public health services; we should consider methods of protecting the children of the country from excessive labor under bad conditions, we should perfect the laws as to the compensation of workmen and safety upon the railway and steamship lines of the country; we ought to have a better system controlling the issue of stocks and bonds, to protect the country against fraudulent, watered securities; we ought to establish and standardize vocational education in the nation in order to teach our young men and young women how to make a living; we ought to improve the postal service by using the telegraph and telephone, and reduce the cost; we ought to build up our merchant marine; we ought to actively consider and take the steps necessary to bring about universal peace; we ought to consider and improve the questions relating to the economy and efficiency of the government itself; we ought to improve judicial processes of the country, by which to assure the people quick justice and cheap justice; we ought to have a competent Legislative Reference Bureau for Congress; we ought to have time to properly consider questions of conservation; we ought to have time to properly consider and perfect our patent laws; we ought to have time to consider, mature, and act upon the promises made by the various political parties in promoting the protection, efficiency and happiness of human life.

But these things are denied a proper opportunity for discussion and action under the practise which has prevailed in recent years in the Senate, where a small group of senators will bring forward and urge the consideration of immaterial questions, make dilatory motions and resort to unlimited debate for the purpose of delay, and use the so-called right of unlimited debate [no such right exists] in order that a few obstinate and resolute senators may exercise control over the conduct of the majority.



Robert L. Owen, United States Senator from Oklahoma.

THE PRECEDENTS.

The need of cloture or the previous question is recognized as the parliamentary rule in every Senate and House of Representatives in every state in the union, with the exception of the Senate of Alabama, Florida, Maine, Maryland, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Utah, where the absence of a rule to restrain discussion has not been abused. Every House of Representatives of all the forty-eight states have the rule of the previous question. In New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois,—in forty-one states,—the right is exercised in both houses.

The great parliaments of the world have long since found it necessary to have cloture, as in the Parliament and House of Lords of Great Britain, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies of France, in both houses of Germany, Hungary, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland; and the reason for the rule is perfectly obvious.

The right of the majority to rule is the only common-sense arrangement in a Democracy. The destruction of Poland as a government was due to permitting a minority vote to veto the majority. During the last half century not only many leading Democrats have pointed out the necessity for cloture, but many of the leading Republican senators have urged cloture, as a matter of reason and justice, such as Senators Wade, Pomeroy, Hamlin, Wilson, Scott, Edmonds, Wright, Ferry of Michigan, Morrill of Maine, Wyndham, Allison of Iowa, Hale of Maine, Ingalls, Frye, Cameron, Chandler, Blair, Hoar of Massachusetts, Quay, Aldrich Lodge, Root, Plitt, and Gallinger of Vermont.

They were quite right in arguing that the conduct of the public business should not be unduly obstructed. With a large body of men on the floor, with an enormous pressure of public business, no individual senator and no individual minority should be permitted to coerce the majority and prevent action by the Senate.

Senator Lodge in urging cloture some years ago in

the *North American Review* of November, 1893, said very justly:

The two great rights in our representative bodies are voting and debate. If the courtesy of unlimited debate is granted, it must carry with it the reciprocal courtesy of permitting a vote after due discussion. If this is not the case the system is impossible. Of the two rights, moreover, that of voting is the higher and more important. We ought to have both, and debate certainly in simple measure; but, if we are forced to choose between them, the right of action must prevail over the right of discussion. To vote without debating is perilous, but to debate and never vote is imbecile. The difficulty in the Senate today is that, while the courtesy which permits unlimited debate is observed, the reciprocal courtesy, which should insure the opportunity to vote, is wholly disregarded.

It avails nothing that Mr. Lodge has now changed his mind since the Democrats are in the majority in the Senate. It does not change the validity of the argument.

The effect of the so-called practice of unlimited debate in the Senate has been to establish the right of unlimited abuse of the patience of the majority by dilatory motions, by raising "buffer" questions, bringing up matters unimportant and immaterial, and by prolonged and vain discussion of parliamentary rules, permitting men in effect to coerce the majority, and finally by such illicit processes to permit the veto of the majority of the Senate, representing the majority of the people of the United States, by a fraction of a minority of the senators. It has resulted in a senator taking the floor and holding the floor for twenty-four hours and more, on the odious pretense of debate, when in point of fact it was merely unrestrained speaking, talking, reading from books and papers, commenting upon innumerable topics, which served to kill time, and was not true debate in any honest sense, but was merely a colorable transaction, intended to use up the time, the patience and the physical strength of the Senate itself, in a test of physical endurance.

The effect of such processes has been to lower the tone and dignity of the Senate. The effect of such processes has been to lower the high character of debate and in effect to destroy the intellectual, honest, sincere debate which should obtain on the floor of the Senate.

There has never been any disposition shown in the United States Senate to pass any bill without giving the minority the most abundant opportunity to express its views. Indeed, the minority is always heard in the committees of the House, in the Committee of the Whole of the House, in the Committee of the Senate, and in the

Committee of the Whole of the Senate, before the Senate finally passes upon it. The Senate willingly gives days and weeks for discussion, and has been generous and courteous in the extreme to the minority. This practice is due to the desire of the Senate to hear both sides of every question carefully presented. In some parliaments the two sides appoint representatives expressly to debate a question, who may present the views for and against, without having so large a number of debaters take the time of the body. But in the Senate, the Senate always listens patiently to any senator who thinks he can throw new light upon the question.

The time has come, however, when the majority of the Senate, representing the American people, should be permitted, after reasonable and just debate, to move the previous question, in order that the public business may be conducted honorably, fairly, and without unreasonable delay, and without undue dictation by the minority.

It is now suggested that no change of the rules permitting unlimited debate can be made, as an endless filibuster under the rules can prevent the majority changing the rules. This notion is based on the theory that the Senate rule established by the Senate of the Tenth Congress in 1808, dropping the previous question from the Rule XXII, "Precedence of Motions," is binding on the Senate of the Sixty-fourth Congress and cannot be changed because the minority, under the rule of 1808, can resort to unlimited debate and by a filibuster prevent the majority of the Senate from ever reaching a vote on the question of adopting an amendment to the rule of 1808.

The theory is false.

The Senate when it organizes as the Senate of the Sixty-fourth Congress, is a new Senate. It can change all its officers and committees and chairmen of committees, and committee rooms, and employees. It organizes with a new and clean calendar of business. The bills and resolutions and pending business of the Senate of the Sixty-third Congress are all dead with the parliamentary death of the Senate of the Sixty-third Congress. One-third of the senators are newly elected and become members of the newly organized Senate of the Sixty-fourth Congress and have a right, an equal right, to a voice in making the rules of the newly organized Senate of the Sixty-fourth Congress.

The theory that the newly organized Senate is bound by the rule of the Tenth Congress is absurd and grotesque. The new Senate will make its own rules and not be controlled in making its rules by any filibuster of a minority.

The Aftermath

By CHARLES REITZEL

THE "No's" have it!

Have they? That depends entirely upon whether you are counting votes or observing tendencies.

True! She missed the vote November 2nd. And more! She may miss it again five years hence. That matters little. The real issue is this: The female has been aroused to social thought and social activity. From a confused fog of dormant indifference she has come forth into the open road of clear thinking and worthwhile doing. "Suffs" and "antis" alike have entered a new era. Their minds have accepted new values, new views and new concepts. Even their old lingo of doilies, gowns, and household gossip has been replaced. Both sides now talk in terms of social justice, equal franchise, political power, entrenched wealth, child labor, low

wages, gang control, women in industry, and the liquor traffic.

Make no mistake about it—this means a decidedly different world for women. When new concepts creep into our mental make-up we unconsciously form new ideals; thought molds are changed. And to hold the views of a yesterday is made as impossible as to hold old beliefs in witchery.

If we are awake we see these changes, and if honest, we give the progressive women the credit.

What results will be reaped by women entering these newer fields of thought? Time alone can tell. But of this we are certain: Sooner or later, trailing these mental changes, votes will come along for women as a pleasant and appreciative aftermath.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



STUDIES IN CURVES AT THE HIPPODROME

The Future of the Jews in America

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

I NOTICED in a paper the other day that Jacob Schiff was quoted as expressing his lack of sympathy with Zionism. He celebrated the value of the Jewish religion and doubted the worth of what he called a merely political movement. Also he disapproved the emphasis on race as such. Mr. Schiff is an interesting figure in our country, and indeed in the world. Not that I am one of those who believe in the existence of a vast Jewish international financial system, acting as a unit, with the Rothschild family at the head and Mr. Schiff regent in the United States. Things off the stage are not so simple and dramatic as this system, with its control of information, its political power, its relentless singleness, is depicted. But Mr. Schiff does stand at the head of the principal Jewish banking house in America. He does take a keen interest in all political questions, whether it be the welfare of Germany in the present war or the bearing of any European question on the position of the Jews. For to his credit be it said that he is not among those prosperous ones who forget the less fortunate among his own people. His charity is widely known. His name is a power even east of Third avenue.

Why, then, do I sketch him and his opposition to Zionism in this connection? Because he represents a class and its way of thinking. He is, indeed, the head of a class. His ancestors were *Hof-judes* centuries ago. It is not to be expected that he should think outside the methods that have come down with that class through the ages. Small groups in power have always approved of religion for the masses, but never of political power for the masses. Zionism is essentially a democratic movement. It tends to give the leadership of the Jewish race to the Jewish people. Nobody, therefore, who belongs to the class accustomed to leadership under the old paternalistic system, which I described fully in the former series, can be expected to approve of that movement unless he is indeed a person of extraordinary originality. There are always reasons for opposing a democratic movement. There are always reasons for anything. Habitually we reach our conclusions through environment or advantage, and find our reasons when some are needed. The opposition of the traditional Court-Jew class to Zionism is not exactly a subject of regret. It is a thing in nature to be taken for granted, like the difficulty of walking up hill.

Personally, I think Zionism as creative

an idea as there is extant today, and as apt to the moment. We live in a world-convulsion, growing out of the attempt of one strong nation to crush other nations, on the ground that God wishes the strong to spread and crush the weak. That convulsion will not quiet itself permanently unless there is respect for ethnic feeling. The problem is not easy. What of it? Other hard problems have been solved. This one must be solved. We must find a way to tolerate differ-

1. The individual must be free. There cannot in the long run be any moral obliquity attributed to the person who wishes to conform to the most prevalent standard; to accept the Christian religion, for example, or to marry a Gentile; any more than any moral obliquity attaches to the person who joins one political party because it is strong in his neighborhood, or becomes any other kind of a rubber stamp. He is free to become a rubber stamp if he wishes to.

2. Uniformity in the cause of democracy. Diversity is its ideal. In so far, therefore, as a Jew so acts as to keep alive the distinctive powers and better special tendencies of the race, broadly interpreted, he is working toward the democratic ideal. In so far as he disappears into the melting pot he is acting within his rights undoubtedly, but not toward the richest possibilities of free choice.

Intermarriage brings all these general principles to a sharp personal test and therefore arouses special interest in general reading or conversation. The following is from an essay in the *Moccobean*, which magazine is a most interesting vehicle of stimulating modern Jewish thought:

"Zionism was regarded only as a nationalist movement favors rather than opposes intermarriage. The one who is a nationalist Jew and who recognizes his affiliation with the Jewish people entirely on nationalist or racial grounds, without any regard to religion, is indubitably free to marry a member of any other people. The leader of the Jewish Territorial Organization when still a Zionist married a non-Jewish wife and refused to have her made a Jewess by religious ceremony. As a nationalist Jew he argued that as a member of the Jewish people he was free to marry a woman of the English people, just as a Frenchman is free without prejudice to marry an Italian woman, or a Danish woman may marry a German man without incurring dishonor. This racial argument is unassailable. There is no cogent reason why marriage should not be contracted between members of any two friendly states or nationalities on a similar plane of culture. There is no evidence that such marriages are infertile, and close observation has shown that such marriages are not prejudicial to the next generation. Neither genius nor degeneracy is more likely to spring from such mixed parentage than from homogeneous parentage. So long as the peoples between whom the intermarriage is contracted are on a



There is individuality—even in the pedler.

ences; to encourage differences, indeed. One nation must respect another; one religion must respect another; one race must respect another. Where national so-called interests cross we have the need of international tolerance. Where race and religious lines cross national lines we have the need of domestic tolerance.

Now, granted this complete tolerance, this welcome to different gods of every kind, what under such happy conditions will be the relation of a people so marked as the Jews to the rest of the people in our country? Will it make for identification or will it struggle to retain distinctiveness? It seems to me clear that two great principles are indisputable, leaving out religion and taking democratic political philosophy for our guide.

similar plane of civilization and are of similar ideals and purposes there can be no possible biological or eugenic objection to the intermarriage. It is therefore clear that Zionism as purely a national movement will fail to check the intermarriage which has weakened and which is weakening Jewry, by the dilution and the draining of Jewish blood.

"But Zionism, when conjoined with the religious ideal of the Jew, gives the brightest promise of successfully coping with the acute problem of intermarriage. We cannot return to the Ghetto, nor would we try to limit freedom of economic and social intercourse between Jew and non-Jew. The religious training of young Jewry is today usually so lacking in quantity, quality and spirit, that standing alone it is often ineffective as a force to stem the tide of intermarriage."

Now I should be inclined, looking at the somewhat distant future, to turn that statement exactly around. I should be inclined to say that religion alone will not be able to stem the tide, because the religions of sheer prohibition, the religions of absolutism in morals, the religions that irrelevantly declare certain things to be sins,—those religions are not for very long anyway. Turning the statement around, then (not in substance disagreeing with it), we should say that no difference in religion can be depended upon to keep the Jews a separate people through the centuries to come, unless our idealized political thought tells us that it is better for the world's genius, for the world's interest-ness, for the world's variety of production, that such differentiations should be encouraged. I do not pretend to guess exactly what rôle religion will play in the future, but I am sure any religion, in order to survive, will have to justify itself as an absolute contribution to the volume and richness of life, not merely as a policeman forbidding certain conduct. If the Jews in America can revitalize their religion, shedding what is archaic and unintelligible now, and making the essential spring of it feed the best spirit of today, it may indeed do much to preserve the special personality of the Jewish race. But "the racial

argument" is by no means "unassailable." It is on the racial argument that all in the last analysis must rest. Zionism has its most glorious justification when it is seen as a large vision of race-function and race-service. It is the embodiment of democracy on its positive, not its negative side; of democracy as the opportunity for all attributes to flower; of liberty as the seed of variety and development. It becomes thus not only a solution of the Jewish problem but a symbol of the democratic universe,—a universe free without being uniform, monstrous, or oppressive of the less numerous. It shows to the Jew in America how he may be free as an individual, if he wishes to vary from the type, and yet how in helping to strengthen and spiritualize his own race he is in general doing his best by the world.

Now, one says, how would all this reasoning apply to Irish in America,

least 2,500 years of pure race development. Whatever intermarriage there has been has been out of Jewry, not into it. Therefore if the race disappears we lose an element that is not only contributive but unique.

It is said, and backed with some few statistics, that this purity of race results in greater variations inside the race than are found in less pure communities. There are declared to be in a million Jews more geniuses than in a million Europeans, and more idiots and insane; more musical persons and more mutes. Ordinary observation shows us in the United States that the Jews have in proportion more persons ably devoted to reform, and also more criminals. The criminality, however, does not exist in the old Ghettos, and it does not exist in the colonies of Palestine. If among us it is caused by weakening of the old religious sanctions it must be removed by

a new alliance, modernized ethics and religion resting on enlightened pride; on self-respect, sense of the past, race-patriotism. This race-patriotism is embodied in Zionism, and since the war broke up the Zionist movement in Europe its continuation depends on us, on the country that contains more than a fifth of all the Jews in the world, and offers them greater freedom than such numbers of them have ever enjoyed since their wanderings began. The present interest in the Jewish question, therefore, is not accidental or academic. It is practical and pressing, and the handling of it centres in our country. The future of the Jews will be one of contribution, strength, and glory if they refuse to be demoralized as they emerge from oppression into freedom, but instead call upon themselves to keep distinct and high the banner of their thousands-of-years-old ideal. No more concrete rallying point, simple at once and pregnant with great things, was ever offered to a people than the present Zionist movement offers to the Jews of America. To be good Zionists is to prefer creation to neutrality, high variation to monotony, sustained contributive effect to racial death. It is the most original, the most spiritual, the most inspired way of being good democrats and good Americans.



On the East Side, in New York City. There are many such Jewish vendors.

Poles, Italians, or Germans? In the first place, numbers count. Germany, Italy, Poland, Ireland fully exist. But the countries that are small and in trouble do inspire national feelings among their sons wherever they may be. The Polish and Irish personalities are not in danger of disappearing.

And there is another point. There is no such differentiation between a Pole and a Russian, an Irishman and a Frenchman, or even an Italian and an Englishman, as between a Jew and a European. The Jew is the result of at

The Effect of the War on English Universities

In an interesting and comprehensive article in next week's HARPER'S WEEKLY, Cosmo Hamilton will discuss this question, dealing not only with effects, but with possibilities for the future.

Understanding Germany

By MAX EASTMAN

PERHAPS the most important thing we can do in America at this moment is to understand Germany. Most of us, who are not of German birth, desire the defeat of the Kaiser's arms. And we desire this because we love liberty, and the German people do not seem to love it. They submit themselves devotedly to an imperial master, and they live in an atmosphere of negative commands under the rule of a feudal caste. We dread lest their victory should mean the spreading of that atmosphere and that way of living over the world.

It is not to be doubted, however, that the babies of Germany are born with as strong a love of liberty as the babies of Anglo-Saxondom. They are not of a different race. What we call races, in our loose conversation and journalism, are not races at all, but merely groups of people who live under certain traditional ideas. And the people who live under German ideas have the same native desire to feel free that we have.

Luther is worshiped in Germany as the champion of liberty for the individual conscience against the dictates of the Roman Church. Goethe's *Faust* is the classic of the mind's liberation from dogmatic scholarship. Kant's philosophy is a monumental apparatus for establishing "God, freedom and immortality" in the face of mathematical law and the causal determinism of modern science. Schiller's "Hymn to Liberty" is almost a domestic song. Heine cast loose from every bond that he could think of in his day. And Nietzsche thought of more. He cast loose from the bond of Christian ethics. There is no fuller record of the ideal love of liberty than is furnished by these heroes of Germany's culture. And until we feel ourselves kindred to the Germans in this deep impulse, we shall not understand them.

When a man loves a woman, and he can not have her in the fashion of the flesh, he becomes so much the more enamored of her spirit, and builds up a little universe of ideal and emotional experience in which she is the queen. It was so that Dante loved Beatrice. It was so that the medieval saints loved the Mother of God. It is so that the Germans love liberty.

Through accident or the caprice of history, and not through any quality of their nature, the German people have issued into the new age, with the bonds of feudalism still on them. Because the King of Prussia had a domain of his own, and did not depend upon them for money support, his barons never united in handing him a Magna Charta. Because commerce and the industrial arts were so late to flourish there, the bourgeois wealth of Prussia never yet marshaled the common people in one of those democratic revolutions that altered the face of politics in England and France. Through the exigencies of international war for survival, it became imperative for the freer states, and the republican cities, within German territory to unite

under Prussia as under an imperial power. For such reasons as these it happened that all those north European kindred of ours, with their emotional love of liberty, became patriotic members of an empire which subjects them to its own ends, the ends of a feudal nobility in Prussia.

IS IT not natural that a people who love liberty as we do, and yet are induced by the accidents of their evolution to pay honor of devotion to such a government, should manufacture their liberty in an ideal world of the spirit? And having manufactured, must they not inevitably overassert its glories? It seems to me quaintly characteristic of all human nature that these people, dwelling beside us under a feudal authority, should suggest to themselves that the intense spirituality of their freedom is the mark of a superior race. There was never a disappointed lover who did not congratulate his soul upon its soulfulness. There was never a consecrated mist who escaped entirely the mood of self-righteousness. It is by such analogies that we in America can understand the zeal with which patriotic subjects of an emperor march out to death believing that they defend a freedom of the soul of man which is the unique heritage of their "race."

The master expression of the German attitude to life is the philosophy of Emanuel Kant, expounded in two books the detailed understanding of which is in itself a liberal profession. John Dewey, in his "German Philosophy and Politics," says: "It is a precarious undertaking to single out some one thing in German philosophy as of typical importance in understanding German national life. Yet I am committed to the venture. My conviction is that we have its root idea in the doctrine of Kant concerning the two realms, one outer, physical and necessary, the other inner, ideal and free. To this we must add that, in spite of their separateness and independence, the primacy always lies with the inner. As compared with this, the philosophy of a Nietzsche, to which so many resort at the present time for explanation of what seems to them otherwise inexplicable, is but a superficial and transitory wave of opinion. Surely the chief mark of distinctively German civilization is its combination of self-conscious idealism with unsurpassed technical efficiency and organization in the varied fields of action."

This statement of the heart of German philosophy, with the rest that you will find in John Dewey's little book, extends that avenue to an understanding of Germany which opened in our recognizing that German people have the same instinctive nature that we have. It tells us by what mighty edifices of intellectuality and art they have sought to satisfy that nature. And if we enter these structures with sympathy, we can see how easily we too should have become laboriously soulful in our attainment of

the feeling of freedom, if we had not been blessed with that little modicum of "civil liberty" upon which we have so long exercised our love. For this subtle interior device by which the mind compensates with a theory when the body is disappointed of a fact, is not peculiar to any people. It is a universal trick of man's nature. It is the key to most systems of philosophy.

There is another theory, too, and another fact which helps the people of Germany to enjoy their kind of freedom. The theory is that the state is a good in itself, more important than the destiny of any number of individuals. The state is created by the individuals using themselves as material, and the very best thing that can befall an individual is to become the material of a noble and harmonious state. And this theory has been so well employed by the ruling classes in Prussia, that almost any German who is not a revolutionist will tell you, as Professor Münsterberg does, that he is absolutely and really free, but he chooses in his freedom to make the aims of the state paramount to his own.

A professor in a German university who is very fond of ultra-modern music, refrained from attending a celebrated opera because his emperor (emperor of his university) had withheld approval from it. He attended the opera in Paris. But he was eager to explain to the Parisians that in not attending in Berlin he was acting as a free agent who loved the ideal of an ordered state.

WE NEED not imagine that this ideal would be so much loved in Germany, however, if the state were not exceedingly well ordered. And that is the material fact, which makes all these rather insubstantial ideals acceptable to so many. The ruling caste in Germany have known how not only to preach the theory of well-being in a disciplined state—every ruling caste has done that—but they have been wise enough actually to produce a little of the well-being. And that is the triumph they are celebrating now. The masses of the people are better off in Germany than they are anywhere else. The government is authoritative, but also it is social. As Frederic C. Howe says of the worker: "His education, his health, and his working efficiency are matters of constant concern. He is carefully protected from accident by laws and regulations governing factories. He is trained in his hand and in his brain to be a good workman and is insured against accident, sickness, and old age. When idle through no fault of his own, work is frequently found for him. When homeless, a lodging is offered so that he will not easily pass to the vagrant class. When sick, he is cared for in wonderful convalescent homes, tuberculosis hospitals, and farm colonies. When old age removes him from the mill or the factory, a pension awaits him." And this policy of the German state has been knowingly adopted by its rulers,

in order to deaden the demand of hundreds of thousands of their people for a more realistic liberty.

"His Majesty hopes," said the speech from the throne in 1881, "that the measure [accident insurance] will in principle receive the assent of the federal governments, and that it will be welcomed by the Reichstag as a complement of the legislation affording protection against Social-Democratic movements."

Whether this people continue to conquer or come finally to the end of their power, they have already demonstrated their superior energy and capability in united action. They have taught the

value of popular welfare insured by a centralized government to those who wish to rule in any country. Care for your people if you want them to fight. Care for them if you want them to work. It pays. That is a policy of German culture that will become the common heritage of the world, whatever way the war goes. That policy not only the Social-Democrats in Germany, but the lovers of real liberty in all countries, will have to meet and understand.

It is not beyond possibility that, with a sufficient advance in material welfare and "social consciousness," the masses of the people in our own country might

be led to substitute a liberty that was merely political form and historic emotion, for the true independence which is economic. Such independence for the masses is not yet established in any country. It is our task for the future. We have to construct a true and a free society out of the conflict of that state-socialism, attended by paternal discipline, which is the political contribution of Germany to the world, and that individualistic capitalism, attended by want and misery, which is the contribution of England. For this reason it behooves us to understand Germany.

Charm

By MARGUERITE CAMPION

GHOSTLY little word made up of five letters, as full of memories as a hardened currant bush is with currents! Once upon a time Mr. Barrie undertook to write us a play that should tell us all about the nature of charm, a play called *What Every Woman Knows*, and just when the audience had all settled in their minds that what every woman knows is that charm is her greatest weapon of defense, he took one of his Barrie-rescue somersaults in print, and when he stood up again on his feet, he told us that what every woman knows is that she was made from Adam's funny-bone and not his thigh-bone, as we had all previously supposed!

But that was simply a trick on the part of the author to escape from the stigma of having written a very serious play. A play that attempted to define the meaning of charm would be as serious a proposition as a play that attempted to explain the nature of love or faith or fear or any of the great cardinal forces of the world. Mr. Barrie, therefore, with a sly wink at his audience, sidesteps his theme. Did he not, as a gratuity, define charm for us at the never-to-be-forgotten termination of the first act when the brothers of Maggie sat upon the question of her unmarried-ahness and its serious consequences to the family? And was it not again a whim of the author's fecund imagination to let the definition of charm flow from the lips of the eldest and hardest of her three Scotch brothers in whose lives, apparently, no weed of softness had ever been allowed to grow!

For charm is three parts softness. Did not O. Henry, almost more than any other American writer, possess it, and was he not, until the day of his death the soft-hearted advocate of humanity, the friend-of-all-the-world, after the only original model of Kim, the vagabond? Charm flowed from him through his peculiarly personal pen into all that he wrote. Witness this description of his of the South to which he turned so many backward glances after he had set his hand to the plow from which he never actually turned back. He is writing a letter to a friend in No'th Ca'llina at the

commencement of summer out of his great Siberia of a room in New York City and, all unconsciously, it drips with that very charm for which we can find no definition, though we pay tribute to its presence with a little wad of a pocket handkerchief wet with real salt tears:

"Can't get to loving New Yorkers," he writes. "Live all alone in a great big two rooms on quiet old Irving Place three doors from Washington Irving's old home. Kind of lonesome. Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel or Miss Sallie's and sit on the porch—not on a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk."

AND that is the lead to another guess at the nature of charm. Charm is the legitimate child of naturalness. For the Puritan, to whom nature was a nightmare and the grandmother of all evil, charm became a word of peculiar implications. Barrie, O. Henry, Maude Adams and their kind would have been in real danger of arrest on a charge of witchcraft in the early days when the history of our country was young and the ugly fundamentals of the Puritan religion began to show through their scant drappings of high-mindedness and courage.

For charm is a thing on the ground. It is not upright, like the model of goodness practised and preached by the early fathers. It creeps under shaded trees, lurks in brooks, sings with the bees in the chalice of flowers, bends with the grace of children exercising their free impulses under the glowing sky. And it is an element of human desire as much as fire, earth, air and water are the elements of nature's desire, so far as we can know.

All garden things know a charm when they see it. The clever gardener is apt to think that fertile soil or rain or air-space is what they need, and if flowers and growing things think at all, they too may be of the same opinion. But what

they are really after all the while is the sun. Just let the clouds part and the sun peep out, and every flower—nay, every foolish squash even—will pivot about on its long or short stem toward the source of light.

Charm is like that. It is a source of light. It is the sun-substance of ever-day life. It may be in a man, a book, a castle, an old memory or a little child. Wherever it is, it is like the sun peeping out from between gray clouds. Rain and fertile soil, insect killers and pruning shears may be necessary to the welfare of your garden, but every stupid squash knows enough to turn its yellow neck around and look at the sun when it shines.

And the beauty of charm is that it is universal,—it escaped the Babel of tongues. What was charm to the old Romans is charm to us today. What is charm to the tatterdemalion in Poverty Alley is charm to the rich lady whose papers he delivers. There is a long list of charms I should like to suggest to you, just so your imagination could go tripping off into wayfarings of its own. Whoever found any charm in the ugly corridors of Versailles, yet whoever failed to find it in that pathetic peasant village of the hapless Queen Marie Antoinette, at the Petit Trianon? And what, I wonder, has kept alive the dull custom of reading Latin except the charm that lurks in certain little unexpected purple passages of Horace and in certain quaint green pastorels of Vergil?

Charm has been the selective principle on which all art has survived. To change the metaphor, it is the high-light that has pricked out many a little art gem from the shadows of oblivion. What else has made Play's Doves a familiar bracket piece in every country parlor? What else, indeed, preserved for us those broken figures of the Fates in the sacred Elgin marble room of the British Museum? What else blessed the Thorn Extractor, the Venus de Milo, Botticelli's Spring, and the Mona Lisa with the gift of eternal life?

And though we shall never define it, we are wise enough to turn toward it every time it offers!

Hits on the Stage

Plays with Wine, Women and Baritones.

Wine The use of alcohol as subject matter for drama is usually frowned upon. A certain stigma goes with it. At that, perhaps, we are too apt to slight our Falstaffs and think only of our Winter Gardens. Properly treated, alcohol may be just as successful dramatically as it is in other phases of life.

Shakespeare was never over-delicate in his treatment of the subject; but he was deft. And while there is no Elizabethan tinge to *Fair and Warmer*, Mr. Avery Hopwood has used the same deftness. Even in the most riotous scenes there is little that offends, and there is a great deal that amuses.

The first two acts are much the best. In the third the action becomes physical rather than mental. There we have a rapid sequence of hidings under the bed and lookings of the bathroom door; both of which proceedings are common to the usual Broadway farce, and far less entertaining than the merry dialogue of the two earlier acts. In the sense of adding anything to American drama, *Fair and Warmer* is certainly of little account; but as a highly diverting comedy, unspoiled by coarseness, it is quite worth while.

The complications arise over Billy Bartlett, an unusual husband—one by his own admission, "too good for any self-respecting woman." He is always complacent, never disagreeable, and quite without vices. His wife, bored by this equanimity, loses interest in him, and spends her evenings at the opera with dark strangers. This unhappy situation is reversed in the Wheeler family, where it is the wife who is left alone at home. To revive conjugal interest in their respective families, Bartlett and Blanny determine to kick over the traces. They start out with an awe-inspiring cocktail, mixed solely with an eye to the color effects. The hybrid result paves the way for a great deal that is amusing.

All four of the leading parts are exceedingly well played; but John Cumberland, as Bartlett, and Miss Madge Kennedy, as Blanny, had the best opportunities to show their skill.

Perhaps it is quite irrelevant in so brief a review, but in the last act a character is announced, refused admittance, and then actually fails to enter. While not unparalleled, and quite a detail, this seems unique enough to warrant comment.

Women The unhappy wife with the estimable young lover has given dramatists no end of trouble. Henry Arthur Jones had an easier time of it than most of them. His *Lady Nepean* is a shallow woman who, with the assistance of two equally shallow friends, tries to lie her way out of an embarrassing situation. She is unsuccessful, until a masculine friend steps in and smooths over the affair with

Not even eighteen years of repetition can take the fire from the give-and-take repartee between husband and lover, at the end of the second act.

With *The New York Idea* booming splendidly, Miss Grace George is to be commended for sticking to her promise to revive good plays. By so doing she is raising the standard of drama in this country. *The Liars* is well worth the reviving. In applying modern standards of criticism, we must remember that these standards are not infallible. We cannot yet be certain that subtlety in lines and bizarre in action are the last word in dramatic technique. *The Liars* falls into that unfortunate group which makes it too old for strictly modern approval and too new to be looked upon with the let's-revive-Goldsmith spirit.

As an actress, Miss George was most pleasing. She played the part of *Lady Nepean* with understanding of that character's shortcomings and sympathy for her virtues. Her company fitted into the play excellently. Conroy Tearle made a first-rate lover, and Miss Mary Nash was a satisfactory, if somewhat boisterous, *Lady Rosamond*.



Grace George and Conroy Tearle in "The Liars."

irritating ease. Mr. Jones, as everybody knows, does not try to dissect his women with Ibsen-like tenacity. He is content with good "curtains."

Eighteen years ago the curtains in *The Liars* were good. Then we had no Grand Guignol and Princess to furnish a thrill criterion. This is far from a reproach. It is simply a comment on the drift of our drama. Today Mr. Jones' play is just an interesting comedy, pleasantly amusing and occasionally exciting. To ears that have been harkening to Mr. Shaw, some of Mr. Jones' laughs are audible on their way downstairs. Even the person to whom the author's name connotes nothing, knows that the play is a bit old-fashioned. But it is still very much alive, for all that.

Baritones A play is particularly pleasing when the leading actor has an agreeable rôle. Mr. Leo Ditrichstein has such a part in *Jean Paurel*, and it is chiefly for this reason that *The Great Lover* is so delightful a play. *Jean Paurel* is a "great lover," a Don Juan, whose whimsical bravado is played with rare understanding by Mr. Ditrichstein.

In addition to the charm of this chief character, there is the familiar pleasure of being taken behind the scenes. It is a demonstrated fact that plays of stage life—all the way from *The Rehearsal* to *The Show Shop*—have an added attraction for the spectator. For him the land beyond the footlights is filled with glitter and romance, and to be taken there is a privilege. *The Great Lover* is particularly colorful and romantic, since its action takes place behind the scenes of a metropolitan opera house. This supplies an opportunity for much humor, and a good deal of pathos. There are sopranos who carry dogs, tenors who complain of their rooms, and singers whose voices have failed them. With this background, and with its very capable acting, *The Great Lover* is decidedly worth-while.



"WHOSE GRAVE ARE YOU DIGGING?"

"BR"



TSU HOPES OR GERMAN AMBITIONS—TIME WILL TELL"

Fight Stimulant

By REGINALD EARLE LOOKER

MUST men be fighting drunk to win in a charge with grenade or bayonet? Sometimes the white men; never the black. The three tumblers of rum a week of the British Army ration, the cognac of the French Army—neither equal the stimulant of personal hate.

"And have you killed many yourself?" I asked the nice, native corporal of the Indian Army, who lay wounded in my ambulance. My work was carrying wounded from field ambulance to clearing hospital back of the British lines near Bethune, north of France.

He spoke fair English. It is a requirement for native promotion from the rank of the Indian Army.

"As many times—" said he smiling and crooking his finger in the international sign of trigger pulling. "They lay—" he commenced.

"Cold in there, nice?" I interrupted to avoid the stock comment of the Indian soldier: "they lay everywhere like stones, *sahib*." The buckled gray coats of the German infantry before the trenches, as they had fallen in grotesque shapes, are to the natives but a vivid reminder of the boulder-strewn ravines of the Indian plains in the dry season.

"I am not cold. My wounds keep me warm, *sahib*."

"And is it war out there?" I asked.

"Not yesterday but today, *sahib*."

"Today, as I see," I replied, touching my shoulder in recognition of his deep bayonet wound.

"Then preparing to strike is not war, nice?"

"Could it be? We were far off and not hating. It was the rain season of shells. They fell among us until we were deaf, blind, choking. It was as a stench cigarette all day and later in the darkness. We could not see them," making a gesture to indicate a line of trenches. "There was no striking back!" his black eyes flashing with resentment as he half showed his teeth in a sneer as dogs do. Hate? Yes, and personal. "Even yesterday there were many who will not go back to India—as we go back. Soon we go," boastfully.

"But this killing, nice, is it not war? What is war?"

"War? A fight between strong men—as I," touching his khaki turban where the border end of blue fringe hung out, "and another. Shelling is not war, *sahib*: it is to see your man and hate your man and kill. That is war; it is good."

"Is it good, this killing?" I asked. He made a gesture of acceptance with his hand, peculiarly Oriental and expressive.

THE native troops—Turkos, Senegals and Indians,—"*niggers*," as the British call them all without distinction, work themselves up to a high pitch of fury and personal hatred man to man as they go into battle. It is their own successful plan of border fighting, and from their view-point vastly preferable to civilized annihilation from the blue sky or by a poisonous gas.



The native Indian, who works himself up to a high pitch of fury and personal hatred before he goes into battle.

"Cheero!" is the common road-greeting of the Tommies on the road. Once borne it sounds weak and meaningless, but on the march near the lines it is more than expressive.

"Cheero!" cries a boy and waves his pipe-stem. It means, "Good cheer—good luck." The nearest American translation is our kindly "Howdy!" when met in the open road.

The Senegalese "cheero!" is different. Near Meux, the turning point of the German drive towards Paris, an ambulance column passed a regiment of these black French Colonials changing their position in the line. The flying colors and the Red Cross flags mounted on the sides of the cars made a brave showing. The vivid blue, red, and white flying taut caused a ripple of interest along the

tired column, and when the ambulances returned carrying wounded back from the lines and passed the Senegals, again they cheered with a deep growl of approval and waved black hands.

A little further on they passed an older soldier, who twirled his rifle at them. The fixed bayonet had ten or twelve human ears impaled on it like papers on a filing book, for "Kill the tiger: keep his ears," is good native logic. It is allowable and wholly proper among Senegals. They fight that way at home among themselves. Hate adds zest to killing.

A group of these men were hauling over a pile of German equipment: rifles, helmets, cartridge pouches, boots and raw meat ration thrown together in a heap and shoved into a ditch by the roadside. They were looking for trophies of war, which undoubtedly they deserved, but had no opportunity to pick up nor way to carry while the action lasted.

One was telling the story of the last bayonet charge. The only word I could understand may have been Senegalese-French. He said "*Koosack!*" and made the world-wide motion of swinging up a bayonet with the weight of the rifle and body back of it. Then he held up both hands high above his head expressive of German surrender and repeated his description and gestures. The circle gathered about was delighted; it appealed to their sense of humor. Then a black with a curious tufted pompadour of kinked wool pushing out from under his fez pulled him by the arm, evidently saying, "Tell the rest of it, tell the rest." The raconteur nodded and immediately fell on his knees with arms spread out in supplication.

"Pardon, *komrade!*" mimicked several of the group understandingly. He sprang up quickly and made a swift stab with an imaginary bayonet, "*Affloupe!*" as he thrust through the spot where he had been kneeling the second before.

The crowd went into convulsions of laughter. "*Yah-yah-yah-e-e!*" they yapped in chorus, going off into further bursts of amusement over the picture. Approval of a good killing!

When the Labore Division of the Indian Army was swinging up into action, a traffic standstill at a main cross-road northeast of Bethune blocked our motor ambulance convoy. A regiment of Gburkas, the hill men, was passing.

"An infantry regiment, without wag-



There is no personal hate—just an attempt of efficiency—in the training of the British soldier.

ons, takes seventeen minutes to pass a designated point," says the *Field Notes* of the British Army.

Motors were shut off and blankets spread over the hoods. I left the driver's seat to stamp the creeping chill from my feet. My "case," lying silent on the stretcher within the ambulance, was "shrapnel sieve."

"E's been jolly well sieved, this blighter," the Medical Corps sergeant had said at the field ambulance as he helped to slide the stretcher in.

I opened the canvas curtain at the back of the car and peered in. "Hello," said I, by way of sociability, "how's the mouth?"

"Still spittin'," he said cheerfully. "It's this bally foolish motor bedstead wot's th' trouble. M' mouth's fit for a cigarette—ave yer got one in yer?" I had. "Thank-ye-er" as I slipped it between his lips.

"It's a good Woodbine I'm giving you," I reminded. It is the kind especially cherished in the lines.

"Cheero! real fags, well rather. Wish ah 'ad one fer each match," said he frankly, as I found half a dozen matches. I emptied out my cigarette case into his cap which the sergeant had carefully placed on the stretcher.

After the "fuse was touched" and smacking well I asked, "Where was your battery?" seeing the R. F. A. (Royal Field Artillery) on his shoulder straps.

"Out by a plance wot begun with a V," he answered.

"With a what?"

"V fer 'osity, y'know."

"Velocity—V—Vieux Chapelle?" I asked, taking a wide chance.

"That's 'er: we stood way back by th'

marmalade wagons wot's on th' left o' th' road goin' out. Pumped it steady forty minutes—gave 'em proper 'ell, I can say. Keen lads over there," he laughed. "Choked 'em out, and a batt'ry; we made 'em into old iron. Squinty says we got some o' their rifles as they come up th' road singin'. Squinty 'e ain't no dugout an' w'en 'e says 'e seed there was nothin' left o' them, just odd bits o' clothes an' pieces o' 'routerment, we must 'a' got 'em. 'E took a swig o' th' 'ot rum t' clean 'is eyes, you can sight by that.

"They got our battery all right-o. Took 'em a long time, but they done it proper. It was a mess all over. We saw th' 'Wollies" [bursting shrapnel hangs in the air like puffs of cotton wool] "a bit too close—we got all bogged up. It's so: that's fightin' proper. Didn't seem 'em; never saw us. It was none o' yer dirty border throat rippin'!"

There was no hate here—only appreciation of the enemy.

"Didn't see 'em; never saw us—keen lads over there—we got 'em as they come up th' road singin'; 'e took a swig o' th' 'ot rum t' clean 'is eyes—that's fightin' proper." There was the one view. And the other: "Shelling is not war, shob—it is my *médaille militaire*—hate your man and kill!"

The Western conception of war and the Eastern. Impersonal or personal, both are blood red and nursed on stimulant of some sort.

WHITE man's war is the impersonal matter of making "effectives" ineffective by killing. It is a matter of concentrated artillery, machine gun and rifle fire, weight of metal to crush out, and not individual marksmanship. There

is little hatred. It is transport efficiency against matched efficiency as accomplishment in war. Heavy guns are against heavy guns to batter men or their supply columns into ineffectiveness. Aeroplanes scout against aeroplane scout to discover and checkmate movements of troops; fighting unit, the man, against fighting unit.

At Mons, where the British first came into action and were driven back on the crest of the great gray human flood, the German infantry advanced in its famous close formation in companies of a hundred and fifty men banked in files of five men deep. The weight of the wava was irresistible. The gray ranks advanced with the slow, methodical pace that won Liège seventeen days before, and the British fired into them with rifles which have a flat point-blank trajectory of six hundred yards. They were of course supported by artillery.

"My revolver wasn't much use," said an officer of the Seaforth Highlanders, "so I threw it away, too heavy, and picked up a rifle. That seemed about as useless. It was just like firing into a herd of cattle. I felt that way about it." There was nothing "loathy" in his fighting there as he expressed it—nothing personal about it.

The black hates easily and kills naturally; the white man hates less quickly and does not kill easily, for all that he has gained has been through privileges that come with peace.

How is he to attain what Sir John French calls "personal superiority"—that means killing first, unless stimulated to the effort?

Personal hate or alcohol—where is the choice—which shall be the fight stimulant?



PRINCETON WORKING OUT OF TROUBLE

Driggs, the Tigers' punter, running from kick formation close to his own goal line. Soucy, the Harvard end (at the extreme right), is closing in on him fast, but Driggs has got a quick start to the left, and some very pretty interference has been formed by both the Princeton backs and forwards. This is an excellent sample of the kind of football attack "Speedy" Rush has built up this season.

Harvard, Gridiron Deceiver

By HERBERT REED

MUCH has been written and much more said about the marvelous efficiency of Captain Ned Mahan of Harvard in deceiving the Crimson's opponents as to the ultimate destination of the ball. The game has seen no man better at this type of play, and no coaching system better fitted to make such excellent use of it. Harvard's "shell game" has become famous from coast to coast. Yet the Crimson's deception has gone even deeper than that. The deception that defeated Princeton in the Palmer Stadium, a deception neatly worked out through the supreme generalship of Watson, the Crimson quarterback, began years ago when the forward pass was first introduced into the game.

Harvard has never been accused of any violent fancy for the new play. It seemed that Haughton preferred to bring up a kicker with a varied and powerful running game, or to kick into attacking position and then march over the goal line with this same running game that, when it could not gain through force, could be made to go through deception. Yet I am prepared to say that from the very start the Crimson head coach took a saner view of the forward pass than any other. The fruition of all this began to be apparent last year in the Michigan game, and, backed by good generalship, accounted this year for victory over Princeton, just as Princeton's failure to do anything with the forward pass accounted for the failure of the Orange and Black to tie up the game or perhaps even win.

Harvard beat Princeton with generalship and the forward pass. The Tigers should have learned from the plight of Michigan last year, but apparently the warning went unheeded. They should have known that when there is no score, or when Harvard is leading, the Crimson will use the forward pass as a legitimate

part of the attack—in a word, as what may be called a "scoring opener." Harvard's was the first system, if memory serves, to decide that the ball should be thrown not to a man but to a spot at which a man, generally an end, but sometimes a back, was due to arrive. There was a controversy over the danger of the play at the time, but since the crossing end generally took the ball in front of a wall of Crimson players coming down the field, the danger of a runback was not great even were the pass to be intercepted. Further, it was harder for the defense to cover the man taking the pass, because it had also to judge the direction and speed of the ball as well as the man.

Harvard's great deception lay in working up this pass in private to a remarkable degree of mechanical excellence, and using it in public very sparingly. Thus when Harvard's forward pass is needed, it generally works. The Crimson coaches knew that their team could score a touchdown against the powerful Tigers only by covering the midfield zone with the least possible expenditure of effort and with the greatest possible speed. Winning the toss and choosing the wind at their backs, Watson relied in the kicking game, first trying a long gainer from the deadly kick formation. Mahan outpaced Driggs rapidly, with the result that in a very few minutes the Crimson was on Princeton's thirty-five-yard line, on first down. A run was used to pack up the Tiger defense and the forward pass was called into action. It failed this time, and without waiting further Mahan attempted a field goal and failed, the idea being to get at least three points in the lead as quickly as possible. On the very next play, due to a short kick by Driggs against the wind, and a runback by Watson, the Crimson was at the middle of the field, ball in

hand. This time Watson put on Harvard's two strongest plays at once, the end around and the forward pass, in the hope of getting over the goal line in a couple of swoops without wasting an ounce of power that would be needed later to stave off Princeton's husky, well-conceived attack, for which the Cambridge men had the greatest respect. Princeton's alert defense stopped these attempts, so Mahan promptly kicked over the goal line again.

Hardly a minute later another poor kick put Harvard at the centre of the field again. This time Watson waited until third down, first fusing the Tiger defense with Boles and Mahan, and then protecting the pass as he had previously protected the kicker with a wheeling line to the kicker's right side. It looked like a kick or a run, but turned out to be a pass. Watson had mixed up his downs perfectly, with the result that Harte, a tall end with a long reach, snatched the ball for a long gain. With only twenty-five yards to go Harvard started to turn on power. One play failed, and then Mahan stepped back to kicking position to draw the attention of the Orange and Black. The ball was slipped to King, who set sail for Princeton's weak left side. Highley, the end, who, by the way, was on the field to receive the forward passes that Glick did not turn on, rather than because of his value as a defensive end, was drawn in and completely out of the play. McLean, the tackle, slipped as he met the play, King shot past him, and the ultimate defense was Tibbott. This good player stowed up, however, thinking the play stopped, and the hard running Harvard back went over the line for a touchdown from which a goal was promptly kicked. The quarter was perfectly handled by Watson, who showed not merely orthodoxy, but *finesse* in his generalship.



HARVARD'S PRETTY SCORING OPENER

Harte, the Crimson's tail end, has just nipped a neat pass from Mahan that put the Cambridge eleven within striking distance for the touchdown that gave the visitors the whiphand in the opening period. Harvard's crossing of the ends on the forward pass has always puzzled her opponents, especially as the play is so rarely used. It will be seen that Harte is well in the clear. Shea, of Princeton, is seen coming up on the right just in time to tackle. Watson's choice of the play at this moment was as brilliant in its way as was the execution of the pass itself.

After Harvard had scored in the second quarter against the wind, the opening coming through a Princeton fumble, Captain Glick turned on the Princeton offense, and with a beautifully charging line opening the way, marched down the field toward Harvard's goal. Why he neglected to use the kicking game no one knows. So strong were the plays that he probably figured that Harvard could not stop them short of the line. It was a stirring advance that was abruptly brought to a halt on Harvard's twenty-five-yard line. I know that Glick had beautifully advised and effective forward passes at his command. Why he tried none of them in this situation is beyond me. It was a case of extremely bad generalship, with the score 10 to 0 against his team. What Princeton needed was a touchdown, not a field goal. Yet Glick plugged away for three downs and then simply had to call upon Tibbott. This excellent drop-kicker scored, but three points were not a



KING MAKING THE CRIMSON TOUCHDOWN

Just a moment after the forward pass had made the opportunity, Harvard, perfectly handled by Watson, was up to the old tricks and pretty deceptions that so troubled the Princeton defense. Mahan was back for the usual bluff, and the Tiger backs called to each other, "Watch Mahan." Just as they did so Mahan feinted and the ball was slipped to King (labeled 1 in the picture) who set sail for tackle. McLean got at him, but slipped, and the play was checked just on instant. But King slipped away for twenty-one yards and a touchdown. Mahan (labeled 2) is immensely tickled with the success of the play.

great deal to boast of. Later Glick did try a forward pass, but in his own territory. It would have been good for thirty yards had not Watson interfered with Highley, taking a penalty of ten yards. Had this been used in the preceding quarter the pass should have been good for a touchdown, and the penalty, had there been interference, would have placed the Tigers ball in hand, on Harvard's fifteen-yard line. Another fine flash of attack carried the ball deep into Harvard territory, and again Glick threw away the chance with the forward pass, preferring a lateral pass that did not work. Tibbott scored again, and although Princeton threatened later in the game, her field general had let the golden chances slip. Harvard, the deceiver, outkicked and outgeneraled one of the best eleven the Tigers have ever turned out, and furthermore did not fumble. You cannot make mistakes, both of the head and the hand, and hope to beat the Crimson.

Fixed Prices and the Public Pocketbook

The question of the right of a manufacturer to fix the price at which his own product shall be sold is now before the Federal Trade Commission, and also before Congress. HARPER'S WEEKLY has fought hard on the side of price maintenance. It is glad, however, to offer its readers so strong a statement of the opposite contention as F. Colburn Pinkham will present in next week's issue.

The Cook's Tour

XII

By LEM ALLEN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

Being the last chapter in the chronicle of the erstwhile cook for the Bar-2 cattle outfit, who, with his erudite partner Allingham, has now completed an "intensive" tour through Arizona and New Mexico.

WELL me an the Sherreff an his posse walkt up the hallway of the Springerville hotel on tippy-toe towards room sixty fore ware Allingham waz in. The eloseter we come to the door of the room the more easius we walkt becaus hit was right darf hein at night an us not havin no light. Hit wud make him too lustrius a targit the Sherreff said ef he wud of packed one. This year holdup man must be a right desprit vilyun whisped the Sherreff as we come nigh the door well I says I dont holt hit agin him none I reckn you wud be the same ef yore trowas was stole.

Seems like I cud feel the Sherreff lookin at me threw the dark he had right peeric eyes but he didin say nothin for a spell then he says we best deliberate a mite an git up a plan of campane now I hin keepin postet on this year furrin war by meens of the St John Oboe he says an I got all the lates fitn tricks handy in my mine. Besides he says Im a leadin of the posse so Ill be the Genel Staff an you all kin be the rankin file. Im choosin the hardest psihun he says becaus hit takes intelleck to be a leader of men he says an thinkin is the hardest work they is, that much is koneseed. Yes I says by them who never had to do no mazzel labor.

I done both in my day I says an gimme brane work evry time hits ony a unpoplar roomer I says that brane work is harder theu physkal work wich roomer is doo to the fact that them what works with there brass kin talk more plauseibel about there suffrin. Order in the rankin file says the Sherreff is a horse wisper aint you never yeerd the maxim it aint a soger biniz never to reason. Why not I says an besides I aint no soger. Hits a good thing fer you you aint says the Sherreff. Yes I says thats no moren the trath you cyant git up no argymen on that pint I says.

Well says the Sherreff hit aint of no importants nobow our present probullum is to rejos the enmys works with the less possibel casualities a frontal attack is our les plan is they enny iddes you all got regardin detales. Why dont you knock on the door an ast to git in I says to the Sherreff. O no he says that there mought pave the way to dippelmatik negoshinashun as we wud likly be year all nigh.

O no he says my iddee is this me brin leader Ill jest retire in behine the rankin file soe I kin direct the ackshun better an then when I say charge you all kin

jump foward in a singel colyum an bust in the door an spreadin out over a wide front throw yore two wings foward an exkute a inctrein movemen finely surroundin the enmy an cuttin off his meens of kommunikashun an then force him to yield withouten a quoter.

That aint right civilidz says Dingbat Jones speakin for the fast time. I bin to moren one hangin he says but I aint never ehopt the head offen a feller yit an I aint goin to begin now. What are you talkin about says the Sherreff yore



When I say charge you all kin jump foward.

plumb ignoran on militery talk the enmys meens of kommunikashun aint used in the lital sense of talkin with there mouths hits the avnoo by wich they reseefs there supplies whats the diffrens says Dingbat gittin riled. Hits my belief the way you talk you aint got right good sense he says.

Seems like to me I says to the Sherreff longs nobuddy kin unnerstan yore iddes ony you you better exkute this year chargin an surroundin yoreself. O no says the Sherreff Im leader an I know my place. Hits in the rear he says. A grate leaders life he says is wuth more to him than the lifes of manny private he says becaus he kin git more sogers but the chances of him bein borned agin ef hes kin is plumb hazerdus thats oon the foundashunal prinsipels of militarism says the Sherreff an hit dassent he gainesd.

Well I says we got no lack of leaders in this year country I says theys all

leaders ony sum is goin the same way an sum aint. Housomever ef yore askairt to knock on the door I says Ill volunteer I says becaus I was gittin tired of talkin with the Sherreff an besides I figgered Allingham wud of had a chanet to git away afore now an putt sum distans beehine hisself an the posse. Yore currajus offer is acceptet says the Sherreff like he was plumb releefd. You shud be dekkornet for hit he says. I wudden wonder ef I was I says ef Allingham aint changed in his dispoashun sense I left him an I knockt at the door of the room an then when they want no anser I shoved open the door an seen nobuddy a tall was thar so I felt better.

The Sherreff an posse come crowdin in arter me when I tole em they want nobuddy to home years a chanet for to git ackshun on that there brane work of yore I says to the Sherreff an sum the fellers begin lafin now they want no chanet of gittin hurtet. Hum says the Sherreff wrinklin up his forred an lookin roum keerful youners the bed he done slep in our hird has flone I got too take off my hat too him fer a grate stratejist he must of remember to keep a line of retreat open. Yes I says an years the line hangin outn the winder hits a clothe line.

Well sir the Sherreff lookt plumb hacked fer a minit. Our empiane us checkt he says but we aint defestet wud ought to of had a infmashun burro he says but necmine we will git him yit. Come on men two bosses he says tho they was twelve or fourteen of em an they all run out an downstairs an the last I yeerd on em they was ridin off evry wichaways all but the Sherreff who drifted over to the genel store an waitet there sos to receef reports fum the varrys frunts. I never see sech a plumb idgit.

After the posse had done gone I lookt aroun an seen Dingbat stannin there lookin right discosast. Aint you a goin out with the posse I says. No I haint he says I mought sometime be in the psihun that there holdup feller finds hisself in an I wudden want in sech a case to refleck on havin ever chasd a yuman feller bein an besides he says I kin see them guns of him yit. Hit does you eredit I says showin that much feebn I wudden of that it of you. Yes says Dingbat Im right tenderheartet thatswain an a nother thing he says the salloon aint elod up yit an I got a littel biniz to tend to thar before I leaf in the mornin. Well I says sposen you

go on over thar an Ill be over dreckly I wudden see you settin looseme yore las nite in town. Hiss alright with me says Dingbat so he went over to the saloon.

They was a reason I wantet him to go over Mister Editor wreh was I figgered Allingham might of got help in leavin an I wantet to putt some questyuns to ole Hoosford Hipple so I walkt downstairs an jest as I got nigh the bes room door that there gal Loosy slippt out an stoop me wait a minit she whispred I got a messidge fer you an she handet me a peec of wrote on paper foldet up.

Dont read it year she says I dont want Paw shud know nothin about that feller gittin away. Him an me was out back by the kitchen steps when you all went upstairs I see him a shinnin down that there rope an thought he was beetin his bord hill on when he tole me hit was ony that he had belt up the mail I help him all I cud.

That was right kine of you I says. O says the gal twent nothin extry I had a feller wonet was stringed up fer a littel shootin he done. Hit wud of worked out all right ony the other feller had more fense than him an they ketchet him. Ever sene then she says I hin parshul to fellers in trubbel but dont say nothin to Paw about hit. I done loant the feller Paws roan hoas. They haist a faster

sumil this side the Mimbres they eyant pit him no-hor Im satisfide.

Want yore Paw miss the boss I says. O Ill tell him bout hit in the mornin says Loosy. Yore fren done left me a plenty of money as security twell he gits a chanet to sen the boss back to Paw they wont be no trubbel ony Id as leaf he didin know hit tought he gits streaks like evry wonet in so offen when his nothens gits the best on him an be moughtin sleep right good. Now you bes go she says I yeer Paw stirrin in the front room.

So I eased myself outn the front door an offen the poreh quite like an went over to the saloon ware I foun Dingbat waitin pashunt with a glass holdin a bout a quoter of a inch of beer into hit in front of him. Whynt you drink up an git a nother I not him an he lookt at me plumb mournful. Im a holdin this year soe to show I got a right to be year he says when I know for sartin ware the nex won is a comin fum Ill sweller hit.

Haint you got no money I says. Quit skin foolish questyuns an order a drink he says of yore a goin to otherwise leaf me to my miery you wudden be the fust he says nor yit the last to perform that trifin ceremony. So I callt the bartender what was right busy sleepin an says ast this gennilmen what he wants for to drink. Aint he able to offer the

infmashun hissself says the bartender. Besides he says he aint no gennilmen he aint bought a drink for a nour.

Then he yeerd me a janglin money keerless like in my pokkit an begun to



The Sheriff and posse come crowdin in arter me.

buff encouragin. I reckon he that I was broke before. You must excuse me gittin gruff like wonet in a wile fren he says I didin reckonize you fust off been sleepy thataway. Hiss a tryin hissia the saloon hissia the minit I gita too perlitic he says sum feller takes advantage of hit an tries to borry a drink sometimes we makes mistakes he says.

You dont never make no mistakes about me says Dingbat right distrustful. Wen I come in fum the hills with a sheef of mouny hits all I kin do to keep you fellers on yore own side the bar yore so glad to see me. Whynt you come in more offen Dingbat ole boss you says yore a plumb stranger what you have. An then about the time Im splittin the seems of my coat to see of enny nickels has slipped down into the linin unbeknownst I kin see stormy wether in yore face an you balls out what are you still hangin roun year. Whynt you git out an bussle for a livin like the rest on us.

Aint that the truth says the bartender admirinly you got a plumb marvelous memory Dingbat but you muss mind our littel ways you got to take thins as you find them. I reckon Id be better off of I did says Dingbat like the rest of the natuffs of these year parts. I bin hones an industrius so fur he says lookit what I got to show fer hit. Well you got a fren in me says the bartender you never knowed me to throw you outn the saloon without givin you fare warnin. Thats right says Dingbat cheerin up I reckon Ill take a littel whisky he says.

So we set down an taken a drink an then I ordred our glasses fillt agin.

Youll excuse me a minit whilet I read some writin I got I says to Dingbat because I wantet to read the letter Allingham had wrote I wud excuse moren that says Dingbat on account of these year drinks you porehassend dont mine me he says I kin make out to git along wile the bowle wet an a flowin free ony dont fertig he says as the pote remarks one swaller dont make enuff fer all summer.

So I unfoldet the paper Allingham had wrote on wich redd as follers. Dear Lem I ast yore pardon for leevin thuss cavaleery by the rope ladder. Hiss right romantik I remins myself of Lockinvarr the yung Westren desperado you mought of yeered tell on ony I aint got no fare damil to hitch onto my saddle bough but I got a plumb good hose so I reckon I kin make out. I was about deecided to stay an see this year jam threw fer unmentionables reasons but when I yeerd that there Sherreff an possy in the hall I changed my mine because Sherreffs is Sherreffs as the feller says the wort over an I figgered they want no good reason why I shud be kilt jest to make our roamin holiday complete. So I putt on them overhauls of Dingbats an dropt a rope

outn the winder an skun down an run into that there gal Loosy who gin me ole Hoosford hose an in jest a minit when I finish this year Im off.

Im migratin South Allingham says in the letter with the other wild thins. I bet they aint none of em enny wilder then me neither well I will see you later odios, Allingham.

Well sir I felt plumb cut up gittin this year note like a message fum the ded you mought say wile Allingham was a flocin fer his life an the littel money he had leff an me settin year in a coosy cornder drinkin comfortable I begun to feel right downhearted so I ordred a

cuppel more of drinks. Then I tole Dingbat all about hit. He was right soothable once you got to know him well enuff to buy drinks fer him an hit teched him to the hart. Finly he begun for to cry an says Lem he says I aint got nothing much ony a passel of traps and a pair of hosses and a dawg an a over weimin sympathy fer yore flickshunt but sech as they is theys yores whynt you jest come along with me in the mornin Im a goin South fur as the San Francisco mounins ware Im a trappin come winter.

Well I says I reckon I mought as well so we helpt each outn the saloon an startet fer the mounins. But thats another story Mister Editor being as I startet out to tell you bout the toot me an Allingham was takin so I reckon Id bes stop. Besides Ive wrote moren twice as much as I was expectin to write an as Allingham onet tole me the fust dooty of a nauthor is to quit wen the quittins good.



I seen him a shinnin down that there rope.

Political Drama in San Francisco

By MARY ROBERTS COOLIDGE

WHATEVER she does, San Francisco is always spectacular. Melodrama could scarcely produce a more striking episode than the return in the recent primaries of Eugene E. Schmitz, to contest the mayoralty with the incumbent, James Rolph. Schmitz, the café musician, three times elected mayor by the Union Labor party and by the friendship of Abraham Ruef—the promoter of his city as a wide-open town—attempted to come back, and failed.

Yet he polled nearly thirty-six thousand votes—a third of all the votes cast—again by the favor of the Tenderloin, the United Railroads, and certain corporate interests which need a mayor they can control. In his first election in 1901 he had only 21,775 votes out of fifty-two thousand; and but for a change in the city charter which makes a majority instead of a plurality necessary to election, he might possibly have come back a fourth time.

The reelection of Mayor James Rolph by a good majority was indeed a vindication of the better mind of San Francisco. He represents, at any rate, the legitimate business interests of his city as against Schmitz, the figurehead candidate of the underground and vicious elements. Yet how far this commercialized community is from an intelligent conception of its true advantage, is shown in the experience of the Law Enforcement League which, in trying to enforce the bitterly fought Red Light Abatement Act, found that neither the reelected mayor, the reelected district attorney, the police commission nor the board of supervisors, would render it the least assistance in suppressing a most notorious resort. In spite of their many promises throughout the Exposition period, the officials of San Francisco have done nothing effective to clean up the Barbary Coast; and the town is fully as "wide-open" as in the days of Ruef and Schmitz.

It is regarded as a sinister omen by some and an evil prophecy for the future that the vote for Charles Fickert, the reelected candidate for district attorney, ran highest in the districts where Schmitz ran highest; and especially so in the Assembly District 33, which includes the notorious Tenderloin precincts and half of the city's saloons. The fact that the Law Enforcement League was compelled to seek out a private citizen to initiate a test suit against a brothel would seem to indicate that the present incumbent is not going to turn out a reformer.

The behavior of women voters in San Francisco, though less dramatic, is not less significant in this their first municipal election. Schooled by the experience of the last three years in national, state and local recall elections, what they have done in this their first municipal essay is what may normally be expected of them. According to the census, women

are only forty per cent of the total adult population of the city. In this election they constituted thirty-seven per cent of the registered voters; and this in a city where almost one-third of the population is foreign-born. This certainly disposes finally of the prediction that women would not take enough interest to register and vote.

Moreover, the American-born women of the better residence districts registered and voted much more heavily than those of the two districts comprising the almost solid foreign colonies of Italian, Portuguese, Spanish and French, who registered and voted from five to ten per cent below their normal proportion. Before the primaries it was generally believed that the women of the assembly district which takes in the Barbary Coast, the Segregated Quarter, and the up-town Tenderloin, were being drummed up to register; but as it proved, they constituted only twenty-seven per cent of the registration of this district—far below the normal proportion of women. On the other hand, the women of the six better residence districts, which carry more than half the voting strength of

the city, registered from forty-two to forty-four per cent of the total and voted in proportion.

The proof of suffrage is in the voting. In San Francisco, one of the least-reformed of American cities, whose population is one-third foreign-born, the women of the more intelligent classes have out-registered and out-voted the vice districts and are to a definite extent responsible for the reelection of Mayor Rolph. So far, the friends of woman suffrage can justly claim that even in San Francisco, the most apathetic city of California, the influence of the woman voter has been thrown upon the side of decency and good citizenship.

Mr. Gillette and Combs

One afternoon Mr. William Gillette, the player, walked into a drug-store and stated to a clerk his need—a man's comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" was the inquiry addressed to him.

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The Antique Theatre

By THOMAS H. UZZELL

The recent performances of Pavlova and her ballet in New York City have drawn attention towards the cultural side of Russian life. Mr. Uzzell reinforces this impression with an article on one of the chief influences in Russian art—the Antique Theatre of Petrograd.

RUSSIA is a land of esthetic surprises. Her music, her dancing, her literature have stimulated and delighted us; and now her theatre bids fair to furnish us with fresh and alluring revelations. The notable experiments in staging of the Art Theatre in Moscow are already well known. Those who have examined the Tsar's theatre-schools of acting in Petrograd pronounce them to

be the most consistently successful in the world.

The most interesting and least known of Russian dramatic enterprises is the Starize or Antique Theatre of Petrograd. Like most good things in Russia, it is rather hidden and difficult to find. It occupies the basement of the Solovyan Gorodok or "Salt Warehouse" on Pantelaimanskaya street. The once

dismal cellar, by the use of draped bunting and colored electric sunbursts in the low ceiling, has been transformed into an attractive and commodious little theatre. In one end is erected a rude scaffolding representing a sixteenth century Spanish stage, and in the other, spread out under bright lights, is a tempting array of entr'acte refreshments—glistening nickel samovars of steaming tea, *sakuski*, *butterbrods*, and sweet cakes.

In such an unconventional little playhouse I had a delectable evening of entertainment. The audience was one of the most cultured I had ever seen in Russia. A repertory of old Spanish plays was being played, that evening being given up to Lope de Vega's *Fuente Ovejuna* and Cervantes' interlude, *The Two Chatterboxes*.

There indeed before us was the Spanish stage at the time of the golden era of that nation's drama, the end of the sixteenth century. There was the rude stage set up in the open air on the popular and roomy place of execution. The decorations were Shakespearian in their simplicity; a curtain, a throne, a small table and instruments of torture. The entr'actes were filled in, as in the time of the classic drama, with *travesti* dances, so loved by the old Spanish audiences. The rapid "public square" tone was also faithfully reproduced throughout, this giving, however, a noticeably stilted and inflected effect in the more tender passages. The ancient "Lao" or prologue was duly pronounced before the tragedy. Quaint and affecting Spanish melodies were played for the dancers and for the songs of lovers. There were Spanish mountains, Spanish faces, Spanish

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dresses, weapons, castanets—it was altogether a most faithful and convincing dramatic restoration.

The audience was composed of men and women students, journalistic and theatrical folk, and a generous filling in of people from the *intelligencia* of Petrograd. Conversations with some of each of these classes disclosed the fact the same incentive in nearly each case had brought the person to the Starinje Theatre, namely, curiosity to see something new and original.

The first real problem was the repertory. Inasmuch as an unbroken connection between Hellenic drama and modern European drama does not exist, the roots of the latter disappearing in the darkness of the middle ages, Efrainoff was persuaded to abandon his initial project of starting the cycle of plays with selections from the ancient theatre, and attention was centred upon the middle ages. The vast labor of collecting material was begun. Many months were involved. A committee of directors was formed. Envoys were dispatched to France and to the Rhine countries. Baron Driess himself traveled to Switzerland, unearthed many curious and valuable documents in the monasteries there, and then visited Munich, Nuremberg and Rottenberg, for the treasures they still possess in relics and atmosphere of the middle ages. Many puzzling dialects were encountered, necessitating the cooperation of paleographers. The prescription for all manuscript work was that it would "preserve that peculiar fragrance of the poetry of the middle ages which was the natural expression of the soul and temperament of the people."

The actor problem was solved in a novel manner. Young artists as yet unspoiled by the prolonged routine of the theatrical trade, were secured. Before rehearsals, however, they were required to undergo what was called "a process of completing their intellectual preparation." They were made to attend a course of lectures. A professor from the Imperial University read to them on the history of the literature of the middle ages; another, on the history of music; an artist read on the iconography of the middle ages, and Efrainoff, on the theatre of the medieval period.

The dedicatory performance was a presentation of the German liturgical play, *Herod*, an interesting embryo of the modern European drama. There was the spell of mysterious silence brooding over the small medieval town; the sullen, eyeless towers of the beetling citadel; the frenzied pilgrims, the gloomy, ragged flagellants, the splendidly robed Herod, the paragon of mayor and burgoasters, the mystic liturgy, the thrilling announcement of the treason of the magicians, the weeping of women and the shrieks of terror; and finally the curtain dropping on a mad *mêlée* of hysterical disorder.

The second performance given on the first evening at the Antique Theatre was the *Faust*-like miracle play, *Theophilus*, written by the *jeuqueur*, Rutenbeuf. This choice provided a good illustration of the next stage in the development of the medieval drama, showing, as it does, how the play had already lost

its sacred character and had taken on a lighter coloring by means of a freer treatment and the introduction of the comic element. A peculiar factor in this performance was the part played by the interpreter or, as he is called in Russian, the *preco*, who, stationed in a corner of the *ouvanse-acène*, as occasion demands, assists the understanding of the audience by giving voice to "author's remarks," thus: "Here comes Theophilus to Sala-

din, who converses at will with the devil." The interpreter's explanation of the actors' mental experiences affords one an even finer pleasure, as when, in an absolutely neutral and unemotional tone, this unique piece of stage machinery says: "Now Theophilus leaves Saladin and thinks that to go back on the Cardinal is no joke," or, "Here Theophilus goes to the devil and is dreadfully afraid."

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MISCELLANEOUS

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The program for the second evening comprehended one of the Notre Dame cycle of miracles, a French pastourelle of the thirteenth century by the troubadour, Adam de la Halle, and, lastly, two farces of the latter end of the fifteenth century by Jean Dabongnans. In later seasons the Starline Theatre has added revivals of early Italian masques and restored the drama of other countries which could contribute something of novelty, atmosphere or beauty to the stage.

When asked for his opinion of the American stage, Baron Driven said: "The American playhouse, I understand, is more nearly a plaything than the Russian. The amount of money your managers have to invest in houses and stagings is almost incredible. The story of the New Theatre in New York is one of the most extraordinary things I ever heard of. How I should like to be given an opportunity to experiment on such a generous scale at that!"

From the foregoing account, it is not difficult to formulate several conclusions regarding the Russian drama and Russian theatre. The wholesome curiosity behind the Antique Theatre, the astonishing innovations of the Moscow Art Theatre which, under the inspiration of the technician and playwright, Tchekoff, has become a university of dramatic art, the brutal realism of Gorki, the huge, brooding moralities of Andraeff, and most recently, the iconoclastic dance-forms of the great Nijinsky, who now repudiates the graces that made him famous—all these phenomena the outside world has heard of wonderingly, until its theatre managers and playwrights have begun to take flying trips to Moscow and Petrograd to see what it is all about. The truth is that intelligent Russia is in a condition of artistic ecstasy, bordering on frenzy, which characterized the middle ages. By its love of church ritual, its immense openness of vision, its childlike passion for innovation and new sensations, it betrays how susceptible it is to the influence of its primitive instincts. Holy Moscow indeed has never grown up. Such a people, with its almost Elizabethan enthusiasm and energy, could not keep its sanity under the present régime of social and political restraint did it not turn to religion and art as a means of nervous exhaust.

When one couples with these conditions an extraordinary love of the theatre, one begins to understand the reasons for the success of the Antique Theatre in Petrograd and of the Art Theatre in Moscow. Russian actors live, work and play in the theatre; it is a preparatory school for them, where they study during the day and walk on at night. Their greatest actors are their teachers. The Tsar himself is the patron and financier of these theatre-schools. Each actor is compelled to master the graces of the dancer before he is given a line. Even the electricians, costumers and wigmakers are not tradesmen but artists! In their theatres Russians are racially gifted, are conscientious, enthusiastic, practical, industrious, and, like Victor Hugo, Scribner, Wagner, Mignet, Poe, and others, will yet give the world new art-forms which will earn them the recognition already too long delayed.

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Encore

By W. M. MACDONALD

ENCLOSED find my check to cover another year's subscription to your paper.

I want to say to HARPER'S at this time that I sincerely appreciate Norman Hapgood and the good work he has done, and is doing, and hope he will continue to wield his pen along the same lines for many years.

Miles City, Mont.

Picking the Second Man

From the *Post* (Salisbury, N. C.)

ALREADY discussion of the man for second place on the Democratic ticket is going on, and HARPER'S WEEKLY suggests that the man should be selected, not for being up his state, but on account of his fitness for the Presidency. It would be wise to have a man in the Vice-President's chair who would be a fit in the White House, for there he may be called to serve.

Not Worrying Taft

From the *Free Press* (Milwaukee, Wis.)

"CAN Taft Come Back?" asks Norman Hapgood, pausing in his lambasting of the Kaiser and Mr. Hearst, to take a slam at his ancient *bête noir*.

The last thing in the world that is worrying the general Ex-President or the Republican Party is the question propounded by the felleto editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If there is any considerable number of Republican leaders who think of Mr. Taft as a possible presidential candidate, they are diligently keeping it to themselves; and as for that gentleman himself, we doubt whether wild horses could drag him away from his happy professorship into the quest for political vindication.

The Better Part

From the *Review* (East Liverpool, Ohio.)

AN ARTICLE, entitled "The Better Part," which appeared in a recent HARPER'S WEEKLY, appealed to the writer not only as clever but very timely and appropriate. We are going to take the liberty to reproduce it. Too long for publication in one issue we trust you will like it so well as to clip the portion run each evening, so that, after the entire article has appeared, you may read it through once more, getting added impression and zest. You will find the first installment on this page today. In quite a novel manner "The Better Part" makes us as parents face the too actual situation as affecting the schooling of our children.

Where the Money Goes

By EDWIN L. TURNBULL

IN A recent issue you ask the question editorially, speaking of the immense sum spent by the United States for its military establishment, "Where Does the Money Go?"

Is not the tidy sum of about one hundred and eighty millions annually expended for pensions by the United States? What proportion of this huge expenditure is wisely and justly made? That is a question that I think would keenly interest the American people at this time.

Baltimore, Md.

It's All in the Way You Say It

From the *Free Press* (Detroit, Mich.)

"CHILDREN should be born only once in three years," says an expert in HARPER'S WEEKLY. What a lot of mistakes the Lord seems to make, according to the experts.

From the *Citizen* (Columbus, Ohio); the *Post* (Cincinnati, Ohio); the *Express* (Denver, Colo.)

"CHILDREN should be born not oftener than once in three years," says HARPER'S WEEKLY. Which would have convinced us—had we been in doubt—that Norman Hapgood is well qualified to lead the feminist movement.

From the *Times-Leader* (New Haven, Conn.)

"CHILDREN should be born not oftener than once in three years," says a writer in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

From the *Telegraph* (Macon, Ga.)

A WRITER in HARPER'S WEEKLY says: "Children should be born not oftener than once in three years." That ought to be often enough to suit most any child.

From the *Courier-News* (Fargo, N. D.)

DON'T BE BORN TOO OFTEN
"CHILDREN should be born not oftener than once in three years," says a writer in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Vice-Presidency

By M. D. FOLLIN

THAT article in the October 30th issue on the Vice-President was happily right. Both because of the possibility of succession and because the office is in itself one of high honor, some man should be selected for it who would lift it immediately and definitely from its present anomalous position to the true dignity which properly belongs to it. It is not the tail of the kite, and should never have come to be so considered.

This letter is intended not as a criticism of any incumbent of the office, but of the attitude of the man in the street towards it.

The naming of Senator Owen as a colleague of President Wilson would make a combination which even a well-established Republican like myself would be anxious to support.

Detroit, Mich.

Showing Up W. R. Hearst

From the *Telegram* (Holyoke, Mass.)

IN A recent issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY the opposition news agencies were served by the publication of a letter article purporting to show up W. R. Hearst and the International News Service. The attack is named as Hearst, against whom there is evidently the most bitter feeling, and because of this personal animosity a news service is assailed, a service which has given a good account of itself, one would feel from personal knowledge a superior account, and the work of which is borne out by the record of recent months.

Lost When Discovered

From the *Telegram* (Portland, Ore.)

THE publisher of the *Evening Journal* finds it necessary to appear before his readers in his own proper person to make some explanation of the exposure recently made by HARPER'S WEEKLY of the non-existent character of the news service which the *Journal* pretends to that exposure used to tout as one of its chief assets. To do it justice, it makes little attempt to explain the unexplainable. When a man is caught red-handed with the stolen goods on his person, the sooner he unostentatiously slinks into the shadowy background the better he is off.

Tendencies and Worries

From the *Bulletin* (Greenfield, Pa.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY, which lately shows a reactionary tendency, is worried because Frank P. Walsh persists in agitating, in his report, the questions his industrial commission investigated.

The Kid-gloved School of Demagogy

From the *Press* (Muncie, Ind.)

IN THE current number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, the magazine which might be well personified as a weird sort of creature with the head of the Democratic mule and the tail of the British lion, connected by an alimentary canal of common sympathy and interest, there is an editorial which seeks to justify the big lion to the Allies not only on grounds of "sound business principles" but for "moral" reasons as well. That HARPER'S should attempt to do this is of course not surprising. No one would expect the magazine to remain neutral on a subject where its interests as interpreted on one occasion by President Wilson when he dropped its then editor from his calling list, are at stake, and it is a well known fact that publications of what might be called the "high brow" or "kid-gloved" school of modern demagogy, always seek to cover their real motives with attributes of stern morality.



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A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Most Tragic of All

SANE German leaders have mostly abandoned the idea of world-dominion by means of this war. They are now planning to obtain something to show to the German people as an excuse for having plunged them into a stroke of aggression that promises to kill most of the German male youth and leave the country bankrupt. They do not really expect to show them new territory. They expect to get their colonies back and an indemnity. They won't get any indemnity.

French leaders are drifting into a somewhat similar state of mind. Last spring they were interested most in forcing liberalism on Germany, so as to make it possible for the world to live in peace hereafter. Now it is fairly obvious that liberalism will come in Germany, and come rapidly, if the battle is a draw. Of course, absolute victory for Germany would strengthen despotism, because it would be necessary to rule unwilling peoples with the iron hand, but short of that improbability, liberalism will gain rapidly because the country will see where despotism led it and what a price it pays. Why, then, would France refuse to stop if there were a chance for peace on the condition of everything restored to everybody,—the *status quo ante*? For a reason not the same as the German but yet not without resemblances to it. French leaders have no aggression to answer for, but they have a people to console for vast sacrifices, and the consolations dreamed of are an indemnity and the Rhine as a "natural" frontier. There is no doubt of the justice of the French claims, but is it wise to fight another year, or two, or three, and to leave Germany resentful and planning a future revenge?

Great Britain, looked upon as the leader of the *entente*, is committed to an indemnity for Belgium, nothing else. All else put forward by Mr. Asquith consists of words that can be interpreted as one chooses, such as "until France is adequately secured against menace of aggression; until the rights of the small nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation; and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed." The problem has become much harder since Italy and Bulgaria entered the war, but if Germany and England agree to terms it is fairly safe to say the others will fall in. Russia, for her part, can afford to wait.

In the main, therefore, the governments at war would be willing to stop on the *status quo ante*, but they fear public opinion, and also each fears the jeering comments of the enemy if a first move is made. The worst tragedy of the war,—more terrible even

than the decision of one man in Germany to have a war,—is this inability to stop, this blind fighting on after the destruction is enough to stop the German menace; fighting on perhaps for years, to arrive probably at last at just about the place that stopping now would mean. Germany, if she cares to fight to the bitter end, cannot be actually conquered in less than two more years, and it will probably take longer. It would be folly to stop the war on the basis of counting that Germany in winning land battles has won the war. That would merely mean misery, resentment and soon another war. But to stop on the arrangement of going back to the old boundaries would be to abandon almost no advantage of the struggle on the Allies' side, and infinitely to lessen the cost and the hatred. Whatever happens in the Balkans, it is probable that before next summer ends the Germans will be driven out of Russia. By that time they can be driven out of France and Belgium if the French generals and statesmen wish to pay the price in men. But once Germany is back in her own country she will hold her ground a long time and destroy more of her antagonists than she loses herself. The military situation, therefore, offers an argument for peace. It is only the irrational mood of all the peoples that prevents.

War becomes a habit like anything else. The deaths and loss seem awful at first. Then the peoples take them for granted. This habit formed, it will be easy from mere momentum to fight long after the original objects are no longer being advanced, and carnage goes on for nothing.

Why Not Talk Straight?

IS IT not tiresome, this practise of complaining of one course and fearing to recommend the opposite? The woods are full of newspapers and private individuals that are loftily ironical about the number of notes the American State Department has sent, "without doing anything." Everywhere you find people who say this continual writing gets on their nerves. Everywhere you find newspapers who jeer it as a literary exercise. Ask any one of these individuals or newspapers whether he would prefer a declaration of war, or a breaking of relations that would lead in a few days to war, and nine times out of ten at least he will either answer no or else evade the question. What is really desired is a mere chance to sputter over a course recognized as right, although requiring patience. Is it not more creditable either to point out what you wish to have done or to accept cordially the slow and unstriking establishment of principle, wearing as it may be?



Survivors

The Pity of It

IN LORD ROSEBERY'S regrets over the defense agitation in the United States there lies much truth. Instead of our striking a note of confidence in permanent peace devices after the war, we show that Germany has made us afraid to rest on that hope. It is sad indeed. We give up the privilege of insisting on hope and faith, not because we will but because we fear we must. It is not the amount of preparedness we shall arrange that does the harm; it is the killing of the spiritual note we should wish to strike. Improvement in defense seems wise, as this world is constituted, but Heaven preserve us from the fire-eaters and whip-the-earth people. Also, while Heaven is about it, may it preserve us from wringing principally out of the poor the money to pay for preparedness.

Hyphen Politics

THE aggressive manner in which a big New York German meeting, backed by the *Staats-Zeitung*, declared against Mr. Wilson's reelection, carries still further the unintelligent effort of the hyphens to combine in domestic politics on foreign issues. We have already spoken of the fact that the pretended German who brought up the issue in Chicago received a defeat that established a record in the city. In the same connection should be carefully pondered the results of the election last month in Cleveland. Up to near the end of the campaign it looked as if Peter Witt would be elected. He made a strong pro-German declaration, however, and this position of his was spread all over the town the Sunday before election, with the result that he was defeated. Germans merely help Wilson by their performances, but they hurt their own standing as American citizens and they work against the American ideal.

A Good Example

THE University of Missouri is a comparatively small institution. Nevertheless, it had contributed more than \$300 for the relief of destitute Armenians in Turkey and Russia by the time it had been at work on the matter only two weeks. The sum was raised by cooperation between the *University Missourian*, a daily paper published by the students of the school of journalism, and a committee of university and townspeople. If any other colleges wish to imitate the University of Missouri they will be helping in the great work of war relief in as practical and sympathetic a manner as is possible. Apparently most of the Armenians are going to be killed by Hadji Wilhelm's ally, but it seems as if the neutral world ought at least to make life a little easier for those whom the Turks do not put out of their misery.

Sadness or Satire?

COL. FRANCIS G. WARD, for fourteen years commissioner of public works, has just enjoyed the largest funeral ever vouchsafed to a citizen of Buffalo. Pillars of society and business figured in the procession, along with numberless employees. Colonel Ward could employ more men to do one man's work than anybody known to history. Under him Buffalo had more city employees than any American city except New York and Chicago. He was a good-hearted man, free with the money for which others toiled. Buffalo goes under commission government January 1st. Every year there will be in America fewer men with the popularity of Colonel Ward.

Hughes—an Ideal

HERE is a story that has not been made public, so far as we know, but which will occupy a place in history. When President Taft asked Gov-

ernor Hughes to go on the Supreme Court he wrote him a letter. In it he asked him to consider the question very carefully indeed. The President said he was convinced that, if Mr. Hughes refused to go on the Court, it was a practical certainty that he would in his turn be President. It seems rather unlikely that Mr. Hughes, after making his choice at that time, would now make the opposite choice. He has an extremely high idea of the dignity and importance of the Supreme Court. He has a powerful conviction that any suspicion of political ambition is unworthy in a judge. Mr. Hughes would make a great president, but being a president is not everything. He has already made a figure in our life that serves as an ideal to hundreds of thousands. By sticking to his post he will reinforce this ideal. By departing from it he would cause thousands of cynical remarks and put himself in the class in which, unfortunately, the majority of other men belong.

Ill-Timed

THE Federal Advisory Council, in recommending the abolition of the office of Comptroller of the Currency, has taken a step which is going to lead it into much trouble. The attacks on Comptroller Williams seemed to have some chance of success before the revelations in the Riggs Bank case. Those revelations were so striking, however, that the country will not look on with indifference while the banking interests go after Mr. Williams' scalp. It is not only his scalp they are after. They are after Mr. McAdoo's also; and this in spite of the fact that the Federal Reserve Act, which most of the bankers opposed, is working so well that many of those who did oppose it have come out in praise of it. Nevertheless, they are down on Mr. McAdoo because of the Riggs Bank case and because of the shipping bill, and they are still more down on Mr. Williams, possibly because of a ruthless carrying out of his duty he adds an aggressive manner. When high public officials, however, do their duty in important emergencies, we do not believe it is today possible for special interests to arouse any really formidable sympathy with an attempt to throw those officials out.

Municipal Exhortation

A NEW England city whose young men, year after year, leave it in search of work, recently erected an enormous sign near its railroad station, bearing these words:

(NAME OF CITY)

THE PARADISE OF AMERICA
GATEWAY OF OPPORTUNITY
UNSURPASSED
RAILROAD AND INDUSTRIAL
FACILITIES

WE NEED YOU BOARD OF TRADE

You certainly need something, but is it not a sense of proportion? Would not a sign of reasonable statements draw better? If the truth about your city isn't sufficiently attractive, make your city over.

Killing by Doctors

THE difficulty about the Chicago case, in which a defective child was allowed to die by the attendant physician, was in using it for publicity. The human race is compelled to have general rules rather than universal rules. There is no value in exploiting departures from those rules. It happens now and then that conscientious and intelligent physicians fail to attempt to save, but they do not rush into the newspapers about it, and thereby weaken the general principle that their effort is to be thrown toward saving life even when the circumstances are extremely unfavorable. In private conduct we see often the same situation. We have a rule that is right. We find a specific exception to it that seems reasonable if it is carried out quietly. To take this exception, however, and blazon it about, would be to weaken the rule and therefore make the exception harmful.

Twins



AN IRON cross should be given to the word "socialistic" for the hard work it still does (it has been doing it for a generation) as an engine of attack on every measure likely to change the incidence of public burdens away from the poor, or even to effect economy at nobody's expense. But then another iron cross should be given to the word "construction," used with equal frequency as a term of approval to cover an absence of thought, as complete in one direction as the word "socialistic" is in the other. Indeed, when it comes to words, if we had the privilege of dispensing crosses we could keep a large factory going day and night.

Perseverance

OF ALL the virtues, what one stands us in better stead than perseverance? What is a greater aid in living? It is a combination of patience and belief. It is not more fortitude, for it means positive happiness.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.

Many of the worst evils of life come from faint-heartedness, or from lack of purpose. Few who keep persistently at a thing, with faith in its value, are unhappy (as Young has observed a few lines above, and in better words). What the Christian Scientists have made popular is a truth that most profound moral thinkers have emphasized. Samuel Johnson, with pardonable exaggeration, said that great works were performed not by strength but by perseverance; and while the current saying about genius being an infinite capacity for taking pains is less than half a truth, Disraeli was at least safe when he declared patience a necessary ingredient of genius. The patience of genius, however, is not passive, but active. It is not merely endurance, but hopeful diligence. Perseverance is faith expressed in action; and to active faith happiness and value are possible to the end.

Fixed Prices and the Public Pocketbook

By F. COLBURN PINKHAM

That price maintenance builds up trade, makes against trusts, helps the little business man, and is profitable for the consumer, has been the contention of HARPER'S WEEKLY ever since the question became acute. The side opposite to ours is presented with much skill in this article by a well-informed expert, who makes his side of the case extremely interesting. Next week the editor will re-state our own position. Meantime the Federal Trade Commission is supposed to be making a thorough study of the facts that should form the basis for legislation.

WHETHER you are out to buy a book or a victrola, your main object is to get the best article you can for the lowest price, and you are not in the least concerned with what is known as the problem of retail distribution.

When R. H. Macy & Co. started to sell popular fiction at a dollar and eight instead of a dollar and twenty, the public bought books there in increasing numbers, but showed not the slightest interest when the book publishers of America sued Macy's for selling at less than the publisher's price of a dollar twenty net. Macy's won this and similar suits, and the consumer was able to buy books, victrolas, Ingersoll watches, and other articles in popular demand at considerable price reductions.

Here public interest began and ended. But when it is learned that these same publishers and manufacturers, having been universally defeated in the courts, are now resorting to Congress to force full prices, public interest will be revived. Whether this proposed end is gained by what is known as the Stevens Bill, the "Jones" or the "Smith" Bill, is of little consequence. A general advance in retail prices as a result of this legislation will call forth a popular outcry.

THE argument of those who seek to force the full price on articles they manufacture, is to this effect: The department store sells an Ingersoll watch to Mrs. Vanderfort for sixty-nine cents, sacrifices its profit on this transaction, and charges outrageously high prices on other articles. Mrs. Vanderfort's savings on the watch are figured in cents, and her losses on her other purchases in dollars, but she returns home satisfied that she has been buying bargains all day.

I have too much respect for the intelligence of the average woman shopper today to believe that the price restrictionists are stating facts when they say that she would be deceived by any such tactics on the part of the retailer. Women are constantly making price comparisons on every article that they buy. I venture to predict that because a woman bought an Ingersoll watch for sixty-nine cents in one of the department stores, where ordinarily she would buy it for one dollar in another, that this saving of thirty-one cents would not mislead her into paying an excessively high price on a garment, a ribbon, or a spool of thread. Her knowledge of comparative prices would cause her to buy the watch, the garment, and the ribbon where she could buy them cheapest, or she would lose all right to the title of shopper.

Moreover, the up-to-date policy established by many retailers of agreeing to meet the price of their competitors on any article gives absolute protection, which is made doubly certain by the privilege of returning articles that are not satisfactory. This enables every shopper to take advantage of her second thought in order to protect herself from a hasty mistake in judgment.

No subtle devices of the retailer can long deceive the woman shopper into paying a high price for even the smallest household articles. I have often wondered,

however, if this same wise woman shopper appreciates how frequently she is persuaded to buy at advanced prices commonplace articles exorbitantly advertised under a catchy name. Does she ever realize that she eventually pays for the brilliant electrical advertisement on the great white ways of our big cities, for the amusing posters that cause a passing smile as she hastens downtown for her day's shopping, and for the page advertisements that usher into popular demand, at excessive prices, commonplace articles, which formerly, unhonored and unsung, were sold in plain wrappers covering solid, substantial values?

It is an axiom that when there is an increase in the cost of distribution or production, the consumer pays the bill. It may be consoling to the public to be assured by the manufacturers that the six hundred million dollars a year spent in advertising in the United States is paid for by the resulting decrease in the cost of production. But even more illuminating is the rejoinder by an advertising authority who is quoted with approbation by Paul T. Cherington as saying, "The bigger the manufacturing concern becomes, the greater usually does the selling cost become, and ever since the beginning of big markets and big enterprises, the selling cost has been rising steadily."

THE whole flurry about the Stevens Bill on the part of the manufacturers has arisen from the necessity for protecting their enormous advertising expenditure. Whether you shop in Chicago or Oskaloosa they insist that you shall pay the same price for their wares. With the Stevens Bill behind them they can make our metropolitan department stores demand the full price, permitting no bargains or reductions to those whose business has prospered and found public favor by reason of rock-bottom prices. When the millennium of these manufacturers has come and they have brushed aside by the Stevens Bill monopoly all competition with small manufacturers, and all local competition between retail shops, they will complacently determine the profits of the retailer, the price to the consumer, and the quality of the guarantee behind their products.

I do not know how our exacting American shopper is going to accept a situation which will confront her when every unsatisfactory purchase is of necessity referred back to the manufacturer for adjustment. With a liberality which is sometimes appalling the department store lives up to its own standard of "anything to please the customer," because it has control of its own business and its own good name to preserve.

WHEN Ida Tinsell startled the public conscience by her revelations in a popular magazine of the methods of the Standard Oil Company and other vested interests, the legislative movement to curb unwarranted interference with the laws of competition was inaugurated. The public had long watched with profound admiration the organizing genius which could create these business monsters,—an admiration so profound as to cause it to lose sight of their baneful effects. Steel

kings and railroad magnates became the objects of table talk in the average American family. The eventual registration of public disapproval of these industrial monopolies through the courts and legislatures eliminated their dangerous aspects and preserved their wholesome qualities.

You have not yet opened your morning paper to read the glaring announcement of a soap trust, a ribbon or a silk trust. Business ability and the necessity for commercial progress have not produced them. Yet that they can be produced has never been denied. Monopolies in these articles could be brought about by the elimination of price competition accomplished by the simple process of passing the Stevens Bill, placing the regulation of retail prices in the hands of the manufacturer of branded goods. Having eliminated by one fickle act of Congress the right of the retail shops to reduce prices, and having by the same method clogged up the channels for the distribution of the merchandise of the unknown retailer, the logical development would be a law-made and law-protected monopoly. To legislate into existence today the kind of vested interests that Congress attempted to legislate out of existence yesterday would indicate either a change of public policy or the control of our legislators by ambitious lobbyists. Monopolies artificially created and preserved by law! Will Congress realize in time the object of this latest movement in the name of the public welfare and the consumer's purse?

There are uncounted jokes on the Ford automobile, but the Ford car is no joke. The mechanical genius of its inventor, and the organizing genius of Mr. Couzens have established a distribution of this make of automobile that is one of the most popular topics of discussion in the public press—with all the startling facts that have come to light regarding Mr. Ford's progressive methods, profit-sharing plans that would be worthy of a Croesus, world-wide distribution, unheard of profits, and what the common people term the best little car on the market at any price. Although the Ford Company figures its profits in terms of millions, you have never heard of a million dollar advertising campaign for the Ford Company, dashing this car into further public appreciation and popularity. Mr. Ford and Mr. Couzens have made their appeal to the public on the basis of price. They said, and experience proved the truth of their statements, that they were producing the best car that could be produced at the price which they fixed. When the public found this out every Ford owner became a Ford advertiser, and the Ford became an automobile miracle. It may be that the Ford car could be sold at a much higher price if an extensive and continuous campaign of advertising on a large scale were carried out. The Ford Company might reap golden profits as the result of such methods, but the consumer would be denied that saving in price which results when an article is retailed to attract the consumer on the simple basis of merit at a low price rather than on the basis of continued psychological appeals to the imagination of the public.

IF ALL competition became a competition in advertising, and if public confidence were established in this way, the retail shop would be afraid to handle, even at a great saving to the public, an article of an unknown manufacturer. The good name, reputation for honest dealing and low prices of Hanaker & Sons would cease to make any impression on the mind of the shopper. Her confidence having been won by reiterated advertising campaigns, she would brush aside without interest the economical fabric unadvertised but recommended by the sales-girl.

When this legislative attempt to dominate the retail market is carried to the point of preventing the retail shop from selling at reduced prices even unseasonable merchandise, added cost is given to the public's interest. Many useful and personal household economics of direct

interest to every individual would be prevented by this bold attempt to enforce, paraphrasing a popular expression—one price, the whole price, and nothing but this price.

The wholesaler, the retailer, and the consumer in this scheme of things all work harmoniously in the interest of the manufacturer. He compels the retail shop to carry his merchandise by creating a popular demand for it through continuous advertising. On the other hand, he finally denies the progressive and more fortunately situated retailer, who is close to the distributing centres, and who has introduced efficient salesmanship, scientific methods, and wise buying into his business, the right to sell at ninety-nine cents, with a good profit, an article which his less fortunate brother in Spodunk must sell at a dollar nine. Accessibility to the big distributing and manufacturing centres constitutes a natural advantage which legislatures should not attempt to overcome. If the Californian pays five per cent more for his merchandise he at least has the compensating advantage over the East in his savings on his native fruits.

The Stevens Bill would permit the manufacturer to charge full prices irrespective of the retailers' desire to pass on to the consumers savings resulting from small transportation charges, efficient management, low rents, advanced buying and selling methods.

Our country cousins from Sayville may find the price of eggs in a fashionable New York restaurant excessively high, yet this is the inevitable condition of what is popularly termed the high cost of living in a big city. Fashionable Mrs. Vanderfort, however, from New York, when visiting in Sayville is not at all surprised to find that she pays five to ten per cent in excess of city prices for personal or household articles. This is also an inevitable condition of the country retailer, who must handle a few articles on a larger margin of profit in order to maintain his business.

ADVERTISING genius has made it increasingly difficult for the small, unknown manufacturer to find a market for even the most meritorious merchandise. If he attempts to compete with the branded merchandise extensively advertised, he must start with an enormous capital for advertising expenditures. This in itself may prove to be an insurmountable handicap at the outset, and we can accept George Fredericks' statement that "the selling cost goes down in proportion to the reputation of the goods, and the favorable conviction in the mind of the buyer." There is the rub; securing this "favorable conviction in the mind of the buyer." If it is to be attempted by making nationally known an unknown product, it requires not only the manufacturing capital but an enormous financial reserve for what constitute the most important element in a national campaign,—constant, extensive advertising calculated to interest the most skeptical prospective purchaser. Taking no less an authority than Mr. Fredericks, we learn that the "entire selling expense for any speciality or novelty is advertising expense."

There is only one available outlet for the small manufacturer of a good article who is unable to enter into a competition in advertising. This outlet is the retail shop which, backing the product at a reasonable price under its own guarantee, capitalizes its own good-will to the advantage of the small manufacturer and consumer. Permit the manufacturer of trade-marked articles to dominate the retail market by price legislation, and the manufacturer of all articles will be encouraged to brand them, create a public demand by advertising, and thereby neutralize the assets which still remain to the department store and the retail shops in the form of their own good-will and merchandise guarantees.

Where even household commonplaces, piece goods, garments and ribbons are called for by the public by the

manufacturer's name, the guarantee of the retail shop of unbranded merchandise is proportionately less valuable, and the small manufacturer will find even this last channel for gaining a market and a public demand for his merchandise practically closed.

This would be of little consequence if the public did not pay the bill. That is why the Stevens Bill has become more than a question of argument between the manufacturer and the retail dealer: it involves the public pocketbook.

AS A people we are constantly speaking of our constitutional rights and liberties, yet the complacency with which manufacturers of trade-marked articles demand legislation which interferes with the right to sell, at the purchaser's own price, what has honestly been acquired, is causing increasing public surprise and concern. Merely because John Jones is a retail dealer, the dozen nationally advertised hnts which he paid his good money for yesterday he cannot dispose of today at the profit which he deems sufficient, because the hand of the manufacturer reaches over the retail counter to the consumer to demand the full price, outlawing at the same time the business policy of the retail shop, and a

price concession to the public pocketbook. Farmer Brown might as well be entitled to trade-mark and control the retail price of the chickens which are distributed by the country butcher as to permit the manufacturer of unpatented articles to cover them with the glory of his name, and have them retailed at the price he dictates. In most cases the manufacturer contributes about as much to the value of the article he brands as the farmer to the poultry he has raised. The commonplace article has acquired merely a fictitious value because of widely advertised sanitary wrappings and absolute guarantees. Nothing new has been added to the article but a trade-mark and a costly wrapping. The guarantee can be no more satisfactory than that which is now given by the retail dealer, and is by no means as convenient.

Our manufacturing friends protected by the Stevens Bill, the "Smith" or the "Jones" Bill would invite trade by means of the psychology of advertising. Our retail friends, satisfied to continue without the Stevens Bill, desire to secure trade along the old-fashioned lines of price considerations.

Congress, as usual, will take its cue from the consumer.

Mr. Haggood's article, defining HARPER'S WEEKLY's position on the above subject, will be called "Why Price Maintenance is Right," and will be printed next week.

Stoy

By GEORGE KENNETH END

A GERMAN or Bulgar spy, reconnoitering in Serbia today, may, when he approaches an opposing sentry, hear a sharp, commendatory shout of "Stoy!" If he knows the language, he will halt. If not, he will enjoy the liberty of advancing or retreating about two steps, when an old Serb veteran will have relieved him of any further misunderstanding as to the meaning of *stoy*. The Serbian sentry says "Stoy!", and then, if the command passes unheeded, he shoots to kill.

I can see these old sentries on the alert all through rural Serbia today, for a little over a month ago one of them chanced to be in the path of a long tramp I took, and called for me to *stoy*. I *stoyed* without any delay, and felt myself fortunate a few minutes later for having done so. He found me harmless of course, and after labeling me "not a suspicious character," granted me the permission of examining the Turkish musket he carried. While I petted the old weapon I noticed that it was not only loaded, but cocked, ready for business besides.

That is the Serbian veteran. He has been born, raised and nurtured in an atmosphere of war, so that the smell of powder is his joy. These veterans are from the classes of anywhere between 1865 and 1880. They are not reluctant to leave their farms to do patrol duty, or sentry work near some garrison, for they have the confidence that the women they leave behind them can well carry on the farm work in their absence. The women do most of this work when the men are home, so industriously perhaps they are not greatly missed. Beyond his knowledge of handling a gun and his ability to shout "*stoy!*" the Serbian veteran knows little. A passport is as great a curiosity to him as a piece of chewing gum. If you offer him a cigarette paper (a rare commodity in Serbia), he will smile, say "*Faala!*" ("Thank you"), and open up a congenial conversation with you in the Serbian language, which you know

nothing about. You may, in your turn, prolong the interview with him by offering a patriotic speech on the efficiency of the baseball team in your home town, or even on the inadequacy of the Serbian Navy. He will listen contentedly and then chance something about the Bulgars, beans, or *schivovits*, you never know which.

He is a most untidy being, the Serbian veteran. I have met some specimens who have never had a bath, for as a race they are not keen to use water for other than drinking purposes, and they overdo common sense in this use of it to such an extent that their systems have become waterlogged. It is always brown homespun suits that they wear, braided at the edges with black cloth. The coat jackets are form fitting, but the trousers contain enough surplus material to make two ordinary suits. The shoes, or young "gondolas," are long flat moosin-like things, secured to the feet by two long buckskin laces. The ends of these laces are tied together in a triple knot, and once they are tied, the old veteran immediately forgets the combination for untying them.

But the Serbian veteran must be so,—unkempt, oblivious to dirt—or his picturesque quality would be destroyed. There he sits beside a little round brush guard-house, the musket ever ready on his shoulder. You may be tramping through a secluded part of Serbia and come across just such a picket-house. Perhaps you will at first mistake it for the nest of some great bird; it will have been too distant from civilization for you to confuse it with a pigsty. But that is the veteran's home when he's on duty, and he's happy there.

What do these old veterans do when they see a German officer for the first time? I am certain that they do not stand with mouths open in awe, nor do they know even that the stranger is a German. All foreigners look alike to them. They shout "*stoy!*" just as they always have done, and then they let loose with those old Turkish muskets. That is their life and they enjoy it!

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD

The Touching Ballad of General Von Beers

Dedicated to Herr James O'Donnell Bennett, press-agent of the "Chicago Tribune."

With profound apologies to the immortal Gilbert.

MAJOR-GENERAL Fritz-Schinkenwurst Hofbrau Von Beers
Was the pride and the joy of the Pruss Grenadiers.
You've guessed him a Prussian, shrewd reader, at sight,
And a glance at his manners will prove you are right.

In his fervor for "Frightfulness" Major Von Beers
Acknowledged no betters and precious few peers.
And every one envied his well-earned repute
For arson and pillage and rapine and loot.

No sympathy held such delectable tones
For the ears of Von Beers as the shrieks and the groans
Of women and children bombarded with shell,
Or the crash of a hospital tumbling pell-mell.

One day from Berlin came the order "Refrain
For the present from Frightfulness. Start Press Campaign.
Von Bernstorff has wired we're getting
in wrong
With the Yankees, so play up HUMAN-
ITY strong."

Lead, lead were the wailings of Hofbrau
Von Beers.
But duty is duty, so drying his tears,
He purchased a volume by Peter F.
Dunne
On "How to be Civilized, though you're
a Hun."

He swatted up Honor, and Peace and
Good-will
For a year seven months and a fortnight until,
You'll scarcely believe it, that Hun I declare
Acquired a sort of a civilized air.



It was balky, spasmodic and apt
to take flight

When a press correspondent was
nowhere in sight.

It was clumsy, uncertain and
erude, I'm aware,

Yet distinctly suggested a civil-
ized air.

He started at once a colossal
campaign

And filled correspondents with
fibs and champagne,

And the press correspondents
all voted Von Beers
A prince of good fellows, 'mid
deafening cheers.

Then Von Hofbrau called up a
young trooper and said
In a fatherly way as he patted
his head,
"Come now! don't be bashful,
dear boy, I implore!
Tell our friends from abroad
what you think of the
war."



And the trooper described in his shy little way
How the Russians turned pale and the French ran away.
And if he was urged, he would blushing
own
He had captured ten Britishers all by
his lones.

Then the face of Von Hofbrau with
tenderness glowed,
And tears down the cheeks of the officers
flowed,
And the press correspondents all mar-
veled to ken it,
Especially Jamie O'Donnell Mc-Bennett.

Thenceforth when a soldier forgot to
salute,

Von Beers would use kindness instead of his boot.
And he lectured a laggard he'd rather have shot,
If a newspaper man chanced to be on the spot.

If a sentinel, smoking, he happened to catch,
Instead of a hiding he gave him a match.
A caress took the place of a clout on the ear,
That is, when a war correspondent was near.

He distributed photos of Godfearing Huns
Feeding babes with Beef broth, Bannanas and Buns,
And snapshots of Willie that caught his gay glance
And others depicting him weeping for France.

The fame of Von Hofbrau spread over the land,
And rich Lady nurses proposed for his hand,
And the press correspondents all hastened to pen it,
Especially Jamie O'Donnell Mc-Bennett.

The Effect of the War On English Universities

By COSMO HAMILTON

WHEN that good hour comes when Europe shall wake up one morning and listen in vain for the all-too-well-known sounds of hursting shells and the bee-like hum of aircraft, it will be found that many sibbholets are lying among the ruins of civilisation. Under those little uncountable mounds of earth which, with pathetic briefness, will mark the places where the devoted soldiery lie in peace, there will be many other dead things. These will not be missed. They are the remains of those antediluvian methods which, especially in regard to the university system of Great Britain, have been the means of manufacturing inexperience among the younger generation and of sending out to English colonies a series of wasters who have done much to bring the motherland into disrepute.

England is a strange country—slow to recognize her faults and very reluctant to make changes which an altered condition of things have rendered vitally necessary. She clings to early Victorianism with peculiar pathos, and seems to be ready to sacrifice her youth upon the altar of conservatism.

During the last twenty years the original intention of the university has undergone an insidious change. As designed the universities were for the sons of the aristocracy and for men who desired to enter one or other of the professions,—church and law, medicine and teaching. To this end they granted degrees and sent their alumni out into the world well instructed, well armed. Commercial prosperity, however, brought with it a set of dangers and a certain amount of loose thinking. It became the habit for parents to send their sons to the university from the public schools without giving any consideration to the fact that they were in this way making rods with which to beat their own backs, and it is perfectly true to say that eighty per cent of the young men who have been sent to the universities during the last twenty years have come down wholly unfitted to take part usefully in the great struggle for life. Neither fish, fowl nor good red-herring, they find themselves among the flotsam and jetsam waiving

Micawber-like for anything that may come along, having wasted four of the most useful years of their lives. They have fallen into line among the great unemployed of their country. The university to them has merely been a place in which they have enjoyed the competition of athleticism and the social life of ephemeral clubs. Most of them have

A very peculiar form of enobishness which has been gradually forming like a cancer in the social life of England, and incidentally in the United States also, has resulted in the utter misuse of the universities. Men whose sons must of necessity earn a living and should therefore be educated in the technical schools, have fallen into the habit of using Oxford and Cambridge as a means of petty advertisement. They have found a certain childish pleasure in boasting of the fact that their boys are members of Exeter College or New College, as the case may be. They have indeed entered into a sort of competition in snobishness altogether regardless of the future of the sons in question. They have not been able to afford to give their sons allowances large enough to enable them to live up to the extravagances of the richer men, nor have they sent them up inspired with a desire to turn the education provided into usefulness. Their means have not been such as to permit them—even supposing that by an accident their boys have obtained a high degree—to keep them for a series of years while they acquire practise as doctors or lawyers. They expect these young men to come down from an irresponsible and unguarded life where, as free agents, they have learned to acquire the habit of getting into debt and out of their particular stratum, to enter the monotonous and humdrum existence in city offices without even having mastered the rudiments of account-keeping, of indexing, of shorthand or anything else which will make them valuable in the life marked out for them by fate. The consequence is that there has been added year by year to the ever-increasing number of middle-class competitors men whose minds are filled with the spirit of dissatisfaction and unrest and whose desire it is not to be useful, but decorative. Their thoughts are filled with horse-racing, end-playing, cricket and football, the possession of motor-cars, a large and noticeable wardrobe and that loose-thinking which in some cases leads to degeneracy and in others to that sort of carelessness which peoples night-clubs, race-courses and the football stands.



Looking south past the municipal buildings to old Christ Church College, Oxford.

acquired nothing more than the veneer of gentleness and a smattering of dead languages. The greater number of them have devoted most of their time to the river, to cricket and to football. Only a few have scrambled through examinations and gained second-class degrees which merely add to their uselessness and inability to earn a livelihood in the future that lies in front of them. In this way there is year by year sent out into the great market of the world an ever-increasing number of middle-class men to swell the list of the unemployed, the paradoxical result being that the so-called education and learning obtained at the universities by these men send them back to that same soil from which their grandfathers struggled to get away.

It must be said that the authorities of the universities are much to blame for this condition of things. Commercialism has entered the university system and the doors of colleges have been opened to all and sundry, irrespective of their fitness, in order to swell the profits and fill the purses of bursars and professors. Then too these university authorities have been content to pass through the years with blind eyes. They have permitted themselves to be bound up by "red tape" and precedents. Ancient shibboleths have eaten into their souls and the laws which governed the alumni of one hundred years ago have remained in force for those who live under conditions of a widely different character. They are to be blamed for not having done away with the parasite tradesman who entices into his net the young men who cannot pay cash and whose after-life is embittered and impoverished by the burden of debt to which is added an exorbitant rate of interest.

They have not done away with the theatres to which come third-rate musical comedy romances, bringing with them large choruses of unscrupulous young women whose one idea is to entice thoughtless and unwarned young men into extravagance and looseness. They have taken no steps to deal with the debating societies in which atheism, free love, socialism and such dangerous and cancerous things are openly discussed by these beardless boys.

In a word the universities of England are out of date and utterly out of touch with the necessities of the younger generation and the spirit of the times. It is indeed pathetic to see how very little the academic mind has moved forward. Deans, provosts, bursars, professors and tutors seem to treat the young men placed under their care as though they were creatures devoid of imagination, inspiration or ambition, and as though their lives began from the moment their names were entered in the books of the colleges and came to an end when they said good-bye to their alma mater to enter life.

The great war has, however, altered all these things. The future of the universities of Great Britain must be a very different one. The authorities of universities, like other authorities, will at last be obliged to set their houses in order and put them through so great and drastic a spring cleaning that all the cobwebs which have hung so long in the corners shall be wiped entirely away.

When it is realized how large a number of the younger generation have left their bones on the battlefields and how relatively small will be the list of fresh-

men to follow them to Oxford and Cambridge, the egregious commercial side of the university system must undergo a change. High fees will no longer be the order of the day. Tyrannous charges for essentials will be swept away.

Middle-class parents will no longer be able to indulge in the expensive habit of snobbishness. Universities will know their sons no longer. The heavy price which the war has placed upon all the citizens of those notions which have been embroiled in this great disaster will make it impossible for a decorative form of education any longer to be indulged in. Common sense will rise like Phoenix out of the ashes, and the young men who

hitherto against the suggestions of the men who possess a wider and more humane outlook. They have clung limp-idly to ancient laws and methods, and repined to those people who have had the temerity to suggest that the university system could be improved with contempt and supercilious disdain. No man in the history of the world has, however, succeeded in playing Canasta with any success. The waves of the incoming tide invariably press forward and wash would-be obstacles and barriers before them. The hour has come when university authorities must come out of their darkened rooms into the sunlight.

Facts have now to be faced by them and theories put away among the archives. And when they have rubbed their spectacles clean and sit down together to look into the futuro I would ask them to do so with a greater humbleness because they have arrived at the end of one epoch and stand on the threshold of another. I would ask them to remember that the young men who enter universities from the public schools are indeed very young,—nothing more than boys,—that they find themselves suddenly flung more or less upon their own resources at a time in their lives when they are most open to temptation, imitation, and speculation. One of the most foolish and most culpable methods of university professors has been to treat these boys as men, to permit them to go through their terms without advice and as free agents but for a few easily broken and childish restrictions. More than anything else in the life of the universities there is needed a Professor of Memals—a big-souled, kindly eyed man who has



Christ Church College gate tower, where "big Tom" rings curfew.

remain alive will not be academically educated, but put into a practical and technical way of education. To compete therefore with the new order of things it will be necessary for university authorities to revise their curricula as well as their charges. Dead languages will go by the board and with them at least one-half of the professors. In their places will be introduced a common-sense training which shall fit men for the struggle for existence now doubly difficult, and the war—awful as its results have been—will not be without meaning or without value if in futuro the fossilized ideas and the out-of-date methods of universities give place to those which shall have in them something of imagination, inspiration and regard for the minds and souls of the boys of today who are to be the men of tomorrow.

University authorities have always, like spoiled children, resented criticism. They have made a determined stand

retained the spirit of a boy with the wisdom of a man—who shall devote himself wholly to the work of an observer moving quietly about among the undergraduates like a big brother. By such simple means as these it is conceivable that the future undergraduates will come down into life better fitted for the struggle which lies before them, and that there will be fewer who will look back upon the years spent at the university as a waste of time.

It lies in the power of the universities of Great Britain to form, out of the remnants of a great nation, the nucleus of a race which shall carry forward all its best traditions and give to history names as great as those of the men who lie in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. God grant that university authorities may take advantage of their opportunity and perform their noble work with a new humbleness and with that touch of inspiration which has been so long absent from their methods.

The Waning Crescent

By FULLERTON L. WALDO, F. R. G. S.

THE Greeks, hospitable, enthusiastic, affectionate, nimble-witted people that they are, have always had the ear of Europe; not so with the Turk. The black name of the Armenian massacre clings to him and damns him. There is no pollution of the infamy, yet there is, after all, a Turkish point of view. In all fairness let it be remembered that Turkey has always been the easy prey of foreigners, and that the Turk in trade has proved no match for the wily practices of the Greek. For example, the railways in Turkey are built on the plan of the "kilometer guarantee," whereby Turkey pays a bonus to the builders; hence they are prone to an excess of curvature.

At Kavalla a trick of the Greek merchants has been to use two account books. The Greek would contract for so many *okes* of tobacco, worth, let us say, a thousand pounds. The advance payment (*copara*) of ten pounds at a time was entered in both books and the Turk signed in both places. Then when the reckoning came, perhaps after ten of these payments, or one hundred pounds in all, the Greek would point to both signatures and say, "See, I have paid you two hundred pounds, for here is your signature in two places." The Turk, unable to make his protest effective, would have to submit.

This suspicion of the Greeks is shown in the attitude of the Turks on the sale of tobacco. The Greeks offer two *posters* (eight cents) more *per oke* than the Americans. Though the Greeks throw their silver dollars on the floor for an object lesson, the Turks prefer to sign contracts in blank with the American concerns, because the Americans have always dealt fairly with them. The Turks say ruefully that if a Turk, an Armenian and a Greek, each with a dollar, start to cross the narrow channel of the Bosphorus in a rowboat, the Greek has three dollars when they get to the other side.

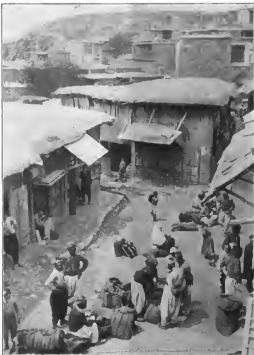
An American agent who sold searchlight projectors called with vouchers upon a member of the Turkish Admiralty. The old man was sorely perplexed. "I don't know anything about searchlight projectors," he declared. So he telegraphed to the Navy Department. "My son," he said to the official who answered, brandishing an eloquent forefinger in front of the transmitter, "why have you sent

this agent here to me? I know nothing of battleships or aeroplanes. I am a wool merchant, and neither do I know anything of wool." Nevertheless the matter was left in his hands for adjustment. With a long-drawn sigh he approved the vouchers. The agent drew him to the window and showed him his motor-car purring below. "Come for a ride with me, father," he said. The old man shook his head, and laid a gentle hand on the other's arm. "I am more than sixty years of age," he answered,

shadow of a pillar in a mosque, he might seem to the world the most innocuous soul alive.

Those who have lived long in Turkey give the peasant and even the soldier in his own name a good character. The peasant is honest, amiable, stupid, easy-going; the soldier is faithful to do as he is told. He does not question an order, nor does he fear death, for either is Kismet and the Koran to him. The Kurds, who perform the bulk of the massacres and outrages upon the Armenians, are of a different

stripe. They are reckless, clever, insouciant devils. On the plea that the Armenians conspired with Russia for the undoing of the Turkish rule, thousands of Armenians were taken on flat-cars in the blazing sun and dumped out in the wilds of Asia Minor to shift for themselves. Sometimes their boxes were sealed and they were turned out into the streets. Or perhaps all their worldly goods were taken, their wives and daughters distributed with other chattels. Now and then permission is given to leave the country, and the Bulgarians view with dismay the increasing number of Armenian refugees in Sofia. The few permitted to depart must comply with these harsh terms; they must leave all their property behind them, they must give up their Turkish citizenship (and in most cases they are glad enough to do this), and they must promise never to return. On the shores of the Black Sea men are thrown into the water; on the River Tigris they are crowded on rafts and shot from the banks. That these acts are often committed by the bloodthirsty Kurds does



The market place in a village in Kurdistan, where the merchants have come to drive their bargains.

"and I have never even ridden a donkey."

The anecdote is typical of the Turkish administration. The Turk simply does not know how. He is sluggish of wit, with an open hand for *bakshish*, seeking always the line of least resistance. By nature entitled to be considered benevolent when unprovoked, like many who are gentle and find advantage taken of their gentleness, he is stung to sudden fierce reprisals that show the utter lack of self-control and the uncoordinated impulses of a child. Because he cannot rule he puts in action eleventh-hour desperate measures of cruelty. If he were left free to dream over his water-pipe, or paid to slumber all day in the cool

not exonerate the Turks who have issued the orders. They proceed on the theory that there is no good Armenian but a dead one, inane jealousy as they are, and fearful of the fact that the Armenians have always provided the most hard-working, progressive, materially successful element in the Turkish Empire. Driven to desperation, is it surprising that the Armenians have admittedly turned to Russia as the one possible salvatory factor to be desisted on their perplexed horizon? If the war ends with Turkey in liquidation and Armenia an autonomous colony under Russia, Turkey has only herself and her muddled administration to blame.

Hits on the Stage

John Drew in "The Chief"

YOU know what entertainment is, of course. It is something that passes the time cheerfully and doesn't sprain your so-called intellect. *The Chief* is entertainment. Although we are not addicted to second sight in these matters, it looks to us like a hit of its kind, and it is of a kind that does no more harm to the human brain than chocolate mousse or sweet tea does to the human body.

John Drew is what our cousins across the pond might call a bally good actor. When he is called upon to act there are few in these more or less United States who compare with him in gifts and knowledge of the art. But public demand (*vox populi*, otherwise the voice of God) has requested that usually he depict his own genial, humorous, suave, and competent personality, in a play of no aggressive importance; and he does it charmingly and without reverberant effort. After all, "as for man, his days are as grass."

The ingredients of *The Chief* are not difficult to analyze.

A. One charming widower of forty odd, an earl.

B. One widow of twenty-eight, who loved said earl ten years earlier, was parted from him by one of the best known dramatic devices, stage lie number 31.

C. The hatchet-faced lady who told



Miss Laura Hope Crews.



Mr. John Drew.

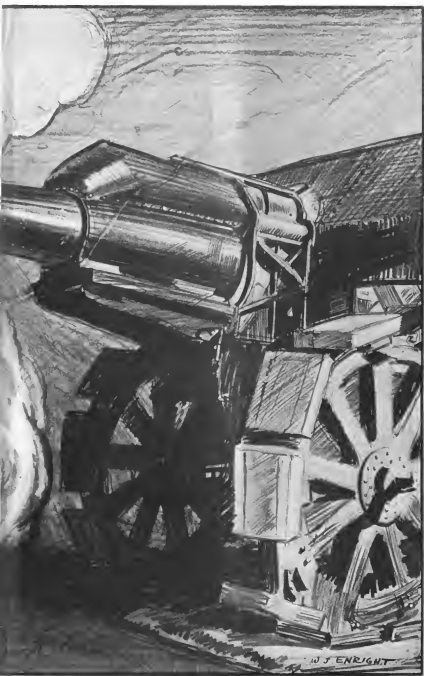
the stage lie and is trying now to marry the earl; in vain, of course.

D. Three young people, two males and a female, the female the earl's ward and very pretty, one male a rich mutt, the other admirable and poor, the consequences being according to the heart's desire.

Let not this risible treatment of the plot conceal from any of our readers the undoubted fact that if he or she proceeds to see Mr. Horace Amesley Vachell's comedy he, and especially she, is rather more than likely to kill an evening successfully and to come away satisfied with the expenditure of two dollars. Besides the pleasure-giving acting of Mr. Drew, one will find, as always, sincerity and taste in the work of Miss Laura Hope Crews, and in Miss Consuelo Bailey there is one of the most unmistakable curies now at large. This person's looks and vivacity are great human and histrionic assets, and she acts rather well at that. She depicts the lady of nineteen or thereabouts with whom the earl is suspected of being in love, although he is in fact wholly innocent of baby-snatching and quite avuncular. The accents between these two will amuse at least a respectable percentage of persons of all sorts. This good old planet will be much the same when the play has run its course,—not a very serious piece, but full of agreeable incident.



THE DESTROYER OF



The Powder Town

By ROBERT LAWSON



WE HAD heard so much of the mushroom growth of the "powder towns" that we determined to investigate. So we invaded New Jersey.

Our first impression of Haskell was one of desolation, newness and dust. The town resembled a small western settlement on the morning after a county fair or a revival meeting. The main street, cut up and trampled to twice its original width, was inches deep in dust.

Practically every building in sight was new or in course of construction. Large signs proclaimed their future destinies: quick lunches preponderating, with saloons a close second. Apparently the only edifice dedicated to religious or educational purposes was a pile of concrete blocks and a foundation bearing the sign, "HASKELL MOVIES."

At the end of a street lined on either side with glaring new bungalows we were halted by an ancient man who wore an amazing array of badges and buttons. These we discovered later to be mostly fraternal or political, but at first sight they looked startlingly official.

Being suspicious-looking strangers, with sketch books and cameras, it behooved us to be very polite. We were. So much so, in fact, that he waxed extremely talkative.

"Yes, sree. This town ain't seen no boom like this before. All my life I've lived here. Time was you could sit up there in the blacksmith shop and on a rainy day you wouldn't see a single rig pass. And now you'd ought to see that road in the evening when the plant lets out. Automobiles, busses, wagons,

bicycles, motor-cycles so you can't get by. All the way from Pompton and Paterson the men come, yes, and even Passaic and Montclair; hundreds of 'em; thousands, I guess. They say two hundred got off the train this morning. They wasn't half that many in the whole town last year.

"Look at them houses,"—he pointed to the atrocious bungalows—"less'n six months to build 'em; fine work into 'em too; you'd ought to see the pine trimmings. Steam heat, yessir, and electric lights. They're for the swell crash, officials at the plant. There's the superintendent's house, cost over six thousand dollars, I guess. Yessir, and last year there was good rabbit shooting right here."

We wanted to approach nearer the plant, where we could see dozens of new buildings rising from the newly broken fields, but a ten-foot barbed-wire stockade barred further progress.

"Not unless you work in the plant or have a pass," declared our garrulous guide. "You'd have to pass the guards anyhow; I'm just here to warn people away from the fence. Twenty-four of them guards there is, just like cavalrymen, ridin' up and down inside the fence."

At that moment one of "them guards," a very military appearing person, trotted by and our desires began to weaken. He paused to toy with what appeared to be a very large black gun,—and they vanished altogether. We decided that there was not much of interest to be seen beyond the fence.

To remove all further doubts on the subject our friend of the huttons

launched into details of the last explosion.

"It burns 'em up," he explained cheerfully. "It's the gases that does it. Three men was killed in the last one, and three hurt. I've got a boy down there, so when I see her go I lit out 'cross the fields and got there just as they was takin' 'em out. Just like roast pork they was."

We departed then, hunger leading us to the "Hotel and Bar"—only to find the leading article on the menu,—roast pork! Our lunch consisted of crackers.

At the other end of the town we came upon a wilderness of newly completed cottages, so bare and ugly that we were tempted to make a sketch. A talkative carpenter, with a leaning toward art, proudly informed us that they had just finished building sixty cottages in sixty days. "Town's certainly growing," he said. "Must be might' nigh ten thousand people here now."

"There must be," we agreed. "There were only seven thousand this morning."

Having an hour to wait for the train, we climbed a hill just outside the town. In an almost perfect circle spread the Jersey mountains. Dotted here and there were old Dutch farm-houses, gray stone and white wood. And spread out at our feet lay Haskell in all its raw newness: rows of glaring shacks with their promise of squalor and ugliness to come; nerts of factory with seven great stacks belching smoke; hammers pounding incessantly; trucks rattling; drivers cursing; and a child crying.

My companion grunted. "Warr make a bell of a mess," he said.

High Lights of 1915 Football

By HERBERT REED

OUT of the mass of football, good and bad, played this year east and west, north and south; out of the experimentation, whether during or conservative, by teams and coaches with everything to lose and nothing to gain, or with everything to gain and nothing to lose, there is one great survival. That is the kicking game. Superior kicking enabled Cornell to break through the long line of Harvard victories, equipped Princeton with the decisive factor in the battle with Dartmouth, and accomplished the upset in the Yale Bowl wherein Yale triumphed over a first-class Tiger eleven. Since Haughton took charge at Cambridge there has been an emphasis on the punting game that had hitherto never been apparent. This was natural, because Haughton's own punting, in the main, on Yale Field in 1898 was a tremendous factor in the 17-0 victory of Ben Diblee's team. The present Harvard coach was among the first to prove that punting was more a matter of placement than of distance. I sometimes think that there has never been any better punting than Haughton did that day. Even in the face of the wonderful drop-kicking of recent years, I still maintain that it is the *isstep* rather than the toe that wins the big games.

Punting leads to quick scoring, and the season has proved that quick scoring is, as a rule, winning scoring. Now it so happened that Haughton was also among the first to realize that it was not merely well to punt frequently, but to punt whenever it would do the most damage. It was both a defense and an attack, and in its effective dual capacity was worth turning on at once, granted that there was no wind to face. With this punting game in operation it became necessary to work out a running game that would always carry the threat of the kicking, and would wind up either with the drop-kick for a quick score or a touchdown made from a formation that would carry the menace of both the distance kick and the point kick. Consider the great advantage—the kicking game can be played all day, to force an opening, to "ense" the team up to comfortable striking distance, or to stall off a superior opponent. This was Harvard's stock in trade. In course of time other teams realized what Harvard was doing, and frankly copied the Harvard method. The reward came first to Cornell, second

to Yale against Princeton, the Elis being blessed, in the person of Billy Bull, with one of the greatest kicking coaches in the country.

Punting is a bombardment that prepares the way for the assault, whether that assault be the lancetlike thrust of

and many a time one sees in the newspaper story of a game the statement that "so strong was the attack it was only necessary to kick once." In such a case there must have been in existence either the threat of a kick, or an offense that could make ground almost at will through a defense that was faulty in theory.

Two of the season's most important games were won by superb punting. The first of these was the Cornell-Harvard game, the second the Yale-Princeton encounter. Fumbles in a season's review can be disregarded. Almost up to the day of the big game in the Bowl the men who are close to what may be called "inside football" were asked: "Has Yale a kicker?" It turned out that Yale had—that Dr. Bull had not only made a drop-kicker out of Otis Guernsey, but also a punter of the first class. With a ball that "dripped" down out of the November skies much as did Felton's punting of some years ago, it was small wonder that Percy Haughton shivered in his seat in the press stand and said that it made him nervous. If there was any man in the 60,000 that day who realized just what Guernsey was doing a little better than any one else, it was the Harvard head coach. The kicking game had been for years his gridiron religion. And he was watching a punter who, while not making as much distance as many other men, was nevertheless kicking just as nasty a ball to handle as he or any of his pupils had ever kicked, and in addition thereto boasted of a scoring threat, once he worked his way even so far as the centre of the field.

The running attack was good this year only when kicked into position from which it might legitimately operate. Once within striking distance the attack produced was, in the main, of one of two schools—a sweep around tackle or end, most of the interference being accomplished by the backs, or a thrust, the principal interference being made beyond the line of scrimmage. There is no reason to believe that one method is better than the other when it comes to a question of covering thirty yards or less for

a touchdown. The big contrast was provided by the Cornell-Harvard game at Cambridge, when the Ithacans swept over the Grimsom goal line after a steady advance of twenty-five yards, without the aid of a forward pass. The accom-



D. C. WATSON, THE YEAR'S BEST FIELD GENERAL

The Harvard quarterback was practically alone in the matter of generalship. Not only was he able to run his team in the orthodox manner, which is usually good enough to win, all other things being equal, but he also obliged with little niceties of play selection that, while they sometimes did not produce scores, did add to the lore of the game of football as it should be played. It has been said that Watson was not a remarkable player personally, but when the critics are pinned down to facts they have difficulty in finding flaws.

the forward pass or the swinging of masses in the running game. The punting alone will seldom win a game, but in nine cases out of ten no game of the first class can be won without it as the basis of all defense and all attack. Many



THE "SWEEP ATTACK" THAT WRECKED HARVARD

Cornell's touchdown was made by a wide run on the tackle position, Captain Borrett (No. 1) carrying the ball. Collins (No. 2) is his personal interferer, while Shiverick (No. 3) is the "joker" in the play. Soney (No. 12), Harvard's left end, came in on the play as he should have done. He expected to be bumped by Mueller (No. 4), however, and with Mueller past he was unprepared for the sideswipe of Shiverick, who has been caught by the camera at the moment of changing his direction in order to take out the Harvard end. Harte (No. 11) is shown swinging around in the hope of getting Borrett from behind. The Cornell right tackle (No. 5) has gone through to King (No. 8), Harvard's defensive back, who a moment later was hit by Mueller. The Cornell right tackle (No. 6) has booted his man nicely. Watson (No. 7) has stooped out to guard against a possible end run, while Boles and Mohan (Nos. 9 and 10) have come in on the play, but a shade too late to stop it. How well the Cornell centre trio has done its work is attested by the fact that they did not get into the picture.

panying illustration of that touchdown that spoiled the Crimson record is the best possible photographic example of the "sweep attack" that has been seen in years. It is one of the simplest known methods of advancing the ball, but is none the less not without its joker, the same being the side-sweeping of the defensive end from an unsuspected quarter. In this play there is practically no planned interference beyond the line of scrimmage. It depends for its success upon a strong line that is capable of smothering the first line of defense, and backfield interference brought up to a high state of efficiency.

The other school of running attack, Harvard being its foremost exponent, is more thoroughly based upon a combination of deception, power, and thrust. The secondary defense is cleared away individually rather than swept away. The corners of the defensive triangles are wiped out by individual interference. Both methods are good. Both methods, carried out by good men, will succeed in crossing the line when put in position by the sort of generalship that makes the most of the kicking game. It just so happened this year that sweep beat thrust, and that throughout the game sweep was better supported than thrust.

One of the best examples of the sweeping attack was provided by Pittsburg, a team coached for the first time this year by "Pop" Warner, the old instructor of the Carlisle Indians. Warner's line had only one charge, which was, indeed, all he needed, but he had a way of doubling up against the opposing end and sending a five-man interferer just outside the tackle position—an interference that included the guards who had swung out from their positions in the line—that proved most effective against ends and tackles that were not gifted with initiative. Much that Warner has done in the way of sweep attack has been claimed by other coaches as their own. That is true also of the

shifts, both good and bad, and there are too many bad ones in existence. Warner is one of the real inventors in the game.

There is a further classification of the attack. All other things being equal, it relies upon force primarily or upon deception. The combination is always to be sought. Cornell, equipped with hacks who could keep their feet when tackled and who had a deal of go in them even when encountering opposition right on the line of scrimmage, put the main reliance in force, while Colgate, a prettily coached team, even though defeated deviously by Syracuse, depends largely upon deception. I have never seen any better feeding of the hall to the backs than that done by Anderson, the quarterback from Hamilton. Every move he made was a deception, and every move had its effect. He proved beyond the ghost of a doubt that there was no reason why a man should not be able to learn to handle a football like a baseball, or for that matter, like a visiting card.

One of the season's lessons seems to be that there is less value in blocking a kick than in making sure that the men under the kick are bowled over when coming down the field. Against Cornell Harvard blocked four kicks and profited nothing. Against Yale Princeton sought again and again to block Guernsey's punts, with the result that there was a stream of tūe down the field. Way, the leader of the flying squadron, eventually snapped up a fumble for a touchdown. Of course, when the punter is too close to his line, or he is obviously lacking in protection, there should be an attempt to block the kick, but in most cases the damage came out of the runbacks. It might be mentioned in this connection that some of the coaches seem not to have made any too close study of the value of the kick-off. That was hardly the case with Princeton against Yale however, although the Tiger kicking off was suicidal. Pariette had an off day.

His short, low kicking, however, allowed the Elis to carry the ball back to what amounted to striking distance, when Guernsey's drop-kicking is considered—something that should never have happened.

Princeton, although beaten by both Harvard and Yale, nevertheless made the best use of the much discussed lateral pass, a play still good despite all that has been said against it. Harvard coaches have maintained with some acerbity that there was in existence a perfect defense against it. They have been overconfident or mistaken, because there is no perfect defense against it any more than there is a perfect defense against the forward pass.

The season produced practically nothing in the way of novelty so far as the forward pass was concerned. Washington and Jefferson continued to use the "passive interference" that has always been a feature of the forward pass as used by that team, but the Pittsburg eleven proved that it was possible to break it up. Harvard's forward passing produced excellent results in the Princeton game, and the play as the Crimson uses it is probably the sanest of the lot. The Harvard forward passing was built into both the kicking and the running games, as it should be. The Crimson protected the kicker with the regularia Harvard revolving shift, as good today as ever, but also used the shift to mask a forward pass. The revolving line looks simple enough from the stands, but down on the field it is not so easy to remember the positions the Harvard forwards take from time to time. The result is that when Harvard has shifted the line the Crimson has the strongest possible combination of men in front of the kicker, in front of a running play, and ready for action with the forward pass. Thus the Crimson forward pass is made from a formation that threatens every play known to football, making it difficult to specialize on defense.

Giovanni, a Russian Prince, and Others

By CORNELIA STERRETT PENFIELD

BEGINNING at the door nearest the box office, a long line of humanity shuffles, elbows,—waiting,—for three,—for five long hours. Then the door is opened. Follow fifteen quick, feverish minutes,—and standing room is sold out. Thwarted at the very threshold, little Giovanni sadly fingers the coins, saved penny by penny through wenny weeks of fruit-vending. Sold out! There is a mist in Giovanni's dark eyes, but he turns away with a brave smile. The great Caruso will sing again, and perhaps next time Giovanni will be able to join the line two hours earlier.

At the carriage entrance a long line of vehicles contiously moves, honking, purring, nosing one by one to the portico, pausing, then worming slowly out into the night. An elaborate matron whose husband has just cleared a million in munitions, turns with excited half-hope toward a *debutante* of the old New York family whose carriage has followed the munition limousine. Alas! her wistful glance meets only snubbing *hostess*. It was two whole social generations ago that the *debutante's* grandfather acquired his wealth suddenly and mysteriously in the early sixties. *Noblesse oblige!*

The matron rather subduedly enters the lobby, there brightening at the sight of a pencilled reporter. She tries to look as famous as possible and succeeds. The reporter misspells her name and misstates her gown, but what matter? She beholds him mentioning both and passes him in blissfully restored self-confidence.

An hour later he pockets his pencil and lopes up the broad stairs to a door inscribed "Press Room. Private." There he sits, beginning to scrawl, "Last night all eyes turned toward the social Mecca"—when he is interrupted by a voice from the cirrus of tobacco smoke. His newspaper colleague, the musical critic, catches the scribbling on the yellow pad with a protest.—"Good Lord, boy, change that to something about Gotham being the operatic queen of the universe. I'm using that Mecca stuff myself for an opener,—had it *in* up in August."

Cross, occasionally pathetic, may be the incidents without the red-curtained doors; but within is the spirit of the opera-lover, whole-souled and enthusiastic, from the eager old man in the orchestra circle, anxious lest one note escape his quaint, wide-mouthed ear-

While the novelty has been somewhat rubbed from *Samson et Dalila* by its recent inclusion in the Manhattan and Century repertoires,—the first-night audience greeted Saint-Saëns' opera as a further revelation of the limitless genius of Caruso, who portrayed Samson so humanly that the singer was half-forgotten in the tragedian.

The popularity attained by Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunoff* during the last two years resulted in its selection for the second opera of the season, with Adam Didur in his usual sombrero rôle of the haunted Tsar. The enthusiastic reception of this opera augurs well for the production of *Prince Igor*, by Moussorgsky's compatriot, Borodin,—promised for mid-December. Borodin's opera is set in colorful days, more barbaric than those of *Boris*, for Igor was a Slavic prince in the years of the Tartar wars. A primitive elder Russian, fiercely militant, is pictured in the martial music of Borodin. An excerpt from the opera,—the Polovtsian dances of the second act,—was granted the pavilions of Paris (*connoisseur* of all capitals) some years ago, and will be given here by the same artists. The opera in its entirety, however, is unfamiliar even to Paris.

Coming across the centuries from *Igor* to *Boris*, and then as far again to latter-day Russia, we are ready to greet the *Ballets Russes* in a *première* at the Century Opera House in January, shepherded by the great Diaghileff himself, and brought to our shores by the Metropolitan Opera

Company.

The Diaghileff *Ballets Russes*, so acclaimed upon the Continent and so little known in America, is the soul of modern Russian art,—art that has been given to the world only during the last decade.

Unfortunately, press agents at large have so over-characterized their protégés as existing "for art alone" that the phrase is outworn and provocative of suspicion: for if artists take no thought to finance,—how then live their agents? Therefore one hesitates before the story that a young nobleman once risked his



Adam Didur in "*Boris Godunoff*."

trumpet, to the "boy prodigy" who leans breathlessly over a railing far up in the family circle. For them open lives,—for them and Giovanni.

FRENCH, Russian, German, Italian,—so ran the sequence of the first productions of the Metropolitan season of 1915-16, throughout which the cosmopolitan note thus sounded is evidently to be sustained, fostering the hope that here in this country may be treasured a nucleus of international art wherefrom the harmony of the troubled world may be re-created.

entire possessions upon the future of some genius-friends whose work he hoped to give to the world. This, however, is the simple fact upon which the *Ballets Russes* established the art of Slav-Europe.

Six years of Continental successes have not dimmed the memory of the doubtful days in 1908, when Serge de Diaghileff, having financed the conquest of Paris by Boris Godunoff, returned to Russia to plan another enterprise upon which he proposed to stake his fortune, his faith, and his boundless energy,—to produce for the first time in history a harmony of national art, expressed through the ballet. The enterprise resulted in recognition of Russia as a factor in universal art,—the patriotic end which had been Diaghileff's goal. Since then, the principles of the organization have remained unchanged. The secret of its unity is no secret. Instead of selecting a composition, planning a ballet for it, and then assigning the scenery and costumes as an aftermath (to any conveniently priced artist), after the good old-fashioned way, Diaghileff begins all simultaneously. If the music is an established theme, it is given to a cooperating composer for orchestration; but, more frequently, composer, ballet-master, and painter begin at a common source, taking counsel together upon the interpretation of the ballet-motif which is thus expressed through three media perfectly harmonized.

Since Diaghileff has gleaned the best art of modern Russia for the production of the twenty ballets which constitute the American repertoire of his organization, we are promised a revelation of Slav-European genius that shall add many names to our meager list of Tschalkovsky, Bakst, Moussorgsky, Pavlova, and the few other Russian artists with whom we may be acquainted.

Least enthusiastic interest in the *Ballets Russes* shatter our musical neutrality, especial emphasis should be directed toward the Spanish opera, *Goyescas*, to be sung in Spanish. The composer, Enrique Granados, will himself direct the premiere of his work, which is not only new to New York, but to the world.

Some lesser compositions of the Spanish master were introduced to applause at Carnegie Hall by the pianist Schelling.

OTHER promises of the Metropolitan season are Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, *Mefistofele* by Boito, Flotow's *Martha*, *The Taming of the Shrew* in Teutonic guise as *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, by Herman Goets, and Bizet's *Les Pecheurs de Perles*.

IT IS as yet too early to seek more than a casual acquaintance with the new talent at the Metropolitan. Two at least of the singers are ours only by

among American aspirants for operatic honors that outland artists are always preferred to them, comes the announcement that four of the new members of the company are native born, although but one was singing in the United States at the outbreak of the war. The one is Henri Scott, formerly of the Manhattan, and more recently leading bass of the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. The others are Edith Mason, who last year was engaged as a lyric soprano of the Opera Comique of Paris; Helen Warrum, also a soprano, who had likewise planned to appear at the Royal Opera in Athens when the war began; and Julia Heinrich, whose father is a well-known concert singer. Miss Heinrich's debut as Gutrune in *Götterdämmerung* was pleasingly effective.

BOTH of the new conductors were introduced to grateful audiences during the first week of the season,—Gustavo Bavagnoli by *La Bohème*, and Arturo Bodinsky by a masterful direction of *Götterdämmerung*, that bespoke his apt apprenticeship under Mahler at Vienna, and further thoughtful study of Wagner during later years that he has directed the Mannheim Opera.

COSMOPOLITAN has been the opening week of the Metropolitan Opera. Saint-Saens, Moussorgsky, Wagner, Puccini have been welcomed, not as men born under any one flag, but as masters in a world of art that knows no national animosities,—a world of music in which the Slavic motif is somewhat new, yet has already been accepted. More than passively accepted has it been, and the future shall crown this yearning young Russia of art yet more worthy. Meanwhile we of a season of national peace shall have opportunity to learn from Slav-Europe the message that in other, happier times has been carried to Paris, to London, to Vienna,—the message of the best in Russian art: for the Diaghileff ballets after January will tour the country, returning in April to close the Metropolitan Opera season with a valediction of glory.



Ober in "Der Rosenkavalier."

force of belligerent circumstances in Europe,—the soprano, Ida Cajatti, who is a refugee from Trieste, and Erna Zarska, in less troublous times prima donna at the Prague Opera. From Italy have been recruited a tenor, Giacomo Damasco, and a soprano, Flora Perini.

To contradict the impression prevalent

In Movie Parlance

By PAULA JACOBI



MUCH has been written of the educational possibilities of the movies. That is all very well. But we have with us a phase that is crassly anti-educational. Our best books are being placed on the screen in forms that their very creators would not recognize nor stand sponsors for. The better the book the greater the menace. Nothing is left to the imagination. Any possible thinking on the part of the audience is done for it by the office force, who adapt the play between telephone calls, and the actor who portrays passion on his measured-off little stage, in measured little gestures that the vigilant camera can catch. All is translated into pulsing, rush-hour Americanese.

Peer Gynt was screened with "huge success" a few days ago. Now this work of Mr. Ibsen's is supposed to be poetry. But poetry can easily be dispensed with. It is a detail that this play has puzzled scholars and thinkers. It will puzzle them no longer. The days of being puzzled by psychological dramas are over. Just cast it on the screen and that which is hidden will be revealed, or a scene can be added which will make psychological analysis quite unnecessary. If *Hamlet* be thrown on the screen his soliloquy can easily be cut after "To be," and there will be no necessity for all the tiresome and useless vacillation. What a relief to have no more riddles and to go to it! We shall not have to wonder "Did she eat the pie?" We shall know. How wholesome it will be to get down to bedrock and leave sickly brooding and introspection for straightforward action. If at any place a book cannot be translated into direct action, it should be cut and interlarded with "ginger." Nothing matters so long as we get there and get there quickly. There is no mention in *Peer Gynt* of the struggle between the Indian and the Trapper, nor the escape from the slave ship nor the pistol duel. But surely the interpolation of these exciting scenes is quite legitimate

when the issue needs to be intensified. It helps the kaleidoscopic movement which prevents thought.

A picture which was accepted at once by those in power is running now on Broadway in various houses. It was liked so much by those in power that it was staged within a week of its acceptance. Why was it accepted? Because in it a babe of two, who is playing with a loaded revolver, accidentally turns it on his mother's seducer and kills him. A new twist! Surely that makes it worthy of acceptance even if taste be sacrificed.

I went to the Lord High Executioner of one of the famous film companies. As I waited in his very luxurious office I glanced at the books about the room. There was Balzac, Laura Jean Libby, Winston Churchill,—all to be sacrificed.

THE Lord High Executioner entered. I asked him the receipt for a successful scenario. "Why," he answered reflectively—"why—, you must not have a whole idea in any scenario. That might produce indigestion. Cut up your ideas. Remember that you are writing for the 'average man.' Do not be involved. That is disturbing and irritating. Do not have any plays 'with a purpose' nor sermons to preach, nor unpleasant truths to tell. A good picture is always 'Youth Draining the Cup of Pleasure to the Dregs,' and the subsequent annihilation. That will prove picturesque and edifying and be sure to point your moral. Sentimental music is a good addition, particularly organ music. That is touchingly in the *Soul of a Woman*, which has recently been put on, the Rosary is played vigorously, but with effect, every time the young priest's rosary is shown on the film. In the first part of the picture only a haunting chord or two are struck and as the picture is disrupted the entire song is played. *Quintus* innovation! The Lost Chord might be done in the same way. Just 'Seated'—you remem-

ber those are the first words of the poem—"Seated one day at the organ?" Well, just one chord struck as it shows the hero seated—then 'seated one day'—and on to 'seated one day at the organ,' showing the whole picture. The reiteration would not grow tiresome,—it would just be like a familiar friend, don't you know? You know the kind of thing I mean. Then high life is more popular than low life," he continued, "and the sillier your scenario the more probable will be its acceptance. Make your theme in writing what Nell Brinkley is in drawing. Strike the popular note if you want success. Hit the taste of mediocre people. By tireless industry one can gain mastery of every detail of construction and, for instance, introduce the abduction of a beautiful girl, a burning ship, a rescue at sea, a mud ride over the prairie,—all the beloved movie paraphernalia, including any specialty the star may have, all into one film. But we are doing books. We need no scenarios now."

He rose to indicate that he had given me enough of his wisdom, when my eye fell upon a book on the table. Was it possible? There lay *Origin of Species*. Was that to be done? How— Before my dismissal was accomplished I asked precipitately, "Is it—are you—going to dramatize *Origin of Species*?" "Huh?" queried the L. H. E. "Are you going to screen *Origin*?" "Oh, yes— all in good time, all in good time. The office boys will do it. No, we need no scenarios now."

The anti-thought devolution marks our descent via the girly-girly covers of the ten cent magazines to *vers libre*, to cubist painting and Gertrude Stein, to the Sunday magazines, to the comic picture sections, to auction, feminine telephone twaddle, tango and, finally, to the movies. Where can we go next? Cheer up! A Park Row critic says: "All things are clear if you own a movie mind."



War and Woman Suffrage

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

MAN'S government is a near-failure. This fact has grown more and more apparent with the passing years until now the prefix "near" is used simply as a courtesy, a peg on which he may hang the remnants of excuse and justification. If he has done his best, then has he demonstrated his incapability; if his worst, then has he proved his culpability. In either case the situation as it exists today throughout the world shows clearly that it is high time for him if not to abdicate, at least to call assistance. It would be useless for him to seek this among his own sex, as it has approximately the same record over all of what used to be called the civilized parts of the earth. He can find it only among the other sex, whom he has for ages assigned to the background and kept quiet by the sophistry that it was the real power which ruled the world by sitting behind the throne and rocking a cradle.

Women never believed this fairy tale, but so far back in the remote past had man established himself on the seat of the mighty, and so many eons had he enforced his dominion, that they accepted his dictum—it is the Divine Will. He usurped this power when the only government was physical force, and not then because he alone possessed it, but because woman utilized her strength for the protection of her offspring. As government slowly evolved into a process of laws and constitutions, in which woman might have assumed a place of equal authority, she continued to devote herself instead to the perpetuation of the race. So she has gone on through the generations producing the people and leaving their government to man, until he has brought the world to the verge of chaos, and this almost universal war has destroyed her last remaining shred of illusion as to his divinely ordained fitness to govern.

The fundamental reason for woman's increasing rebellion against this wholly masculine government has been the same as caused her so long to submit to it—the instinctive, intense desire to preserve the race. She is only witnessing now in the broad glare of battle the same destruction which she has long seen waged secretly and insidiously in the very shadow of her home—the death of her babies by impure water, infected milk, adulterated food, unclean streets; the ruin of the older ones by the saloons, the gambling dens, the houses of ill-repute—for both a thousand dangers lurking on every hand, the product of man's government and existing by the permission of the fathers of sons and daughters. She has seen laws passed by a masculine legislature, elected by men, pressing down upon the slender shoulders of children and women the yoke of industrial slavery and refusing them a living wage. She has seen the better instincts of manhood crushed at the dictates of the party

"boss"; the deepest interests of voteless women scorned by politicians; the social welfare of the people sacrificed to commercial exigencies. She has seen the public funds squandered and stolen, public institutions suffering for the money, every official department of city and state honeycombed with "graft" and inefficiency—all this as the direct result of man's government and acquiesced in by the masculine voters.

This colossal war is the grand culmination of government by man, with the wish, the advice, the voice of women absolutely and always ignored. It has united those of the whole world in a common bond for a unanimous demand that this shall be the last war and that henceforth male oligarchies shall cease. Not all women perhaps have yet a vision clear enough to make the second half of this demand, but the leaders in all countries are firm in the determination that hereafter women shall have a part in the government. It is true that the question of war is not in any country submitted directly to the voters, but is largely a matter of secret intrigue and

doubtful diplomacy. In a number of them, however, the final declaration is made by the parliament, and neither its members, the diplomats nor the monarchs are influenced a feather's weight by the opinions of women. Where men cannot elect the arbiter they express themselves in great street demonstrations, shouting for war and threatening vengeance if it is not declared—poor fools, who would themselves have all to lose and nothing to gain. It is the savage breaking through the thin veneer of civilization. A few thoughtless or excitable women may join them, the vast majority are at home praying for peace; but those who decide the fateful question are impervious to prayers.

After the conflict is on, the racial passions aroused and only one side of the situation known, the patriotism of women may assert itself and many be persuaded that the war must be fought to a finish, but the recent International Conference of representative women at The Hague showed the strong underlying desire for the end of this war and all war. Its originators in Holland as well

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as the delegates from every other country were pronounced suffragists, and their resolutions demanded that when permanent peace was established it should be based on justice to women. The call for the Woman's National Peace Society in the United States was issued by leaders of the suffrage movement, including the international president, Mrs. Chapman Catt, and one plank in the platform unanimously adopted called for "the further humanizing of governments by the extension of the franchise to women." At the crowded meetings every woman present was apparently a suffragist. The International Conference of Women Workers for Permanent Peace, held under the auspices of the Panama Exposition July 4-7, had as chairman of the organizing committee Mrs. May Wright Sewall, a life-long advocate of the franchise for women. In selecting the fourteen members of her committee she gave no thought to their

has dissolved opposition as no amount of direct propaganda has succeeded in doing. Whether I am correct in this view time will show, but there are many signs of it."

It seems almost unthinkable that Great Britain especially can refuse the franchise to her women, who have made a longer and stronger attempt to obtain it than have those of any other country except the United States. The more than forty-five years of able, dignified, constitutional effort by thousands of them are well known to the British government and people. From the first declaration the National Association, with 60,000 dues-paying members, has devoted its large offices and trained organizing forces to the demands of the war, while its fund of \$250,000, raised for the work of 1914, has been freely contributed to these. Other suffrage societies in Great Britain, ignoring the terrible treatment they had received from the gov-

ernment, have given to it most devoted service in the vast work with which it is confronted. That it should repay them with ingratitude after the contest is ended might seem still more incredible had we not the example of our own nation at the close of the Civil War.

The suffrage organizations in other European countries have a similar record. In many of them the cause was making rapid progress, but from the day that war began its demands were paramount to all else. The German women had invited the International Suffrage Alliance to hold its congress for 1915 in Berlin and had expected their movement to receive an immense impetus, but all was given up, and any predictions now as to the future political status of women in Germany would be futile. The Parliament of France was on the way to granting the municipal franchise to all women, and it is reasonable to believe that it will confer this reward when

ideas upon this question, and yet it transpired that every one was ardently in favor of it. One session was given entirely to the relations between the work for Peace and the work for Woman Suffrage. On the last visit to the United States of that highest apostle, Baroness Bertha von Suttner, she declared that votes in the hands of women were positively essential to the maintenance of peace.

It is not necessary to multiply instances further to show that the efforts of women for peace are and will continue to be closely identified with their demand for the suffrage. Even such leaders as Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Pankhurst, in Great Britain, while protesting that "the present moment is painfully inopportune for members of the belligerent nations to meet in conference," make it very clear that they expect woman suffrage from their government at the close of the war. The former says in a recent personal letter: "I thought when first war broke out that it would almost indefinitely defer the triumph of the suffrage cause. I do not think so now. I believe that the spectacle of thousands of women, pledged to this cause, yet willing to set on one side their own immediate political object for the sake of helping their country



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normal government is restored. The women of Belgium were apparently very near enfranchisement when the spirit of annihilation swept over their land. If The Netherlands keep out of the war the next Liberal Government will probably submit a new constitution containing woman suffrage. The Parliament of Denmark has already adopted one, which has been signed by the King, giving the franchise to women on the same terms as exercised by men, making it practically universal. All women in Norway have the complete suffrage. In Sweden they possess all but the parliamentary vote, which is blocked by an upper house that is not elected by popular ballot and is nearing the end. It would be idle to prophesy as to the rest of Europe, whether the results of the war will broaden the spirit of democracy or fasten more strongly upon the people the grip of the privileged classes.

This widely extended and long con-

tinued war, however, is refuting every argument against woman suffrage and offering new ones in its favor such as it seems would convince the most skeptical and obturate. All the objections because of the physical weakness of women are thrown to the winds. Into hundreds of thousands of places made vacant by the departure of men to the field of battle women are stepping with just as much courage and patriotism as displayed by the soldiers. They are acting as police and constables, drivers and conductors on street-cars, chauffeurs of motor delivery vans, taxicabs and ambulances, bicycle scouts, railway porters—there are no hours too long, no work too heavy for these women to assume—while others are at the wireless telegraph, reconnoitering in airships and using the radiograph in the hospitals. It is said that a million women offered their services when the British government proposed to "mobilize" them for military

duty. Never again should men utter the cry: "Women are usurping our work." It is only because women are willing and able to take this work that men can be freed for military service, and it is just as essential to the preservation of the nation as the work of the soldiers in the field.

Never again should this cruel and unfounded assertion be made: "Women must not vote because they cannot serve their country in time of war." It never had any justification, but during the present conflict it is more than ever discredited. Many hundreds of Russian, German, Polish and Serbian women have been found fighting in the ranks, and the loyal, consecrated services of women nurses and doctors never can be described in fitting words. Several scores of Red Cross nurses have been killed, while those of all nations have records of from ten to seventeen hours under fire, and in all the warring countries they

have been decorated by king or emperor for deeds of heroic daring. In blood and fire these women have made the sacrifice that entitles all women henceforth to every citizen's right and privilege their government can bestow.

But women do not intend to sit silently and wait for the government to come with a laurel wreath. They do not want a chaplet or a crown, a harp or a cross, but they do want and they intend to have a voice and a share in the government to help decide whether there shall be war or peace; whether the race which they have produced shall be slain by the thousands on the field of battle and by the thousands through those deadly foes that continue the destruction in time of peace. The victims of war are infinitesimal compared to the number sacrificed generation after generation through intemperance and disease, which are permitted to do their fatal work under government by man. On this point the women of the world are in unison, for all have one common heritage—the mother heart. At the congress of the International Council of Women in Rome last year, attended by hundreds of delegates from twenty-four countries encircling the globe, two resolutions that passed without discussion or dis-

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sent were those urging continued peace and calling for the right of suffrage. Across the seething chasm of battle a few months later the organized suffragists of Great Britain sent a Christmas message of love and sympathy to their sisters in Germany and Austria, and a similar response came back signed by seventy-five German and over a hundred Austrian women.

The war has not been wholly without beneficial results. It has revealed to the world the regeneration of humanity which the abolition of intoxicating liquors would make possible. It has opened the eyes of women to the sophistry that men alone are wise and great enough to govern, and to the fallacy that women can always depend on men for shelter and protection. Thoroughly unmasked also is the deception that State, Church and Society regard womanhood and motherhood as

sacred, unmasked by four words—War Brides, War Babies. In these words, with all that they imply in this connection, let woman read the lesson that she must depend upon herself alone to protect the sacredness of womanhood and motherhood.

Every human being wherever war exists must pay a part of its awful price, but woman pays principal and interest compounded. This greatest conflict in history, coming when it was believed a world-wide arbitration of national disputes was nearing actuality, has shocked the nations of the earth, but especially has it stirred the souls of women to the depths. They have only been comprehending dimly their responsibilities in all the affairs of government and their great need of political power, but henceforth this will be for thousands in many countries the principal object of life.

The Theatrical Haphazard

By RALPH A. GRAVES

A PRODUCER by sheer luck has hit upon a play which has caught the popular fancy and which has enjoyed prosperity in New York for three months. He decides to send it on tour. After securing a tentative route, his first concern is to engage an advance man or press representative. Does he canvass the field for men of experience, probity, and business judgment, as does the business man in any other field of activity, seeking a sales-manager to whom must be entrusted plenary powers? Hardly.

The theatrical magnate walks over to the Lamb Club and on the way greets a swaying adorer of one of the libation doorways of Broadway.

"Hello, are you doing anything?" Perhaps the addressee isn't, or if he is he will suggest some "good stroat, a newspaper friend of mine," who isn't doing anything.

"Well, send him around. I'm looking for somebody to go ahead of my show."

The "good stroat" reports next morning. He gossips with the telephone girl in the outer office until the producer arrives shortly before noon, when he is ushered into the managerial presence. Things must be settled quickly because Mr. Average Producer only spends from three to four hours a day in his office.

"Well, young man," begins the producer, "I'm sending out my play for a tour to the Coast. Have you had any experience in the show business? No? Well, here's a great opportunity to show what you are worth. You know my show is one of the real season's successes. I'll give you \$75 a week; next year, you'll get more. Yes, railroad fares are paid; well, I guess we will stand for Pullmans where night jumps are necessary. We'll open in Scranton, Pa. Order your paper from the Blank Lithographing Company and your flashlights from Black's. Here are the contracts for the first ten weeks. I'll do the railroading for the company from this office. Now you had better dig out tonight, as we

open in Scranton next Monday and you will just have time to catch the Sunday papers with your dope. You probably know all about my show, as it's been running here so long. What? Yes, there's a scrapbook of newspaper clippings that have appeared in the New York papers, but, to tell you the truth, we haven't had as much press work here as we ought, and the scrapbook hasn't been kept up very carefully. Have you seen the show? No? Well, perhaps you had better wait over for the midnight train so you can see it tonight. I believe that's all. Be sure to keep me posted where I can reach you by wire when I want you, and you'll probably want an advance for expenses. Here's \$50. Oh, don't bother me with receipts. I'll tell Jones, who will be the manager back with the show, and he can deduct it from your first week's salary. Now, good-by, and good luck. Remember, this show ought to make fifty thousand dollars this year and it's up to you."

This is the information and equipment with which many an advance man or "press agent" is launched. He gathers up his contracts with the theatres in which the "show" is to appear, and may or may not find a memorandum stating how much and what size paper (for billboards) is needed in the various towns on the tour.

He reaches the first town and finds the theatre manager or a box-office boy. The first thing to be determined is the scale of prices. Has he a dollar-and-a-half or a dollar show? He replies that the company has been playing at \$2 for the best seats in New York. But the theatre contract says the "scale of prices shall be from \$1.50 to 25 cents, unless mutually agreed upon." Perhaps an expensive long distance telephone message to New York is necessary before this point is settled, and invariably it is settled in favor of the New York producer, in spite of the violation of the letter of the contract. It's to be a \$2 scale of

prices. But shall it be a "stiff" scale or not? In other words, shall a large number of seats be held at \$2? Perhaps; perhaps not. This point is settled regardless of the expensiveness of the production or of the expectations of the public, but upon the whim of the advance manager, who has never been in the city

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The Quaker Oats Company
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Technical pamphlets—including legal opinion of L. D. Brandeis—will be sent free on request. Box 904, Toledo, Ohio.

500 TYPEWRITERS AT \$10 TO \$15

Typewriting machine, the most important office appliance, is now being sold at a price that is a real bargain. The new model is a 10-stroke machine, with a 10-stroke carriage, and a 10-stroke paper support. It is a real bargain, and is being sold at a price that is a real bargain. Write for information to the

Head Office: 118 Borne Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Branch Office: 118 Borne Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

SEABOARD TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE
Dept. 740 Chicago, Illinois

FREE TRIAL

Get out this ad and mail it to us, with your name and address (no money); and we will send you our **FABRUS** **KARMA** **RAJON** or **TRIPLEX** typewriter, for 30 days free of charge. If you like it, we will send you one for \$15. If you don't like it, we will send you one for \$15. **NOSE CONTACT, 160 West Building, St. Louis 7.**

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10 x 12 feet "Beverly" garage, made of galvanized iron, with 10 doors, 10 windows, 10 shelves, 10 hooks, 10 drawers, 10 doors, 10 windows, 10 shelves, 10 hooks, 10 drawers. Quality and price. All styles available. Write for information to the

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 221 2nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.

WOULD YOU

show this standardized high grade 42 key fully visible typewriter to your friends and colleagues who are in search of a typewriter. It is a real bargain, and is being sold at a price that is a real bargain. Write for information to the

GIVEN YOU to keep on your feet. Then by mail order we will send you 100 copies of "Mail Particulars."

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. D-175 Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS
Advertising in this column costs 50c a line; Minimum space, two lines.

VENTURE FARMS over 1000; fruit, poultry, dairy; owning W. Stevens, Portauke, Va.

POETS—AUTHORS! Poems and stories are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 112, Seventh St., Omaha, Mo.

MOTORCYCLES My bargains in motorcycles we have taken in exchange on new ones. Read for special bargain list. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 73, Columbus, Kansas.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

YOUR 20 word classified ad is 20 Sunday papers \$1. Copy Agency, 20, Look.

MARKET YOUR SPARE TIME INTELLIGENCE! Intellectual Information wanted; no remuneration. Write "CIVIL" 27 Evansville, Indiana.

LEARN the Real Estate Business. Our instructive book teaches selling, appraising, management, responsibility, insurance, brokerage, advertising, writing agency, taxes, etc. 1000 copies. Trade \$20.00, course, 10 copies over \$1.00. Box 100, Chicago. Catalogue free. **REALTY BOSS COMPANY, 6007 Euclid, Cleveland, Ohio.**

before and knows nothing of the financial conditions.

In ninety per cent of the theatres of America there is no such thing as a uniform scale of prices. The poor theatre patron! Not only is he the only buyer in the world who has to purchase something he has not seen and which he is not allowed to "sample" or "take on approval," but when he goes to the box-office window frequently he does not know whether he is to be charged \$2, \$1.50, or \$1 for the best seats, although he may have purchased a ticket for the same seat the week or the night before at any one of those prices. He not only buys in the dark, but in addition to the money which he may lose, he is waging from two to three hours of his time in the hope that he will be entertained, and if he is not there is no redress.

One reason for the fluctuation of theatre prices is the whim of certain players who deem it beneath their dignity and a slur on their reputations to play at prices less than \$2. So it not infrequently happens that, while the scale of prices ranging from 50 cents to \$2 is advertised, in reality only two rows of seats are held at the \$2 scale, as a sop to the Cerberus-tempered star. Of course, the theatre patron has no way of knowing this until he applies at the box office, and if he does not feel disposed to pay \$2 for his seat he remains away from the playhouse, ignorant of the fact that the choicest orchestra chairs were on sale for \$1.50. If he asks for the "best seats," pays \$2 each for them and discovers later that he merely bought the highest priced, not the best seats, he is one more play patron who is weaned from the theatre by chicanery and haphazard methods.

Our advance representative having determined "the scale of prices," proceeds to write the advertisement for his attraction. Now, the newspaper rate for theatrical advertising is higher than that for any other class of advertising, and it varies not with the amount of the circulation of the medium, but largely on the whim of the paper's business office and the price for which it is believed that "the theatre will stand." The local manager of the theatre makes no small pretence, because he only pays a small percentage of the total, the major part being borne by the traveling company. And owing to the habit of producers to consider that "every week's business stands alone," no concerted effort has ever been made by New York theatrical managers to obtain fair advertising rates, based on circulation and influence. Things are merely allowed to drift from season to season, the producer considering that the amount which could be saved is hardly worth "worrying about," and using all mediums of publicity in cash community rather than cooperate with other producers in a nation-wide appraisal of advertising values. The advance agent prepares the "copy" for this expensive newspaper space. Not one advance man in three hundred knows anything whatever about ad-writing, and yet he is buying space at, say, \$3.50 an inch, whereas the local merchant pays an experienced ad-writer to set forth his wares and buys advertising space at perhaps 50 cents or \$1 an inch.

The advance agent "dishes off" his ad copy on the back of an envelope and

leaves it with the man about the theatre, who attends to the distribution of posters and heralds. In many instances, especially in the smaller cities, the advance man never sees a proof of his ad, which, in the majority of cases, is immaterial, because he knows as little about the preparation of attractive ad copy as the ten-dollar-a-week errand boy who takes the copy to the printer.

In the preparation of his announcements for the various newspapers, the agent is entirely unrestrained in the use of adjectives and figures. Usually he simply makes copies of the stories which he has prepared in sufficient variety for the entire season. A three months' engagement on Broadway becomes a "year's run" by the time the production reaches Newark, and "the original all-star New York cast" has come to mean less than nothing, for every burlesque and ten-cent vaudeville sketch company uses the phrase with a glossiness that is laughable. Yet, an examination of the advertisements and reading notices for ninety per cent of the traveling attractions will reveal this phrase in use.

No attempt at honesty in the publication of pictures is made. The same flashlights which were made in New York during the early run of a play are used throughout a tour, regardless of the fact that perhaps not a single member of the original company remains in the east. Such methods may have deceived the public ten or fifteen years ago, when the magazines devoted little space to theatres, but now the reader in Delhi, Iowa, if he is interested at all in the theatre, knows as well the personnel of the original cast of a New York success as does the producer himself. When he sees the picture of members of the original cast and goes to the theatre in the expectation of finding them in their original rôles, but discovers that the principals have been replaced by other players of perhaps equal merit, but less distinction, his faith in advance promises is destroyed, and a patron is thus alienated from the theatre because there is no such policy as honesty.

Fire Prevention

Cannot burn or Explode

You wouldn't dare do this with Benzine, Gasoline or Naphtha



For Safety's Sake—Demand—

CARBONA

Cleaning Fluid

Removes Grease Spots Instantly

Clean all materials without injury to fabric or color.

Silk, Wool, Lace, Wood, Chamois, Cotton, Velvet, Flax, Tulle, Canvas, Fur, Linen, Plaster, Serge, Gown, Ribbon.

White Goods	Corn, Clinks	Clot Upper
Silk and woolen goods	Knives	Pure
Wool	Cut Cutlery	Starch
Feathers	Furniture Covers	Villa
Dresses	Porcelains	Railway
Parasols	Typewriters	Liquors
Wraps	Bags	John
Opera Glasses	Carps	Typewriters
Shades	Flour Eggs	Auto-Apparatus

15, 25, 50, 100 Size Bottles. All Drug Stores.



The Safety Valve

Obeying the Impulse

By GEORGE KILPATRICK

I CANNOT just off any longer writing to you and tell you how I enjoy HARPER'S WEEKLY. I have read it regularly ever since Norman Hapgood took hold and I consider it the best paper in the country.

Moravian Falls, N. C.

Babbling on Forever

From the Post (Boston, Mass.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY still continues to bother itself with sex, and contains this week an article on its cost. This seems to vary according as you take it. For the lady who wrote the article it appears to have been a poor bargain, costing her one chromosome too many, and a very unsatisfactory acquisition at that. The author of the paper is anonymous, but whoever she is we beg leave to break the sad news to her that cost what it may it will never be abolished. Reformers may fulminate against it and the Progressive party may advocate a constitutional amendment relegating it to limbo, but like Tennyson's brook, or one of Hell Caine's continued stories, we fear it will go babbling on forever.

Confession

From the Globe (New York City.)

MARVIN FERREE, formerly managing editor of *La Tribuna* of Mexico City, and as such an upholder of the Huerta administration and a violent opponent of the Mexican policy of the Wilson administration, is now convinced that he erred and makes confession to this effect in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Rise and Rice

By C. P. CURME

I BEG to be recorded as one insufferably snobbish about having learned to say *rice* for *rise* betimes. As a slow reader and a slower learner, however, I ask to add that an occasional editorial digression into the problem of *rise* in its relation, say, to *rice*, might equally well sustain the interest of your average reader.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Bold Statement

From the Sentinel, (Milwaukee, Wis.)

THE editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY makes what he calls "A Bold Statement." Here it is:

"There are more beautiful women on Fifth avenue than on any other street in the world—at least more women who look as if they were beautiful."

A "bold statement" indeed. Closely inspected, a brazen statement. For what this chap really says without quite saying it is that appearances are deceitful, and if you take the Fifth avenue band of female beauty for the real thing

you may in most cases be badly fooled.

Editor Hapgood may or may not be himself richly endowed with the fatal gift of beauty. But it is frequently noted among philosophers that men who are as homely as sin, Socrates or Schopenhauer, are apt to be mighty exacting about beauty in others.

Beauty unadorned's adorned the most.

Adorned may, as HARPER'S WEEKLY neatly insinuates, be the chief cause of the appearance of beauty on Fifth avenue. But that is a point for settlement by Editor Bok of the *Ladies Home Journal*.

Ironoclastism

From the News-Leader (Richmond, Va.)

WITH most ill-timed ironoclastism, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart challenges, in HARPER'S WEEKLY, the authen-

ticity of that John Smith-Poeshontas story, his only ground being that some things related in John's "True Relations" excite the suspicion that he would have been an ornament to an Annapolis club.

Postal Savings Banks

From the Herald (Erie, Pa.)

POSTMASTER GENERAL BURLESON, writing in HARPER'S WEEKLY, shows how the postal savings act has insured to the benefit both of the country and of the foreign born population, from which come the majority of the depositors.

The country as a result of the act has the use of about \$68,000,000 which but for the facilities it offers would be in hiding or sent abroad, and the stove, old stocking and secret burial place have gone out of use as banks.

Enervation

From the Journal (Columbus, Ohio.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY, which we suppose knows, says that the most enervating of bad habits is luxury, and we guess we won't buy a new winter suit after all, as we certainly should hate to be enervated.

Anglo-French Gold Bonds

Yielding an Income of Nearly 5½%
On Your Investment

Security These bonds are the joint and several obligation of the governments of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Republic of France. The ultimate security is the whole taxing power of the British and French governments and the financial morality of the British and French peoples.

Income Over one half of the issue of \$500,000,000 was withdrawn for investment by members of the purchasing group. The balance is offered at 98 and interest, yielding an income of nearly 5½%. British Consols and French Rentes have usually sold in normal times at prices to yield only 2½% to 3½%.

Conversion Privilege In addition to the income of nearly 5½%, each bond carries with it a special privilege entitling the holder, if he does not desire to have his bond redeemed at par, to exchange it at or before maturity—which is five years from date—for a 4½% bond of the two governments, which will run until 1940, but redeemable at the option of the governments on and after October 15, 1930. Based on the yield of British Consols and French Rentes in past years, such a bond would have sold below 110 in only three years of the eighty years prior to the beginning of the present war and would have sold during this period at high as 126.

Convenience The bonds are issued in convenient denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1000, and in coupon and registered form, offering equal opportunity and return to all classes of investors. To offer a convenient market for their subsequent purchase or sale, they will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Their value, as a basis for loans, is already well established among the banks of the country.

Interest Payable October 15 and April 15

Make Application to any Bank, Trust Company, Bond Dealer or Broker



OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

and how

The Bankers Use It

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

A book of vital interest to Every Man or Woman Who Puts Money in a Bank, Trust Company or Savings Fund, or Pays Insurance Premiums

When you step away from the receiving teller's window have you more than a hazy idea what will happen to the money you have just deposited? Do you know whom it will serve the better—you, its owner, or the banker, its trustee?

This book will tell you clearly, incisively and interestingly, how credit is often manipulated for the enrichment of the few, without regard for the interests of the many; how small borrowers are placed constantly at a disadvantage; how the trend is automatically toward the concentration of wealth; and how these conditions may be remedied.

"The story of how concentration went astray," told for the reader who wants facts interestingly presented, by one who is destined to be accorded a high place among the very few great constructive thinkers of our times.

The price: \$1.00, check, money order or bill, at our risk.

Postpaid, if you use the coupon

JANES WEEKLY, 251 Fourth Ave.,
N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: 114

I enclose \$1.00, for which please send
me a copy of "Other People's Money,"
by Louis D. Brandeis.

Name

Address

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Vol. LXI
No. 2027

Week ending Saturday, December 11, 1915

\$5.00 a year
10 Cents a Copy

Peace Efforts

NUMBERLESS newspapers have accused Mr. Ford of seeking free advertising. But is it fair to charge him with bad motives? No doubt there have been mistakes. Mr. Ford has been badly advised about the personnel. The invitation to Ex-Congressman Bartholdt alone was enough to give a bad impression. "By Christmas" was a silly estimate of time. But it is quite impossible to tell whether, taking the favorable and unfavorable aspects, the trip will do more harm, through appearance of jauntiness and ignorance, or more good through encouraging the public mind to keep to the task of saying exactly for what purpose the war is to be continued. If there are liberal forces enough in Germany, once unchained, to accept the *status quo ante*, the war ought to stop, even if the indemnity to Belgium is contributed to by both sides. Generosity will do no harm in the end. Of course, if there are not such forces, and Germany wishes only to consider peace as the contestant having the advantage in the first year, there is no basis. Our own opinion is that every country would be better off, the world would be better off, if peace were made now on such a basis, than if it were made in another year or two or three after Germany was beaten back by attrition and exhaustion. Perhaps her people would not wish peace without being paid an indemnity because they caught Europe napping. Perhaps France would not stop without Alsace-Lorraine. Perhaps Russia wants another crack at Germany in the spring. Perhaps England wants the German navy. But these are guesses. It is at least as probable that, if peace were made on the basis of what existed before the war, there would be less bitterness left everywhere and there would be a rapid democratic movement in Germany.

Germany should be the most eager of all for peace not on the basis of victory, but of the first round won and the last round sure to be lost if it is fought. She should be most eager not only because she will be stripped of men and bankrupt even more than her enemies, but because her trade for a long time, and her diplomacy also, are going to be impeded by the memory of her treaty-breaking and her frightfulness. It will take many, many years before the great belligerent powers and most of the leading neutrals can feel as they once felt toward Germany; unless indeed a peaceful revolution takes place in that country, and the Hohenzollerns, whether they reign or not, actually rule no more.

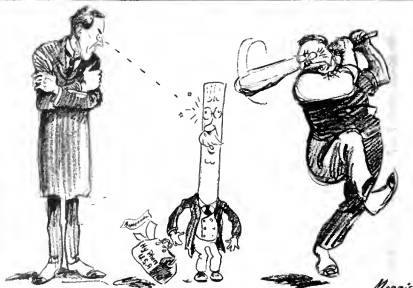
Readers all over the world have been noticing the effect of having German kings in Bulgaria and Rou-

mania, and a German queen in Greece. When did that Germanization of the Balkan royal houses begin? What a little time ago it was, as history counts, that Disraeli led the move as a cheek to Russia. Man does not see far into the morrow. The impossibility of foreseeing distant results is one of the strongest arguments against continuing a most exhausting war of several years on theories that in half a century may be shown up as wholly erroneous.

Preparation and Payment

AUSTRIA protested against our furnishing munitions to the Allies. We proved that such sale was according to international law and according to German and Austrian precedent. She answered, admitting that the continuation of ordinary munition business was admissible, but denied that it was the same principle to turn over our industries largely to increasing the supply. In the *Alabama* case we made England pay because a privateer was fitted up, in her harbors, to operate against the North. Suppose Germany and Austria should be victorious. They might say, "We can take territory away from the Allies, but they haven't any money. The United States has all the gold. We will take it away from her." They say we owe an immense payment on account of the damage done by munitions. We deny it. They become peremptory. We refuse to yield and they come across and take New York. The Allies, being beaten, do not interfere. That is the sort of picture that many Americans are drawing. We do not think it especially probable, and yet the possibility has to be admitted, or later a possible *rapprochement* of Germany and Japan, if Germany is victorious and therefore continues militarist. Therefore the majority think it a necessity, however unpleasant, to be in somewhat better order than we are. And the question that presses is how is it to be paid for.

When Mr. McAdoo suggested a tax on gasoline and an increased income tax there was a yell from all the privilege papers, as we prophesied there would be. They wanted bonds and higher tariff. That is the searching question of preparedness. If the Democrats are afraid to put the cost of it on the well-to-do, where it can be seen, they will betray their supposed principles. If they have the courage of right taxation they will be assuaged by all the organs of privilege. The debates in Congress this month will be of extraordinary interest. Watch them. You will learn a great deal about inside politics if you are clever.



Some kill it with a bitter look,
Some do it with a club.

Dragging in Religion

CATHOLICS in the United States ought to be very slow, for their own sake as well as for the sake of the country, in injecting a religious issue into American politics. It is certainly not excuse enough for such a step to suggest, or even to prove, that certain Catholics in Mexico have been maltreated by the Carranza party. Undoubtedly people of every type and every religion have been maltreated in Mexico. The only ground on which a protest along religious lines would be excusable would be the production of proof that the Carranza government meant to oppress the Catholics as such. For it to plan to put an end to the political power of the Church in Mexico is perfectly legitimate. Many of the stories that are circulated need a very large amount of proof, as on their face they are the usual brand of atrocity tale that springs into life so easily nobody knows how.

As far as the attack on the administration is concerned in this connection, it may be offset by the attacks constantly made by Protestants who allege that Mr. Tumulty, being a Catholic, and having a hypnotic power over the President, secures exceptional treatment for Catholic priests and inconsiderate treatment for Protestant clergymen; brings about quasi-administration support for Democrats like Roger Sullivan, who are in bad standing but are Catholics; and other dreams of that kind. The whole subject might better be dropped. In this country an act or a principle should be judged on its merits. Political questions should not be involved with questions of creed. The Catholics themselves would certainly lose by making it a political issue. In the recent Massachusetts election the Republicans unfairly, wantonly, maliciously circulated the idea that Governor Walsh had acted too much as a Catholic. As a matter of fact he had acted with absolute im-

partiality. The controversy, however, did him much injury and, indeed, was enough to turn the scale against him in the election.

Charity

THE action of Governor Whitman upon the letter of Acting Mayor McAneny of New York, calling for an investigation of the State Board of Charities, has met with much approval. If there is any one branch of public activity which ought to be free from politics, it is the charitable work of the city and the state. That the work of caring for the sick, housing the homeless and sheltering dependent orphaned children should become the object of conspiracy for selfish ends ought to be incredible. History, however, frequently shows that public charity is regarded as a fruitful field for those with special interests. The New York City Charities Commissioner, John A. Kingsbury, has, with the sturdy and consistent support of Mayor Mitchell, stood out stalwartly for the protection of the city's wards against those who would put charity to the uses of plunder. Therefore he has been harassed by those whose subterranean activities he has dared to molest.

The investigation ordered by Governor Whitman may bring out of the cellar the forces which attempted to interfere with the effort of the city administration to improve the lot of the two thousand mentally defective children on Randall's Island. It may disclose the motives behind the notorious report of the August, 1914, Grand Jury of the City and County of New York. Disagreeable as it would be, it may have to go so far as to disintomb the not-long-deceased Civil Service Commission for an unpleasant *post mortem*. It may disclose facts which will result in improving conditions in the almshouses throughout the state; in elevating the standards in some of the private institutions and homes to

which the City of New York appropriates more than five million dollars annually; in eliminating useless duplication, overlapping and waste in public agencies and boards; even in bringing about sweeping changes both in methods and personnel.

The investigation instituted by Governor Whitman is not only of most serious importance to the City and State of New York, but also by example throughout the nation. For this reason, let there be open public hearings. The advertising cannot harm the blind man, though it may not reform the thief.

What Is a Postmaster?

THE attention attracted by the postmastership in New York is wholesome. It focuses attention on the barbarism of our system, by which we treat offices not as trusts but as plums. "Is there no Democrat good enough to fill the place?" say the partisans of the trough. Of course the only civilized question would be, "Is the man doing his job?"

Mr. Morgan, whose long service in New York has aroused so much interest, was born in Marshall, Michigan. At eighteen something urged him to try his luck in New York City. He got a job there as a letter carrier. For four years he worked in gray; then he had a year as a stamp clerk. From the stamp window he was promoted to a desk job—assistant superintendent of a branch office. Then he won first place in a civil service examination and became a branch office superintendent. Steadily as a clock hand he moved on after that to general superintendent of city deliveries, assistant postmaster, acting postmaster, and, finally (for the past eight years), to postmaster. He heads an organization which handles more mail than is handled yearly in twenty-eight states of the Union combined. No one has charged that he mixes politics in his business. Is a postmaster a technical expert or a political hireling?

Jews in School and College

SOMETIMES interest in a subject turns out far less than a periodical experts, sometimes far greater. We started to publish an article on Zionism. It expanded into three on the Jewish situation in general. That series called out so many comments that another series of three based on those comments became necessary. Again the interest makes it necessary to go on. We shall publish a series of articles, at least three in number, on the Jews in American schools and colleges, as soon as the material is gathered. Meantime we shall be glad of information from our readers about Jews in faculties or student bodies, their accomplishments or shortcomings, and their relation to the rest of the student body or faculty. How do they stand as students? Do they meet any special obstacles in societies or athletics? And how do the different colleges and schools differ in this respect?

Cheers

MR. WINTHROP ANES has been ordered by his physician to take at least a year's rest. It is a hard contest he has waged, for most Americans hate idleness on the stage. May he come back cheerful and ready for another encounter with apathy. He is a good fighter and needed in an uphill contest.

Acting Shakespeare



HOW many times has some star or all-star aggregation made a hideous noise about putting a Shakespeare play on the stage, and then presented a spectacle from which poetry was entirely left out? What a contrast when the David Chanler Dramatic Company, Incorporated, whatever it may be, quietly gives *Romeo and Juliet* with genuine insight! A little sputter is made by us about this on page 563, but there are some points we desire to bear down on here.

What are the Theodore Reisig Studios, for example? We never heard of them until we read the name on the program, yet the scenery is altogether adorable. No great racket has been made about stage management, and yet never in our long interest in Shakespeare have we seen one of his plays produced in such fulness with more easy speed, with shorter intermissions.

On Juliet always falls the heaviest weight of acting. Miss Khyva St. Albans must be a young person of considerable literary sense. In the earlier parts of the play the qualities required to act this, the most difficult female juvenile rôle in the language, are youthful appearance and demeanor, sweetness, gaiety, ardor, refinement, humor. All these Miss St. Albans has. After the marriage, however, on to the end of the play, other things are called for,—indignation, fear, desperation, high resolve, ability to sweep and dominate. Of this sheer power Miss St. Albans shows no trace as yet, but she does not venture to let herself try for these bigger effects, and there is no reason to conclude she may not later add force to her unusual discretion and intelligence.

Romeo shares the burden, of course, on almost equal terms. George Relph is free of the curse of the contemporary drawing-room actor, fear of broad and open effects. Shakespeare cannot be played except with fervor. Mr. Relph is rough in places, but he is vigorous and he knows that an Elizabethan blank-verse tragedy is not a teacup drama. Few actors get through *Romeo* without flattening out, and Mr. Relph earns congratulation fully.

Next in difficulty comes Mercutio,—the indescribable, the lovable, usually completely spoiled by being wrenched out of the picture and made self-conscious. Frederick Lewis plays him as he is, with overtopping spirits, generous, inconsistent, peppery, candid, carried away by the events on the stage, not doing vaudeville stunts for the audience,—a satisfying and likable Mercutio. There are others who deserve thanks, but the point we have in mind requires no further illustration: that it is perfectly possible to give the soul of Shakespeare with little-known American actors if somebody is in charge who knows his or her business. What the much-lauded public does about it is not conclusive, for the poor old public needs dramatic education and gets little of it. Newspapers give many times as much space to the Winter Garden as they do to *Romeo and Juliet*.

The Chicago Clothing Strike

By EDITH WYATT

THE story of civilization," says Norman Angell in *Arms and Industry*, "is the story of development of ideas."

One of the most interesting chapters of that chronicle is the narrative of the development of the idea of industrial arbitration in this country, in opposition to the idea of industrial war. Chicago is now watching intently a bitter contest between these two principles in one of her greatest industries, her trade in men's clothing, a business truly enormous, the value of its product in this city being rated in the last census at over eighty-five million dollars.

The largest establishment engaged in this trade in Chicago, and also in the world, the house of Hart Schaffner & Marx, has carried on its production for the last five years through the employment of the members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

According to its agreement with the union, this house operates on a wage-scale differentially determined by trade board agreement; and settles its industrial disputes by the same trade board's arbitration. The board is composed of five members representing the firm, five representing the workers, and a neutral member whose salary is paid by each side in equal division, and who may give the casting vote in a tie.

Six weeks ago the employees of many other clothing factories in Chicago, hoping to obtain the same terms as those in vogue at Hart Schaffner & Marx, organized as members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and sent, through their president, Mr. Sidney Hillman, a letter to about two hundred individual employers, requesting these gentlemen to meet their officers for the purpose of arbitrating difficulties which had arisen in the trade. This communication received no reply from the majority of the recipients, except that several of the employers addressed stated in press interviews (which they have never contradicted) that they had thrown the letter into the waste-paper basket.

These employers obtained for their houses the special privilege of a police guard of over four hundred officers, nearly a tenth of the entire force. By the first of November this guard, according to a careful estimate made by the editor of the *Christian Socialist*—an estimate obtained from the Police Department Budget on record in the Municipal Library—had cost the citizens of Chicago sixty thousand dollars in police salaries on behalf of private interests.

As a justification for this extensive guard for private interests, Acting Chief of Police Herman Schuettler

published in the *Chicago Tribune* on October 30th a list of 493 cases of violence in the present clothing strike. The list constituted a record of the most cowardly and brutal attacks on strike-breakers,—three persons against one, the heating of girls, the throwing of acid. Unfortunately, the report mentioned no violence as perpetrated against strikers, although many of the names and addresses on the list of sufferers from violence were known to be those of strikers. The report did not mention the notorious case of a private detective employed by the owners who had struck a peaceable member of the union, had been arrested through the interest of Miss Ellen Gates Starr of Hull House, and has since been convicted and fined in the police court. Most serious of all, the report did not mention the terrible and widely known murder of a deaf-mute, a union picket, Samuel Kapper. On the 26th of October,

as Kapper was standing quietly on the sidewalk four blocks away from the nearest garment factory, he was shot down in the open street.

This omission, the tone of the list, and other circumstances have exposed the police to the charge of partisanship in their conduct in regard to the strike. They have not only failed to arrest persons illegally attacking strikers, but they have arrested strikers and social workers for the exercise of their legal rights of peaceful picketing, in appearing near the garment factories

and stating the case of the union to strike-breakers.

On November 10th one thousand persons, most of whom had been arrested simply for walking on the pavements near the garment factories, marched to the City Hall together to appear in court. But the crowd was too large,—even the horde of accompanying police was too large,—to be confined in a court room. So every one was released, to appear on his or her own recognizance the following week. It is impossible to regard this performance in civil procedure as anything other than an absurdity.

In making arrests and bringing prosecutions against such persons among the strikers as have violently attacked their opponents, the police should of course receive the moral support of all admirers of good government. But enormous numbers of the arrests made by the police have not been of this character; and the methods of arrest have in many cases been absolutely unworthy of respect or tolerance.

Here is an affidavit of one such case, which was obtained by the Director of the Immigrants' Protective League, Miss Grace Abbott:



General view of the parade in which fifteen thousand strikers participated.

"Bessie Att of the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that she is twenty-two years of age and resides at 1430 W. 13th street, and that previous to September 27th she was employed at Lamm & Co.'s as a canvas-baster, earning on the average \$4 a week.

"Deponent further states that on October 1st, at 5 p. m., she was walking, in company with Annie Weinstein, in front of Lamm & Co.'s on Jackson near Green street, when a policeman took hold of her arm and dragged her to the corner of the street where four officers were beating two boys, Josef Goodman and Charles Goldman, who appeared to be about fifteen years old.

Blood was flowing from Josef's nose and mouth, so deponent tried to help him, when the officer who had hold of her arm struck her a severe blow in the stomach, resulting in an incomplete fracture of the lower end of the breast bone. She fell against the building, was thrown into a patrol wagon, together with two young boys and a number of strikers, most of them girls who had also been injured.

"Deponent further states that she is suffering constant pain."

This affidavit is also supported by a doctor's statement of this woman's injury.

Here is another such record:

"Mrs. Josie Mott of the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, being duly sworn, doth depose and say that she is 35 years old, resides at 1428 Elk Grove avenue, that previous to the present strike she was a finisher at Kuh, Nathan & Fisher's, earning \$4 a week on the average.

"Deponent further states that on September 29th, at 4 p. m., she and several girl strikers were picketing the Kuh, Nathan & Fischer shop on North avenue, and that she saw a fellow employee whom she knew very well looking out of the shop window; that deponent waved her handkerchief to the girl on the inside in friendly greeting, and that an officer who is regularly stationed there came up to her and took hold of her arms, gripping them so tightly as to cause great pain and black and blue marks, pulled her hair, struck her in the face and head, and kicked her about."

Affidavit after affidavit of offenses of this character was read by Miss Abbott early in October at a meeting of a neutral committee of organizations of women held at the Chicago Woman's Club. These affidavits form a

record not of civilized police regulation, but of degraded and needless police brutality. As a result of this revelation of the attitude of the police, the City Council requested the standing committee on police to investigate these matters, and requested the Mayor to appoint an aldermanic strike committee, to investigate the entire subject of the strike. The police committee, after an exhaustive investigation, has recommended the removal from the neighborhood of the factories of all sluggers and all non-uniformed police. The aldermanic strike committee has recommended the appointment of a permanent, neutral police committee for preserving order in the city on behalf of the representations of both

sides in future industrial disputes. This appointment will have to be ratified by the entire council, and has not yet been voted on.

IN THE meantime ninety clothing firms, instead of throwing the communication of their employees into the waste-paper basket, answered it; arranged to bear the representations of the officers of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; and are now operating, at considerable profit, plants which together employ between six and seven thousand workers.

On three points in the clothing trades situation and strikes in Chicago the general public has gained a misleading impression. The first of these points is the position of the two labor organizations frequently mentioned in this connection. The United Garment Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are two distinct labor organizations in Chicago, the last named having separated from the first because of internal differences. The United Garment Workers' Union, which is the older association, has the charter of the American Federation of Labor. According to its constitution that body cannot issue a duplicate charter to the Amalgamated Clothing

Workers' Union, although this, in Chicago, is far larger numerically than the United Garment Workers' Union.

Because of this technical difficulty persons opposed to both unions have asserted that a recognition of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union would mean an opposition to the American Federation of Labor. This is not true. The membership of the American Federation of Labor contributes to the support of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, though for technical reasons it cannot give it a charter; and the officers of



Scene at Halsted and Jackson streets, showing a crowd surrounding the police, one of whom has seized a girl striker.



A mounted policeman holding striker whom he has just arrested.

the Illinois Federation of Labor have appeared repeatedly in public in Chicago in the cause of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

The second element in the situation which the public does not understand is the psychological reason why numbers of the non-union employers have refused to meet representatives of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union. Prior to 1905 the clothing trades of Chicago were thoroughly organized in the body of the United Garment Workers. Numbers of the houses standing out against all dealings with unions were union houses ten years ago. At this time the United Garment Workers' Union in Chicago is said to have abused its power by corrupt practices of the gravest character. A quoted instance of one of the least of its offenses is its unscrupulousness in dictating employment. It is said that there were two union garment factories in the city which were familiarly referred to throughout the business as "the Orphanage" and "the Washingtonian Home," because these establishments were forced by the practices of the United Garment Workers' Union to engage the most incompetent workers in the trade.

The bitterness preceding the strike of 1905, which resulted in a defeat of the United Garment Workers' Union, still affects many members of the Employers' Association. Their experience of a decade ago should be mentioned in a fair consideration of the situation, and may serve to explain, though it cannot justify, their prejudice against labor unions. Especially this experience cannot justify a prejudice against the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, which represents a secession from the United Garment Workers and has a record of five years' reliable dealing.

The other element in the situation which the public does not realize is the peculiar necessity in the great needle trades of a just system of determining labor prices. Every woman who has ever sewed, either by machine or hand, knows how unexpectedly long it sometimes takes to complete some special operation in sewing, and that, on the other hand, it is sometimes possible to complete an operation more rapidly than one could have foreseen. Nothing except actual experience can estimate the amount of time and labor required for every new undertaking in clothing manufacture, and there are new undertakings with every change in style, and the clothing workers are paid by the piece throughout the Chicago market. How is a payment to be determined fairly for each sewer and cutter and baster and buttonholer and presser in each operation of this changing and complicated craft? Only by clear, specific observation and agreement on the basis of known fact.

The difference in effort occasioned by difference in material is very great, and not to be determined by speculation, nor by a guess at what one might think reasonable. As between a presser who is paid fifty cents for pressing a certain kind of coat and another presser who is paid sixteen cents for pressing another kind of coat, the fifty-cent presser, because of the greater difficulty in handling the material he must use, may be an underpaid worker, and the sixteen-cent presser may be a very well-paid worker, easily able, with a more pliable stuff, to complete so many garments in a week's work as to earn from seven to eight dollars more than the fifty-cent presser.

ABOUT four years ago a union garment factory operating under a trade board found that the buttonholes the house had been making were too heavy, and that they puckered the material in a newer and lighter weight of clothing the firm was beginning to manufacture. On this account the firm supplied the buttonhole makers with a thinner cord of gimp for filling the edge of the buttonhole, and a finer grade of twist for working it. The difference both in the gimp and the twist was very

slight. Naturally neither the firm nor the buttonhole makers had thought much about the matter at first. Some of the buttonhole makers could work more rapidly with the newer materials and preferred to use them. But the majority of the buttonhole makers claimed that the finer gimp and twist required so much more work for a buttonhole that they caused a decrease in wage. This decrease, they argued, ought to be compensated for by an eighth or a quarter of a cent increase in the rate for each buttonhole, according to the difficulty encountered in different grades of cloth.

They reported their difficulties to the trade board, which looked into the matter carefully. The firm's representatives reported that in the course of a year the firm would be required to pay, in buttonhole makers' wages, ten thousand dollars more than heretofore. The representatives of the buttonhole workers reported that the buttonhole makers, in working with the finer gimp and twist, would have earned for the same effort they expended formerly ten thousand dollars less than heretofore.

How was this matter adjusted? By a strike of the entire factory? By a silent submission on the part of the workers to a loss of ten thousand dollars? By a forfeiture on the part of the firm of ten thousand dollars in extra wages, with no corresponding receipt in output? By none of these unsatisfactory methods. By a special effort the firm obtained a kind of gimp and of twist which made a suitable buttonhole in light-weight cloths, and yet could be used by the majority of the buttonhole workers as rapidly as the former heavier twist and gimp. The few buttonholers who could work rapidly with the buttonhole materials which had caused the difficulty continued to use these, and back-wages on the eighth of a cent and quarter of a cent basis were paid by the firm for all the buttonholes made with this lighter gimp and twist by the buttonholers whose work had been retarded by these materials. The decision of the trade board was satisfactory to every one concerned. In the non-union factories these complicated matters, the payment for each new style, material and process, are customarily determined by the hasty fiat of a foreman or a sub-foreman, from whom there is no appeal, and who has no time or opportunity to analyze operations and fix prices correctly.

THESSE instances may serve to show the enormous possibilities of injustice in wage in the clothing industry, through unconsidered decisions. In the writer's view this extremely simple but constant and every-day need of a just system of determining labor prices in the needle trades is the most important point in the entire situation. Think of the innumerable miles of stitching sewed every year by hand and machine for the wearers of ready-made clothing. Is all this work performed for the world to be paid for by indiscriminating judgments—on the old terms of arbitrary foremen and injustices for thousands of workers? Or is it to be paid for by the application of a clearer modern method to a multitudinous modern enterprise? Is Chicago's history of civilization in one of her greatest industries in this terrible year of foreign warfare to be one of retrogression towards the ways of industrial war, or of progression towards the ways of industrial peace?

No one pretends that all the persons in the needle trades who arrange their affairs by arbitration and by a trade board's rulings will live happily ever afterwards. But the establishment of this principle in the present situation would mean a genuine act of public spirit on the part of the employers involved, and a consummation greatly to be hoped for by all the persons who desire that this chapter of the tale of civilization in Chicago should have a happy ending.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



TIME THE JESTER



PARIS SMILES

Once again the cafés are crowded, the streets thronged, the lights gay—and with the enemy only sixty miles away!

Why Paris Smiles

By HENRY GROFF DODGE

WHO says Paris is sad? Paris is Paris, and as long as it exists it will never be sad. And the French people, no matter what comes of grief or trial, will never show their sadness. And so let no one think that Paris is today a city whose sorrows are paraded before the world. The sorrow is there, we know, in every French heart, but it is hidden by a smile. What we see, as we look at Paris today, is courage, gaiety,—and always a smile.

I do not mean that its gaiety at a time like this is entirely spontaneous. It is a gaiety made up in part from the joy of living, innate in every Frenchman and French woman, and in part from their determination, born of this war, to always smile, whatever befalls, and from a realization that smiling keeps the heart warm and the courage high. It is a more admirable and lovable gaiety than that of which we usually think when we speak of Paris. There is sorrow in Paris and war and wounds and horror enough to try the courage of any people, but the face that she turns to the world, and that greets the *permissionnaire* home on his furlough, is still the smiling face that she showed us of old. The smile is chastened, perhaps, and more tender, but still it is infinitely gay, as she welcomes her *permissionnaires* with an exuberant joy, receives her wounded with compassionate arms but with a jest on her lips, and faces the un-French world with a brave gaiety that seems to make light of her sorrows.

It is most of all the soldiers on permission that are helping to make the picture brighter today, in Paris and indeed throughout France. The day war was declared every theatre in Paris, save the moving-picture houses, closed their doors. All restaurants put up their shutters at eight thirty and all cafés at eight. The fashionable tea-rooms were deserted in the afternoons. The stream of automobiles and carriages that made the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysees the gayest spots on earth, dwindled to almost nothing, or at best, a melancholy procession of ambulances. Paris became, over night, a provincial town, and a town in mourning.

BUT Paris has come back. It came back not only because it was not possible for the French to be sad for long, but because the government realized that enforced depression and early closing hours react upon the morale of the people as surely as a military reverse. The authorities therefore have actively fostered this renaissance in Paris, and it is once more slowly getting into its stride and becoming again the City of Light. And with the enemy's trenches only sixty miles away! Once more the theatres are open, and not only the old plays are being given, but new ones are being written and presented by authors and actors whose names hulk large in the French drama. Once more Paris

takes its tea at the fashionable resorts. Once more the Avenue du Bois is crowded on fine afternoons and the Grand Boulevards are taking on their old appearance.

In another nation it might seem a trifle unfeeling, or at least unthinking, that a city could play while its sons were fighting almost at its very gates, in a struggle upon which perhaps the national unity depends. But when one knows the French people one does not think it strange. Rather it is brave. It is not the spirit which made Nero fiddle while Rome burnt, but the spirit which led the little lieutenant of cavalry to put on clean white gloves before going into action at Mons. The little lieutenant was found dead beside his horse, with his white gloves stained with blood—but smiling. Fight—but smile. That is France today. Smile and keep on smiling, so that one may not see the breaking heart underneath, or the tears that are just below the surface. What other nation that fights so well takes such a pride in being happy, or is so loath to let its neighbors see its sufferings? France, of all the European nations engaged in this war, has sent out the fewest appeals for aid. The aid has come, but it has been unsolicited. I have been in France almost continually since the war began; I have visited the hospitals; I have seen, in the days of mobilization, the crowds of women parting from their husbands, sons and sweethearts at the railway stations. I was with my concierge when the letter was brought telling her that her husband had been killed in action at Cambrai. Yet it is literally true that I have seen but one person crying in all that time. That one was a tourist who, in the early days of the war, was told by one of the staff at the American Embassy that she would not be allowed to take her dog into England.

THE system of furloughs is undoubtedly one of the wisest things the French government has done since the beginning of the war. There was a time, not many months ago, when a uniform seen on the streets of Paris meant a convalescent wounded,—perhaps a poor pennant hundreds of miles from his home, sick and lonely, and sent to a Paris hospital simply by chance. Today a uniform is much more likely to mean a Parisian home again for a few days, walking with his sweetheart—and always smiling. It is the same throughout all France. Each city, each village is welcoming its sons who are, one after another, coming home, on permission; coming home not only to live normal lives themselves for a few days, but what is more important still, to cheer up the ones at home and remind them to keep on smiling, if, perchance, they had forgotten how in the months of anxious waiting. No one who has not seen France at war can realize what a wise policy it has been or how it has

raised the spirits of the whole nation. It has made it easier for France to laugh.

I think I have never seen happier men than these *permissionnaires* in Paris. One night I found myself in the Rue de Rome beside the Gare St. Lazare, just after a trainload of them had arrived. They poured out of the station like a crowd of schoolboys at recess. They swarmed into the street with their hats in their hands and their faces to the sky, cheering. It was rainy and cold and dark, but they were in Paris and that was enough. They were talking like magpies in a speech so interlarded with French slang that I could only catch an occasional word. But from time to time a voice would cry, "Pantruche, Pantruche," the colloquial word for "Paris," as we in America say "Frisco" for San Francisco. And hark in their beloved "Pantruche" the memory of the months of horror and drudgery through which they had passed seemed to become nothing but the recollection of a bad dream. Their faces were again the faces of boys. Their voices were the voices of children on a holiday. They were in their Pantruche again. Is it any wonder that Paris is smiling nowadays?

There is not a corner of the city that does not show one a bit of the war. Every restaurant on the Grand Boulevard has its quota of officers, every street corner its group of soldiers, every bench in the park its loitering *permissionnaire*. Even the automobiles which flash by, all gray, have, most of them, their painted symbols on their hoods, identifying them as being in the service of this or that ministry or this or that staff. But the officers in the restaurant are in resplendent uniforms. The soldiers on the street corners are chatting gaily even though an arm may be in a sling or a head bound up, and the loiterer on the park bench is smiling as he stretches his legs in the autumn sunshine. "Assuredly, my friend, one does very well in Pantruche." And every one is smiling. And every man who comes home tries to forget for the moment that he is a soldier and goes about his ordinary pleasures, in the ordinary way, with his accustomed friends, as if he had never seen a trench or heard a "Jack Johnson." You see them in the parks with their wives and children, taking the air, as if they had never heard of war. I remember seeing in the Parc Monceau one afternoon a captain of cavalry, with a sky-blue tunic, booted and spurred, with a fierce face and most melodramatic mustaches. He was pushing a baby carriage with one hand, while in the other he held a Baedeker, from which he was reading aloud to his wife! Truly a domestic Ajax, that one! And to cap the climax there were twins in the baby carriage.

OF COURSE the war spirit has reached the children, and little Jacques is wearing a fatigue-cap like his

father's, and his little sister marches proudly to school with her head tied up in a nurse's veil, a huge red cross sewed to the band. I have heard it said that French children do not know how to play; that they are sad and quiet and too much dressed up. No one who has seen them playing soldier in the Luxembourg gardens can ever say that again. Any afternoon you may find anywhere from twenty to a hundred boys raging up and down the *allées* in mock charges, storming redoubts perilously constructed of green benches, and in general emulating their big brothers. A tin sword here and a wooden gun there comprises their equipment, but they make up in ardor and noise all that they lack in accouterments. And how they die! An American boy could scarcely equal the realism of their death scenes, or the horror of their writhing when the imaginary bullet lays them low, for the French child is a natural actor. Every one of them is wounded sooner or later, and one does not have to go far afield for the reason. At one side of the battlefield there is surely a base-hospital in charge of a group of hard-worked Red Cross nurses, none of them over ten years old and all of them pretty. What is a leg or an arm when one can be carried from the field in the arms of lovely woman and nursed back to health on a green bench? And such swabbing and tying and bandaging, and putting on of splints and smoothing of brows! I fully believe that most of the warriors spent more time in the hospital than on the field of honor, the day that I watched them.

Of course one side must represent the Germans, and as the "Boches" are always defeated handily, that side is not popular. However, as every one has his turn at being French, they take their service in the Kaiser's army gracefully enough, more particularly as they are sure to be wounded, necessitating the attention of a black-eyed nurse. It must be said for the little girls, too, that they try to uphold the traditions of the Red Cross, and treat friend and foe alike. So, after all, it did not seem to make much difference on which side one was fighting.

You will always find the sides of the battlefield lined with grinning soldiers giving freely of their advice and encouragement, and making as much noise as the children themselves. In the enthusiasm of the spectator it is the nearest approach to a Big League baseball game that I have seen in France, and the coaching from the side lines is as noisily colloquial as the most inspired moments of Hughie Jennings or "Germany" Schaefer.

France can smile and fight at the

same time. But that is not all. France is unified as it has not been in the last hundred years. I do not mean this merely in a political sense, for it is entirely outside the scope of this article to talk of French politics. France is unified in a much broader and more useful way,—in the feeling of the people. The aristocrat and the *bourgeois*, the business-man and the laborer, the shopkeeper and the *demi-mondaine*, are all thinking of France, pulling for France, and more important still, the great majority are doing for France. There are many who can do little or

warriors. No matter now whether a buck costs ten sous or six; that is not of importance when one entertains. "You will take something, *s'est-ce-pas, mesdames*?" murmurs the corporal. And both girls answer as one, with the time-honored formula: "You are too amiable, *messieurs*." The something is brought—port wine and little cakes—and I find myself listening to scraps of conversation—how their hosts are ravished to be back again in Paris, how the war, I assure you, my friends, can last but to the end of winter, when we will drive "them" back where "they" belong; how it is hardly amusing "down there" in the trenches. This, and much more, with a graphic description of the horrors of war, for your French soldier has none of the reserve of his English ally, and is not loath to dilate upon his experiences.

The drink is finished and the corporal dives into his pocket to pay the score, wondering whether he will have to send distress signals to his companion to make up the amount. But he gets no further than this, for one of the girls puts her hand on his arm and shakes her head. A franc is as much and perhaps more to her than to the soldier. She is wearing probably her one best suit, and she may not know where she will find the sum to pay her laundress this week, but she smiles and says,

"But no, my friend, it is not you who pays this time; you have already paid too much—for all of us—down there. *Permettez*," and she hands the waiter the piece, still smiling. As I rise to go the soldiers are not protesting; they are merely bowing and telling the owners of the smiling black eyes that they are too amiable.

Perhaps you are saying that one should not let the woman pay the score. I think that the Frenchman understands a little better than we what real politeness is. These girls were only trying to repay indirectly what they and their sisters and brothers felt they owed to their two guests. It was loyalty that led them to do it, and a pride and faith in their army and their country. Do you think that the soldiers did not understand this?

That is the spirit that is holding France together today. What does it matter if cabinets resign and if there are times when French politics seems a weird and unfathomable thing? What does it matter if their country is invaded and their armies seem to make little headway against the tide? The thing that is saving France is a greater thing than cabinets or politics. It is the unshaken conviction that their side is the right one, and an unshaken determination on the part of every one to do their work—smiling.



A Frenchman and a Serbian carrying their flags along the streets of Paris.

nothing, but these can at least smile. And who can say that smiling and keeping a stiff upper lip is not doing one's bit for France?

Late one afternoon at the hour when all Paris takes its before-dinner *apéritif*, the *heure verte* when the sidewalk terrace of every café in France is filled to overflowing, I saw a scene enacted which brought home to me, as has nothing else since the war began, the fact that France is really pulling together, and that loyalty to their country and those who are fighting for her are very real and live sentiments to every class.

Two soldiers stopped in front of the café where I was sitting—two bearded piousness back from the trenches,—one a private, and one with the bright new chevrons of a newly earned promotion sewed to the sleeves of his grimy tunic. And on the breast of each the Croix de Guerre. They looked hesitatingly at the little marble-topped tables as if wondering whether they could afford the ten sous that a buck would undoubtedly cost at this rather exclusive place, or whether they should go to the less pretentious little café next door, where, as all the world knows, the same buck may be had for six sous. Their decision was quickly made, however, for, from a table beside mine came a flash of black eyes, a laughing invitation, and a scraping of chairs as two girls made room for the hesitating

Hits on the Stage

Romeo and Juliet



Miss Khyas St. Albans as Juliet and Mr. George Relph as Romeo, at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.

WHAT kind of a hit, say you? Well, a hit with the few who like Shakespeare. Americans are not over-appreciative of masterpieces understandingly produced, but it is a dear wish of ours that those who have presented so delicately, with such balance and correctness, the most resplendent of young-love tragedies, may have their reward in public recognition, if not in *blase* New York, at least in other cities. Grown-ups are mostly hopeless, but any parent who knows what education means should have his children take this opportunity (so rare with us) to live for

a few hours in the atmosphere of literature.

Somebody of singular taste has been at work, for there is almost none of the rawness, the garishness, the ignorance we expect when the foremost English dramatist is produced in the most numerous English-speaking nation. The stage management is remarkable. Practically the whole play is given; the scenes move rapidly, easily, without long waits, in a series of pictures truly beautiful. The actors perform as if they cared, and also as if they understood and felt. Mr. Jacques Cohn, formerly with Hammerstein's

operas, is "artistic and general manager and Harry Southern stage manager. Miss St. Albans, we understand, is behind the whole. There is glory enough for all, the glory of desert in plenty. The artist somewhere rises to heights and yet the performance gives to the lover of Shakespeare a most unusual degree of pleasure, showing that for literary tragedy to be one of the delights of life it is not so much genius that is required as sympathy; that power is not necessary if we have devotion; and that lavish expenditure is not required if we have taste.



THE LAST C



OF THE HERD

The Land of the Ox-Cart

By ELON JESSUP

A SERBIAN road performs most unaccountable contortions. Sometimes it disappears mysteriously into a stream bed; at other times it follows a sinuous course up and around a mountain and seems to vanish in the clouds; and then again it will become more normal and follow along a broad, flat valley. In the larger cities it is very partial to extremely rough and uneven cobblestones. With the exception of a few modern and well-built roads directly around Nish, the Serbian roadway was constructed to meet the needs of the national mode of transportation—the ox-cart. The heights on the mountains and the depths in the mud of the valleys into which the docile oxen drag their rickety loads is an unceasing marvel.

The drivers and the animals are alike devoid of all worries; they amble along day in and day out with utter unconcern. The peasant brings his crops to the city in an ox-cart; he takes back his supplies in an ox-cart. If the government wishes to send a large shipment of clothing and food to an isolated army post, a long train of ox-carts is soon under way.

In times of peace the delays involved in such mode of transportation are of no great concern. In times of war, however, such delays are fatal, not alone from a military standpoint, but from that of the good of the civil population as well. Much of the frightful misery in last winter's typhus plague was due to the lack of speedy trans-

portation facilities. Hospital supplies and food could not be received; doctors could not reach the stricken isolated districts in time to check the ravages of the disease. The need of a modern means of transportation was evident, and, as always, it was America that came to the rescue. Twenty-five automobiles were purchased in New York, and the Columbia University Expedition, comprising twenty-three Americans and twenty-five Serbian interpreters, was organized, the men volunteering to run the cars.

The ox-cart and the automobile—a striking contrast. The ox-cart was a part of the surroundings; it fitted in with the customs and dress of the peasants, the primitive aspects of the villages. The automobile was like an intruder; it seemed out of place. The heek of a horn was most disturbing to

the ears of the docile oxen—the voice of an unknown animal. The only times that the oxen ever seemed to display any undue exertion was at such times. Then they would actually run for a distance of about twenty-five feet toward the ditch at the side of the road, at

which they would suddenly come up short. As to why they never continued on down, I was never able to understand; it seemed to be a very neat little trick with them. Dozens of times

came to the city to dispose of their products. The streets were literally jammed with peasants, ox-carts, and animals and fowl of every description. Over the rough cobblestones the automobile would bounce, dodging pigs, sheep, geese, goats, while the peasants would stand aside and gaze with perfect wonderment. For the motor trucks introduced into the country during the present war were until very recently practically the only automobiles in Serbia. The country has always been out of the beaten track of the tourist.

Several members of the Columbia party with their machines were under Dr. Strong's direction. Among other things these men were called upon to distribute hospital supplies in sections where it is highly probable that an automobile had never been; the open-mouthed wonder that greeted their appearance were grounds for such a supposition. News travels quickly in a Serbian village, and the driver, before leaving his seat, would find the entire population of the town encircling the car. All, including those who had not at first grasped the significance of the strange monster, would make copious appeals for rides. To leave the car was fatal, for upon his return the driver would find a car in which every nook and corner was crowded with boys, Austrian prisoners and peasants, silently waiting for the chauffeur to start up. Furthermore, he would find that every movable wheel and attach-

ment on the car had been turned, usually in some way that it should not have been. The corrugated carburetor adjuster was such an irresistible invitation that it was found necessary to remove this piece of mechanism from all the cars.

When the expectant passengers were informed that even an automobile had its limitations, the crestfallen expressions were always evidence of the keenness of the disappointment, for if there is one thing more than another that a Serbian likes, it is a ride in an automobile. The enraptured enjoyment of the few fortunate ones who were allowed rides was always good to see. I take it that the instinct is much the same as we in America experienced a few years back, when automobiles were fewer and their ownership was restricted to one or two of our wealthy friends.



"The ox-cart was a part of the surroundings; it fitted in with the customs and dress of the peasants, the primitive aspects of the villoges."



Saturday in Nish is the great market day when the peasants come to dispose of their products.

I have watched this happen, and never have I seen the animals and carts go over into the ditch.

Saturday in Nish, where we were located, was a day when special attention had to be given to one's steering wheel, for that was the great market day when peasants from the outlying districts

came to the city to dispose of their products. The streets were literally jammed with peasants, ox-carts, and animals and fowl of every description. Over the rough cobblestones the automobile would bounce, dodging pigs, sheep, geese, goats, while the peasants would stand aside and gaze with perfect wonderment. For the motor trucks introduced into the country during the present war were until very recently practically the only automobiles in Serbia. The country has always been out of the beaten track of the tourist.

Why Price Maintenance is Right

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

AMONG the matters to come before Congress this season the question of resale prices has great interest for manufacturers, retail merchants, and consumers. Probably the Federal Trade Commission will not be able to report on it before the end of the winter, its findings having been delayed beyond public expectation. It is possible Congress may act without waiting for the Commission's report.

Mr. Pinkham gave very clearly last week in *HARPER'S WEEKLY* the view of those who think there should be no limit to price cutting. The more cutting, he would incline to think, the better for the consumer.

Our editorial views are the same as they were when we made a special campaign on the subject over two years ago. We do not believe in monopoly, but neither do we believe in cutthroat competition. We believe that stability in prices is of advantage to producer, distributor and consumer alike; that wild competition makes against quality, against security, against confidence. By killing off smaller units, however meritorious, it makes for monopoly. If competition is to be unrestrained, lawless, destructive, then mere size, mere ability to spend more to injure competitors, will be a test of survival. If every manufacturer has the right to set the price at which his product shall be sold one protection will be gained against those tendencies of the time which make toward monopoly.

It seems absurd to call by the name of monopoly a man's control over his own personal product. Monopoly means control of the market, not control of one's own standards and one's own product. So far does the underlying thought of the community approve of a man's reaping the reward of his own thought that it even grants patents, forbidding any one else to use without his permission a man's original ideas. Competition doesn't mean instability in the price of one manufacturer's trademarked article. Competition of the valuable kind is between different firms. If A charges too much for a watch, even a popular watch, B can cut into his trade with B's own watch. That is the essence of competition in the true sense. To take away from A the decision of what his own watch shall sell for is competition only in the widest sense of instability and ruinous insecurity, not in the sense of a legitimate, constructive contest for markets, in which victory tends toward the product which earns a permanent reputation for superiority, for justness of price, and also for stability of price. A desirable industrial condition is one in which many products compete for permanent reputation and standing, not one in which nobody knows what anything is worth. We can scarcely expect A to put the proper enthusiasm and pride in building up a business based on quality and on well-established terms if B is to be free to use A's reputation in order to upset

prices for temporary purposes, and purposes alien to the question of the permanent market. Nothing in the long run can be more injurious to business than a practice which takes us back to the days when every sale was a matter of individual haggling. The great mass of modern business is built on the belief that trade-marked articles have a set value, and that the value is the same as what is asked for them.

Mr. Pinkham used Mr. Ford as an illustration. The illustration works exactly the other way. Mr. Ford is so wealthy that he can determine the price of his own cars without legal protection. His capital is so big that he can retain title to every car until it reaches the consumer. He is not dependent on having retailers carry out his wishes. He doesn't sell to retailers. He sells only through his own agents. In other words he sells only to the public. That other men less wealthy shall have the same power over their products that Mr. Ford has over his cars, is the very object of price maintenance. It takes a very large capital to enable a man to retain his title and wait for his payment until his article is sold to the consumer. An ordinary man must turn his capital over frequently, and to do so he must sell, not to the consumer, but to the wholesale and retail distributors. From them he should have the same protection against unstable prices that Mr. Ford has inevitably from his own agents.

IN *HARPER'S WEEKLY* for November 15, 1913, Mr. L. D. Brandeis gave this sketch of the history of the development and improvement of trade marks:

"The greatest progress in this respect has been made in the retail trade; and the first important step was the introduction of the one-price store. That eliminated the constant haggling about prices, and the unjust discrimination among customers. But it did far more. It tended to secure fair prices; for it compelled the dealer to make, deliberately, prices by which he was prepared to stand or fall. It involved a publicity of prices which invited a comparison in detail with those of competitors; and it subjected all his prices to the criticism of all his customers. But while the one-price store marked a great advance, it did not bring the full assurance that the seller was giving value. The day's price of the article offered was fixed and every customer was treated alike; but there was still no adequate guarantee of value; both because there was ordinarily no recognized standard of quality for the particular article, and because there was no standard price even for the article of standard quality.

"Under such conditions the purchaser had still to rely for protection on his own acumen, or on the character and judgment of the retailer; and the individual producer had little encouragement to establish or to maintain a reputation. The unscrupulous or unskilful dealer might be led to abandon his goods for

cheaper and inferior substitutes. This ever present danger led to an ever widening use of trade-marks. Thereby the producer secured the reward for well doing and the consumer the desired guarantee of quality. Later the sale of trade-marked goods at retail in original packages supplied a further assurance of quality, and also the assurance that the proper quantity was delivered. The enactment of the Federal Pure Food Law and similar state legislation strengthened these guarantees.

"But the standard of value in retail trade was not fully secured until a method was devised by which a uniform retail selling price was established for trade-marked articles sold in the original package. In that way, widely extended use of a trade-marked article fostered by national advertising could create both a reputation for the article, and a common knowledge of its established selling price or value. With the introduction of that device the evolution of the modern purchase became complete. The ordinary retail sale—the transaction which had once been the equation of two unknown quantities—became an equation of two known quantities. Uncertainty in trade is eliminated by 'A Dollar and the Ingersoll Watch,' or 'Five cents and the Uneda Buscuits.

"The dealer who sells the Dollar Ingersoll watch for sixty-seven cents, necessarily loses money in that particular transaction. He has no desire to sell any article on which he must lose money. He advertises the sale partly to attract customers to his store; but mainly to create in the minds of those customers the false impression that other articles in which he deals and which are not of a standard or known value will be sold upon like favorable terms. The customer is expected to believe that if an Ingersoll watch is sold at thirty-three and one-third per cent less than others charge for it, a ready-to-wear suit or a gold ring will be sold as cheap. The more successful the individual producer of a trade-marked article has been in creating for it a recognized value as well as a wide sale, the greater is the temptation to the unscrupulous to cut the price."

By a divided court our highest tribunal has declared no binding contracts for the maintenance of prices. In so deciding it based its reasoning on public policy. It may well be doubted, when it comes to questions not of interpreting statutes but of declaring public policy, whether a fraction of nine men constitute the most powerful test. If Congress should pass a law validating such contracts it is a practical certainty that the Supreme Court would not declare such a statute to be beyond the powers of Congress. Whatever part of the Supreme judges may see, it is doubtful whether a member of Congress can see any difference in policy between Mr. Ford's being able to fix his prices through his own agents and Mr. A being

able to fix his by contracts. Judge Lacombe of the Federal District Court has just decided that even if a man could not, under the Supreme Court decisions, contract for stable prices, he could refuse to sell again in anybody who had cut his prices. So the law as it now stands merely prevents an ordinary manufacturer from doing consistently what he can do for

punishment after an offense, and what Mr. Ford, Standard Oil, or any other sufficiently wealthy producer can do with certainty and ease.

Temporary price cutting has been decided by the Supreme Court to be among the illegal devices by which monopoly is sought. The spirit in which temporary price cutting of well-known brands is used to mislead customers is

as clearly harmful to manufacturers, sound retailers, and ultimately the public as is temporary price cutting for the purpose of starving out a less wealthy competitor. Regulated competition is an accepted principle of the Democratic party, and price maintenance is regulated competition in a most unobjectionable form; it is competition regulated by the producers themselves.

Efficiency by Consent

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

Mr. Brandeis is the most widely known exponent of efficiency and scientific management. His declaration that the railroads must be brought up to scientific standards raised a storm some years ago. It was only one step in a long study of the subject. It is interesting to know, therefore, how much he considers the human element. This speech, hitherto unpublished, was delivered at a large meeting in memory of Frederick W. Taylor, father of scientific management.

AMIDST our rejoicing over the achievements of this great man comes one regret. Those for whom he labored most, the working people, are not represented at this meeting.

It was Taylor's purpose to make the laborer worthy of his hire; to make the hire worthy of the laborer; to make the standard of living and the conditions of working worthy to be called American. The American standard of living implies a wage adequate for proper housing and food and clothing, for proper education and recreation and for insurance against those contingencies of sickness, accident, unemployment, premature death or superannuation, which fall so heavily upon the working classes. That standard implies hours of labor sufficiently short to permit those who work to perform also their duties as citizens and to share in the enjoyment of life. That standard implies postponement of the working period to an age which enables the child to develop into a rounded man or woman. That standard implies working conditions which are not only consistent with the demands of health and safety, but are also such as may make work for others what it was for Taylor—the greatest of life's joys.

Taylor recognized that in order to make such a standard of living and of working attainable, the productivity of man must be greatly increased; that waste must be eliminated, and particularly the waste of effort which bears so heavily upon the worker. And yet the man who sought to so develop industry as to enable labor to reach these higher standards of working and of living, met, throughout his life, widespread opposition from those whom he sought particularly to help. Let all who are undertaking to carry forward his work recognize this hostility as a fact of fundamental importance; for it presents the main problem which confronts scientific management.

The causes of this hostility are twofold:

First. Only a part of the necessary industrial truths have been as yet developed.

Second. The necessary assent to the application of these truths has not been obtained.

Taylor was a great scientist. He established certain truths, fundamental in their nature. But he obviously covered

only a part of the field of inquiry. The truths he discovered must be further developed and they must be supplemented by and adjusted to other truths. The greater productivity of labor must be not only attainable, but attainable under conditions consistent with the conservation of health, the enjoyment of work, and the development of the individual. The facts in this regard have not been adequately established. In the task of ascertaining whether proposed conditions of work do conform to these requirements, the laborer himself should take part. He is indeed a necessary witness. Likewise in the task of determining whether in the distribution of the gain in productivity, justice is being done to the worker, the participation of representatives of labor is indispensable for the inquiry which involves essentially the exercise of judgment.

Furthermore, those who undertake to apply the truths which Taylor discloses, must remember that in a democracy it is not sufficient to have discovered an industrial truth, or even the whole truth. Such truth can rule only when accompanied by the consent of men.

We who have had occasion to consider the hostility of labor leaders to the introduction of scientific management know that the hostility has in large measure been due to misunderstanding. Much of all the waste which Taylor undertook to eliminate has no direct relation to the specific functions of the working-man. It dealt with waste in machinery, in supplies, in planning, in adjustment of production and distribution—matters in which changes cannot possibly affect the workman injuriously. And yet we found in many leaders of labor undiscriminating opposition to the whole of the so-called Taylor system. But even if we succeed through education in eliminating the general hostility to the introduction of scientific management in departments of the business which do not directly affect labor, there will remain a wide field where the proposed changes do directly affect labor in which there is determined opposition. This opposition can be overcome only through securing the affirmative cooperation of the labor organizations. In a democratic community men who are to be affected by a proposed change of conditions should be consulted, and the in-

novators must carry the burden of convincing others at each stage of the process of change that what is being done is right. Labor must have throughout an opportunity of testing whether that which is being recorded as a truth, is really a truth, and whether it is the whole truth. Labor must not only be convinced of the industrial truth—which scientific management is disclosing,—but must also be convinced that those truths are consistent with what may be termed human truths. Is the greater productivity attained clearly consistent with the health of the body, the mind and the soul of the worker? Is it consistent with industrial freedom? Is it consistent with greater joy in work, and generally in living? These are questions which must be answered in the affirmative, and to the satisfaction, not of a few, merely, but of the majority of those to be affected.

To do honor to Mr. Taylor and to worthily carry forward his work those who are his disciples, and those who may become such, should recognize that they have in the solution of these questions a call upon them for patient effort, no less exacting and severe than that to which Taylor subjected himself when pursuing the law of cutting of steel. Every step in the installation and the working out of scientific management calls for such cooperation by representatives of labor. The obstacles to securing it are great. Twenty-five years may be required to remove them fully. But whatever the time required to fully convince organized labor, it must be given if our work is to be well done. The consent and the cooperation of the worker so represented must be secured. In no other way can we attain in full measure the increase of productivity upon which our well-being so largely depends. In no other way can we secure that joy in work without which increase of productivity will not bring greater happiness. In no other way can we attain that freedom and development of the worker without which even his greater happiness would not promote the general welfare. Let us work unremittently in the spirit of Taylor to solve the problem he left unsolved. In the solution of that problem—which in a true sense is the labor problem—the greatest honor will be done to his memory and the greatest service to mankind.

Hockey, for Boys and Grown-Ups

By HERBERT REED



GETTING THE ATTACK STARTED

The standard formation, used this time by Exeter. The two men in the foreground, centre and rover, constitute the first line of defense. The attacking right wing (No. 1) has just lifted the disc with his stick in an attempt to make a passing shot. His companions on the first line of attack, rover (No. 2), centre (No. 3), and left wing (No. 4), are alert to receive the pass. The three men in the background are, counting back from the line of attack, cover point, point, and goal-keeper.

TO THE small boy who first tried out the ice as a sliding surface and then took to it equipped with skates, a stick and a stone, the implements that resulted in the birth of that deliciously exciting game called "shinny," we are indirectly indebted for the highly scientific modern game of hockey, a game that is increasing in popularity every year, and that draws big crowds—the type of spectator that cares for skill in any game that involves personal physical contact. The game began with youth, and, therefore, is still fed from youth, which is one reason why the college and club teams of today look to the schools of the New England States for the players who make their big and enduring reputations in college and amateur league contests.

The "shinny" of the youngster has become the hockey of the grown-up, a game in which both tactics and generalship play their part not less than in football and baseball. In the course of time it was natural enough that even the game as played by the small boy should be organized to a high degree. It is for that reason that St. Paul's school, at Concord, for instance, a school known as the "nursery of American hockey," turns out players who are eagerly sought by Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Dart-

mouth and other institutions that make a specialty of the great winter game.

Climatic conditions gave the Canadians a long start, and "the States" has been slow in catching up. But that it really has caught up seems to be amply proved by the showing of such teams as Princeton against the sevens of Ottawa and Montreal. The United States now enjoys her fair share of victories, and doubtless will continue to do so, since the game is improving steadily this side of the border. Canadian coaches have been called in from time to time, and no doubt they have been able to impart much of the best Canadian methods, although in some cases it is to be feared that they have taught certain tricks of handling the stick that, while well understood in Canada, have never appealed a great deal to the American referee.

There remains today, indeed, something of a gulf between Canadian and American club hockey, due largely to the varying size of the rink, and for the same reason something of a gulf between club and college hockey in the United States. Most of the American rinks are so small that a seven-man team is apt to be crowded, and the standard of club play has been so high in recent years that it has been felt that

perhaps the well-developed and experienced stars had not enough room in which to show the full power of the attack. In the case of organizations like the St. Nicholas and the Boston Athletic Association, however, there is such a determined stand for the college ideal that it is doubtful in the extreme if either would be willing to cut down the size of the team. Both are very far advanced in team work, and it is to be expected, indeed, that the hockey team of the Harvard Club, recently admitted to the amateur league, will come up to the same standard.

If any of the club teams this side the border were open to the temptation to turn out only a five-man team, that team undoubtedly would be St. Nicholas, a seven rejoicing in the services of "Hobey" Baker, the old Princeton football star, who is today the greatest forward on the ice, in this country or Canada. Yet with all his wonderful ability, Baker has fitted splendidly into the club combination, and while, of course, he has been the principal scorer and the best man to lead the way to a score, especially by means of his remarkable, sweeping runs around from behind his own cage, he has never hesitated to pass the disc when one of his wings or his centre seemed to be in a bet-



GOAL-KEEPER TO THE RESCUE

Fast play by the youngsters of Harvard and Exeter. The goal-keeper is shown clearing away the disc after an accurate shot at the net made by the attacking left wing (No. 3). The attack has swept down the ice well together, right wing (No. 1) and rover (No. 2) being well supported by centre (No. 4).

ter position to shoot for goal. Baker has always had good support, a thing that he has never hesitated to realize upon when occasion offered. In the main, however, the St. Nicholas attack has been more in the nature of a "chance-taker" than the attack of that other strong eastern team, the Boston Athletic Association, an organization of the foremost hockey players of the Crimson, who are accustomed to play in the Boston Arena, a rink almost twice the size of the St. Nicholas. It is possible, however, that there are niceties of play down the boards that are more or less baffling to the Bostonians when they visit the St. Nicholas rink.

The Boston idea of hockey is very much more on the machine line than that of New York. The actual skating, considered as a whole, is not to be a shade better, because of the greater opportunities to get an early start on natural ice, just as the Canadians are not to be better skaters, considered in the mass, than the Americans. The New England hockey teams usually turn up equipped with a very strong defense, and an attack of the purely orthodox type. It is very seldom indeed that a New England cover point will come across the middle of the rink, ready to take a shot at goal, should opportunity afford, whereas the New Yorkers are ready to rob to the limit from the defense whenever an opportunity to score offers. Thus, last year St. Nicholas, the champions in the amateur

league, registered not a few goals through the efforts of the point, and a goodly share by cover point. The St. Nicks depended upon a pair of exceptionally good goal-keepers, carefully alternated, and very fast skaters, to make their defense impregnable.

The New Englanders usually begin their retreat at an earlier stage than do the New Yorkers, with the result that they are pretty well banked around the cage when the forward arrives in position to shoot, but against an exceptional man like Baker even such a defense is apt to crumble. Baker, it might be mentioned before going further, is a product of that same St. Paul's school that has been the backbone of intercollegiate hockey for many years. The clubs have drawn heavily upon Canada, looking first for superior skaters, second, for hockey players. They came across the border in goodly numbers, but their value was problematical, since much of their excellent skating was too often offset by careless work with the elbows, wielding of the stick, commonly known as slashing, that sent them out of the game not infrequently at critical periods.

American skating has been improving steadily, however, and there is a chance this year that it will enjoy a very real boom, since in the afternoon skating rather than dancing will be the thing, and since ice rinks are springing up everywhere. The Middle States will have a chance to get into the class of

New England, which is not dependent upon artificial ice.

Just as Americans have too often played polo in order to ride, they have played hockey in order to skate. There is now, however, every indication of a new order of things. Just as in polo Americans are beginning to ride in order to play polo, they will take up skating in order to play hockey. The figure-skating that is to be one of the great features of the winter season, will be a benefit to the hockey players, for figure skating, an ancient and an honorable art, gives the skater poise and balance, a poise and a balance not to be acquired through mere mileage at a scramble. Distance skating is going out, skating on a drumhead's circumference coming in.

Whether racing on the ice will ever come back to the foremost place it enjoyed in the days of Breen, of the Donohues, and of Johnson, is doubtful, at least so far as the east is concerned. It is doubtful, too, if the middle west will make of the game of hockey the major sport that it is getting to be in the east.

No doubt, however, in a year or two the craze for ice rinks will have spread all over the country, and the northern states will no longer have a monopoly of a game that has been dubbed by a great gridiron coach, "football on ice." There are the same opportunities for team play that exist in football, and these cannot fail of development to the limit in the course of time.

Asia and the War

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

Shaykh Achmed Abdullah is the nephew of the Ameer of Afghanistan, and a descendant of the prophet. In this article he attempts to present the view of the thinking Asiatics.

EUROPE is today a charnel house, and America, torn as it is by partisan cries and partisan views and prejudices, is neutral at least in its sympathy for the sufferings of all Europe.

What, then, is the impression the war has made on the other great continent, the other great home of civilization and culture? How has the war affected us men of Asia?

Excluding Turkey, which is not Asia, but only a window toward Europe, our fleeting sympathies are for the Allies, our fleeting antipathies are against the Germans.

We do not know the Austrians. We dislike the Germans because, being Orientals, we like manners. A fleeting antipathy this. So with our sympathies. We feel a certain political sympathy for Great Britain, a certain faint racial sympathy for Russia.

What of it? What of our antipathies and our sympathies? They are both fleeting, passing, swinging. They are pellets of dust. They are as the tinkling of a camel's bell. For the greater issues of the war, the human issues, leave us unmoved. We are unmoved by the slaughter, the losses, the untold sufferings, the wholesale destruction. The reason for this is sweetly simple and obvious.

Whatever hurts the Occident helps us. Therefore it pleases us. Asia and Europe play the game from opposite sides of the board. The losses of Europe are the gains of Asia. Each killed European is a killed potential enemy.

An old Nejd proverb says: "I am against my cousin; but my cousin and I are against the world."

A true saying this, though a proverb. There have been many wars between Asian nations. China and Japan have fought frequent wars; so have China and Korea, Afghanistan and Persia, Afghanistan and India, Bokhara and Turkestan, Arabistan and Kurdistan. As they fought in the past, so they will in the future.

But modern mechanical progress, railways, telegraph, cheap post, newspapers, quickly printed books—though inimical to true civilization, to the civilization of Asia—have wrought a certain change. We have begun to feel the Message of the Great Mother Continent. We have begun to understand that we must fight together. We know that we cannot afford to lose. Therefore we must win together. And Fate, which is killing

the flower of manhood in Europe, is even now helping us to win.

We Afghans are a Semitic race, a purely "white" race to use the cant word. But we want nothing of our fellow-whites in Europe and in America except rifles and ammunition. We prefer to clout our destiny alongside of yellow Japanese and Chinese, brown Moros, chocolate-colored Dravidians from the south.

IT IS the call of Asia. A geographical call? Possibly. None the less holy; none the less steely and sharp.

Many influences are at work in this transformation. There are the influences of Moslem missionaries, of fighting Pan-Islam, of regenerated Buddhism, of Brahmin reaction against European civilization, of war-born Nippon pride.

But the common basis of this steadily growing Asian solidarity is hatred of the whites, the Christians.

Never mind the right or wrong of it. I only state a plain, though unpleasant fact. This hatred is universal from the Siberian tundras to the burnt south of India. We hate the European because we consider him an intolerable barbarian, who bullies where his wheeling is unsuccessful. We hate him because, according to us, he is tortuous and cannot speak the truth; because he prates about his new-found hygiene, but is personally unclean compared to the majority of Asians. We despise him as a hypocrite who ships whiskey, rifles, diseases, and missionaries in the same mixed cargoes. We dislike him because he is a recent parvenu. We are convinced that in spite of his present leadership in mundane affairs, he is our inferior physically, morally, and mentally.

We are growing conscious of our power. Our sword-arm aches when we behold the Cross.

We understand our mental superiority best when we have received a European education. For there, competing with European students in the subjects of an alien civilization with which they are familiar from their earliest school years, we beat them in spite of the terrific handicap of language and viewpoint and atomism. We learn their civilization. Yet we preserve our own. Our gun is double-barreled.

And as to our physical superiority. . . . We know how we fought when the odds were against us, when we used antiquated weapons against rifles and quick-firing guns. We know of the Moro

campaigns, the wars in the Sudan, many little wars in India, in Sumatra, in Tonkin.

But we also know what we can accomplish when the odds are even, when fate has not stacked the deck; when rifle speaks to rifle and gun to gun. We heard the tale of the Japanese war. We have heard other tales: of the battlefields of Flanders and the Dardanelles; of Moor and Arab and Sikh and Afghan meeting the most highly trained military machine in the world, the Prussian Guards, and beating it to a standstill.

We heard the tale and we liked it. We did not mind the toll in corpses, Moor and Afghan and Sikh. We wished to see. We did see. We liked the seeing of it.

Also we saw Russia. We saw how Russia fought inch for inch with clubbed rifles against German guns. We saw how they came back to the attack, again and again.

For I said that we have a faint racial sympathy with Russia. We like to claim Russia as an Asiatic outpost. Perhaps we are right. For we can understand the Russian and feel with him. The brightest minds of Russia, the Turgenieffs and the Stroganoffs, to mention only two, are of Tartar blood. We like to think of it. We also like to think of the many Moslem and Buddhist high-ups in the service of the Tsar.

We can even understand Russian Christianity. For their Christianity is Oriental. It does not rub against our grain as do the Occidental forms of the same faith.

So, if wishes we have in the present conflict, they are for the success of the Russian arms. It will be the vanguard of Asian aggression. It will be the clarion-call for the Day of Reckoning for which we of Asia pray—for which some of us work, for which more of us will work and die by and by.

We are glad of this war. Whatever the outcome, it will weaken Europe in treasure and blood. It will kill the flower of their fighting men. It will reduce their birth rate.

Europe will not get over the effects of this conflict in fifty years. Asia will be strong and ready in less than fifty years.

The Europeans have taught us with the sword. Presently we shall teach them with the sword. And if the sword be simitar, yataghan, kukree, or kris, it will not dull the sharpness nor weaken the swish of the steel.

America Feeding the World

What the United States is doing to feed Europe during this great war is a matter of interest to everybody. The one man in the country to give the most important account of this work is the Secretary of Agriculture. In next week's issue we shall publish an article by Mr. Houston, called, "America Feeding the World."

The Unproduced Dramatist

By ONE OF THEM

FORMERLY, the most humorous figure in the world of art was the long-haired, starving poet in search of a publisher. The longer his hair and the emptier his stomach, the more he was ridiculed and the more laughter he aroused when he was depicted in the comic papers being kicked out of the editor's office. There was once a starving poet who sent that moth-eaten joke to so many editors, each of whom paid him two dollars for it, that he was able to publish his poems and buy a square meal besides. If he had been able to copyright it, he would have grown so wealthy that Congress would have investigated him. But our generation is not poetical; it is dramatic. Hence the most humorous object in the world is the unproduced dramatist; and the remarkable part of it is that it does not make any difference whether he is hungry or not. The fact that he is unproduced is just as laugh-compelling, be he rich or poor, well fed or starving, shaven or unshorn of locks. He needs no concomitant misfortunes to make him ridiculous. The man who wrote verse also had an advantage over the man who writes plays in the fact that as soon as he had written a stanza or two in which some words rhymed, he could proudly say: "I am a poet." What is more, the world believed him, and called him a poet. It made no difference whether his works were published or not, he was a poet. Perhaps he was even more likely to enjoy that reputation if his songs were never given the publicity of the printed page. But what of the man whose play is doing an eternal Marathon up and down Broadway? Can he say with pride: "I am a dramatist," and get away with it? Just let him try it. No; all he can do is to hang his head, and, if driven to it, make the awful confession: "I have written a play."

Again, suppose that the poet wanted to lower his bank account—if poetic license or poetic justice allows him to have one—by publishing his verses in a neat volume. His friends would applaud his laudable intention, and would ask for complimentary, autographed copies of the first and only edition of five hundred copies, type distributed and plates destroyed, etc. The would-be dramatist, on the other hand, would never dare to foist his work on the public at his own expense. For instance, I know a very rich man who has written a play. But, although it would mean nothing to him to produce it at his own expense, he knows very well that he cannot gain the title of dramatist in that manner. The public does not care who publishes a book, but it wants to know who is producing the play it is going to

see. If John D. Rockefeller writes a book he may print it, and all is well and good; but fancy John D. Rockefeller writing a play and producing it. The Homeric laughter of the gods would sound like the gentle chirping of a cricket in comparison with the roar of joy which would arise from the Great White Way. No. The title of dramatist is conferred only after your play has been produced on a real stage by a real manager. It is the only title which is never merely honorary and which can never be bought.

Who are the unproduced dramatists? Well, is all humility I must confess I am one. And, gentle reader, I would lay a wager, that you, too, are of the sad and chastened band or else you would

theatrical performance some one is inspired to sit down and write a play and have it produced. The easiest part of the procedure is the sitting down. The writing is almost as easy. Take a virtuous man and a good looking woman, who is acquiring or has acquired a post, and let them talk. Or take a virtuous woman and a brute of a man and let them talk. Let them talk for three acts. Then pay twenty dollars to have their observations typewritten. Don't forget a title-page. There is always a thrill in the title and the statement that it is a play in three acts. The last seems too good to be true.

Now, to have the play produced, buy a large envelope and address it to Mr. Belasco and register the package. Your play always goes to Mr. Belasco first of all, because you know that if he accepts it your fortune is made. Finally you will send the play to a stock company playing in Indiana, and you will save money by trusting Uncle Sam to deliver it safely to its destination without an extra fee for registration.

The everlasting hope that burys up the duffer in golf, performs the same questionable service for the duffer in the game of drama. So the play is sent on its perilous journey.

Finally, you reach the next stage when you send your play to a dramatic agency. It seems hard to give up fifteen per cent of your hard-earned royalties to them; but the royalties do not loom quite so large on your horizon as they did a few years ago when you finished the play, and perhaps after all you are willing to sacrifice a few dollars in order to "get on," for the play you are writing now will make you rich. The second play always does, and you can get along without an automobile for a few months longer. Now the dramatic agency sends back a very nice, kind letter. Your play will be read and "placed if possible." Those words are a balm for the wounded soul. Days, weeks, months go by. In your mind's eye you watch the play-broker read your manuscript. He is delighted with it and recognizes its worth immediately. He is showing it daily to the big managers. You begin to select your cast, and you hesitate between Henry Miller and H. B. Warner. You compose your triumphant curtain speech. You decide not to speculate with your royalties—a well-known package comes in the mail. The manuscript contains on the title-page the following inscription:

Received. Jan. 15th, 1912

Read. Dec. 20th, 1912

Returned. Dec. 21st, 1912

And you are supposed to wish people a Merry Christmas!



"I have written a play."

have chosen a more cheerful subject than "The Unproduced Dramatist" with which to beguile your hours of leisure. It is also a sure bet that every dramatic critic is an unproduced dramatist. If they could be playwrights they would not be critics. Does not the tone of their criticism betray them? Not that I blame them, for I, too, am jealous every time a successful play is produced. Only I do not have to praise the play or lose my position. That, however, is only beginning to name the unproduced dramatists. You can include every attaché of the theatre from the owner to the fireman. Going out of the theatrical world, there is not a profession unrepresented in our ranks. A manager told me once that he received plays from ministers, bankers, lawyers, street-car conductors, convicts, and he added, "Would you believe it, even from college professors?" I never understood why he said even college professors, until I noted that in the eyes of the public the most heinous crime committed by Woodrow Wilson was having been a schoolmaster.

Notwithstanding all that, after every

Moving Pictures Today

By HAROLD E. STEARNS

TODAY, when the feature film is the great entertainment of the hour, you can count on the fingers of one hand the number of famous actors and actresses of the legitimate stage who have not appeared on the screen. It seems only yesterday that actresses on the regular stage talked in excited tones about losing their prestige if they consented to appear in moving pictures, but how ridiculous any such stand seems today. As with players, so with plays—all the famous ones are finding their way to the screen. There seems to be no subject or theme, no book or play, which some moving-picture producer isn't eager to turn into celluloid drama. We have had Hardy and Dikens, Hugo and Rex Beach; it will be Shakespeare's turn next. Yet why next? *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet* have already been put on the screen, and I know of one producer who has his plans for *Macbeth*. He rolls the witebes', the banquet and the sleep-walking scenes like sweet morsels under his tongue.

Facing such facts and statistics, it is difficult to believe that the feature film is the growth of the last three years. For although moving pictures are twenty years old, it is only since the introduction and popularization of feature films that they have leaped from a toy to the greatest entertainment industry in the world. Yet such is the case. The rise of moving pictures to their present importance began in the fall of 1912—that is to say, with the introduction of feature films. How it all came about is interesting.

America has followed the lead of Europe in a great many things theatrical, and it did so in the case of the feature films. The first long multiple-reel moving picture shown in this country, and advertised as an entire evening's entertainment, came from abroad. It was *Queen Elizabeth*, with Sarah Bernhardt. In spite of the remarkable success of this picture, the idea of feature films supplanting single or double reel pictures in importance (a reel is a thousand feet of film, taking approximately twenty minutes to run)—this notion was scoffed at loudly. Older moving-picture men looked upon the feature film as a novelty which would speedily go out of fashion. Even in 1913 William A. Brady reflected the opinion of many theatrical men when he said: "Photoplays are on their last legs. Houses are half filled and audiences sit in bored silence. Theatrical men are making a great mistake in coming to the aid of a dying rival." (Today, of course, Mr. Brady is heavily interested in moving pictures, and practically all the plays that have been produced at his theatres are announced for prospective film adaptation.)

But the "dying rival" showed remarkable recuperative powers. About this time the Famous Players' Feature Film Com-

pany was founded by Daniel Frohman and Adolph Zucker. Its policy was distinctly revolutionary. It proposed to produce only long feature films, adapted from well-known plays and with famous actors and actresses in the leading rôles. One of the first of these pictures was *The Prisoner of Zenda*, with James K. Hackett starring. Then followed almost at once Mrs. Fiske in a film adaptation of Hardy's famous novel, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Here was a film which no one could ignore. The ice had been broken; college professors didn't have to apologize for going to the "movies." America's admittedly foremost actress, and the story from one of the classic novels of the late Victorian era. It was not, however, the surprising elevation in the caliber of these new pictures which so much excited comment; it was the unexpected rise in popularity of these feature films. The fad was rapidly turning into a custom. When Augustus Thomas, often called the dean of American playwrights, turned his attention to film productions of his own and other plays, it showed which way the wind was blowing. He was not merely interested financially; he himself wrote the moving-picture scenarios. Other feature film companies began to spring up as if by magic, a few to die with nothing to show except high hopes, but many to linger on and to become hale and hearty.

A special condition helped to accelerate the popularity of big films. The season of 1912 had been notoriously poor for the theatres; managers of dark playhouses gladly tried the experiment of booking feature films for a few weeks, at prices usually averaging around fifty cents. The result was almost dumbfounding. These pictures actually made money! Sweetly strange were the packed auditoriums at *Coboria* and *Trofic in Souls*—to cite two popular films—in comparison with the former meager houses for regular theatrical productions. Not a few theatrical managers who continued to say that pictures were a mere "nothing" and "never could be art," secretly recouped their losses on the legitimate stage through booking pictures and through investing capital in them.

ACCOMPANYING this change in pictures was a tremendous business transformation. Technically, there are three dealers: the producer, who makes the film; the exchange or middleman, who buys the film of the producer and sells it to the exhibitor; and the exhibitor, who shows it to the public in his theatres. What is called in moving-picture trade journals the "States' Rights" companies, originally grew up as exchange companies which bought foreign and the increasing domestic feature film product. As their name implies, these companies controlled the "territory" of certain states, and all the

exhibitors in those states had to buy or rent feature films from them. They took from the shoulders of the producer the burden of dealing directly with the small exhibitor. These companies were at their most prosperous point when feature films were, comparatively speaking, exceptional. Today the "States' Rights" business is unquestionably on the wane.

For, inevitably, there was a tendency towards coordination. When an industry is new, the producer has so much to do that he is relieved at having middlemen. When an industry becomes systematized and international in scope, producers tend to buy out their own middlemen. Briefly they want the middleman's profit for themselves. Instance the Paramount Company, which is practically a distributing agency for the Famous Players' (with which it has a twenty-five years' contract), the Bosworth and the Lasky companies. A "Paramount" program simply means a moving-picture program made up from films produced. Another big distributing agency—the World Film Company—was organized to handle foreign feature films. It rapidly acquired interests in American companies and began to produce on its own account. On the other hand, the Metro Pictures Corporation is essentially a combination of exchange men (or middlemen) to control production.

As for the older companies, they for some time continued to be skeptical. They insisted that the new feature pictures were a fad and that the bulk of the trade would always be in the shorter films. Roughly speaking, these companies were divided into two factions—the Independents (the Mutual and Universal companies) and the "Trust," made up of organizations in the old Motion Pictures Patents Company. The Independents fell into line with feature films first. It was unescapable; they had to meet the demand; they had to adapt themselves to the conditions of the new competition or die. Then slowly the older companies of the "Trust" began to produce feature films, especially the Vitagraph and Lubin companies.

Previously the Independents had released (i. e., sold to middlemen) their short films on their own initiative. They continued to do the same with their new features. Previously the "Trust" had released its short films through what is called the General Film Company. It continued to do so with its new features. But it was found, after considerable experience, that the General Film Company was unsatisfactory for the handling of its more pretentious pictures. Last spring saw the organization of V. L. S. E. Company (made up of the Vitagraph, Lubin, Solig, Essanay companies), which established exchanges in all parts of the country. Its purpose was, and is, to handle the exchange business for these

old members of the "Trust," with respect solely to feature films. What this meant only those familiar with the history of motion pictures could then appreciate. It meant simply that the last revolution was accomplished. The orthodox, the "Trust," the old companies had definitely given way to the strong, irresistible new movement. They, too, were formally committed to the policy of producing famous plays and using stage stars. And that is the arrangement today. Everybody is producing feature films. Three years ago they were a fad. Now they are part of the routine product—in some cases the only product, and in many cases the largest portion of the product—of every important moving-picture company in America.

A KEY to the growth of any business or industry is the amount of advertising it does. Before 1912—before the feature film—newspaper or billboard advertising for "movies" was almost unheard of. Whether it was the influence of the electric lights on Broadway, or whether it was the direct result of business originality, the Mutual Company one fine day conceived the brilliant idea of advertising in New York City on billboards scattered all over the city and its suburbs. The caption was "Mutual Movies Make Time Fly." How great was the success of the idea can be judged by the promptness with which it was imitated. The "Mutual Movies" sign was followed by others—and then still others. Big posters announced the fact that "regular" theatres had begun to look moving pictures. Newspaper advertising started to rise and has been rising ever since, until today it is no uncommon thing to see full-page advertisements of forthcoming feature films. Even in recent Peking journals appears, with explanatory Chinese underneath, this inviting head, "Tonight. Keystone Comedy Pictures"—a pretty proof of the internationalization of entertainment being brought about by moving pictures. Today the amount of advertising of moving pictures far exceeds that of the legitimate theatre.

IN WHAT other ways have moving pictures advanced during the last three years? Although there have been numerous mechanical improvements in the machine itself, and in the chemical processes of fixing film for the market, the substance of the advance has been in ideas and in the application of old principles of motion photography to fertile issues. It has been a human rather than a technical change. One very curious and interesting development has been what, for lack of a better name, I shall call the Motion-Picture Newspaper.

Pathé Frères were the originators of the "News of the Week" idea, which in itself is much older than three years. But during that time the organizations devoted to the getting of news in pictures have become enormously complex. So complete and perfect is the system that even in the troubled days of traveling last May, pictures of the scenes in Queenstown on the landing of the *Lusitania* survivors were flashed on the New York screens approximately two weeks following the disaster. Domestic

news is never more than a week late and often is up-to-date within two days. When the naval review in New York took place late last spring, a small boat containing fifty or sixty passengers was capsized near one of the battleships. The sailors effected a speedy and picturesque rescue from the waters of the Hudson. A motion-picture man happened to be on the deck of the vessel at the time and at once turned his camera on the life-saving. This was early in the afternoon; the evening papers had first-page accounts of the incident. That same evening pictures of it were shown in the Strand Theatre, New York—which is, I believe, the record for speed. The photographer was credited with a "scoop," just as a reporter would have been. In fact, the arrangement of the offices of these picture news-getting companies is modeled after the city department of a regular newspaper. There is the editor, the "reporters," clerks who clip notices of events to take place from the papers and arrange them chronologically, there is an assignment book—all the efficient bustle and wide-awakeness of a metropolitan daily's reportorial room. And there are the "correspondents" who send in "stories" from all over the world.

But this is not the end of the Motion-Picture Newspaper. Norma Phillips, the "Mutual Girl," started the fad of showing fashions. It was a pleasant novelty which caught on in a manner that left no doubt of its power to stay. People—

men as well as women—liked the idea. The model smiled, walked—a live, pretty girl. Speaking for his sex, the writer maintains that no man would object to five or six minutes of this kind of "film." As for women, there is the joy of displaying one's complete knowledge of the meaning of all the technical terms—"inflets," "chiffon" and "suede."

Like a newspaper, too, the ordinary motion-picture program includes a few minutes of travel of educational subjects. These pictures are usually twice as informative as would be a lengthy article in a newspaper on the same topic. Even cartoons began to come in—"animated" cartoons, as they are called, where you see the hand drawing the sketch with the deftness and sureness of magic. It is magic, too, by the way, the magic of exceedingly adroit trick photography, a process largely perfected by R. Bray.

The last feature was the serial story, often run in conjunction with a newspaper. The paper printed the story and then the reader went to the moving-picture theatre and saw it, or the other way around. The first of these serials was *The Adventures of Kathlene*, produced by Selig. The incidents were only loosely bound together and the picture, to be frank, was not over-popular. Then E. A. McManus of the Hearst papers cooperated with the Pathé company to produce the first really big serial of connected episodes (each theoretically complete in itself), the famous *Perils of*

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Podine. Other companies followed the lead, of course, and today we have serial pictures in which the interest is worked up to the highest point, and then is suddenly flashed upon the screen "See The Next Episode Of This Serial At This Theatre Next Tuesday." Some films, like *The Diamond from the Sky*, are purposely left uncompleted and a big prize is offered to any one who will finish it in the cleverest manner. In a word, it is possible to do away with newspapers altogether and not be lacking in information or entertainment.

NOWADAYS every well-equipped laboratory has its moving-picture outfit. Nine-tenths of us are "visualizers," as the psychologists call it, and we may have to told a fact twenty times before we can remember it, whereas we need see it only once or twice. Pictures taken of rapid processes (the flight of a projectile), and run off very slowly, help to illustrate theories of momentum and stress and strain of forces. No one can say how far this development may go. But even so simple an expedient as that of the Pathé company, which took successive pictures, every two or three days, of the growth of a plant and then ran off the entire file rapidly, was enormously enlightening. You actually saw the plant grow before your eyes. In medicine, as well, motion pictures are becoming a valuable adjunct to text-book and ordinary laboratory instruction. Reproductions of famous operations by skilled physicians are sometimes documents of incalculable value. Moving pictures of processes of organic growth are being rapidly perfected. It may even become possible to take satisfactory X-ray moving pictures, and the results for medicine may pass all bounds of modest prophecy. There is no need to dwell on what moving pictures will do for historians of the future. It is a well-known fact that the English government is taking many pictures of the current war, which will not be exhibited to the public until after the close of hostilities. Some of these pictures may never be shown publicly. The French government has already shown war pictures to newspaper correspondents; and it would be odd if the German government, with its instinct for thoroughness, were not storing away in its secret state archives many records for future reference and study. In industry, also, the moving picture has ceased to be a toy. Many manufacturers are taking motion pictures of their most speedy and economical machine workers and then exhibiting these pictures, with an explanatory lecture, to the less rapidly productive workmen. They have proved that motion pictures may become the greatest aid to increased efficiency and scientific industrial management.

In the preceding paragraph I have hinted at enough actually present and possibly future developments of the motion picture to suggest that in the long run the value of motion pictures may be utilitarian and practical rather than artistic and imaginative. However that may be, there will always be an artistic and imaginative side to moving pictures, and today it is that side of pictures which has caught the attention and in-

terest of the public. The feature film is the development of the hour. When people speak of motion pictures they are thinking nine times out of ten of the feature film. The business centres around it today. The feature film engages most of the better histrionic and directing talent in moving pictures. It seems only fair to have a clear idea of what are the limitations of the feature film.

In the first place, there are the mechanical limitations. A picture may be spoiled by a stupid actress, by an unskilled director, by bungling in the re-production and chemical departments, or even by unavoidable and unforeseeable external conditions. A good picture is the happy compromise of several factors. It is never the work of one individual, like a novel. At best, it will have a composite, rather than a distinct personality. The lighting effects of a picture—often the most keenly emotion-provoking stabs in a film—are partly the work of the director, who arranges either the calcium or sunlight (sometimes both) with a view to balance and proportion and fitting chiaroscuro, and partly the work of the chemist in the laboratory. If the two men have entirely opposed ideas of what is right and effective, the result may be deplorable. It requires an imaginative scenario writer, an imaginative director, an artistic actress, a skilled and proficient re-production man and fortunate external

conditions—all these to produce a perfect picture.

There are other technical limitations which the director has to overcome. On an interior scene the lens of the camera must be equally well focused, and every feature to be depicted must be brought within the focus, which generally occupies a radius of eight feet in width by ten feet in height. This means that when the director wishes to pose several people near the camera in a particular scene they cannot occupy a space wider than eight feet. Compare that distance with the width of the ordinary stage and you will see why every grouping in a picture that is to be shown "close up" has to be charted out and rehearsed many times. It sometimes requires all the director's ingenuity to arrange that the figures in the foreground shall go through their acting without crowding out the figures further back. Consider, again, that the size of the actual picture as it is run through the machine is about one inch by three quarters of an inch. On the screen the picture is magnified ten thousand times, so that it can easily be imagined what a slight blemish in the original picture would mean in actual exhibition.

But the greatest, and at the same time the most obvious, limitation of the feature film, although it is precisely that limitation which most people seem to overlook, is simply the fact that the feature film is, when all is said and

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done, a motion picture. It may be advertised as a "play," as a "drama," but strictly speaking it is nothing of the kind. It is simply a high and peculiar form of pantomime, a visual narrative of action. The essence of a motion picture is action. It is narrative, emptied of practically all intellectual content. It may be even emotionally subtle, delicate, imaginative, charming and artistic, but it is still primarily a depiction of action. I have often been asked why "talking pictures" so speedily went out of fashion. Make no mistake, it was not because "talking pictures" could not be done. They could. Synchronization of sight and sound had been made well-nigh perfect. But the public did not want them—and in that case the public was certainly right. For if motion pictures are essentially narratives of action, rather than narratives of thought, then it inevitably follows that in exact proportion as a motion picture is a good motion picture speech becomes unnecessary. And this is unquestionably true as a matter of fact. The next time you go to the "movies" try to imagine what all the various characters would say, if the motions of their lips became audible. What they would say is exactly what you would expect. To phrase it differently, there is no need, at any rate for the purpose of the story, for the spectator to learn through speech anything that is passing through the actors' minds. It is the business of the picture to show what is passing through their

minds. Of course, exact reproductions of famous plays, word for word and action for action, may some day be done and be popular, although on the same ground that people who enjoy a phonographic record yet prefer physically to go to the opera when they can, I suspect that plays with inferior casts and "sets" will be preferred "on the road" to exact mechanical reproductions. However, the main point is that these reproductions will not be moving pictures; moving pictures are a distinct and separate thing. In them speech will always be more or less of an impertinent intrusion.

During the three years of which I have been speaking the technique of the ordinary moving-picture actor and actress has improved marvelously. Feature films have raised the standard all round. Hitherto, nobody in pictures has seemed to comprehend the meaning of restraint. It required famous players to show how valuable is the imaginative quality, even in small gestures. They taught the profession that a quiet technique is also effective. The old manner, the old over-emphasizing action, the old distorted facial expression have gone for good. There is neat subtlety, an economic directness of gesture and action in moving pictures today.

I HAVE spoken of the limitations of the feature film as if they were the important things to know about them. It would be unfair to leave the reader with any such impression. The important thing about the feature film is its possibilities. The feature film is great precisely where the stage ends. It is great in allegory, in pageantry, in visualization of scenes which cannot be shown on the stage. It can handle spectacular effects which will be forever impossible to produce in the regular theatre. It can, under the direction of an imaginative man, pictorialize states of mind. Its forensic possibilities are limitless and so powerful that one almost hesitates to welcome them. A picture about a particular theme, guided and dictated by a particular point of view, will do what a thousand words of the closest reasoning will not do—it will carry conviction. The justice or injustice of a cause will, of course, be unaffected by how dramatically or vividly one side or the other is put into motion pictures. But just causes will receive a powerful impetus. The standard of taste in furniture, in decoration, in clothes can be raised simply by unconscious suggestion. The character-molding effects of pictures are at once the despair of those who look back on what pictures have been and the hope of those who look ahead and see what pictures may become.

On its artistic side, the future of big motion pictures lies, I believe, in frank, naturalistic spectacle, such as *Cobira*. That was only the beginning. Pictures of this kind will have no moral to convey, no cause to advocate, no purpose to fulfil except one—to give artistic pleasure. It is their function to add to the richness of life by adding to its beauty—a new and strange beauty, the possibilities of which seem limitless.

Obviously Not

A Kansas farmer, returning home late at night, saw a light moving about the farmyard. When he investigated he found a neighbor's farm-hand carrying a lantern.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the farmer.

"Courtin', sir," replied the farm-hand. "Courtin', courtin' with a lantern? Huh, you fool, I never used a lantern when I went courtin'!"

"No, sir," replied the farm-hand as he moved off, "we can all see you didn't."

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A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Who Will Pay?

YOU will find the privilege papers almost solid for as big a naval and military appropriation as possible. You will also find most of them opposed to extending the income tax; opposed to a federal inheritance tax; opposed to taxing oil used by automobiles; opposed to government establishment of a merchant marine, needed, among other reasons, as an auxiliary to the navy; opposed to the seaman's net, needed to keep high class men on our vessels; opposed to the government making enough of its own munitions and military supplies to establish a control price; opposed to special taxes on war profits. What is it then they want? The answer is simple. Spend the money, the more the better, but let it all come out of the poor, and as much as possible out of the poor of succeeding generations.

Harper's Weekly, we repeat, is for reasonable preparedness and was fighting for it before the war; but we are not for using it as an excuse for the return to Mark Hannism. A big obstacle to the preparedness campaign is the suspicion that it is accelerated by the men now getting rich out of the war (and incidentally paying almost no taxes on that war-profit). Those who are reaping the rich harvest are investigating the constitutionality of a tax on war profits. Bless their hearts, they are not in violent danger.

Our slogan is this: have a reasonably improved system of defense, but do not imagine you can get it unless you are reconciled to a little justice in the manner of paying for it. You can't use it as another trick to bolster privilege.

American Treitschkes

HOW long ago was it, exactly, that Americans were busy expressing horror over the doctrines of Bernhardt, if they were ordinary folk, or of Treitschke, if they were highbrows? The most popular indoor sport was to concoct moral diatribes against the line of German expositors of the glory of war and the degeneracy of peace. It is interesting now to see many of those same individuals, whether they be editors or mere citizens, scolding the American government and the American nation for peaceableness, patience, control of indignation. We hear the same talk about war as not the greatest of evils; of peace as disintegrating to the moral fiber; of honor. Really, as we read many of the eastern papers that, not exactly bold enough to ask Congress for war, scold the President for his course, we sometimes rub our eyes and ask ourselves, when it comes to mob

psychology, and the power of warm words as a substitute for thought, whether Prussia has much on the United States.

Grief

AS NOTABLE a work of American art as exists is Saint Gaudens' Adams monument in Washington. In the solemn, hooded figure some see unbearable despair, while to others it means, as one put it, "the sorrow that one is glad to have." What meant the motto of Isabella—*Nec spe nec metus*—Without hope and without fear? Is it a gloomy motto, that, or a bracing one? D'Annunzio, quoting it in his latest novel, put in the mouth of his heroine this comment: "But for my part, I hope for things that I am afraid of; I fear what I desire." Most of us are like that,—better represented by the words of the madrigal:

L'onde de' miei penser portano il core
Hor ni lidi di speme hor di paura.

The waves of my thoughts carry my heart now to the shores of hope, now to the shores of fear.

The poets have vied in tributes to sorrow. Kents calls it more beautiful than beauty's self. One of the loveliest images about the gifts brought by sorrow, it seems to us, is that of one of the most spiritual of poets, Henry Vaughan, who said:

Affliction is a mother
Whose painful throes yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other.

Lighter in tone, but with all of Moore's exquisite grace, is this:

There is a calm when Grief o'erflows,
A refuge from the worst of woes;
It comes when Pleasure's dream is o'er,
And Hope, the charmer, charms no more.

There is some danger in the doctrine of welcoming sorrow, if it becomes too habitual. We need not only control of sorrow, but positive joy, otherwise our note becomes mere endurance. The man who has penned the most magnificently eloquent pessimism in the language has seldom praised grief. Rather has he often pointed out the dangers of indulgence in it, recurring constantly to the idea that, although some sorrow deepens, too much is weakening. And sane, wise old Sir Walter is among those who have thought those most fortunate whose joys are chastened by grief, but whose sorrows find relief. Life should be like a great picture, light fading into shade, and shade brightening into light.



Another War Begins.

Peppery

MOST Jews have liked the two series we have already run on Jewish questions and are welcoming the series we are about to run on Jews in our schools and colleges. Not so *The Jewish Independent*. It scolds us until our heart would bleed if it still were sensitive to disapproval. This journal says of the author of our series: "It may be stated right here" [a vile phrase, by the way] "that if he is sincere in his apparent attempt to educate the citizens of this country who have given no serious thought to the subject he discusses, he will refrain from blundering into further phases of a topic with which he displays so little real familiarity." Some language, yes? But what is the matter with you, old top? We have read your voluminous editorial twice without understanding it. Before beginning our next series we shall read it on an empty stomach, very carefully, and endeavor to treat its point of view with justice, possibly even with magnanimity.

Censoring Shakespeare

SPEAKING of *Romeo and Juliet*, a new production of which we praised last week, what would an official censor, such as is possessed by Ohio and Pennsylvania, say of it if it were put in the movies? According to an amusing skit in the *Moving Picture World* his remarks would include this:

Cut out Juliet. Here is a girl just in her teens conducting herself in a most unmaidenly manner. . . . There are too many street brawls. Reduce these to a flash of about ten feet. The board has frequently announced its disapproval of the administration of secret sleeping potions.

Of course this is satire, and satire makes its points without encumbering itself with reservations, such as that translating words into pictures, or even giving pictures without their accompanying words, raises new questions. The main point, however, is sound—that official compulsory censorship is usually a stupid nuisance. The analysis includes many other plays. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* must lose the first

scene in Act 3, because it ridicules respectable mechanics. Shylock must be reduced to a flash, or else the whole of *The Merchant of Venice* will be forbidden as having a tendency to ridicule Jews. In *The Winter's Tale* there must be no abandonment of an infant, which is contrary to law. *The Tempest* is all right as a spectacle, but Caliban must either go or be reduced to a flash. *Much Ado About Nothing* would probably have to disappear altogether, as the levity with which matrimonial questions are treated runs all through the play, and besides, Dogberry and Verges, representing lawfully constituted authority, come in for repeated obloquy. *King Lear* also is so full of breaches of law, family discords and bloody and barbarous scenes, that nothing can be said for it. As for *Macbeth*, the example of Lady Macbeth would corrupt the whole population. It might be allowed if it were reduced to pretty scenes in the Scottish highlands.

This humorous way of treating the situation has real justification. The National Board of Censorship is a voluntary organization made up of a large number of enlightened citizens working in cooperation with the manufacturers. It does its work well. When a state insists upon having an official and compulsory censorship it puts this very delicate matter in the hands of a few bureaucrats with minds wholly inadequate and necessarily without even sufficient numbers to do the work carefully. There is censorship enough for protection in the police powers that exist everywhere, and the moving-picture business requires such a large investment that the owners are more than glad to avoid the possibility of local interference by cooperating with the national voluntary board. Not a single reasonable excuse exists, therefore, for official state censorship.

Wisconsin's Untaught

AN EARNEST woman, working hard for a small group of children in the most northern part of Wisconsin, writes to us for help. She has been to see officials in the neighborhood and feels discouraged. For six years she and others have been

trying to get a school for the children of six families. The average number who need to be in school each year is thirteen, between the ages of four and sixteen. They are the children of very poor settlers brought into the country by a land company. The parents are illiterate, dirty, but industrious, sober, and ready to welcome opportunity. The children are eager for any chance that is offered to them. The nearest school is from two to four miles from the houses. In winter the snow lies as high as the shoulders of the smallest children, and they must beat their own trail across pathless woods. There is danger enough to make the trip perilous for the small children, so that no child under twelve attempts the journey regularly. Surely a situation like that is not the concern of merely the six families.

We have looked into the matter and the situation seems to be this: According to the Wisconsin statutes, the local authorities decide when a new school is needed. The state is willing to assist, but nevertheless a new school means more local taxation. The men who own the cut-over land are much against having the taxation raised. Many such situations exist in northern Wisconsin in the large cut-over sections. In a good many districts the best solution has been found to be in providing transportation. In this also the state lends assistance, to the extent of five cents per child per day. The difficulty really lies in the fact that the people in every school district have complete control of local school affairs. There is no great hope of a complete reform until this situation is changed and the state itself undertakes more responsibility. Local control is a valuable thing in some communities and a harmful thing in others. This is one of the situations in which more state control is obviously required.

Objectionable Phrases

CHOOSING what one would rather do if he were perfectly free offers up contradictions enough, but perhaps the attempt to choose one's favorite objectionable phrase is even more baffling. We have mentioned several. Just now "I know what I am talking about" has us on the run. Others will gain the foreground in due course. It is an endless procession.

T. R. on Armenia



THE Colonel refused to go to a benefit to help raise funds for starving Armenians. His reason was that the unspeakable Mr. Wilson, who refuses to resign the presidency and let Teddy run the country, has not been as frightful in Mexico and Europe as said Colonel desired. Politics before relief.

Of course, the President is not the whole government. Congress is now in session. Teddy cannot be restored to the presidency for nearly a year, but Congress can so act tomorrow as to plunge us into war with Mexico or Germany. Such a step ought to be taken. Not to do so is cruel and illegal punishment visited upon an innocent ex-President.

Age, Youth, War

ONLY the young pursue their lives more or less unaffected by the war. Even they are affected in a way. Sir Edward Grey as a diplomat is a popular topic for essay work in a boys' school, although the boy probably calls him Earl Grey and knows no history between 1865 and 1914. The essentials of youthful life, however—dolls and baseball, dances and butternuts, love and ambition—go along much the same. With middle life and old age, however, the change is much deeper. They have stopped, as it were, to watch, to wonder, to wait to see what the new world will be. A certain indifference blankets their pursuits. It is as if they went about their duties perfunctorily, feeling their smallness, feeling the tentativeness of everything. After the war will this slower spirit continue, or will there be a new birth of energy, purpose, invention? If the war could be ended now there would be a fairly good chance for an ardent attack on the problem of bettering political and economic methods. If it is fought until so-called victory is won merely by attrition and exhaustion, skepticism and hopelessness and anemism of spirit may be with us for half a century.

Why Not Eat?



DR. HEINZE POTHOFF, formerly of the Reichstag, writing in the *Deutsche Kriegskriften*, declares that if England keeps on interfering with Germany's diet, then, "if necessary, we must kill hundreds of thousands of prisoners now consuming our supplies." Why not go further? These prisoners, even if somewhat lean, might better be used for food for Kultur than sentimentally allowed to go altogether to waste.

Spelling it Out

B. L. T. of the *Chicago Tribune* returns again to the idea that *Harper's Weekly* took paragraphs from him and put different headings on them. We had preferred to treat this matter by implication, but our friend Taylor's insistence makes it necessary to dot the "i's". Be it known, then, to all men, that comic quotations from country papers are sent out as an organized business publication, and that these quotations are drawn on by people who run columns such as B. L. T., or departments such as our "Seeing the World," which we have recently dropped. It may be necessary to add for the literal reader that it takes somewhat longer for a Weekly to go through the presses than for a Daily. B. L. T. selects a quotation from one of these sheets. We select it also. Naturally the headings put on it are different, and thereupon B. L. T. alleges that we have taken his paragraphs and changed the headings. If this kind of a charge, persisted in, is good sportsmanship, all right, but it looks to us a little bit like taking advantage of the ordinary reader's ignorance of conditions.

America Feeding the World

By DAVID FRANKLIN HOUSTON, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

FORTUNATELY both for Europe and the United States, the outbreak of the great war came in a year when the food crops here reached their maximum, as compared with previous years, and even these may be exceeded by the crops of the present year, according to the most recent estimates. Last year's record wheat crop of 891,000,000 bushels, the average yield being 700,000,000 bushels, may yield the palm to this year's crop, which, according to the estimates, will pass the billion bushels mark. Last year's corn crop was of average size, about 2,700,000,000 bushels, and this year's crop will be almost as large as the record crop of 1912, the estimate being 3,026,159,000 bushels. Oats shows another record crop, 1,517,418,000 bushels, making also the record yield per acre. Barley has made a record both in the size of the crop and the yield per acre, 236,683,000 bushels, as compared with 194,953,000 last year, the average for five years preceding being 182,000,000. Buckwheat will not fulfil its earlier promise of an increase of a million bushels, showing a falling off of 43,000 bushels, in a crop of 16,738,000. The crop of potatoes is above the average for

five years, though 38,000,000 less than last year's crop. The bumper apple crop of last year, 84,400,000, is followed this year by an estimated crop of 71,632,000 bushels, which is still 13,000,000 bushels in excess of the five-year average. It is difficult to comprehend what these figures mean. Last year's crop of cereals, which is greatly exceeded by this year's crop, was sufficient to supply each man, woman and child in the United States with fifty bushels of grain.

To illustrate what this has meant to the world at large, it is sufficient to say that the value of our exports of agricultural products, excluding cotton, was nearly doubled during the first thirteen months of the war period, from August 1, 1914, to August 31, 1915, as compared with that for the thirteen months from August 1, 1912, to August 31, 1913. For the earlier period the value was \$644,672,448; for the war period of thirteen months, \$1,210,004,680; while, considering the same two periods of time, the value of imported agricultural products increased only from \$854,194,768, to \$973,513,293.

COTTON, the great clothing crop of the world, has another story to tell in the figures of production and export. Cotton differs from our other crops in that, normally, some sixty-five per cent of it is exported. The first year of the war found the cotton-growing states with the record crop of 16,000,000 bales. The

actual number of bales exported during the first thirteen months of the war decreased from 9,003,254 for the period of thirteen months before designated, to 8,706,671, but this comparatively small decrease of less than 300,000 bales meant that only fifty-four per cent of the crop was exported. The value of the exported product fell from \$565,207,475 to \$387,581,554. Nor does this tell the full story. In the months from August to November, 1914, inclusive, when the farmer ordinarily sells his cotton and the small farmer must sell, the cotton

exported was 1,405,049 bales, as compared with 4,183,580 bales for the corresponding period in 1912, and the value of the cotton exported decreased from \$256,831,197 to \$59,451,551, with a corresponding loss of value for the cotton consumed by American mills.

The immediate result of this was the reduction of the cotton average fifteen per cent in 1915. The far-reaching effect was the renewed impetus given to the diversification of crops in the cotton states and the increase of food crops. Thus, according to the estimates, the corn crop in Georgia has increased from 56,000,000 bushels in 1914 to 64,000,000 bushels in 1915;

in Alabama from 55,000,000 to 70,000,000; in Louisiana from 38,000,000 to 50,000,000; in Arkansas from 42,000,000 to 61,000,000; in Texas from 168,000,000 to 176,000,000; in Oklahoma from 42,000,000 to 126,000,000 bushels.

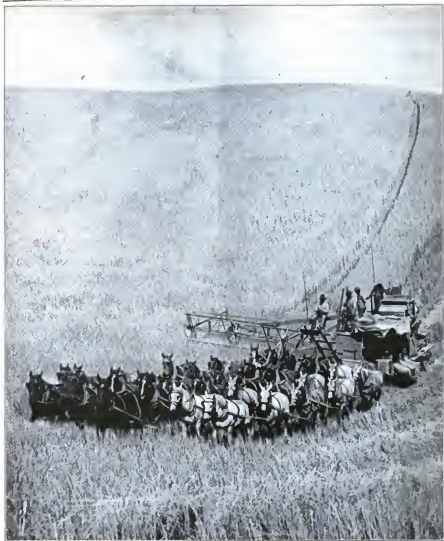
Besides the immediate and direct benefit to the American farmer of the increased demand for his products due to the European war, lasting advantage will be reaped when he learns that with the adoption of proper methods of production and of distribution, he can not only supply all the needs of his own country, without any fear of successful competition, but can become the important factor in feeding the world.

Nor should we neglect the increasing importance of the minor crops. The poultry products of the nation have an annual value of about half a billion dollars, half as much as the value of the cotton crop. The dairy industry with its half a billion pounds of butter, half a billion pounds of condensed milk, a third of a billion pounds of cheese, reaches an annual value of \$600,000,000. Hay and forage crops amount to \$800,000,000 a year; vegetables, more than \$400,000,000, potatoes alone bringing in \$166,000,000. Orchard fruits are worth \$140,000,000 a year.

Yet our satisfaction in the very enumeration of these enormous values should be tempered by the consideration that agriculture as an industry has not kept



Sheep raising is an extensive industry in northern Arizona.



Thirty-three horses are needed to pull this harvester through the wheat fields of Washington.

pace with the other industries of the country. We have been so bent upon building up great industrial centres, both by natural and artificial devices, so busy in the race for populous municipalities, that we have largely overlooked the very foundations of our industrial existence, and, cheerfully assuming that we have a natural monopoly of agriculture, have given too little attention to many urgent problems. There has been no substantial advance in the production of such a staple as corn in the last fifteen years. With an increase in that period of twenty million mouths to feed, there has been an absolute decline in our meat supply, though there has been an increase in the number of cattle, sheep and hogs during the last two years. Certainly our problem of production has not been solved, when out of 933,000,000 acres of arable land only 400,000,000 are under cultivation, about forty-five per cent. While the American farmer produces from two to three times as

much as his foreign competitor, and while extensive farming is still economically sound for the United States, our efforts must be increasingly bent upon increasing the amount produced per acre.

The public grazing lands embrace some 300,000,000 acres, in addition to 150,000,000 acres in the national forests. It is believed that under a proper system the quantity of beef and mutton produced on these lands could be increased fifty per cent. In 1905 it took 81 acres to support one animal; in 1913, through the successful experiments of the Agricultural Department, it took only 51 acres for the support of one animal. Also, in the settled portions of the country, the application of existing knowledge will largely increase the supply of cattle and swine and poultry products.

Recently I took an automobile trip through a section of South Carolina with which I was very familiar twenty-two years ago, but which I had not revisited



Steam-power thresher on a large western wheat field.

since. I was tremendously impressed with the visible improvement on every hand. I saw many towns which had been made over. The crops were in a much higher state of cultivation; there was much less "bumblebee" cotton or poor corn to be seen. I saw what could not have been witnessed twenty years ago—crops of hay successfully produced. The occasion of my visit was the hundredth anniversary of the Pendleton Farmers' Society, perhaps the oldest society of its kind in the south. Some of the things I said to this farmers' society here, I think, not only a local but also a national application. Among other things, I had this to say:

"I am more and more convinced each day that the path of diversification is the path of prosperity for the south, as for other sections of the Union. A one crop system is uneconomical in normal times and is a menace in times of disturbance, as has been so sharply demonstrated within the last twelve months. It means the uneconomical use of labor and capital; it means the prevalence of a bad agricultural economy; it means the absence of rotation, which is essential for the preservation of the soil and for the laying of a foundation for livestock, without which good agricultural economy is impossible. Consider the facts. Perhaps eighty per cent of the land, labor, and capital in South Carolina today in agriculture and devoted to the raising of cotton and corn, and a state which is largely agricultural, is dependent in considerable measure on outside communities for food for human beings and for animals. At a most conservative estimate, South Carolina imports annually more than twenty-five million dollars' worth of wheat, corn, oats and hay alone. Notwithstanding the fact that it has, with the rest of the south relatively speaking, a more favorable climate and a longer grazing season, its attention to poultry, swine, cattle, horses and other livestock is tremendously inadequate. The state has fewer cattle and swine than it had fifty-five years ago, in 1860; fewer than it had in 1840. And yet there is no section of the Union to which we should look more hopefully for an increase in our meat supply than to the south. While in 1909 Iowa had more than 6 dairy cows per farm, 35 hogs, and 108 poultry, South Carolina had 1 milk cow, less than 4 hogs, and 17 poultry. Consider now the size of the farm and its bearing on the problems of production and marketing. According to the census of 1910, in the United States as a whole, 138 acres represents the average size of the farm, 76 acres the average for the improved land. The farms of South Carolina average 76½ acres, instead of 90 acres in 1900, 114 acres in 1890, and 500 acres fifty years ago; and the number of improved acres in farms in 1910 was only forty-five per cent of the total in farms, or 34½ acres.

"In many sections of the nation the improved form acre is small, and South Carolina in particular is becoming a state of small farms—too small, in fact, in the judgment of experts, for the economical employment of labor and for other economies in production, and especially for economy in marketing. In passing, I may say that partly because of the small size of the farm, and partly because of too great adherence to the one crop system, there is exhibited in this section, if we may trust the conclusions of experts, a striking waste in the employment of labor of men and of work animals. The Office of Farm Management has made a careful inquiry into this matter in Anderson county. They report that there are on the average 215 available workdays, but that the work of producing the crops of the county calls for only 105 days for each work animal, or less than 50 per cent of its available power, and only 129 days for each laborer, or about 60 per cent of that available. Couple these facts with the fact that less than 50 per cent of the land in farms is improved, with the favorable conditions existing here for diversification and for the development of the livestock industry, and with the difficulties that small farmers find in marketing their products. Is it not clear what direction thinking and practise should take? Would it not be possible to utilize a considerable fraction of the unused lands to practise rotation of crops more largely, to sow some of the hills that are being washed down, in Bermuda grass, which will grow on any of the land and in time will cover the ground, and to follow this with burr clover, to plant cow peas, vetch and crimson clover as cover crops, to extend the planting of grains, and to lay a brood and thorough foundation for a livestock economy which is essential to a balanced agriculture?"

TWO great difficulties which confront the American farmers are that they have little control over the machinery of distribution, and that they do not know just what their product is or what it is worth. The former does not know what he is selling, but the buyer knows exactly what he is buying. It is a rare thing to find even a cotton farmer who knows the grade of the cotton he has on his wagon. It is a rarer thing to find a buyer who does not know what it is. It is sold by the producer as one thing, and sold by the commission man as another. This is equally applicable to the producer of grain, and in both cases in the contracts governing the trade there is a wide margin. The bid for corn is for number three or better. Why should it not be specifically for the grade represented by the commodity sold? What incentive can there be for a farmer to produce a good product if he is to receive the price of an inferior product? The solution of this problem in-

volves the standardization of grain and of cotton and of other crops, and the trading in the market upon single standard types ascertained and fixed by the government, with such supervision and control over the operation of the exchanges as may be essential to secure justice for the producer, the consumer, and the intermediary.

One step has already been taken. The Cotton Futures Act is the first definite and satisfactory legislative approach to the solution of the problem in the field of marketing.

But this act needs to be supplemented. The passage of the cotton standards bill would prohibit the use of any other standard than that established by the national government in the interstate and foreign commerce of the United States and would make the use of our standards practically universal. The early passage of the cotton standards bill would not only greatly facilitate larger production but also juster distribution, as would

July, 1914, \$200,000 became available, and July, 1915, \$484,050.

TODAY the state and nation together are spending perhaps more than sixty millions of dollars to foster agriculture and a better rural life. No other nation begins to compete with ours in its provision for this great national industry. Through every promising method the two great agencies are aiming to make agriculture more profitable and rural life more attractive. The most recent act for bringing home to the farmers of the nation the results of agricultural science and practise, and to induce the average farmer to do what the best farmer practises, is the Smith-Lever educational extension act, under the terms of which within a few years the nation will be expending, without considering local funds and without further legislation, approximately nine millions of dollars. Through the terms of this act the state and the nation are cooperating as



Cattle on a Colorado ranch.

the passage of a bill intended to establish uniform grades in grain and to encourage trading in grain under these standards. So far as I can see, it could hurt no human being to have a standard for farm products established by law which should be universally known and universally used in trade. Associations which might employ expert representative members to deal with the buyer could and would be formed.

Until recently neither state nor nation had made any systematic provision for the study of the vast field of distribution. The attention of the people has been too exclusively absorbed by problems growing out of the industrial life of the nation and out of its international relations. Those best trained to deal with such problems, the economists of the colleges and universities, have not recognized the opportunity presented to them, and have given scant attention to the field of rural economics. A different attitude on the part of both the economist and the authorities responsible for agricultural leadership, is demanded. There is growing recognition of this fact. In the spring of 1913 the federal government made a specific appropriation for the study of marketing, granting the modest sum of \$50,000. In

they should in this and in other fields, and instead of trying to reach the farmer through bulletins or the newspapers alone, this large effort will be made to reach him by personal contact. The nation is taking the rural population to school. It has discovered that it can furnish educational aid to the man and the woman busily engaged about their daily tasks who have not had the benefits of the training of the colleges and cannot spare the time to attend college. It is the greatest single educational undertaking on the part of any nation, and, in my judgment, is the most significant and far-reaching.

I am optimistic as to the future of American agriculture. With great natural advantages, with large masses of intelligent farmers using modern machinery and increasingly employing better methods, aided by the scientific and practical forces of the state and the federal government, this nation ought not only to be able to produce the agricultural products favored by its soil and climate needed for its own use, but ought also increasingly to satisfy the needs of the rest of the world and freely to hold its own in competition with the other nations of the earth.

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



Revere Photo Co.

Britannia Salvatrix

MISTRESS of the Trident dread,
With the brow of Artemis.
Like Minerva, helmeted,
Seven Seas her sandals kiss.

Throbs a mighty heart withal
Beneath her armor of Disdain.
Not for naught did Belgium call,
Serbia has not eried in vain.

No Laodicean breath
Dulls her steel. Too proud is she
To haggle in the halls of death
For the price of liberty.

When the gage of Hate was hurled,
Seven seas at her behest,
From the corners of the world
Brought the bravest and the best.

From the utmost ends of earth,
On their tireless waves they bore,
To the Europe of their birth,
Legions of the land and air,

Cursing Pence, till Pence has brought
Hohenzollern to his fall,
And with the blood of Europe bought
A Place in Freedom's Sun for all.

The Legend and the Miracle

By GEOFFROY ATKINSON

THERE is a legend of Paris which is almost as old as the city itself.

Students of history read that Attila, King of the Huns, came almost to the city in 451 A.D., but did not enter. Visitors to Paris read in their guidebooks that the Pantheon contains a beautiful series of mural paintings, representing the legend of Saint Genevieve, who kept Attila from entering the city, and that Saint Genevieve became the patron saint of Paris as a result.

There is a modern form of this legend which has been the subject of much whispering during the past year. This modern legend is, like the ancient one, shrouded in mystery. If you had happened to ask a real Parisian, in the first awful days of August a year ago, if Paris could possibly be endangered by the German drive, he would have taken you aside and said in a low tone: "But, my dear sir, do you not know? If they come really near, we shall use the Great Secret, and pff! they will never come in!"

What this Great Secret is no one knows. But many old Parisians believe in it firmly. To some this may seem childish and unreasonnable, but to the idea of which this Great Secret is but a manifestation, was due the absolute confidence of the Parisians in the safety of the city when the German army was almost within cannon range in September, 1914. The idea is that Paris is something eternal, something independent of circumstances and physical happenings. To those foreigners who returned to Paris after ten months of war, this idea seemed very reasonable. Paris does change, but it could never be lost totally. This is the legend of Paris, the legend which has surrounded this most personal of cities through fifteen hundred years of wars, sieges, and revolutions.

Early in the present summer a young man wrote a masterly play on the theme of this legend. In this play, *La Vierge de Lutèce*, the author, M. Villeroy, has grasped the beauty and national sentiment of the old legend; he analysed the spirit of the heroic resistance of the French a year ago at the Marne; he welded the two together, in a medium of beautiful verse, into a play which is gripping and real.

I had the rare privilege of attending a matinee performance of this play near

the end of last August, at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt. It had been announced in the papers the day before that Sarah Bernhardt, recovered from the amputation of her leg, would attend the performance. Three-quarters of an hour before the time set the crowd was forming before the theatre. It was a crowd to remember—standing in the Place du Châtelet in the soft sunshine of the quay.

healing knife. This crowd had two marked characteristics: first, the contrast between the animated expressions of the faces when talking and their deadly seriousness when in repose; second, the unity of spirit of the people—the democracy. To any foreigner who was there, no matter how well he knew France at peace, the absolute democracy of that crowd must have been striking. These people seemed to have so much



The youth of Saint Genevieve, who kept Attila from entering Paris. (From the painting by Paris de Chavannes.)

There were women in deep mourning, women in half mourning, a very few women not in black, but in whose faces the suffering of the past year and the weary waiting for word from the front had left their mark. There were a few civilians, old men with white mustaches or beards for the most part. The rest of the crowd, as in all the theatre, concert, and opera crowds of today in Paris, was of soldiers. Soldiers we call them, because they wore uniforms. Many, many most of them, could never serve their country again at the front. All the types of wounded who could leave the hospitals were there—legless, armless, men with crutches, men leaning on canes, two bandaged and bearded Zouaves supporting a creature whose entire head, save one eye, was covered with gauze. There were other pitiable objects whose removed bandages showed the ghastly work of shrapnel and of the

in common—the aristocratic old gentlemen with faces like rinceps, with the shabby Zouaves. The ladies in mourning all had a smile, not of condescending gentility, but of sisterly appreciation and esteem, for the little *bourgeoise*, also in mourning, who sold the afternoon papers among the crowd. All seemed to feel the same emotion when a middle-aged mother, in mourning for some one of her family, led her bandaged son—decorated with the War Cross and the Legion of Honor—through the crowd. That mother's face might have been copied for a medallion of France after a year of war. In it were sorrow, love, the imprint of awful sacrifice, but above all the marks of that eternal and almost God-like patience in suffering, which as a rare trait of the French in the present war, has brought them the admiration and respect of the world.

The doors opened at last, and we passed from the sunlight of the quays into the half-light of the most artistically decorated of Parisian theatres. Slowly the room filled, the black of the women and the gray-blue of the soldiers, splashed by the white of bandages and the occasional red of an old uniform. Two whole rows filled with convalescents from a hospital where men are treated for wounds of the face and head. One young lad, whose side face showed no scars, I believed to be a friend of one of the wounded until his head turned and showed one great scar where the other half of his handsome young face had been.

"Do you see that little lily five seats over in the row behind us?" a young woman with a Red Cross on her arm asked me. "That is Mme. Joffre, the wife of the General-in-Chief."

I turned to see a simple little lady talking earnestly to a young captain. She might have been the wife of any middle-class Frenchman. I was told of

the tireless work of this little unassuming woman, and of the love of her countrywomen for her, and it was easy to understand.

Perhaps five minutes before the curtain rose all eyes turned to the stage box at the left. Sarah Bernhardt, "the divine Sarah," took her seat at the front of the box, as the whole house clapped. Through her recent amputation a new charm for her fellow-countrymen has been added to the many charms of this unique actress. She, the smiling, the gay, has also felt the pain that the brave soldiers of France have known; and today, perhaps more than ever, the French appreciate what their favorite has done for them.

Between the acts possibly three hundred people passed by her legs, to salute, to kiss her hand, to present children for the ever gracious Sarah to embrace. Here again the unity or democracy of the people show forth. The wife of the General-in-Chief of the French armies, officers of high rank, and common soldiers—among them two magnificent-looking wounded blacks—filed by the stage box. Each was met by the same cordial smile, none seemed ashamed or unwilling to be in the same file with any other.

The curtain rose on the first act. Saint Genevieve explains to the Parisians that the Huns are menacing the city and finally convinces them of the reality of the danger. In the second act Genevieve, disregarding the advice of the chief of the Roman legions to evacuate the city, tells her townspeople to stay—not to desert their homes. Refugees fleeing from other villages pause and wonder as Genevieve announces her intention of going to Attila's tent—unescorted—to tell him that he must not enter the city.

The third act discloses the camp of Attila, to whom rumor has brought the name of Genevieve as that of a sorceress and charmer. Attila refuses to believe in any power but that of his sword and of his army. He is in the act of proclaiming his theory of hate and brute force, when Genevieve, dressed in pure white, enters his tent alone.

THERE follows a magnificent battle of will power. Attila, who has relied always on the strength of his sword and in the fear it has created among his enemies, has no weapons wherewith to fight this maiden, who has come to give battle, alone and unarmed. He, whose religion was a worship of physical power, is face to face with one who does not fear death or torture—one who has come on her own initiative to fight him with weapons whose very existence he had never admitted.

Genevieve tells him simply, and without raising her voice, that he has come this far across Europe, but that he must not go any farther, that he cannot enter the city, that he must go back the way he has come. The simplicity of the statement, "You cannot enter the city," proves to the great war chief, if not the truth of the prophecy, at least the existence of a great force which he has never met before. We call it will power, moral courage, determination, or devotion to a spiritual ideal today. Attila does not know the name of this force, but its presence is at once so apparent and so inexplicable that he is utterly confounded. In the fourth act we learn that, while Attila is starting to retire from the vicinity of the charmed city, the legions fall upon his army and drive it across the plain of the Marne in full rout.

In the form of this old legend is pre-

sented the conflict of a year ago—the battle of the Marne—which in reality was not so much a victory of arms as one of indomitable will power. There are five different explanations of the success of the French at the Marne a year ago. All of them are purely military explanations, lacking the psychological or human factor. None is satisfactory or adequate.

When the curtain fell after the last encore at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, the expression on the faces of the audience was one never to be forgotten. These were people who believed in miracles, simply, as little children—not for the reason that their faith was great before the war, but because, as a people united and determined to defend their ideals, they had seen the miracle before their very eyes.

Looking at the two rows of men who had lost chin or nose, or ear, or eyes, the physical wounds seemed less ghastly, less marring. To see these men, who had faced a hell of screaming shrapnel undaunted, crying in appreciation of this beautiful rendition of their national legend, made their pitiful condition seem not pitiful, but rather glorious. These wrecks of men had given of their bodies, that the ideals of their people, of their fathers, of their children, might live. Their physical suffering had been borne smilingly, not because they disdained or failed to feel the pain, but because they had beheld the vision and had realized the nobility of physical sacrifice—made cheerfully for ideals of the spirit.

Somehow it was easy to understand the point of view of the Socialist who said, "In this war, in which we are fortunate in being French, all that one gives for such a country is given for the cause of humanity also."

The Man's Page

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK

WHEN is advancing civilization going to give the world a "Man's Page" in the newspapers? Not the "sporting page" kind, be it understood, but the sort that prints helpful hints about putting off shelves and putting-in window-glass, and how to charm and attract his wife so that her affections shall never vary; in short, learning all the things that will make him a better, wiser, truer helpmate. For years women have been deluged with this sort of thing—not that it is wasted, for most of them get up from reading such a page ready to conquer the world: to clean house, put up a new kind of jelly, or turn the unused passage on the third story into a yellow chintz guest-room. Such counsel gives zest to the every-dayness of existence, a thing quite as much needed by men as by women. And men never get it, or, if they do, it is so rare that it doesn't count. Yet for years the advice to women has been not only concrete but abstract; they have been exhorted in every way "to flatter, esjole and entreat" the desired or captured male lest he suddenly escape.

Margaret Derensy, who, writing in the early nineteenth century, called marriage "the long and dreary road that lies through the wilderness of life," urged women to "check at once the first advances to contradiction, even of the most trivial nature." Well, no sensible human being ever wants to argue—much. Nowadays the stress is laid on "comradeship" as the cementing bond. That's better; that's more really progressing toward equality than the requirement of perpetually holding back one's own opinion. But it's still a little unfair. It is the woman who must adapt herself. If a man is quiet and studious by nature, stay at home with him, and find happiness in a novel and "four feet on the fender." If he likes sport: hunt, fish, ride, motor with him. If he is the sort that enjoys dining-out and cabarets and "tango teas"—investigation shows this last type to be unbelievably scarce—why, it's a wife's duty to cleave to her husband. At the expense of convenience, personal taste or leisure she must always be "companionable."

To be quite fair, a certain feminis-

tically inclined magazine is at last taking up the education of neglected man. "Father" has been given some helpful talks, and a recent issue published a number of letters in a prize contest entitled, "What Quality Do Women Most Like in a Man?" Some chose one thing, some another: the man who kept his change loose in his pockets, the man who was invariably courteous to all women, including his wife, and so on. The actual choice matters very little. That women should have a preference which they are expected to gratify, is the important thing.

Men wouldn't mind such a page—once they got used to it. A fair number of them, married and single alike, used to buy *The Ladies' Home Journal* just to read Ruth Ashmore's "Side Talks with Girls." Some splendid souls are superior to such assistance in the business of living. Most, however, are not; and if it is an excellent thing to please a man it is, also, an equally excellent thing to please a woman. A man's page would have its value—and its readers.

Hits on the Stage

"Treasure Island"

Undoubtedly *Treasure Island* is suitably housed in the Punch and Judy Theatre. It is probably this element, as much as any other, which has made the play more successful in New York than in its preliminary bouts elsewhere. It is the right size, possesses the right amount of conscious art, and has the right atmosphere. A Punch and Judy show is both tragedy and comedy to the grown-up. So with *Treasure Island*. On our right is a boy who is thrilled to the marrow with all the bloodcurdling paraphernalia of piracy and with all its glamor; on our left is a middle-aged man chucking in solid comfort and pure glee at the same things in which the boy is also absorbed. And such wholesome blood-and-thunder as it is! None of your dreary drawing-room outfalls of modern passion, but the mouth-filling, lascivious, innocuous and altogether terrifying ones of that lover of youth, Stevenson. And clean of sex! He will have no pigtails girls when pigtailed pirates are at hand.

In a production like this, amateurishness in the handling of such scenes as the fight at the stockade, maybe be overlooked even as we overlook the very impotent final curtain, because the charm lies in its naive presentation. For instance, the audience is quite as concerned over the plight of Mrs. Hopkins, in the part of Hawkins, as she hangs onto the rigging of the ship while it tosses about the stage, dinging her at intervals over the sharp peaks of very dangerous looking waves—as it is over the fact that Hawkins is trying to shoot a very murderous pirate.

Personally we have always felt a keen pity for old Ben Gunn and rather hate to see him used as a comic,—all of which, of course, is a quibble.

Mention must be made of the excellent spirit with which Edward Emery acted John Silver, and Frank Sylvester the part of Pew. It is to be hoped that N. C. Wyeth may see the setting for the Admiral Benbow Inn, and that Maxfield Parrish may see the scene in which the pirates enter the *Hispaniola* as she is moored to the docks at Bristol. And it is to be hoped also that a large number of people may in the future get such a refreshing vision of Stevenson as is offered in *Treasure Island*.

"Lord Dundreary"

The best commentary on this play is in the program, which exposes in very large type, "Mr. E. H. Sothorn"—in fairly large type, "as Lord Dundreary"—and in tiny type, "in Our American Cousin." We go because it's Sothorn, and then because he is reviving the play which his father, E. A. Sothorn, had caused to be built for himself. In this revival Dundreary's whiskers may be a bit longer, and that particular mining step may give a trifle more evidence of weight, than in that of 1908, but it is essentially the same. The audience frankly laughs most of the time when



Sothorn is on, reproaches itself for laughing at such utter twaddle, and proceeds to laugh some more. And the consummate nerve of a final curtain upon the answer to the conundrum, "Why does a dog wag its tail?" is rivaled only by some of the gorgeous mid-Victorian lines about certain deeds and papers, and mortgages and releases. That is the charm of revivals—we laugh at what is fundamentally funny, and also laugh at what now appears atavistic. We enjoy what is good, and enjoy patronizing what is worn out. There again New York, more than any other city of our country, has the past of her favorites in her mind and heart, memories which were founded on the good old Daly tradition. And so, all hail, Sothorn, and a very pleasant evening!

"The Ware Case"

THERE is something fascinating in a sinner if he be born to the purple. The mere prefix of Sir to the name of Hubert Ware assures him of a certain sympathy; he is not so much an ass for squandering his estate as he is a virtuous man gone wrong through a perverted generosity or a natural recklessness. It is easy to sympathize with weakness; strength we can seldom forgive. So it is that *The Ware Case*, with such a leading rôle as that of Sir Hubert, is sure to make an appeal. Give us a man with the "touch of nature" well developed, who, despite the protestations of a charming wife, can squander his fortune on his own amusements, and the lure seems inevitable. He will be admired as long as he is not vulgar, for that "vulgarity is the only sin" has been instinct in the human heart for tens of centuries, despite the fact that, like "natural selection," it was not discovered until the nineteenth century. But to sympathize with a man is not the same as to live with him. Lady Ware, being a woman, most have affection. Her thwarted love finds its home in the heart of Michael Adye, a lawyer, and he reciprocates. She is in desperation, and intermittently on the point of giving up her marital tribulations and running off with her lover. Her conscience, however, keeps her fundamentally to her vows. Besides a

husband and a lover, she has a brother—a very wealthy one, of course, whose earthly goods upon his death will fall to her. This brother is found dead in a pond on the Ware estate. There are signs of murder, and Sir Hubert is suspected and called to trial. In his hour of misfortune Lady Ware must remain true to her husband, and she shall have Michael Adye as a lawyer. Murder is not necessarily a concomitant of profligacy, but the only testimony he has is that of a rather disreputable racing person—a bookmaker. The curtain falls with the jury retiring for consideration. In this act there is given the opportunity for the trial scene. It is hardly necessary to remark that it has been a slightly overworked dramatic instrument in recent years, but this one is noteworthy for its emphasis on the trial. So many have been mere scenes.

The last curtain rises on Sir Hubert, returned home. He is broken and despaired. To see him one might think him found guilty rather than acquitted, as is the case. His wife pleads forgiveness for her conduct, and is eager that they turn a new leaf together. But the contagion of Lady Ware's remorse sweeps her husband to his feet, and he astonish her with the confession of his guilt of her brother's murder. Michael Adye enters, angry that Sir Hubert had allowed him to plead his case on a false belief in his innocence. Sir Hubert takes poison, sent to him shortly before by the bookmaker upon whose false testimony he has been acquitted. The bookmaker perjures himself, knowing the truth, but has sent poison, in order, as he puts it, that Sir Hubert might "die like a gentleman." As he takes the poison, Sir Hubert repeats the bookmaker's words.

Although it is difficult to see wherein poison allows one to die like a gentleman, it at least allows one to die like an actor. Lou Tellegen has taken full advantage of this final act, and shows great power and freedom as a romantic actor in his rôle of Sir Hubert. He is essentially an actor who demands tense situations. In the quieter early acts he was not prepossessing, but in the last two, in which the high tension is very nearly continuous, he has ample opportunity to do himself justice, and does so. It is only after the curtain goes down that we forget for a moment Sir Hubert's tragedy, and realize that in his death two other lives are fulfilled. Lou Tellegen is one of the fortunate few who gives the impression of being the thoughtful, artistically and socially Tellegen as Sir Hubert, Gladys Hanson as Lady Ware, and Montague Love as Michael Adye, have succeeded in giving their scenes a dignity which is due to something more elusive than the mere drawing-room restraint which is so popular an asset on the stage today.

It looks as if Gerald Du Maurier, who has been playing the rôle of Sir Hubert at the Wyndham Theatre in London, has a very efficient "American Cousin" in the play now on at the Maxine Elliott Theatre.



WHEN THE KAISER SHAKES



S HANDS WITH THE KING

The Poet-Prince of Russia

By LEO PASVOLSKY

THE only Grand Duke in Russia who dared to wear civilian clothes in public; president of the Russian Academy of Arts and Sciences; inspector-general of the military schools of Russia; honorary president and guiding spirit of numerous learned bodies; founder and endower of countless schools, museums and libraries; a sincere and truly intelligent patron of literature, science and art; a pianist of considerable ability and an enthusiastic lover of music; owner of the city of Pavlovsk, which for a time boasted of being the only "dry" city in Russia,—all this and more was Constantine Constantinovich Romanov, Grand Duke of Russia and uncle of the present Tsar.

But this unusual Grand Duke had still another accomplishment, which really put him in a class by himself among the high aristocracy of Russia. He was a poet. And his was a poetical talent, rare in many respects, especially in these days. A devotee of nature, whose beauties aroused him almost to a religious ecstasy, he was a disciple of the doctrine of pure love. His mind, generously endowed by nature and broadened and strengthened by a thorough education, sought for expression the purest poetic forms, free from what he regarded as the mannerisms of the modern innovators. "Simplicity, purity and beauty"—these three cardinal qualities seem to have formed the keynote of his poetical activity.

Poetry was above all other things to him, who had never wanted for anything. Never separated in his mind from music, poetry stood out as the guiding principle of his life. The poetic Muse loved him with the generosity and ardor of a devoted friend. Under her benign influence, his life, which might have been empty and drone-like, was transformed into a triumphant march toward a bright goal,—a goal full of fascination and intellectual charm.

To those accustomed to group judgments, the mere fact that the Grand Duke was a Romanov precludes the possibility of his being sincere in the walk of life which he followed. To them it seems an incontrovertible fact that environment inexorably molds a man's character, and that a Romanov should be judged merely by his name. Even

highly educated and intelligent men often fall into this habit of group judgment, which seems to simplify for them the task of forming opinions. But oftentimes it proves entirely inadequate, for it fails to take into account the fact that men are individuals as well as group units.



Let us study the poetry of K. R., in the hope of ascertaining the individual worth of the poet-prince. All of the poems of Constantine Constantinovich were signed with his initials (*Konstantine*, in Russian spelled with a "K," *Romanov*), and at first aroused much speculation as to their authorship.

Throughout the whole range of Constantine's poetry, there is only one place in which he speaks of himself as a prince. But he does this rather to renounce any claim to greatness on this account alone, and, at the same time, to state his aim in life. This aim he followed, as faithfully as circumstances permitted.

At the age of twenty-five K. R. wrote these lines:*

A favorite of fortune . . . From cradle even

Rank, honor, wealth and this, my high estate,

Have drawn me to the highest man is given;

My very birth called on me to be great.

But what is all the wealth of gold and power?

Will not that same impassionate, grim bower

Of earth hide from us all this worthless glimmer?

Will not this pomp, so like the passing flower,

Depart and disappear like sunlit water's shimmer?

There is a gift, a Heaven-sent gift divine,

A gift I prize far higher than the rest,

No other treasure, glorious and fine,

Will ever be so dear to me, so best;—

It is my song

Let not the fact that blood of Tsars is in me,

That my high rank is other ranks above,

That I am sprung of princes, win me

The Russian people's confidence and love.

Nay, let it come when they will understand

That lofty Russian song I'll ne'er discard,

That I will, for the fame of my dear land,

Follow the sacred calling of a bard.

The poet often returns to this idea of the "song." Everywhere is it the "dear Russian song" that arouses his admiration, the heart-gripping song of Russia, elegiac in its sadness, overflowing with happiness in its boisterous joy. To song we must turn to teach us how

all grief to bear,

And joyfully, despite all sorrow,

To love our earthly life so fair.

And when sorrow overwhelms us, when misfortunes come on us like a lowering cloud, it is song that transports us to those ethereal regions, where there is

No enmity, troubles and cares of the Earth,

No evil, no strife, and no grief.

* The poetical translations throughout were made by the author of the article.

He seems to have found his ideal in Pushkin, whose traditions he faithfully followed, and in whose memory, on the occasion of the centenary of the great poet's birth, he wrote a beautiful eulogium. It is in this eulogium that he describes the great power of poetry:

From the cares of earth unending,
From its sorrows vain and slight,
Power eternal and unending,
Of thy songs in tempests blending,
Lifted us to Heaven's height.

Constantine's whole view of the world was deeply tinged with a profound religious feeling that at times reached the heights of ecstasy—the feeling that must have overwhelmed the early Christians. Love is the keynote of this view of the world; kindness and goodness its very element. The poet is in harmony with the whole universe, in perfect accord with his own conception of divinity. His natural longing is to love beauty wherever he finds it, to preserve this love of the beautiful even beyond the bounds of life. He cannot conceive of death as the end of all existence and offers a characteristic "human" argument for immortality:

And there, again reopened,
Will eyes be blank and blind?
And ears forever deaf?
And will our spirit, once again set free,
Lose all remembrance of the recent past,
There in the darkness of the grave?
Is't possible that Raphael, when awak-
ened,

Will his Madonnas have forgotten quite?
That Shakespeare thinks of Hamlet
there no more?

And Mozart loves no more his Requiem?

HE CANNOT believe that the productions of genius, expressed with such commanding clearness and beauty, can possibly last but the temporal existence. On the contrary, his faith is unshaken that even after death

We'll live again through all things
beautiful,

Leaving the earth that erstwhile we
had trod.

They cannot be forgotten! Passionless
and pure

Our love for them will merge us with
our God.

The poet adores beauty, but perhaps even more sincere is his devotion to Love, the pure, gentle love of the true, poetic idealism. Love and purity merge together in his thoughts, merge into a poetic sermon of true Christianity. He teaches us that love, even when unrequited, is the cardinal virtue of life:

Let thy love be endless, holy,
Love with all thy heart and soul,
Even when no warm responses
From all others' heart-strings roll.

His friends reproach him for his boundless love, scold him because he pities even those who cause him sorrow by their own heartlessness, because he is full of compassion towards those whom weakness leads to sin. But he is not influenced by these expressions of "sound reason"; his only concern is to

be able to preserve to the end his purity of thought and feeling.

Oh, if I might preserve my conscience
As pure and clear as morning skies,
Oh, if my deeds and thoughts and
speech
Rest ever free from sin and lies!

And he realizes that in order to reach such a goal one must have great moral strength. His soft and gentle nature at times craves for Titanic powers. He sees before him a torrent, forcing its waters amidst craggy rocks, and his craving for strength breaks forth:

Oh, if this strength I could borrow,
If firmness and power I could find,
That bravely the end I could follow
The life-path, so dark to the mind.
My conscience with innocence beaming,
My face, pure and open and bright,
My beautiful aim to encompass,
To conquer all evil with light!

THE poet ardently desires the good to rule the world. Yet his character is not of the aggressive kind, eager to take an active part in bringing about the desired blessing. He can only love and radiate around him the warm rays of his tenderness. It is this bright love that "the giant Tolstoy and the talented young Nadson poured into the world." The poet's love is really universal. He loves everything and everybody. He turns to his God with the following ardent appeal:

Teach me, my Lord, how to love Thee,
With every dear thought Thee to
greet,

That my soul to Thy love I surrender
All my life and my heart's every beat.

And he loves his native land, too, loves it with all ardor and devotion. He is in Italy, amidst the beauty so dear to his heart, the wondrous Sicilian skies, the divinely beautiful Venice, and the mighty Vesuvius. And yet he yearns for his native north:

But I to the North far and gloomy,
So gloomy, yet eagerly sought
And ardently loved from my childhood,
Am drawn by my soul and my
thought.

There, there, where no myrtle is bloom-
ing,

Where the tall, stately fir stand alone,
Where washing the gray, craggy granite,
The Baltic roars angry and lone.

He loves the raw recruit, who comes to the company under his command, passes through the routine life of the army, and disappears once more into the ocean of life. He addresses to him one of the most touching of his sonnets, undoubtedly the best of the series devoted to his military life.

But still the picture of our poet is not complete. We have found in him esthetic sensitiveness, feeling for beauty, universal, all-embracing love. There is one thing more—simplicity. And his simplicity is that of nature, of fragrant flowers, babbling brooks, chirping birds, whispering forests.

He wants to give his friend a birth-day present, and he, who is rolling in

wealth, looks for an appropriate token of his friendship, not among the conventional treasures of man, but amongst the inexhaustive wealth of nature:

For your birthday I'll bring you these
flowers,
These clear, fragrant flowers of the
spring.

I shall pluck for you flower after flower,
From the fields I shall snatch them
away,

And then run to your radiant bower
To remind you that this is your day.

His numerous and magnificent palaces, which he had to occupy by virtue of his position, never find mention in his poems. On the contrary, a scene of rustic simplicity enchants him. He loves the sight of an overgrown little orchard, with a little house in it. And he exclaims:

Ah! how familiar and dear this is to me
Ah! how it is near to my heart!

His simple, beautiful lyrics are so near to music, so melodious, that their popularity as songs, set to music by some of the best composers of Russia, is well-earned and lasting. Here is an example:

The cherry blossoms scent the air, the
nightingale is gay,

As from his beautiful, leafy bowers he
poors his gladsome lay.

Oh, teach me, grayish songster dear, the
secret of thy art,

That I may understand thy song and
feel it with my heart!

Oh, let my song ring strong and clear
upon the morning air,

Oh, let it strike the souls of men and
gladden all things there,

And make the world appear to men more
beautiful, more frail,

As spring's first cherry blossoms dear,
as spring's first nightingale!

And again:

I dreamt that the red dawn was break-
ing,

That birds were again on the wing,
That flocks of dear songsters, awaking,
To grim, gloomy nature were taking
The news of the coming of spring.

Forgotten are cold winter snows;
The streams break their bounds of
clear ice;

The birch tree is quickened; the rose
With fragrance and radiance glows;

A warm breeze is sweeping the skies.

It was but a dream, short and fleeting,
A phantom, that dreads only hold.
Ah! no! still the sun sends no greeting
Of warmth, to the world that is meeting
But blasts, snow and ice, bleak and
cold.

Far greater than ever my yearning,
My soul-strings with eagerness ring
With longing; the memories returning
To thy sweet ecstasies are turning,
O Spring, O my dear, golden Spring!

The poet of "Simplicity, Purity and Beauty" is dead. Born August 10, 1858, he lived until June 2, 1915, and died

while mourning the death of his beloved son and son-in-law, both victims of the war. He died amidst scenes which he himself seems to have foreseen in the poem just quoted. The sun of victory, of triumph, was far away. All around him were the blasts and the ice of defeat. And no matter how painful to him were these scenes because he was a Russian, they must have been infinitely more painful to him because he was K. R., the poet of beauty and love.

It is difficult to say when he began his poetic career, but his first poem appeared in the *Vestnik Evrope* in 1882. It was not until 1880, however, that the first volume of his poems was published, followed later by another volume.

The great poets of his time, Polonsky, Maikov, Fet, greeted his work sympathetically, almost enthusiastically. The old masters of lyric poetry recognized in the young Duker a worthy follower of the Pushkin traditions, of which they, themselves, were devotees. This recognition is beautifully expressed in Maikov's tribute to the poet of two initials, K. R.:

Ah, these beautiful two letters,
Each a guiding, burning star,

On the pathless, gloomy desert,
Call and beckon from afar.

And K. R. appreciated the honor. He dedicated some of his finest poems to the memory of these masters, who had guided him in the walks which they themselves had followed in triumph. The masters predicted a bright future for him, and his services to the literature of his country fully carried out their predictions. He aided the development of Russian literature by improving and enlarging the literary department of the academy. He helped and encouraged many of the rising literary stars, and through his aid they shone more brightly.

His works, besides the lyric poetry, included several long poems of which one, "Sebastian the Martyr," is really a hymn of praise to Christonity. He made several translations from Goethe, Schiller and Shakespeare. *Ipshenko of Tovar*, *The Bride of Massino*, and *Hoslet* are some of the foreign works he turned into Russian. His translations are fine in their poetic quality, as well as their faithful and conscientious adherence to the originals.

His last work was a drama in five acts, which he called *The King of Judeo* (now

translated into English). It is really a poetic reproduction of the tragedy of the Gethsemane and adheres faithfully to the Scripture story. The drama was presented in Russia and the author himself took part in the performance. It has been translated into all European languages.

From a purely critical point of view, one would not call K. R. a poetical star of the first magnitude. He lacked originality. He was a close follower of traditions set by others. He opened for us no new paths to the understanding of human nature, he blazed no new tracks into the mysteries of the universe. But in his own field of the ever old, yet ever new, view of the world, he was winning indeed. We do not have to agree with the poet's philosophy to appreciate the beauty and sincerity of his work.

He himself gave us a key to all critical judgment. In discussing the works of a writer submitted to the academy for a prize, he said: "It seems to us that we can discuss only what a writer gives us, and not blame him for the lack of that which we do not find in his works. Would it not be strange to blame a lily of the valley because it has not the odor of a rose?"

Gaiety of the French Soldier

By JEANNE SAURIN WATKINS

"Eyewitness" marvels at the lightheartedness of the French troops, who absolutely refuse to take the Germans seriously. They joke, they sing, they publish comic papers and produce farcical plays. Here is an extract from a letter.

THERE is nothing that can suppress the gaiety of the French soldier. He laughs everywhere and at everything. From the first day of the mobilization until now, after over a year of the war, his gaiety and good temper have lightened his days, and will do so to the end.

Coming out of the trenches after several days of hard fighting, covered with dirt and mud and very much bewhiskered (whence his peculiar name of "Pailu"), they displayed the same marvelous buoyancy. Descendants of the progeny of Napoleon, they possess the same proud recklessness of danger and death, the same hearty laughter that revives their courage, quenches their thirst, opposes their hunger and strengthens their hope.

What a dirty lot they were as they marched back to the rear for their few days of rest! They seemed worn out and not able even to speak, but as they passed through the square of the little



"He laughs everywhere and at everything."

village of P—, one of them, a Parisian of the *foubours*, cried out gaily, "Mud baths are very fashionable this season; we are just returning from our cure."

And when the soldiers reach their protected camps of repose they immediately forget all the dangers and discomforts of the trenches in their search for fun. They amuse themselves with their papers, which in this camp is *Le Canard*

Pailu (The Hoiry Duck), full of jokes and clever cartoons at the expense of the boches. They have a theatre, too, also called *Le Canard Pailu*, where they have café concerts, Guignol performances and even elaborate theatrical productions, for the whole theatrical world is represented in the ranks—celebrated singers of the Opéra, lighter concert stars, great actors and vaudeville favorites.

Perhaps there are some who would criticize the men, saying it is wrong to be so gay in the midst of all the horror of war.

But it seems to me a species of heroism, his being able to get so much pleasure out of life when so near to death, and France is happy in seeing her soldiers mirthful. And then, too, it is a French tradition—all the great captains, those who carried France to victory, were mirthful. It was their mirth that strengthened their men, filled them with courage and led them to victory. Nothing can suppress the gaiety of the French soldier.

Gangway for the Army

By HERBERT REED

SAILORMEN may object to the filing by landlubbers of terms sacred to the high seas, but nothing but "gangway" will express just what this year's West Point football team demanded and got in the fog and the rain that shut in the Polo Grounds not so long ago. Army football is insistent and resourceful. The soldiers believe in making opportunities, in blazing a way for the men and methods that are carefully husbanded until such time as the earned right of position makes them unbeatable. West Point has beaten Annapolis three years in succession, every time by forcing the game—by creating opportunities, by compelling situations favorable to the cadet eleven. There is no coaching system in the country, not excepting Percy Haughton's, better fitted to solve a season's problem, and to begin work on that solution at the close of the previous season.

A careful consideration of the last three years of Army-Navy football will prove conclusively that the soldiers have studied themselves and their foes to great advantage. One year we find the cadets deciding that any man who kicks too close to the line and "off his shoelaces," deserves to have his kicks blocked. The result is that they are blocked, and that blocking paves the way to victory. Another season we find the soldiers of the opinion, that since the sailormen are equipped with a powerful line, there is no sense in tapping it. Therefore, extremely open play, making full use of the forward pass, is relied upon to gain the decision. Finally, West Point decides that the kicking game of the foe man, so far as length is concerned, is so formidable that steps must be taken to wreck it. It is wrecked by the simple process of making certain of running back the kicks for long gains and so working into position from which to strike for victory. And victory for the Army was as inevitable this year as it was in 1914 and 1913.

For some years Harvard's great kicking game has been practically unbeatable. Many coaches have begged and pleaded with teams about to face the Crimson to abandon attempts to block kicks and plan to run them back instead, gaining a position from which a

good back might score in the running game. Cornell did it this year, and what Cornell did to Harvard was just about what the Army did to the Navy, save for the fact that the conditions at the Polo Grounds were slightly different and the planning of the soldiers was more plainly apparent. It must be remembered that the Army coaches are quite as heartily in favor of the kicking game as any others, and while preparing to ruin the kicking of the enemy, no effort was spared to perfect the cadets' own punting and field goal kicking.

the field, but the principal process of preparation was letting him absorb West Point football. Early this season he was played in every position for which he seemed at all suited. The coaches put in a lot of conscientious and patient work on this player, and he rewarded them splendidly when the time came. He was tried at end, then at quarter, and wound up as halfback. He was not cold-blooded enough for a field general, and too impetuous for an end. For a long time it looked as if he would make only a fair back.

In the meantime the West Point system was working out its kicking problem, and it was discovered that Oliphant was after all to be the solution of that problem. He could catch kicks, and he could run them back. Also, he was developing rapidly as a ball carrier. He could throw the forward pass. Here, then, was the long sought "threatener." The coaches set to work to "build him into" the game that was to be turned on against the Navy. Coffin's kicking was worked up to a high degree of excellence, it was well covered by the ends, and it seemed that the Army was well prepared in this respect. Therefore all attention was turned toward the kicking defense. To that end the formation consisting of four men in the backfield, two playing deep, was adopted. These two deep players were Oliphant and Gerhardt, the quarterback who ran his team so well in the big game. Von Heimburg, of the Navy, kicked high and far, but he kicked to spots easily reached by Gerhardt or Oliphant, or both, whereas Coffin, getting quite as much distance, kicked away from the catcher, and the downfield men, the ends, usually well



ELMER OLIPHANT, ARMY FOOTBALL STAR

This husky player from Indiana was so cleverly "built into" West Point's football scheme this season that he was the deciding factor in the big game at the Polo Grounds, scoring all the points for his eleven.

Let us now introduce Elmer Oliphant, of Indiana, a star player at Purdue a couple of years ago, and the outstanding hero of this year's Army-Navy game. Despite his reputation Oliphant could not make the Army team in his first year at West Point. He looked football, he thought football, and he dreamed football. He was a born football player; but he had begun his gridiron career too carelessly and had gone along with too much of a rush. He was a good football player, but not a polished one. For one season he was kept busy enough on

supported by McEwan, the great centre, did the rest. The Army ends and the two front backs spilled the downfield Navy men with such precision that Oliphant or Gerhardt could take plenty of care in making the catch.

To sum up: The Army had a system of kicking attack and defense sure to give the cadets the ball inside the opponents' twenty-five-yard line at one time or another, perhaps even several times; and a strong enough running attack to score from any reasonable distance. The Navy was not so equipped.

A Sport that Cheers but Does Not Kill

By HERBERT REED

AMERICAN temperament has produced baseball, the game that demands much in the way of co-ordination of mind and muscle. That same American temperament has also devised a sport intended to coordinate mind and muscle, and spread it over a season not always adapted to the national pastime. Hence the shooting of clay "jigrons," or targets, hurled into that horizon discerned over the blue steel of a shotgun's barrel. The American boy, and the American man, are not happy without a gun. In pioneer days that gun was a food producer. Today

demands so thoroughly choked a charge, that it is an everlasting lesson against careless shooting. A session at the traps cannot help but make a better sportsman and a more conscientious hunter out of the average man.

Plugging away at clay targets there is room for experiment, a chance to discipline the eye, the nerves and the muscles in such a way that live things will not suffer.

As in any other sport, there must be a beginner in trap-shooting. It is for the benefit of this beginner that this story is written. I want to assure him

tain pen. His weapon must fit him. If it does not, he will lose half the pleasure of his first month's work at the traps. The beginner is hardly likely to make an early beginning in shooting at double targets, and for that reason a single-barreled shotgun will probably suit his purpose. The latest models have a strip over the barrel that has a cooling effect. Yet it is impossible to tell a beginner just what kind of a gun to get. A single, a repeater, a double-barreled—all are good. The main requirement is that the stock fit him, and that it does not dip too much, since, unlike field



"Plugging away at clay targets there is room for experiment, a chance to discipline the eye, the nerves and the muscles in such a way that live things will not suffer."

it is a sport-maker. There are many who would not care to kill any living thing who yet need the discipline of handling a gun. To them the shooting of clay "birds" must appeal. It is a test of nerves and of skill. It is a test of self-restraint, since in the hard school of trap-shooting there is no such phrase as "didn't know it was loaded." The man who does not "break" his gun might better abandon the sport.

As the years go by the game laws make it more and more difficult for the average man to become a good shot, and it is well that it is so. The field season is so short that there is little opportunity to become proficient. Work at the traps and a short session at live game make for more accurate shooting and a decrease in the percentage of maimed birds. Fortunately for the amateur gunner, the "Blue Rock," constructed of river silt and tar, and fashioned like a saucer, presents a so small a surface when in full flight and

that he will be more than welcome in this, to him, new game, and that he will find at his beck and call plenty of advice from experienced men. The experienced trap-shooter is at once an expert and a democrat. He welcomes additions to the ranks and is ready to help at all times. It is not like taking up billiards, or perhaps even golf, both games of skill and judgment wherein the star has little use for the newcomer. The trap-shooter is not less of a crank than the billiard player or the golf expert, but I am free to maintain that he is much more tolerant of the beginner.

To the man who wants to take up the game there is little advice to offer save in the matter of equipment. The best thing for him to do, of course, is to borrow a gun for his first day's shooting, but if he cannot do that there is nothing for him but to select his own firearm, and this he must do with all the care he would use in picking a tennis racket, a pair of snowshoes, or a foun-

dering, the gun is held at the shoulder practically all the time. The field shooter, who, with a little practice, readily becomes a good shot at the traps, finds his greatest difficulty in becoming accustomed to getting the stock up from under his elbow. The clay bird flies faster than teal at times, even when the teal has a business engagement over in the next county, and this shooting of the clay must perform begin from the shoulder.

In the long run a man must pick out his own gun. He can be advised that it should be "choked" for trap-shooting, that the stock should not have too much drop, and that the trigger-pull should not be too heavy, but he will none the less have to fit himself. The beginner is less likely to be gun-shy than club-shy, and it is usually the latter rather than the former that too often keeps him from taking up one of the best of the all-year, and one of the most interesting of the winter, sports.

A Pair of 'Em

By KARL SCHMIDT

"HELP me! Help me!"
"Two-in-one! Two-in-one!"
"Help me!" cried Otto Sempf, as he held out a small tin cup for alms.
"Two-in-one!" exclaimed Dr. Herman Mack on the opposite corner of the street, as he lovingly patted a bottle of patent medicine.

Otto Sempf was troubled. The well-fed diners as they came out of the restaurant which shielded him from the wind, did not give. The gasoline torches on the wagon of the itinerant doctor were attracting all of the curious, not to mention the generous. Even the weather was against Otto. Every few minutes it was necessary to excavate his crutches from a snowdrift. Without his crutches Otto looked little like a cripple. Where was there any justice anyway? Certainly not on the opposite corner where the flamboyant doctor stood at the back of his wagon.

Really, Dr. Mack was the original of the familiar caricature of an American statesman of a period long ago. He was long haired; his trousers bagged; his frock coat was frayed, and even on a winter night he now and then took off his black felt hat to wipe his rather wide brow.

"Two-in-one," he droned; "a tonic and a liniment. Good people, as you stand here tonight I am nothing more to you than a new person in your city—a mere curiosity. When I have left, you will know that I am a benefactor to mankind. Once I was an osteopath. To make crooked limbs straight was my life work. While I still do a little of that earlier noble work it is my present mission to sell you this man-made but God-revealed medicine. Step up and get 'Two-in-one'—the great cure-all."

"Is it good for rheumatism?" asked a voice.

"Man, if a bottle of this won't cure you I'll give you three dollars for the empty bottle."

"That's fair enough, Doc. I'll have one." But they lingered—reluctant to buy.

"Help me! Help me!" wailed the luckless cripple across the way.

Then a man had a big idea. Who he was is not important. Perhaps he was the man who calls "fire" in a panic.

Perhaps he was a local card or even a man about town. It was the idea.

"Say, Doc," the possessor of the idea asked, "you're not a business man, are you?"

"Why insult me and a noble profession?"

"You do not mind making cures for nothing?"

"When my patients cannot pay I cannot refuse my skill."

"Why not cure the cripple on the opposite corner?"

"Certainly, certainly. I will begin a cure if the poor man wishes."

It was a big idea, and it took hold of the crowd more readily than most big ideas do. Protesting with vim, Otto the man who could not walk was dragged to the platform of the wagon.

"Been this way always?" asked the sympathetic doctor.

"Yes, and you can't cure me."

"Stand up."

"I won't."

"Is it the will of this assembly that I cure this man?" the doctor demanded to know.

The crowd had but one voice.

"Then will two of you men step up here and hold him!—Yes. That's right—one on each side of him. I've got to hurt, my man."

"This is an outrage. I'll have the police. You are wrenching my crippled limb," snarled Otto.

"I don't think that this should go on," said a timid woman tearfully, in the very front row of the crowd. Then to the man back of her: "If you don't stop pushing me there will be hell to pay."

"I think I have your leg in better shape now. Try and stand on it."

Otto fell to the floor.

"This is cruel," said the timid woman in the very front row.

"Will you two men be good enough to hold him up again while I get some magic fire from my cauldron?"

The doctor retired. Quietly he returned. From his hand a great bright light shone into Otto's eyes. The cripple jumped. Surprised too, the men holding him stepped aside, and there stood Otto.

"Walk!" commanded the doctor. Still unable to resist and blinded by the light Otto walked a few steps. Then he remembered. He fell with a groan to the floor.

"Good," beamed the doctor. "Two or three bottles of 'Two-in-one' and that man—a life-long cripple by his own testimony—will walk with the best of them. Really, my friends, I have a confession to make. Often it is necessary after the cure has been started to scare a patient into using a limb that has long been disused. The light that I employed was just an ordinary pocket 'flash.' The real work was the twist that I gave his leg. The cure will be permanent when he has had three bottles of 'Two-in-one.' Even if I do not sell you people a dollar's worth I shall not consider my time wasted, as I have demonstrated that I am not a fake."

Then the long line to buy was formed. From everywhere they came. No testimonial could have been so good as the sight of the former cripple, who had begged for alms from the opposite corner all those years. By midnight the doctor's supply of "Two-in-one" was gone. Then for the first time did Otto have a chance to meet the man who cured him.

"You're a nice fake."

"You were a hell of a cripple."

"I never was a swindler in your class. When they gave me money it taught them charity."

"When I sell them 'Two-in-one' I sell them hope."

"What right have you got to come here and take my living from me? For nearly twelve years that's been my corner. I've friends here. The police know me and the little children respect me. What am I going to do now?"

"Now that you are well and strong you might turn to something honest."

"I won't work, I promise you. I was an honest cripple, and if I turn into a real crook it will be all on your head, you fat fake."

"Yours is indeed a sad case, but in my profession a man becomes hardened to the sight of suffering."

Then Dr. Mack went to his hotel. Otto cursed—two oaths in one.

The Mail-Team

By CHART PITT

LET the rawhide crack o'er the yelping pack,
As the white miles melt away.
With waiting hands the roadhouse stands
By the trail at close of day.
There's a crimson stain on the ermine plain,
As we follow the icy trail—
No time to eat or doctor feet,
When we carry the winter-mail.

Lucerne and Its Deserted Lion

By CONSTANCE DREXEL



Lucerne—the Promenade and Pilatus.

WE WENT to Lucerne dubiously, but we found the city very cheerful about it all, and busy making up in music what she was losing in strangers' gold. The *Städtischer Orchester* was giving open-air concerts morning and evening to the quay promenaders. In a garden restaurant a stone's throw away Viennese ladies of ample proportions and strenuous temperaments played to a limited but enthusiastic audience; and in the *Kapell Platz*, nearby, the military band from the latest disbanded regiment played American marches of a decade ago. And here, indeed, we found the military spirit in its brightest form: triumphant marches and singing soldiers; no battles and no bloodshed,—and the Swiss themselves immensely pleased with the illustrious and shining rôle which they deemed they were playing in a very shady business.

The impression breathed contentment and security, a grateful relief after the tense excitement of Italy's frantic cries. Yet it was more a Swiss Lucerne that greeted us than formerly, and not the Lucerne of yore: the crowded centre of summer cosmopolitan life, the Meera of American tourists and of confirmed English travelers. There were glaring changes to be seen along the famous quay. The National Hotel, oldest and most exclusive, was but half-opened. It's first big hall presented an impressive array of firmly compressed shutters. The Palace, never and more opulent, was entirely boxed up. Only the lower

rooms of the *Kursaal* were available. Of its sixty musicians from the *La Scala* Opera House of Milan, there remained but the ignominious number of fourteen.

Changes were not limited here. They were fully as apparent on the *Dreilinden Hill* above. As for the poor little *funiculaires*, they almost groaned with their meager charge of one or two depressed-looking passengers, instead of trundling contentedly, as of yore, a heaping load of superlative and exclamatory tourists.

A Roumanian gentleman, who recently arrived in Lucerne, announced that he wished to stop at the *Sonnarberg Hotel*, lying in sunshine and splendor on a high hill above the city. He was told, "Useless! Hotel is empty. Closed." But his energy knew no dampening. An automobile soon deposited him and his trunk before the gasping caretaker. Refusals and assertions were vain. There he was, with his trunk—both large of their kind—and the auto departed. A large fee, a dazzling offer and the objections tumbled down. The gentleman was triumphantly installed as the solitary guest of the hotel.

But it was in the shops, in the realm of souvenir fiends, that the influence of the war was most keenly shown. There the pulse of the world beat ever so faintly, seemed ever so far away. The carved, wooden bears grinned interminably but vainly; the edelweiss flowers on hatpins, stickpins, belt-pins, wasted their sweetness all too palpably

on the desert air, and made no attempt to blush. In the embroidery shops, cake-shops, postal card booths, there was the same desertion, or at most one or two timid buyers. And so it was, to the very precincts of the celebrated *Lion* of Lucerne. The silence here was so impressive and so saddening that I turned instinctively to the quay and its bit of life and movement. This life, though dull, still retained its cosmopolitan flavor. There were garbs and tongues of all types; remnants from all nations, something left over from every land. For only in Switzerland can your name, your fame, and reputation remain gratefully hidden.

And with disaster for the shops and the hotels had come disaster for the café. The tango teas drew only a few curious *Luzernois*, eager to see the eccentricities of the foreign world. The illusion of former times was only superficial. The rage of economy had become general. To be in proper keeping with the dominating atmosphere it was no longer good form to be lavish. Now, in order to keep up appearances, one must keep down accounts.

Yet Lucerne is undismayed. The prudent hotelkeepers of Italy whisper: "What a pity this war! The Germans won't come any more!" But Lucerne, secure in the memory of her golden past, waits in all confidence for her returning hosts, knowing that to her all doors will be opened, all roads free.

"The New Woman"

In a recent issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY we printed an article by Mr. James Henle, putting forward his idea of "the new woman," an idea which was the exact opposite of our own. Since the publication of Mr. Henle's article we have received a number of replies to his arguments. Several of these are printed here.

"Chained to Solid Realities"

By PAULINE K. ANGELL.

ON THE whole I am not possessed with any desire to retouch Mr. James Henle's diverting and sprightly abstraction, "The New Woman." Although, taking her as he finds her, "chained to solid realities," I cannot but wish that he had carried to her for scrutiny his collection of original generalizations. However, let them stand unquestioned, as they spring from Mr. Henle's inner consciousness.

I confess to a prejudice against speaking of intellectual traits as either male or female, yet I think I can put that aside in order to meet Mr. Henle on his own ground. Ability to form abstractions and all initiative in thinking he calls male; preoccupation with facts and inability to respond to ideas he calls female. Viewing these intellectual merits, male and female, as set over against each other by Mr. Henle, it appears to me that the female mind is highly essential as a corrective to the male mind. And this little service to society Mr. Henle must credit to his New Woman along with that other one referred to by him.

"The creation of new images or of new ideas," that boasted prerogative of the male mind, holds dangerously thrilling possibilities. Suppose, acting on Mr. Henle's suggestion, we dispose of woman as "an anachronism and, in one sense, superfluous" because "she is incapable of grasping an abstract idea," and let those willing to sacrifice themselves for an idea (women are not so willing, according to Mr. Henle) shape "the higher purposes of the commonwealth." We know, by bitter experience, what would happen—men killing each other by hundreds of thousands for the sake of abstractions threatened by ideas. (For what is "the fatherland" or *la patrie* but an abstraction? And what are "national supremacy" and "a place in the sun" but ideas?) The present war in its inception is "maleness" run riot.

We have all noticed that men in their political organizations show certain peculiarities—such as voting the Republican ticket out of sentiment, and voting it straight, too, right down to the village trustees, who really, it seems, have no connection with state or national issues. Then there is that tendency to regard politics as a game, a sort of glorified "button, button, who's got the button." Very real issues I have seen overlooked while the Democrat and Republican bosses decided which party should have the sheriff and which the coroner. Is it possible that this trifling with government is due to an innate quality of the male intellect which leaps past realities and is at home amidst abstractions?

Mr. Henle makes a strong case for woman with her concrete vision as a partner in power. Let men dash ahead as fast as they will, with all the initiative and originality which Mr. Henle reserves exclusively for their use. It is sufficient, for the present, that women should be in a position to lay a restraining hand upon them, lest they destroy themselves, together with the marvelous civilization they have wrought.

That these generalizations may not seem to disprove Mr. Henle's assertion that woman "can never form an original generalization," let me repeat that Mr. Henle supplied the premises. Otherwise I doubt if it would have occurred to me to attribute to their maleness certain eccentricities in men which hitherto had seemed the natural result of an experience of life more objective than that of most women.

"New but Rare"

By KATHARINE BAKER

MR. JAMES HENLE has seen the New Woman and registers his discontent. Hopefully he comments, "New but rare."

About one million men in the east thought they had seen her and recently declared in the polls that they found her good. As an old farmer said, "I'd be ashamed to marry a woman I didn't think had brains enough to vote."

However, "merely the desire to vote cannot be said to be a test of New Womanhood." There is a more rigid classification. Formerly, Mr. Henle says, the New Woman married a cotton broker, a clothing merchant, a printer or a plumber. Now she is a banker's daughter, a teacher, a stenographer or an actress.

Thus she may be easily recognized.

But the men Mr. Henle knows are afraid of this new woman. "They have the feeling that she isn't listening to their conversation."

There is some mystery here. We cannot believe that woman could fail to appreciate such conversation as Mr. Henle's. But probably his friends do not talk as he does. Surely he will not deny that even his triumphant sex must still concede his personal supremacy.

We learn that, to the New Woman love is ill. Consider her unhappy fate. She, especially created to love, inquires fear in Mr. Henle. We may almost infer, distaste. Thus spurned by him, what remains for her? In earlier days she was fostered on a cotton broker who retaliated her not listening to his conversation by dropping off to sleep after dinner. What resource had she then, save to dream of a Mr. Henle from whom her most secret thoughts could not be hidden?

But the worst is not yet told. Mr. Henle absolutely refuses to talk to her. "For a Woman and a Thinker to converse is for an Englishman and a German to attempt to understand each other's tongue." Who shall demand this of Mr. Henle's Kultur? What agonies he must have undergone! And this is perhaps only one of many heavy burdens the determination to be a Thinker has imposed upon him.

Not alone in conversation and as a cotton broker's bride has the New Woman failed. In the world of scholarship, "she cannot strike out and find a new path." Few college-bred women, for instance, would dare to write, "and await pencil in hand for the answer." A tendency to "hunt over beaten trails" in grammar particularly distinguishes them.

"To her the Ideal of Service must ever be foreign." Obviously Mr. Henle is justified in exempting Jean of Arc from his strictures, as she was not a banker's daughter, nor did she marry a plumber.

These futile beings have a disconcerting habit of handing down their traits indiscriminately to their children. Thus Napoleon Bonaparte claimed that he inherited his intellect from his mother. Is there in Mr. Henle's ancestral tree a cotton broker, a clothing merchant, a printer or a plumber, a member of one of these unfortunate professions formerly dedicated to marrying New Women? Can it be to one of these frail creatures, rich in fancy and bankrupt in reasoning powers, that Mr. Henle owes his mental characteristics? In our humble sexual way, to use Mr. Henle's striking phrase, we "await pencil in hand for the answer."

"The Old Man"

By H. M. PALMER

THE article in HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 20th which appeared under the heading, "The New Woman," should, I submit, have been called, "The Old Man." It cannot be said to give more than a sketch of the New Woman, who, by the way, has always existed, as even he acknowledges; still less does it present a truthful portrait of woman, without an adjective, which is what it claims to do long before the record is ended. But it gives up a masterly presentment of the old, the very old man, whose point of view it reflects.

One by one, as the argument unfolds, we see exposed all the unlovely traits peculiar to age destitute of the sympathy, the human kindness, the understanding that wealth of years should bring, until as the strokes grow sharper towards the end, spiteful, if "sprightly," one wonders if this is not the irony

f a veiled eritic of such belated be-
cific.

If, indeed, these arguments are sincere

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and explain the action of our great eastern states in refusing to grant equal suffrage, one must blush for the qualities underlying the vaunted chivalry of American men. But there is no need to accept this painful view. There are sane reasons sufficient to account for the decision rendered at this time without harking back to the insults of a century or more ago.

There are plenty of women who cannot be "roused by the possibility of being allowed once a year to go into a little booth and make a cross in a little circle"—dear grandpapa, how he loves us!—and yet feel their pulses vibrate when insults are flung at their sisters and themselves. The insults come fast and furious; the old man has his quiver full. He cannot even spare the dreams of his youth. There is a sketch of a girl, the kind of girl who was "interested in things." She is interesting herself. She glances at the newspapers each day and tries to understand politics—and "always she dreams" of the things to be done by herself and by others, and above all "of the big thing that Love will be. Love is to be something so sacred, she hardly dares name it to herself."

Does the old man feel a thrill of sympathy for the youthful idealists he sketches amusingly enough? Not a bit of it. He follows them gleefully to the sordid ends he imagines, and his cracked old voice chuckles as he records the clipping of those young wings. But all this is changed, he acknowledges, "girls in their twenties and thirties and forties can now remain loyal to the aspirations of their 'teens." Despite the fling, we glance ahead hopefully, and this is what meets our eye: "Woman"—the fiction of the New Woman is dropped, henceforth it is Woman; mother, sister, wife and citizen that he deals with—"Woman is incapable of grasping an abstract idea. She is therefore incapable of ideals." That is all. Just that! There may be college instructors, as the author asserts, who will bear this statement out. One would like a few names to set against these who have borne quite other testimony. And what of those ardent dreams of action, of duty, of Sacred Love which have just been recorded? Were those not ideals?

And again: "No woman has ever sacrificed herself for an idea." Needless to cite names to refute such a charge as this, nor to meet the further assertion—the most outrageous of all,—that "being incapable of ideals, to Woman the Ideal of Service must be forever lacking." Let the men who are in charge of our public instruction, of our churches, of all our efforts to lift and teach humanity, answer the charge that "for the higher purposes of the commonwealth Woman is economically, intellectually and ethically unfit."

"Woman is an anachronism and in one sense superfluous." So the indictment continues. I am surprised that we are not told that the poor, superfluous thing who "can form no concept of an abstract idea" should be eliminated, even as cats are, wherever and wherever she is not distinctly necessary—in her one way—to the welfare of the commonwealth.

The old man is fairly gnashing his remaining teeth by this time. And then suddenly he acknowledges his belief that women will get the vote, "because you can almost see the vote, and women can understand it." It is that business of "going into the little booth and making the cross in the little circle" that has aroused her valiant efforts. Shades of the women who took the first erudite hard steps toward greater freedom! What would you say to that charge?

So in the end our author thinks that Woman will get the vote because she wants it, and he would not oppose her. Give the child the toy; the sooner she has it, "the sooner she will tire of it," he cries.

Can't you see him and hear his querulous voice? No sorer thought of the possible effect on the state of so radical a change. No sane reasons. Just a fling of spite, born—shall I say—of pampered sex distinction? And then a prophecy of "triumph in defeat" for the poor creature, which if it mean union with such as he might well prove defeat without a hope.

Most of us have known this old man more or less in his domestic relations: a careless son, a husband tyrannical in all small ways and ever jealous of his mastery, a father often foolishly indulgent, after the manner of the indolent, to the little ones who amused his idle hours, but angrily resentful of the responsibilities that the years brought as the children grew. And yet, with all his bullying bluster, yielding to the stronger will that opposed with patience.

"Let her have the vote!"

"Sprightly"

By MARY M. ROGERS

IN YOUR issue of November 20th I was much interested in an article entitled "The New Woman," by James Henle. To me the view-point was, as you suggested, "sprightly," marvelously sprightly. Perhaps I had best quote the passages to which I refer. First Mr. Henle tells us that a young girl dreams of love. At present it is possible for her to "remain loyal to the hopes and aspirations of" her "teens instead of marrying as was before necessary. She wants to do things in the world, but is mentally not equipped; then follows the arrangement.

"Of course the world of scholarship is only one in which woman has failed. Her failure there is especially conspicuous because of what has been predicted and predestined of her success. But throughout the entire field of human endeavor the same result is found. Woman can follow well enough, she can even lead a hunt over beaten trails, but she cannot strike out and find a new path for herself. Except in her pursuit of her mate, which is too big a topic to be treated here, she shows astonishing lack of initiative and inventiveness. She has not the power to create new images. . .

"She can understand only something that she can touch or see, and from those things that she can touch and see, she cannot abstract their qualities. That is why a woman can never tell you why she likes a man or a piece of furniture. And since she is chained to solid reali-

small boy who said with a deep sigh, "I don't know why the dear Lord did this." It does seem odd that in all the past generations women should not have succeeded in inheriting some of the mighty mental and spiritual qualities of their fathers, for woman, yes, even woman, may have a man for one parent.

One bright hope remains. We have sufficient "arumen to recognize" our "failures," and it has been said that he who knows that he knows nothing is indeed a wise person. May this clear-sightedness abide with us.

But to be serious. There is a great deal of truth in Mr. Henle's statement that women are petty and little and unable to devote themselves to a high ideal—we only ask that be say some women, in which case we shall refrain from pointing out some men who might answer the same description, for all their several hundred years of broader life and interests than has been granted women until very recent times; and we shall not point out that some men have been accused of lack of idealism and of virtual slavery to a low desire for the concrete dollar.

I do not agree with the "Antis" in their contention that contact with the world, economically or politically, will

coarsen woman and kill all her finer instincts, unless she has lacked those instincts to begin with, nor do I agree with the sentimentalists that woman is to regenerate politics any more than she has the business world by her mere presence. Women are just as human as men, have very much the same failings, and are subject to much the same temptations when confronted with them. I do believe with my whole heart and soul, however, that women are already profiting physically, morally, spiritually and mentally by this new movement, which, willy-nilly, is sweeping them forward, and in the future they will benefit still more. As they benefit, the whole race through them is bound to profit. What Mr. Henle is not able to see is the ideal back of suffrage. He sees a flag as bits of colored silk sewed together; he does not see the ideals of the nation for which it stands in the hearts of the people and for which abstract principles, rightly or wrongly, they gladly offer their life. As long as human beings are human and not super-beings, they demand certain symbols as concrete manifestations of their ideals. When those symbols lose their meaning they are discarded. So suffrage is only the outward symbol of the new freedom and comradeship which is now possible for our womanhood. We do not believe that achieving full suffrage will grant the fulfillment of our ideals. When this symbol has served its turn and taught its lesson to women, as it is surely doing, a new one for an aim still unachieved will be ready to our hand. Did the granting of Magna Charta cure all the ills of mankind? Yet no one will deny it was a step in the right direction, which is important not for the concrete manifestation itself, but as a symbol of an ideal of mankind which through the ages is working toward solution.

Mr. Henle represents the exact antithesis of the medieval idea of woman which in its turn was a swing of the pendulum to another extreme. We do not wish to be defied on the one hand nor classed with those without ideas on the other. We wish above all things to do our share of the work of the world. We feel that certain things such as child-bearing and rearing some of us are especially fitted for through centuries of selection, but nature does not always breed true, and some of us are also fitted for other work in the world. We ask to be allowed to do that work. This period of adjustment to new standards and new ideals, as well as new positions, is a difficult and painful one for men as well as women. Some of us rush to one extreme and some to another, as is inevitable in any such radical earthquake in the social and economic system as has been taking place in the past eighty years. Many men and many women will miss their individual happiness and will not be able to find the position in the world for which they are fitted because of misunderstanding and lack of knowledge of the changes taking place in and around them. Rebellion against change, rebellion because of seeming ineradicable conservatism we can see on every side, but pain is the price we must always pay for renascence, whether in the individual or the race. When the new order cometh men and women will stand shoulder to shoulder in the work of the

world, with not only love but a deeper and truer comradeship than most have yet found possible.

A Just Complaint

Stout, red-faced Lady: "Do you mean to say you won't give me my money back for this book just because I have read it? You know you advertise that it is your aim to have only satisfied customers."

"Yes, madam, but what is the matter? Is the print imperfect, or anything like that?"

"No."

"Then why are you not satisfied with the novel?"

"Why, I don't like the way it ends."

Not Yet Acclimated

A prospector had been in Haines' Mission, Alaska, for three months, during which time there was an uninterrupted downpour. Meeting a man he had learned was an Alaskan pioneer, he asked: "Stranger, don't it ever stop raining here?"

To which the pioneer replied, "How in hllazes should I know? I've only been here eight years."

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Appreciation

By **CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT**

THE members of the Empire State Campaign Committee wish to take advantage of the temporary lull in suffrage activities to thank the editors of **HARPER'S WEEKLY** for the splendid support they give us throughout our recent campaign. The articles published were unusually forceful and convincing, and we feel sure that they not only helped to win over the huge vote that was cast for us, but also that they must have had great influence in molding public opinion in other states, where the favorable results will appear later. Many thanks for all the help you have given us.

New York City.

Dr. Jordan on Peace

By **HARRY JAFFE**

IT WAS my good fortune to hear Dr. David Starr Jordan speak in the great hall of City College. During his speech he made several interesting statements, some of which are the following:

"There are three things in our day more important than anything else.

"First: To keep this nation out of the war.

"Second: To stop this war.

"Third: To establish lasting peace when the war is over."

He declared that armaments bring on war. "Where nobody is loaded, nobody explodes." There is not a single fort or soldier on the boundary line between the United States and Canada, and that is the reason there is not even a talk of war between them. He also mentioned the case of Norway and Sweden, who broke up all talk of war by taking away the soldiers on the boundary line between them.

He made some other interesting statements, such as: "Primarily, this war is to hold democracy back." But I better stop lengthening this letter, otherwise none of it will be printed, and the little good it may do will be lost.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Belasco's Boomerang

By **ARTHUR SWAN**

I defy anybody to see *The Boomerang* without liking it.—Norman Hapgood, quoted in advertisement of the Belasco Theatre.

I WENT to see. In the first act the doctor asks the heroine: "Married?" "No." "Any children?" "Where was it I first met that facetious tidbit? In some obscure music hall? I speculated now as to whether this could actually be the work of the co-authors themselves, or was due to an interpolative inspiration of the fertile-minded producer.

The stage direction of Mr. Belasco is

not deteriorating. There is a real movable electric lamp, and a real lavatory, with running water—perhaps even hot water. There is an electric machine, too, at which the nurse, having for the moment naught else to do, takes fright. At another time the doctor, for the same cause, takes forth his golf sticks and begins to play in his office.

The penchant for impassioned occupation still smacks. But it is in the final "curtain" of *The Boomerang* that Mr. Belasco rises to his absolutely best. Here his inveterate sentimentalism becomes one with the highest of vaudeville caricature.

The doctor is exuberantly overplayed by Mr. Byron, almost in the approved manner of provincial stock actors. The patient of Mr. Edlinger is about as stereotyped and phonographic as is easily conceivable or even desirable. Miss Hedman is cast for the insipid nurse. Upon her first appearance here, three seasons ago, the young Swedish actress inspired hopes of an artistic career; European ideals of the theatre seemed hovering about her.

The "set" of the modern physician's office is almost, if not quite, as big a triumph for the realistic genius of Mr. Belasco as the Childs' Café he reproduced for our delectation a few years ago. And the gowns, no whit less modern—down to the minute, in fact—are displayed with manikinish competency. The names of the firms they advertise may be found in the program.

New York City.

Wrong—as Usual

From the *Herald* (Grand Rapids, Mich.)

"HARPER'S WEEKLY has already predicted that the Republicans would make the tariff the foremost issue in the next presidential campaign. The Democrats accept the challenge. This paper will oppose the restoration of the old tariff system."

This is Norman Hapgood's ultimatum. . . . We have our suspicions, however, that Hapgood is wrong (as usual).

Another Indictment

By **F. SCHAEFFER**

THE Germans are a musical nation. They disregard treaties but pay strict attention to notes.

New Orleans, La.

German Haters

By **C. E. BAUMGARTEN**

NO, THANK you, I do not want to renew. I have pure Teuton blood in my veins, if I am pastor of an English-speaking church; and you are German haters. I am a true American. I do not keep a pro-German paper, and I will not read a pro-English sheet any longer. It is sheets like yours that rouse

the foreign national spirit and good it into frenzy; because every American of foreign birth or foreign descent, possessed of any sense at all, feels that he has as much right to sympathize with people of his blood across the waters, as you and your likes have a right to be American Englishmen.

Kalona, Ia.

Some Figures

By **N. H. LOOMIS**

UNDoubtedly the greater part of those misguided Germans who explain their hatred for England by asserting that England has interfered to curtail Germany's foreign commerce believe that such is the case; but what are the facts? The following is a summary of Germany's foreign trade for the last four years prior to the war:

	Exports	Imports
1910	\$1,911,049,500	\$2,327,498,000
1911	2,056,099,500	2,501,736,000
1912	2,274,882,000	2,754,283,000
1913	2,549,825,000	2,801,679,000

Of these totals a very considerable part was with England:

	Exports to Great Britain	Imports from Great Britain
1910	\$309,148,000	\$185,103,000
1911	328,404,000	196,418,000
1912	340,240,000	201,814,000
1913	402,055,000	203,385,000

Note how much more rapidly the exports have increased than the imports—especially in the trade with England. These tables demonstrate that the alleged interference with commerce is not the cause of Prussia's enormous hatred of England, but was cooked up for foreign consumption because it was realized that the world would not look with favor on the real reason—viz., that England's entry into the war balks the Butcher of Berlin in his criminal ambition to become virtual Emperor of Europe.

Chicago, Ill

"Bulls in China Shops"

By **E. M. SANBORN**

I WISH to express the pleasure I experienced in reading Mr. Le Gallienne's article in your latest issue. Following Mr. Hapgood's worthy lead, I will say that I do not agree with all Mr. Gallienne's opinions as stated in the article, but differences of opinion always will be. Nevertheless, there is one point in the story upon which I believe I can base a substantial kick without involving our opposed ideas. Mr. G. says that Ingersoll and Bradlaugh "confounded real religion with the defective, historical evidences of our religion" and that "the mistakes of Moses had . . . no valid argument against the existence of God." That is where I believe Mr. G. is on the wrong track. Ingersoll had no argument with the broadminded person who believed in a God. He did not preach against a broadminded religion. What he did do was fight against the narrow, superstitious Christian that we so often meet. He fought against Billy Sunday's God and the religion typified by John Gleason in the present Forty-eighth street Theatre production.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

NORMAN HAPGOOD, Editor

At no time has it been so evident to Americans as now, that the most important thing in the lives of all of us is the progress of the European War.

Next to your daily bread the war interests you most vitally. It may even come to be the most important part of your problem of living.

The periodical of greatest fundamental interest to you today is the one that can best report those phases of the war that come closest to your country and you.

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A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Useless Fighting.

IT MAY be that a year, two years of slaughter and impoverishment must follow before the war can end on a basis that will promise a future not loaded with menace. So long a struggle may be required, but on the other hand it is conceivable, though not probable, that an end may come fairly soon. Count Von Bernstorff secured a generous repudiation of the *Arabia* sinking, but that settlement was unpopular in Germany, and hence the difficult and even dangerous situation in which we now find ourselves regarding the *Lusitania*, as well as the more recent *Ancona* case. The German people have been fed on nonsense since the war began. Apparently some of them are waking up now, but is it few or many? How many see the facts like this:

1. Germany was the only country in the war to refuse arbitration of what was left of the Austria-Serbian dispute, after Serbia's abject acceptance of most of Austria's demands.

2. Germany chose war (a) because when the Russian strategic railroads in Poland should be built, in 1917, her advantage in mobility over Russia would be vastly lessened. (b) Because she thought England couldn't go in, on account of Ireland especially. (c) Because war taxes and democracy were beginning to worry her.

3. The war party expected to square itself with the people by a speedy victory, first over France, then over Russia, and a fat indemnity.

4. Instead, after most brilliant victories, Germany faces her three great foes, with Italy added, unconquered and able to bleed longer than she can. Also her colonies, such as they were, are gone. Also England has held the sea, destroyed most of the submarines, and gone ably into submarines on her own account. The great Zeppelin invasion is a myth.

An intelligent German, realizing those facts, thinks ahead to the fall of 1916, of 1917, and conceives what his able, happy, prosperous, much-loved country is about to become: all the young and middle-aged men dead, national poverty for half a century, hatred from all the great nations. How must he feel?

If there are enough Germans like that, peace ought to be possible. Lord Haldane said only the other day that if it were a question of dealing with the German people, and not the Hohenzollerns, England would be glad to make peace tomorrow. The big question of fact, underlying all questions of principle is this: Would the Germans be pleased with their system, if peace were made now, or dispensed with it? Would they say, "We could have put over our scheme of world-power if it had not been for the one miscal-

ulation about England going in." Or would they say, "Militarism, Hohenzollerns, oligarchy have told us no end of lies, led us into a war of aggression, ruined our prosperity, and led us nowhere." In other words, will Germany turn to democracy after the war, or be confirmed in her centralized despotism?

A Cincinnati reader quotes the following from one of our editorials:

To stop on the arrangement of going back to the old boundaries would be to abandon almost no advantage of the struggle on the Allies' side, and infinitely to lessen the cost and the hatred. . . . The military situation, therefore, offers an argument for peace. It is only the irrational mood of all the peoples that prevents.

He then goes on:

It seems to me that the comments quoted above cannot fail to cause amazement in the minds of such of your readers as have closely followed your stated opinions on the cause and conduct of the war since its commencement. No writer has pointed in more vivid colors the acts of fiendish atrocity committed by the German government, and none has made more evident the fact that, on the part of the Allies, this war is a war for the punishment of the guilty aggressors, and, as far as possible, for the redress of the wrongs of their innocent victims.

It seems to me that the course of action advocated by you in your editorial, virtually, would give assurance in the future to nations that might desire to repeat these inhumanities, that they need not fear that justice would be done in their case. Frankly, I cannot understand the meaning of your editorial. I will not believe, as some may imagine, that it means an intimation on your part to cease to uphold the right, and begin to excuse the wrong. But it is a complete puzzle to me.

We believe in judging of any settlement by its results, not by ideas of vengeance. Disastrous indeed would be any peace that could leave the German nation thinking its leaders had done well by it; that Teutons were God's people, chosen to rule others; that cruelty, surprise, and contempt for moral law are virtues of supermen; that other nations detest these practices merely because they are too stupid to comprehend German greatness. The reason that we favor peace now, if it can be had on the *status quo ante*, is that we believe after such a settlement Germany would have learned her lesson. It would mean giving up the melodramatic dream; giving up Belgium, northern France, Poland, Serbia, all hope of indemnity. It would mean poverty and mourning. We believe it would mean democracy, acceptance of peace, the end of shining armor, conceit, and predatory plotting; and that is the very object of the war.



How it struck them.

As Usual

THE *German Herald*, of New York, prints an editorial called "Dishonest, as Usual," meaning us. Thanks, *blödsinnige Kerl*, for not saying "as always." The editorial begins: "Harper's Weekly pretends to treat its readers in a fair and honest manner. We have proved a number of times that if truth is this weekly's aim, the editors are poor shots." It is displeased because we refer to the defeat of Sweitzer by the biggest majority ever known in a Chicago mayoralty election, and it adds pathetically: "We have repeatedly explained why Sweitzer was defeated in Chicago." It then explains some more, this time about the defeat of Witt in Cleveland. Explains away, old man. Go as far as you like.

Meantime, read this letter to us, just received, on the result in Cleveland:

There is a city where fundamental democracy has had a freer and fuller expression than in any other city in the world. I refer to Cleveland, where the candidate on the Democratic ticket was defeated for dragging in the war.

Peter Witt, than whom there is no greater champion of human rights anywhere, said to a meeting of Germans: "My mother and father were Germans, and I am proud of the German blood that flows through my veins, and I would rather see the Kaiser win than the Tsar."

Next morning there appeared all over Cleveland a large handbill with the pictures of Bill Hobenzollern, Franky Hapsburg, Ferdy Bulgaria, the Chosen of Allah, and in the centre of the group Pete Witt, every one with a nice spiked helmet on. Two days later Witt, whose election was looked upon as a certainty, was defeated. Yes, you're quite right!

Meantime, the Germans in this country go on organizing for the purpose of fighting the adminis-

tration. Although that is a strong step toward assuring Mr. Wilson's reelection, it is a backstep in American unity and means a tremendous loss of prestige for our citizens of German descent. It is the destruction of an ideal view of German-American patriotism long held by most Americans.

An Amusing Cuss

A GENTLEMAN from Duluth, Minnesota, sends us a letter of about 700 words of highly spiritual peace argument, ending up thus: "When you have read this, you have my full permission to go plum."

Well, we have no desire to go plum, and his diatribe has our respect. He estimates he may be speaking for twenty million Americans. Let us hope he is. He accuses *Harper's Weekly* of classifying the people of the United States as munition makers, pacifists, and advocates of defense, and thinks we left out the important element of twenty millions aforesaid. What are they? They are pacifists who don't like their name. Our friend thus describes them:

"We believe in overcoming war. We are quite willing to escape it, but it is our ambition that America shall overcome it. We believe in force, but we believe the greatest force is that which peaceful means can exert. We believe in dynamic peace."

"You remember how little the South American republics loved us two years ago or more; you recall their unpleasant cartoons of the Yankees. They were preparing hatred and fear for us, which breeds war. The day that the United States consented to the ABC conference, we disarmed all South America."

"We think your fuss over ships and guns hysterical and frivolous. We are willing you should have them, and though we do not believe in them we are willing to help pay for them. But the important thing is to

help install the forces that will make war as impossible as the duel and the tribal conflict.

"And they hate to see a Journal of Civilization fuddling over ships and guns when it is really concerned with laws and phenomena."

The difference between Mr. Bryn and Mr. Wilson, between friend Duluth and us, is not one of ultimate estimation. It is the difference between the person who trusts one principle altogether and one who balances many. It seems, however regrettable, that disarmament or extreme unpreparedness is impossible yet awhile in democratic countries, unless we wish the famous quiet caused by complete Roman domination, the *Pax Romana* , to have its echo in a *Pax Prussiana* , unless we wish the political destiny of the world to lie in the hands of that one among the able peoples who is most desirous of controlling others. Most of us do not relish that method of settling destiny.

American Cooking

SOUTHERN cookery is booked for a renaissance, says a newspaper dispatch from Georgia. From Atlanta come tidings that the French *chef* and the French waiter have been tested in the South, and found wanting; and now the southern hotels are going back to the dishes that made Mammy famous. French cookery, all things considered, is the best in all the world; but the native touch is important. We talk of French cooking, but is there, strictly speaking, any such thing? The traveler in France well knows how local the dishes are, from the *crêpes* of Brittany to the *pâtés* of the East, from Normandy's tripe to the *bouillabaisse* of Marseilles. Let us cultivate our kitchens intensively with respect to regional resources and habits. The Philadelphia *Ledger's* dispatch tells about the increasing demand for capable negro cooks, and states that at Rock Hill, S. C., a cooking school for negro women is running full blast, at the joint expense of the public school system and a local public utility corporation. "The only objection ever raised to the southern negro cook is that she is wasteful, and this, it is hoped, will be overcome through the cooking school." Baked onion soup, omelette Parmentier, *bifteck* Chateaubriand, French broths, golden *croissants*, Gallic *bricoches*, *babas au rhum*—nothing could be finer; they delight us in Paris, and satisfy us even when transplanted to some unimaginative parvenu restaurant in London or New York. But Baltimore and Atlanta, Charleston and New Orleans, have their special cuisines: may they remove their own faults and develop their own gifts and tendencies.

Not Exactly



THE *Fatherland* is not to be taken seriously, except as all expressions of the Germans in America have an interest just now. It says: "German-Americans are in the same position as men of the German race who live under the jurisdiction of Francis Joseph." Maybe not.

Heart and Mind

LOGIC and curiosity are not sufficient for working out human ideals. Imagination is required also, and conduct based on imagination. That is what we mean when we contrast the heart and the mind,—using the heart to denote those aspects of the mind that are related to affection and imagination. A mere thinking machine cannot even think. Dr. Osler is one of the men of science who have carried this truth so far as to say that the belief in immortality has no basis in science, but has a legitimate and sound basis nevertheless. Humanity believes in devotion, loyalty, altruism, not because better arguments can be given for them than for selfishness and infidelity, but because we better like the picture of a life conducted on what appears the higher plane. It is not a syllogism, but an absolute choice by the whole nature. Hence the training of the young can never be based entirely on appeals to their reasons. The imagination, the heart, must be a large part of the foundation.

The Verb "To Expect"



OUR friend, the Lincoln County *Democrat* of Hugo, Colorado, is a paper "with a mission and without a muzzle." It is a very readable paper also, but we think of presenting it with a dictionary for Christmas. It says:

D. & R. G. passenger train No. 4 east bound was wrecked near Salida this morning. The engine and five cars left the track and rolled down a steep embankment. The number of killed is not known at this time, but it is expected that a great number of lives were lost.

Is that what you might call "Great Expectations"? Or is it *ex post facto* stuff?

Morals and Measure

THAT good and evil are relative, not absolute, is perhaps better understood now in this age of science than it has been since the Greeks made measure and balance their test of right. Shakespeare was talking wisely, though with far from his highest poetry when he made the Friar in *Romeo and Juliet* say:

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

There are few moral aphorisms that suffice to right decision. Unselfishness, self-sacrifice may be grand, or it may be merely weak. Ambition is strength, or it is littleness. Self-indulgence is decay, or relaxation. Self-study is wisdom, or nervous prostration. Degree is everything. Right and wrong are quantitative as well as qualitative. Moral rules are not automatic. Judgment in their application is needed in order to make correct decisions.

Mr. William Barnes, Aristocrat and Philosopher

By JESSE LEE BENNETT

IN THIS stupidly democratic country the fine, frank, untrammelled, aristocratic doctrines which Mr. William Barnes, Jr., has so vigorously and courageously proclaimed have never received the notice that they merit. Fair play would seem to indicate that such clear, articulate delineation of the philosophy negating our fundamental theories of government should receive greater consideration than the amused indifference which has been tendered it; and that a man who has formed part of our governmental machinery and yet continually attacks the motive power of that machinery should be placed for a space on a pedestal for scrutiny and examination.

As chairman of the Committee on Legislative Powers of the recent New York Constitutional Convention, Mr. Barnes found occasion to pound upon the table and shout: "I don't believe in the rule of the majority!" Now that was fine. A simple, categorical statement, it permits of no possible misconception. Just what such a statement is doing at this late day within the legislative halls of one of our American states is, of course, a proper question. It would seem to many of us that it belongs more properly *without* such halls, in some places of revolt where power might be built up to overthrow this dreary democracy and faith in majorities.

But that is the great point about Mr. Barnes. He is no doctrinaire, no flag-waving revolutionist. He accepts the *status quo* and then speaks right out in meeting. True, he seems to believe firmly that he is upholding the Constitution of our Fathers. But that is, really, rather a pity. It makes him just a little less interesting. It beclouds a little the fine picture of aristocratic beliefs his record would otherwise constitute. But it appears to many that Mr. Barnes deludes himself. His conception of the Fathers is somewhat peculiar and certainly over-idealistic. His understanding of them and his desire to leave their workshop exactly as they left it would probably impress even them as sentimental.

But, at least, Mr. Barnes thinks; he expresses his thoughts, and he seeks to stir the thoughts of others. One such attempt upon his part would have received wide publicity had it not taken place just at the beginning of the war, when editors, most of whom had never even seen a militia review, were so busy attempting to give daily strategic explanations of the military situation that they had time for nothing else. So the little notion of Mr. Barnes at the Republican State Convention at Saratoga on August 20, 1914, failed to receive the widespread attention it probably would have received in piping times of peace. At the convention in question Mr. Barnes had a broadside containing a quotation from Amiel placed on every chair. The quotation was from the *Journal*, February 16, 1874. It runs:

"The multitude, who already possess force, and even, according to the Republican point of view, right, have always been persuaded by the Cleons of the day that enlightenment, wisdom, thought and reason are also theirs. The game of these conjurers and quacks of universal suffrage has always been to flatter the crowd in order to make an instrument of it. They pretend to adore the puppet of which they pull the strings.

"The theory of radicalism is a piece of juggling, for it supposes premises of which it knows the falsity; it

manufactures the oracle whose revelations it pretends to adore; it proclaims that the multitude creates a brain for itself, while, all the time, it is the clever man who is the brain of the multitude and suggests to it what it is supposed to invent. To reign by flattery has been the common practise of the courtiers of all despotisms, the favorites of all tyrants; it is an old and trite method, but none the less odious for that.

"The honest politician should worship nothing but reason and justice, and it is his business to preach them to the masses who represent, on an average, the age of childhood and not that of maturity. We corrupt childhood if we tell it that it cannot be mistaken and that it knows more than its elders. We corrupt the masses when we tell them that they are wise and far-seeing and possess the gift of infallibility. It is one of Montesquieu's subtle remarks that the more wise men you heap together the less wisdom you will obtain. Radicalism pretends that the greater number of illiterate, passionate, thoughtless—above all, young people—you heap together, the greater will be the enlightenment resulting. The second thesis is, no doubt, the repartee to the first, but the joke is a bad one. All that can be got from a crowd is instinct or passion; the instinct may be good, but the passion may be bad, and neither is the instinct capable of producing a clear idea nor the passion of leading to a just resolution. A crowd is a material force, and the support of numbers gives a proposition the force of law; but that wise and ripened temper of mind which takes everything into account and therefore tends to truth, is never engendered by the impetuosity of the masses. The masses are the material of democracy, but its form—that is to say the laws which express the general reason, justice and utility—can only be rightly shaped by wisdom, which is by no means a universal property. The fundamental error of the radical theory is to confound the right to do good with good itself and universal suffrage with universal wisdom. It rests upon a legal fiction which assumes a real equality of enlightenment and merit among those whom it declares electors. It is quite possible, however, that these electors may not desire the public good and that, even if they do, they may be deceived as to the manner of realizing it. Universal suffrage is not a dogma—it is an instrument; and according to the population in whose hands it is placed the instrument is servicable or deadly to the proprietor."

But was ever the view-point of the "standpatter" better expressed and has ever a more remarkable document formed part of the material of deliberation of a political party of the free people of this country?

IT IS a long way from Geneva to Saratoga and it is probably an even longer way from the man of whom it has been said: "He talks of salvation and redemption as if they were realities," to a practical modern politician like Mr. Barnes, but a belief in authority and logic, a distrust of race consciousness and race aspiration, bridges the gulf.

The "wisdom which must shape the laws which express the general reason, justice and utility and which is by no means a universal quality," is given under our theory of government to proved capacity. Whether as actual legislator, as publicist, as "the man in the back-

ground," the lawgiver must prove himself fitted. And until he can so control his constituency, so impress his merits upon the majority in which Mr. Barnes does not believe, that they will lift him to the Draconian seat, he must feel himself not sufficiently "clever" to be the brain of the multitude. Under our system the laws are not always logical, but they are never more illogical than life itself, and we have a merry way of wiping them away when we choose.

If the multitude does not decide—and it can only decide by majorities—who is to represent and direct it, then all those included in that authoritative "we" of Amiel's must control it by force and heed it not at all. We see a picture of such control in Europe today. We see the unconsulted masses directed by "that wise and ripe-temper of mind which takes everything into account."

There is at least one thing that is more foolish than a belief in the possibility of a successful representative democracy. That is a belief in the ability of a few self-appointed wise men to extract from life ideas sufficiently uncharged with truth to serve as a compass for the ship of state; a belief that "the clever man who is the brain" of the multitude ever really "suggests to it what it is supposed to invent" save for short spaces and about unimportant matters. In a leader the crowd becomes articulate—the inchoate and unformed evolutionary impulses seething within it find a voice. To fail to believe that is to see life as static, to feel no great underlying purpose in existence, to lack any apprehension of life.

A young Frenchman some years ago proclaimed to the world: "*Je suis un aristocrate!*" ("I am an aristocrat!") Hugues Rebelle was the name of this young man. "I love the people just as I love the horse, the yoked oxen. Let the people have bread and games *panem et circenses*—but first close the libraries and museums to them. Thought is an aristocratic pleasure; what have they to do with thought?" M. Rebelle is more frank than Mr. Barnes. He carries Mr. Barnes' ideas to their conclusion. But M. Rebelle is not, nor has he ever been, an official of our government. Nor has he said of our government what Mr. Barnes has said. He would be too logical and too frank to say it.

In pursuance of this ideal (that the state exists for the individual) regulations of all kinds and descriptions are made to punish those who invade the rights of others. These would not be necessary if all the people of this country respected and were devoted to the ideal. It is only because the ideal is not the rule of conduct that

it is pardonable for the government to exercise functions which ought to be held in reserve.

"The exercise of such functions not only involves waste of public money, but leads to the conclusion in the mind of the individual that whatever is not prohibited by law is permitted. This saps his moral conscience and leads the state into the dangerous course of prescribing a complete code of ethics, from which there follows inevitably religious intolerance and bigotry. Therefore the state should exercise this punitive function with full realization of its solemnity.

"If the American ideal were attained, or nearly so, the railroad rebate legislation, the pure food legislation, and other legislation of similar character would never be necessary. Their passage was an attempt to confirm the ideal in law. Such a course would never have been taken had there not been persons in America who were violating that ideal. The necessity for the passage of every such law is therefore evidence of the decadence of the ideal, and is an endeavor to vitalize it.

"An ideal is on approach. It is not the act itself. . . . In the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York just adjourned, two-thirds of which were members of the Republican Party—supposed to be the party conservative of the American ideal—I introduced the proposal that hereafter the Legislature should not pass any bill granting to any class of individuals any privilege or immunity not granted equally to all of the members of the state. It was voted down by a vote of 92 to 45.

And so Mr. Barnes runs on almost tearfully, showing that the attitude toward his measure indicates the decay of all the ideals of our Fathers.

I COMMEND a perusal of M. Rebelle's books to Mr. Barnes. They may show him such a complete picture of the aristocratic ideal that he will see that, not only is modern American democracy tiresome and tawdry, but that even the Fathers have been overestimated. And I would suggest two things to Mr. Barnes. That any further connection with our government by a man of his opinions is neither consistent nor dignified. The man holding such opinions should dedicate his life to the overthrow of such a government as ours. He should make a *coup d'état* after careful preparation and declare himself dictator. In such an event he will become a hero or a corpse. At present he appears little more dignified than a gentleman in evening clothes who might slip on a pair of overalls to gain admittance to the hod-carriers' ball he wishes to break up.

Our Allegiance

By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THEIR God is the Lord of battles,
But ours is the silent Christ,
Who conquered the dark Jehovah,
And was led to the bloody tryst.
And was led to the bloody tryst,
Which shall our passion follow,
And which shall our blindness see,
The God who rides on the whirlwind,
Or the God who died on the tree?

Eagles of flame and thunder
For the God of a thousand fields,
But the murmur of ringdoves' sighing
For the passionate God who yields.
Which shall abide the adventure,
And which shall have saved the plan,
The God whom the notions must die for,
Or the God who died for Man?

Pen and Inklings

By OLIVER HERFORD



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

Berlin's Game at Peking

By ADACHI KINOSUKE

BACK to monarchy! is not a Chinese idea at all.

Yuan Shih-kai might have been mothering it for years in his "blue clouds climbing hours." But Yuan's dream is no more Chinese than the Kaiser's hobby of Teuton supremacy. It is as modern and Occidental as Tammany politics. No, it isn't Chinese; it's not even Oriental.

It's German—in its histrionic *déroulement* at this dramatic and fateful hour for the Far East.

Perhaps it's an importation from Berlin. And then again, it may be that Admiral Heintze's clever brain mothered it. He is the German minister at Peking now. He was the Kaiser's representative in Mexico at the time the great war broke out. People who ought to know say that he was clever enough to use the "American senecast as a base of supply for the German squadron" and for weeks.

The greatest German drive has not been on Riga or on to Constantinople through Nish, nor in Flanders. German attacks are centred against America and Japan—against the American and Japanese gun and ammunition factories. Everybody sees that the real arbiter in Europe's blood carnival is the supply of arms and ammunition. Germany wishes to stop those of the Allies. She tried it in the United States through Mexico. She is trying the same little game of hers on Japan through Yuan Shih-kai, through the unrest in China. There is the key to the sudden "back to monarchy" fuss—there is the soul of the present Chinese situation—there is the nigger in the Chinese woodpile.

For, mind and mark you well, if China's unrest threaten the peace of the Far East, it would be utterly out of the question for Japan to sell arms and ammunition to Russia and to the Allies in Europe.

And Germany has worked her trick very prettily indeed. Today she has China under her thumb—in a sense. She went to China and said to her: "Don't listen to the yawnings of every dog that happens along. You Chinese love facts. Well, look at them! Who holds Belgium today? the coal fields of France? the entire ten 'governments' of Poland, the most productive portion of Russia? And after one year of war who holds any of the German territory?" It's idle to deny German prestige at Peking.

The German hint to China and to Yuan came in a happy nick of time. And at the sight of the perfectly pretty little program Yuan forgot himself. Perhaps we are wrong in this. What really took place was that Yuan simply ripped off the mask he had been wearing since the cradle days of the Chinese Republic—indeed, since the black day when he had permitted the murder of the young Emperor, Kuang Hsu.

It so happens also that Peking and her political incidents of today afford a very convenient stage for this one-act

imperial comedy of Yuan. A national convention has been called. Delegates to it have been and are being elected today. The convention is to pass on the revision of the Chinese constitution. The work of the revision has been carried on by the Council of State. That august body didn't know that it was manufacturing a monarchy to order. However, that's a mere matter of detail. For after all, the Council of State is a cog in the big machine, that grafters' patented affair called the mandarin government of China. It's an accommodating machine—to the boss. One of those Oriental drams which should make Tammany politicians water at their mouths. It will do almost anything for a man like Yuan.

Therefore, all that the German diplomacy had to do was to give a gentle hint. The rest was easy. Why shouldn't Yuan like the idea of founding a new dynasty? It would be such a plume in his posterity's cap. He is getting to the time of life when even an apotheosis of self-glorification like Yuan, will think of posterity a little. And all that Yuan had to do was to harken to the music "made strictly in Germany" and turo the handle of that patent cream separator—the official mandarin machine based at Peking. It wasn't such a hard work, considering the reward.

For Yuan and for Germany, it's a good, clever play. There is no quarrel there.

JAPAN, now, does not like it and for the following reasons:

1. It doesn't make her particularly happy to see the German minister at Peking making a pretty doll out of Yuan Shih-kai and getting his clever fingers on the patent machine of Yuan's.

2. The downfall of the Chinese Republic means the immediate and prolonged armed struggle between the republicans and the machine politicians at Peking and their associates which the machine is electing even now to the national convention. That, of course, spells Japan's intervention in China—yes, an armed intervention right there. Japanese and other foreign interests in China must be protected. No European power can do this at this time. America would not take the initiative. China certainly cannot do it. What is there but the Japanese intervention? All of which, as has been pointed out, means:

3. The instant and utter stoppage of the exportation of arms and ammunition from Japan to Russia. That would naturally put the vast Russian army into a Pharaoh's tomb. Germany has already seen how beautifully this worked out this spring when Japan sent her ultimatum to China and stopped the exportation of arms. If Admiral Heintze and his Chinese ally, Yuan, succeed in working this monarchy program on the hot-headed republicans along the Yangtze, Germany will have gained a bloodless victory that is really big.

4. Suppose now Japan pitches in and cleans up the Chinese mess, what happens then?

America is likely to say that Japan hatched up the fiasco on purpose. Germany will surely say that Japan is taking advantage of the European war to carry out her dream of the hegemony of the Far East. Yellow Perilists would shout the world over that Japan is taking her first step in organizing China under her militant leadership. And the Chinese would hate us more than ever,—if that be possible,—for meddling with their internal affairs. For all of which what, pray, does Japan gain? Not even a few special privileges she wants, for the simple and all sufficient reason that the other powers wouldn't let her have them. Her own allies would be the first and the loudest in offering her their friendly advice to do nothing of the sort.

5. There is an all important thing aside from all the above considerations: Japan's China trade.

The little revolution our neighbors had before the establishment of the republic cost Japan many a pretty toel. In 1906 Japan sold China nearly 118 million yen's worth of goods. The restless years following that reduced the export trade of Japan to China to less than 78 million yen in 1908, but as soon as peace was restored the figure rose to 142 millions in 1912 and to over 184 millions in 1913. Japan needs many things now. She needs nothing more bitterly than money. China's homeward step back to the dear old monarchy may be a mighty pleasant pastime for Yuan Shih-kai and his dear friend, the Kaiser, but it doesn't strike Japan on her funny-bone just at present.

Another thing: Read the following rather significant statement made recently by our Premier, Count Okuma, to the correspondent of the Paris *Matin*, and read it too in the light of the German activity at Peking:

"While it is impossible for us to send troops to Europe, that does not prevent us from giving naval and military aid. . . . We are acting as the sentinel of the Far East to prevent Germans from stirring up revolt among the warlike Mussulman tribesmen. . . . Our guiding principle in all our actions is this: While our allies are at war we will not allow any one to attack them from behind."

But—more important and more vital than all else, this fancy little play of Yuan and his German friends might throw an utterly unexpected and illuminating flash of light upon the one thing America is so profoundly interested in:

In what direction lies the aspiration of the expanding and greater Nippon—Asia-ward to the yellow continent, or California-ward across the Pacific?

Also, it might show that a trip to America is not the thing that is troubling the future of Nippon, after all.

Adventures in Economic Independence

"Ten million women in the United States are employed in gainful occupations."—U. S. Census, 1910, and innumerable editorial columns.

WE ARE weary of being lost among the millions. We chafe at our imprisonment in dull editorials. We fret at our confinement in statistical tables, propagandist speeches and sociological articles. We would break through the lockstep and throw off the disguise of the uniform. We are individuals. We would become articulate.

I for one am going to speak for myself now, I am going to tell the story of my own economic independence. There is nothing in the least remarkable about this story. My life has seemed altogether natural and easy to me. And probably the next census will enumerate fifteen million women as thoroughly "on their own" as I. When my friends tell me that I am part of a world movement because I married three years ago and am still holding down a job, I want to smile at their enthusiasm. But when other women talk glibly to me about economic independence and I know that they are unconscious of what the words really mean, then I must confess to a momentary flash of satisfaction that at least my life is consistent with my theories.

When I say that I am economically independent, I mean that by the sweat of my brow I pay for my food and shelter, buy my own clothes and tennis balls and drop my own nickels in the pay-as-you-enter boxes. The story of the industrial and professional struggles of women has been written again and again, and it is not my purpose to recount mine. But wherever I go I meet with curiosity about my domestic arrangements. "How do you manage?" people ask me. "Do you keep house?" And often, "Do you cook for your husband?"

I have been irritated at this monotonous insistence on food. Is there nothing in life for a woman but three meals a day? And yet they are deeply philosophical, although unconsciously so, the people who scrutinize my hus-

band's greyhound build and say, "I am told that you hold your job, hm, yes, but tell me" (and here the eyes narrow and the voice takes on a sinister tone), "Do you cook for your husband?" After

soil for the land of economic independence. From the day we paid our own carfares down to the City Hall and went halves on the license his attitude has been one of matter-of-fact equality.

For two years before our marriage I shared a flat with one girl friend or another. Far from interfering with my arrangements of work and house-keeping, the change from girl friend to Peter as house-mate has facilitated them. The fair prospect of permanence in our communal enterprise gives it an advantage over the month by month plan always inevitable with two young unmarried women. Moreover, the cooperative acquisition of a few essentials like the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the electric toaster is now feasible.

Be it known to all whom it may concern—I do cook for my husband. And he cooks for me, especially breakfasts. Under his accomplished hands the bacon is just crisp enough and never burnt and his toast has won him the well-deserved title—The Toast Master. Meanwhile, I have made the coffee, cut the grapefruit and brought in the cream. Lunch is eaten wherever the noon hour finds us. Dinner we cook for ourselves or take out. For special dinner parties

a little more formal than usual we import a cook.

The first year we "picked up" after ourselves and kept fairly neat with a woman in once a week for general cleaning. Since then we have used the plan of having a woman daily while we are away at work. This is cheap and most satisfactory. The dinner dishes from the night before she finds stacked in the kitchen. As she comes in the morning, the breakfast things are left on the table for her to clear off. An hour to an hour and a half and all the housework is done. And yet we are still told that woman's place is the home!

We are rather proud of our plan for purchasing. At first I, being the more



"From the day we paid our own carfares down to the City Hall and went halves on the license his attitude has been one of matter-of-fact equality."

all, self-preservation is the first law of existence, and to see that the race is well fed is woman's imperative duty, I suppose. And therefore I make bold to emerge for a moment from my obscure place among my 9,999,999 occupationally engaged sisters and answer in matter-of-fact, every-day language the dear old practical questions about who darns my husband's socks and who cooks his meals.

Luckily, my husband is a poor man and thereby I escape any number of embarrassing financial adjustments due to differing standards of living. Fortunately, also, his character is free from those two rocks, masculine vanity and a sense of property, the Scylla and Charybdis of many a courageous ship setting

accomplished housekeeper, did it all. But Peter's consistency chafed under this arrangement and we worked out a fairer division. He keeps us supplied with all the regular, day-by-day things like bread and fruit and sugar and macaroni and I purchase the specials, such as steaks and salads and desserts. The plan works like a charm, for Peter has the gift of systematizing things, and under his régime we never have to dash down to the corner grocery store for a pound of coffee on a cold winter morning because no one has noticed that we were "all," as the Dutch say.

We rarely have roasts and other things that take a long time to cook. (Of course we could have them if we cared to bother with a fireless cooker.) However, by dining out two or three nights a week our rations are kept scientifically balanced. Also I never indulge in canning and preserving, for all the world knows that these industries have gone out of the home. Besides, where would one put a dozen Mason jars of peaches in a New York flat?

That covers the housework except laundry and mending. Even in regular households the wash is sent out nowadays, and of course ours is too. As to mending, said Peter, "Inasmuch as there is no corresponding service which I am permitted to render you, don't you think it would be fair for me to pay you for darning my socks and sewing on my buttons?" I am not sentimental, and I have often made the price of a Schrafft's chicken pie in the course of two weeks' mending. My terms for such unskilled labor are twenty-five cents an hour. By this matter-of-fact method, missing buttons and undarned socks lose their connotation of gentle masculine reproaches and feminine tears. If eighty-five minutes a fortnight at this task ever becomes irksome we can arrange to have the clothes washed at a "Socks darned free of charge" place and pay a little larger laundry bill. Should we move into a house with a furnace for Peter to tend, I shall darn his socks for nothing and the scales will still be level.

PERHAPS the greatest single advantage to Peter in my self-support is that he is free from the impetus to become a money maker. There is never a sea-kink coat for me or a trip to the shore to egg him on to greater effort. Opportunity, in flat defiance of tradition, has thrice come knocking at his door with financially tempting offers. With a wife to support he had not dared refuse the least unpromising of these chances. But free to follow his own preferences he turned a deaf ear to the letter paid, less interesting job each time and stuck at his dear old chosen task. Surely inventors and poets and I. W. W. agitators and all men who work more for joy than for hire, are eager for the economic independence of wives.

Spice is added to the every-dayness of our household economics by the relations of our friends and relatives. One beloved intimate declares that it is as good as a Shaw play to hear us settling accounts. "Peter, you owe me seventy-five cents; I paid a dollar and a half for groceries today." "Yes," he retorts, "but I paid the gas bill and gave the janitor a quarter and didn't I pay your carfare last night? Yes, that makes

\$1.58; half is 79, plus five's 84. You owe me nine cents." And solemnly I hand it over.

Several of our girl friends look upon us with mingled envy and admiration. (The envy falls to my share, for each of them knows in her heart that given half my chance she could do as well or better.) One after another of our friends has dragged some reluctant matrimonial prospect to behold the economic independence of wives in operation. (To be perfectly honest, I am bound to confess that the broken engagement rate is high among my friends. But must I take all the maladjustments of the day upon my own head?)

MY RELATIVES, with a few brilliant exceptions, and Peter's, with uniformity have regarded our experiment with apprehension from the first. The words "queer" and "freakish" have fallen from their lips. A female cousin, upon hearing that I still held my job although six months a wife, asked in frank bewilderment, "Why, what did she get married for?"

The climax was reached when one of my brothers (very Middle West, very respectable) asked my sister: "There's one thing I've wanted to know for three years now. What the devil does Peter do with Sis' money?"

Upstate, I am told, "economic independence of wives" means receiving a regular, personal allowance from one's husband, as compared with asking for money for special needs or dressing out of the housekeeping charge. Young women of the ultra-modern type exact in promise of this sort before vowing to love, honor and obey. Afterwards, the freer spirits chafe under an arrangement depending wholly on the generosity of the husband. It is a poor bargain that may be enforced only by the nagging, "You-know-you-promised-me-before-we-were-married" method.

Pin money earning is perhaps a more accurate description of what sometimes passes for real self-support. One charming propagandist whom I admire from afar as the quintessence of feminism, had supported herself, her husband confided to me in a burst of ridicule of economic independence, just ten months out of their six and a half years of matrimony.

Then there was the clerk in a public school where my work took me once a week. We had our illuminating conversation six months after her marriage. With a keen, feminine glance at my old slouchy hat she asked, "What do you do with your money, save it?"

"No, I'm a poor saver," I confessed, putting my hand behind my back to hide my venerable gloves. "When I've paid half the rent and grocery bill and bought my clothes, there's precious little left. Then we go to the theatre a good deal."

"But doesn't your husband pay all those things for you?"

"Of course not; does yours?"

"Coinly."

"I'm disappointed," I said. "I thought you were economically independent."

"Oh, no, I don't think it's right to spoil a man," she answered. "If I started out that way with Frank he might get to expecting me to keep it up and then where would I be? No, he

understands that it's his duty to support me, and anything I earn is for myself. He's always after me to stay home and quit working, and every time I tell him 'just one more week.' I intend to hold my job all the year, but he doesn't need to know it."

A glorious foundation of mutual trust and understanding on which to build life!

Another so-called economically independent wife wrote novels that no publisher seemed to want. With delightful naïveté she told me of her domestic arrangements on the subway, one day. "Have you heard the latest about me?" she asked joyfully. "I'm economically independent."

"What's your job?" I wet-blanketed.

"No job, exactly, but listen," went on the enthusiast. "One day last week at breakfast I told my husband how terrible it was that I, a perfectly able-bodied woman, should have to be supported by him. He didn't say much then, but that night he came home and told me that a syndicate had been organized. 'A syndicate?' I asked. 'Yes, a syndicate to promote your literary efforts. We are going to employ you to write novels for us for four hours a day, five days a week, and we are going to pay you a dollar and a half an hour for your work. And if you ever sell a novel you can pay us back. Meanwhile' he said, 'you must buy your clothes and food out of the thirty dollars a week. Of course you really ought to pay your share of the rent and half the maid's wages, but as I prefer to live in a style that makes that impossible, I shall have to ask you to waive that detail.' Isn't it wonderful?" she asked ecstatically. "To think that I can be really self-respecting at last! I wouldn't go back to the old way for anything!"

THESE are some of the imitation economic independenters that I have known. But I am ready and willing to believe any woman self supporting and she is proved a pin-money maker. The mother-teachers, bless their hearts, are the real thing, I am sure, especially those who are plucky enough to stand up and fight for their rights. And at long range the women of Europe are teaching us that no manner of useful labor lies beyond the capacity of women. With what simplicity and confidence they are taking the work of the world into their own capable hands I can guess from my acquaintance with twenty immigrant Bohemian women in New York. These women never talk about economic independence, but practise it as a matter of course fifty-two weeks in the year. Skilled cigar-making is their trade, and they come joyously home to their cooking and cleaning quite as a lawyer goes to his golf. Their homes are the cleanest and sunniest in New York City and their children are invariably well cared for.

Rapidly increasing is the number of women who find it unthinkable to ask another human being, whether father or husband, "Please may I have a new pair of shoes?" But self-respect is only one of the blessings of economic independence. With it comes freedom as only the strong are free, confidence and joy of living, and such comradeship between man and woman as never was known in all the history of the world.

Police Training in New York

By SILAS BENT

THEORETICALLY, the Court of First Instance in cities is a tribunal where a gentleman more or less versed in the law presides over the destinies of the vagrant, the automobile speeder and the woman of the street. In fact, the Court of First Instance is as often clad in blue and brass, and carries a night-stick, a revolver and a city guide. Few of us realize to what extent the policeman acts as the god from the

happens it is "up to" him to crack somebody's head. How well he has performed that duty our city hospital records will testify.

In New York there is the dawn of a new order. Arthur Woods, police commissioner, was a schoolmaster once, and he has an academic distaste for unnecessary violence as well as an academic faith in the "eduenbleness" of the average man. So he has established a real school for "rookies," as the veterans of the force term the recruits—a school where, during three grueling months, those who have passed the medical and physical tests (on an average, forty out of a possible 150 applicants) are developed mentally and physically for the tasks ahead of them.

A policeman learns a lot besides how to make an arrest and report it. Inspector Cahalane, who has charge of this work, has written a bulky text-book, now in press, for the use of the pupils. In addition to the usual classes, there are lectures by specialists on how to capture a "mob" of pick-pockets, how to give first aid to the injured, how to identify criminals, how to preserve finger prints where a crime has been committed. The classes are taken to the various courts to observe the procedure there. They visit the Greek, the Italian, the Jewish, the Roumanian, the Chinese quarters. They are required to work at home evenings, and they are subjected to weekly examinations.

The stress falls on the delicate science of not making arrests. Consider the case of the pushcart pedler.

There are more than 15,000 of them in New York, they will tell you at Police Headquarters. Only about 300 are licensed. The city authorities do not deem it advisable to license more, for reasons of their own. The police, therefore, could make at least 14,700 arrests tomorrow, if they saw fit. They could arrest the licensed pedlers, too, in all human probability, for infringement of one or another of the multitudinous ordinances directed at them. They see to it, instead, that these poor and useful merchants do not make nuisances of themselves, and there they stop.

Let us suppose that a disheveled woman tells a policeman her husband has been beating her. If she charges assault to kill, it is a felony, and the policeman has authority to make an arrest without further ado. If the complaint is less serious, he may advise the woman to get a warrant. Under the Woods schooling, he is likely to do neither. He will accompany the woman to her home, see whether there are any children, whether the man is dangerously intoxicated, whether there is but one side to the quarrel. If the conditions seem not to be intolerable, he may say to the wife: "You arrest him. I will appear as a witness."

Even the wife who has been mistreated thinks twice before she arrests her husband. And the husband thinks twice over the fact, before this not known to him, that his wife, or any

passerby, has the authority to arrest him, whether or not a policeman is present. That anyone may assume this police power—subject, of course, to subsequent action by the person arrested if an injustice has been done—is little known to the general public.

"We pay these men while we are teaching them," Inspector Cahalane told me. "That means that we've got to make each man worth at least \$310 more



THIEF CHASERS ALSO TRAINED FOR FIRE DUTY

Instructor illustrating how two men can reach the first landing of a fire escape with the aid of a ladder.

machine to those smugly designated "the other half." He must be the peacemaker as well as preserver of the peace, the lawgiver as well as the enforcer of law, the savior of life and, on occasion, the man who takes life.

Time was when a proper death-dealing equipment and a rudimentary knowledge of the difference between a felony and a misdemeanor was thought to be all the fledgling policeman needed. Today most large cities have "schools" where they teach something of grammar and writing and a great deal of marksmanship. The "probationary," surveying his heat for the first time with possessive eye, knows that if anything



YOUNG POLICE MUST ALSO BE FIREMEN

Instructor at school for police recruits demonstrating the proper way to carry an inert body down a fire ladder.

to the City of New York than when we began with him."

That is the commercial aspect of the new school, which is soon to be broadened with special courses for traffic men and lieutenants, end which is unique in this country in the scope it has taken already; but its real value cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It increases the value of each man many fold by teaching him that his usefulness lies, not in his club, but in his head; and that, if he is to win distinction under Commissioner Woods, he must prove himself not merely a guardian of the peace but a genuine factor for public service and civic betterment.

Hits on the Stage

"Major Barbara"

THE most gratifying feature of the present theatrical season is the work of Miss Grace George. With an unusually capable company she has given New York, in the past two months, three plays of more than momentary interest. Both *The New York Idea* and *The Lions* pleased the public. But Miss George's ardor for repertoire has not been dampened by popular success. With commendable energy she has added Bernard Shaw's *Major Barbara* to her list.

The danger in reviewing a Shaw comedy lies in the fact that Mr. Shaw himself is ever so much more interesting than his plays. What starts out to be the straightforward criticism of a comedy, is very apt to turn into a heated dissertation on Mr. Shaw's attitude toward life. Two hundred words is about as far as a writer of average self-restraint can get, before the "is he sincere?" proposition overcomes all good intentions of writing dramatic criticism. At various times Mr. Shaw has been proven a hypocrite, a clown, a martyr and an anarchist. As a subject he is inexhaustible. And what makes matters worse, he keeps writing away about himself no less feverishly than do his critics.

In *Major Barbara* there is plenty of opportunity for a discourse on sincerity. The audience bears a character say, "Nothing is ever done in this world until men are prepared to kill one another if it is not done." It gasps self-consciously; and then starts wondering whether the author is jesting. Therein lies Mr. Shaw's value; no matter the verdict on sincerity, he has made his audience think. That is better than writing strong crises or effective "curtains." Any one who can start an average audience thinking has done more than his share of the world's work.

Unfortunately, since Mr. Shaw writes plays, this simple solution is not enough. It is necessary to consider him not only as a thinker, but as a playwright. While every one may have his own pet idea of Mr. Shaw's place in the divine scheme of things, all are more or less united on one point: he is no dramatist. Even the layman who has to pay for his theatre tickets knows this. He knows—from many reviews—that Shaw plays are "too talky," too lengthy, and "utterly devoid of action." He knows—from personal observation—that they never have

entirely airs or comedians in green vests. As a result he watches the performance with a certain feeling of superiority. He is willing to acknowledge Bernard Shaw the thinker; but he has a friendly co-descension for Bernard Shaw the playwright. Such an attitude is unfortunate. It is quite true that a Shaw play, *Major Barbara*, for example—has little in the nature of dramatic action, and less by

gle between the religion of money and gunpowder and the religion of the Salvation Army. Andrew Undershaft is a manufacturer of munitions. For a number of years his wife has been living apart from him, and has had the bringing up of the three children. The son is stodgy. One daughter, Barbara, is interesting. She is a major in the Salvation Army; the other is just a girl. Both of them being engaged, their mother is forced to call upon Undershaft for more money—in order that the daughters may suitably support their prospective husbands. Undershaft calls to make the necessary arrangements, and is introduced to his three children. He finds Barbara worth while. On her side, she is attracted by Undershaft's personality, and wishes to convert him from cannons to soul-saving. They strike a bargain: Undershaft agrees to attend a revival meeting, and his daughter consents to a trip through her father's munitions plant.

The scene in the West Ham Shelter of the Salvation Army is very effective. Barbara is a hard worker; her fiancé, Adolphus, is no less zealous, though he is more interested in Barbara than in saving souls. To put forward his ideas, Mr. Shaw introduces several interesting persons: a little street girl, two fake reformers, a bully and a wreck. Undershaft destroys his daughter's sublime faith in the cause by showing her that the Army will accept his munitions-tainted money.

In the last act Undershaft is given an opportunity to present his side of the case. He shows his daughter the cleanly, idealistic conditions of his factory, and convinces her that here is a better field for her labors. His workmen, he says, offer a real test. They cannot be bribed by a crust of bread. But "their souls are hungry because their bodies are fed." So Barbara accepts the challenge, and Adolphus is given the management of the factory.

Miss George did exceedingly well with the part of Barbara. Possibly she was not so Shavian as a Shaw heroine might be expected to be. But she gave a thoroughly earnest and entertaining performance. Earnest Lawford was a delight in the part of Adolphus. And Louis Calvert, who had the rôle of Undershaft in a London performance, gave as fine an exhibition of acting as Broadway has seen in many days.



Barbara: "Should you mind . . . ?"
Adolphus: "Not at all."

any of dramatic form. But it is equally true that *Major Barbara* is strong, dramatically, in two important points: characterization and dialogue. Every character in the play is dramatic, in the sense that it acts well. Few of them are true to life; none of them, probably, are meant to be. Eleven of the total fifteen are interesting. This is entirely too optimistic a view of humanity. Mr. Shaw's characters do not live; but they act like wildfire. Which, in a play, is almost as important.

Similarly, the lines that they speak are not real. "All religious organizations exist by selling themselves to the rich," is not typical of a gunpowder merchant. No Salvation Army drummer, however exalted his former position, speaks of "drumming dithyrambs." Mr. Shaw's lines are no more true to nature than his people; but, like the latter, they go well on the stage.

Major Barbara is the story of a strug-



THERE WERE NO HYF



Winter and the Gun

By HERBERT REED

ONE does not have to be a Ralph L. Spotts, or a younger member of the tribe, to get the most out of the winter shooting. Mr. Spotts is no longer a champion, having lost his title last year, nor has the younger Spotts ever been a champion, but it is only necessary to mention the name of either to get action out of a clay target. The right quarterers and the left quarterers, not to mention the sealers of unknown angles, get away from the Spotts family as fast as they can. The point is that Spotts, Sr., and Spotts, Jr., represent the two extremes of trap-shooting. Perhaps Spotts, Jr., would object to being called the youngest expert with the gun, and perhaps Spotts, Sr., would not care to be called the oldest chaser of Blue Rocks. Yet they are to trap-shooting what the ousorous poets of youngsters and oldsters that played thirty-six holes at Turrytown last year are to golf.

Organized trap-shooting is not so new a sport as it would appear at first blush. Despite the fact that Spotts, Sr., has blazed away at 8000 "birds" in a single match, the clay targets have been sprung for the delectation of the professional for 10, these many years. As in other sports, records are broken year by year. A new figure was set last spring, when George Lyon, the present titleholder, walked away with the tenth annual amateur tournament, scoring 192 out of a possible 200. Mr. Spotts' record of 191 lasted just the championship season, which, of course, is about the time that championships are supposed to last, championships being popular. Yet Spotts, Sr., has been one of the most consistent scorers the game has seen. He has a record of breaking 163 out of 180, which is no mean achievement, and there is no telling what he will do when he faces the traps at this year's championship. Like the present champion, Mr. Lyon, he is accustomed to shooting over water, both men being frequent contestants at the Travers Island traps, and not unfamiliar with those at Larchmont, others of the Sound clubs, and Ardsley on the Hudson.

The professional game is as old as choke guns nearly, but the amateur sport began making history not so very long ago. Certain of the baseball players who have felt the necessity of an outlet for their activities in the off season have joined the amateur ranks, and shoot with considerable regularity. Every

trap-shooter has heard of Lester German, who, if memory serves, was once a catcher on the New York Baseball Club, and a pretty good catcher, too. German has won more than one big match at the clay targets. The newcomers from the baseball ranks who are well known from one end of the land to the other are Christy Mathewson, Otis Crandall, perhaps the best natured man who ever entered the pitcher's box, and Chief Bender, the Chippewa. Bender's participation in the shooting game is not so very startling, for he has been a golfer for some time, and has the sportsman's disposition, as have most of the

The first amateur championship was held in December, 1900, but there was no championship the following year. For the last five years the big shoot has been held in the spring. There is every indication that the title match will continue to be held in March or April. The idea is that the winter matches are valuable in bringing out the best shots and eliminating those who would have little chance in any engagement of real class. In the course of these winter shoots there is also the opportunity to become accustomed to all sorts of backgrounds and all sorts of conditions, so that no matter where the title match is held, the survivor of the winter season is apt to maintain his best form.

Among the previous holders of the amateur trophy are Charles H. Newcomb, of Philadelphia, B. M. Higginson, Jr., Harry Kahler, and John H. Hendrickson, who won the first championship in 1905. William M. Foord, of Wilmington, Delaware, is also on the list. Until this year's big shoot is held, however, all honors will rest with Lyon, who, besides being champion, is also the holder of the season's long run prize for breaking sixty-six straight.

Once upon a time there was an objection to women competing in the amateur championship. It was felt that they were too slow in moving from station to station, were certain to have no chance for first place, and therefore were merely nuisances. It is true that they have never competed upon quite even terms with men, but they have lived down the imputation that

they were hardly to be trusted with guns. They have been in recent years as up to date in "score courtesy" as men. It is no easy task to handle a big shoot, but George J. Corbett, who has handled many, seems to find women no more troublesome than men. "I can see no reason," said he the other day, "why women should not be allowed to compete with men. There are many who can break 150 out of 200 targets, which ought to qualify any one to shoot anywhere, regardless of sex."

FOOTBALL, of course, is out of season, at least in the east, but there are no signs of a decline in the warfare between the American and the Rugby game in California. The honors, at this writing, are with the American game. The revival seems to have been well supported.



Spotts, Sr., who has blazed away at 8000 "birds" in a single match.

members of his tribe. The same command of nerves, the same "control" that most of the baseball experts, Hughie Jennings included, seem to think is all but inseparable from the national game, is so very valuable in all sports that it is hardly surprising to find an expert in one game hungering for an outlet in another.

That's the word, "hungering." And perhaps there is nothing better than trap-shooting to satisfy that hunger. The point is that it is a mistake to wait for the urge of another sport to drive one to the traps. The season is what one makes it, and "looking down a blue barrel" is as comfortable and pleasant and altogether good for the man who likes to have his mind and his muscles always at command, in November as in April.

Palo Alto is the last stronghold of the imported game, and from Palo Alto are issued from time to time postcards calling the attention of the football world to the athletic isolation of Leland Stanford University. The more or less quiet uprising can hardly be suppressed in the long run. There are many men at Stanford who like to play Rugby football for the fun of it. It is a question, I think, how long they would play for the fun of it were the American game introduced. I doubt if Rugby football will ever take root in this country. One of the most ardent advocates of the English game, whom I met on the Pacific Coast, Douglas Erskine, was a veteran of the famous Olympic Club of eleven years ago, and, I believe, in the heart of him an ardent admirer of the American game.

THE University of Pennsylvania is to have an amateur coach—amateur for the first year of at least. It seems immaterial whether he is a professional or an amateur. Can he teach rowing? There is every reason to believe that he can. He has turned out splendid Argonaut crews that have had more than their share of victory. The material at Pennsylvania is plentiful, just as it almost always has been. Last year was an exception. There remain critics of Vivian Nickalls, great oarsman and splendid coach. Just what there was to criticize about Vivian Nickalls is difficult in the extreme to understand. I cannot but believe that the younger brother was something of a help to the elder, waterwise as the latter may be, in his handling of last year's Yale crew. Guy Nickalls profited not a little from the coaching of Vivian.

THERE has been talk of the institution of a real "Henley" regatta in this country. It is bound to come. Whether the races are held at Poughkeepsie, Saratoga, or New London, or perhaps Carnegie Lake, matters not a great deal. The great need is for shorter races for more men. It is possible, but not necessarily probable, that the Poughkeepsie Regatta will endure, and it is fairly certain that the annual meeting between Harvard and Yale at New London will

be continued; but these regattas, even with the dual races, do not absorb the rowing vitality of the American colleges. Rowing is an expensive form of sport. In most cases it could not be supported without the helping hand of football. It is too good a sport, however, to depend upon any other. Short races cost less time and less money, and therefore should be encouraged. Brown once had a crew. So did Wesleyan. So, also, Dartmouth. There is no reason why these institutions should not resume rowing save one. That one is expense. They cannot afford to send boats to Poughkeepsie, especially since the stewards have, in their short-sighted way, abandoned the two-mile race for fours. Any college that produced a four nowadays would be put to it to find a course upon which to row, and an opponent, out of the club class, with which to compete.



The younger Spotts has never been a champion, but mention of his name gets action out of a clay target.

THE favorite question these days, is, "What is the matter with Yale?" Yale's standing has been measured, in the popular sense, by her success in sports. There was a feeling, however, that that success was due not solely to

the presence of remarkable material, good coaching, and keen knowledge of old sports. There was an idea prevalent that "Yale spirit," whatever that was, had something to do with success. I believe it had. I believe too that the old Yale spirit is not dead, but dormant. One does not have to shoulder a lieve it had. I believe too that the old days, to be a real Yale man, but one does have to make a more serious objection than is noticeable nowadays to himself being shouldered off said sidewalk. The "passive interference" of Tom Shevlin is an old story. So also is the anything but passive interference of the same Shevlin. Guy Nickalls is today more of a Yale man than many another Eli.

A PROPOS of this same elusive thing called "spirit," it is interesting to note just what the revival of football has done for Columbia. I have been going up to Morningside Heights for many years, but never until this fall have I seen anything like the gathering of Columbia old-timers. I am, of course, prejudiced. Ah, but so are the old Columbia graduates, apparently. Rowing is a great sport, and Columbia is rich in rowing traditions, but the biggest impetus to all college sports comes from the grid-iron game, resuscitated this year with so much sanity at Morningside.

FORESTALLING any criticism of a sectional nature, and thereby, I hope, cutting down the mail from Seattle and points east, I should like to go on record as maintaining that football and other games are played not between the east and the west, the north and the south, but between particular institutions, which, it is to be hoped, have some reason for maintaining athletic relations. Some day, perhaps, some college of the far west and some college of the far east will find a way to meet upon what in every way might be considered even terms. Until that day, not at the moment on the calendar, we shall have the same inconclusive results of inter-sectional matches, as always. In the meantime we shall have to be satisfied with things as they are.

Winter Nocturne: Subway Exit

FROM underground come creeping forth the gnomes
Who toiled by day to spin the cloth of gold
On many looms. Anon, a gust of cold
Attacks the rout and sweeps them to their homes.

—ELIAS LIEBERMAN.

Why Are National Forests?

By W. P. LAWSON



Old burn on Coconino National Forest near Flagstaff, Arizona. This is an example of the destruction caused by fires before the Forest Service fire preservative system was put in force.

WHEN Columbus anticipated present-day advice and saw America first, he was doubtless unmindful of the fact that the forests of the territory called later the United States contained timber in quantity and variety far beyond that upon any area of similar size in the world. It has been estimated that those early forests covered 850,000,000 acres (over 1,300,000 square miles) and bore a stand of not less than 5,200,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber. No wonder wood seemed to the early settlers inexhaustible and more of a liability, in bulk, than an asset!

Demand, nevertheless, has crept up to and passed supply. The present rate of American cutting is three times the annual growth of our forests. And of the five great original forest regions, the eastern, southern, central, Rocky Mountain and Pacific, the eastern and southern are, comparatively speaking, nearing exhaustion, the great paneries of the lake states are coming to the end of their yield, and heavy inroads have been made upon the supply of commercially valuable timber throughout all parts of the country.

Of course there are a few trees left; approximately 550,000,000 acres of them; they cover about a quarter of the United States. We are dealing in big figures; but the principles of mathematics hold notwithstanding, and

it is easy to calculate that if three times the amount of wood growing is cut each year, it will not be an eternity before saws and axes are no longer of any great utility.

We take from our forests yearly, including waste in logging and in manufacture, more than 30,000,000 cubic feet of wood, valued at over \$1,875,000,000. Among the soft woods in 1913 the production of yellow pine lumber amounted to about 15,000,000,000 feet. Douglas fir of the northwest held second place, with nearly 5,500,000,000 feet; white pines with 2,500,000,000 feet ranked third, though less was produced than in the preceding year. Oak was first among hardwoods with three and one-fifth billion feet and was followed in order by maple, red gum, tulip, poplar, chestnut, larch and beech.

At present writing forests privately owned contain some four-fifths of the nation's standing timber; the national forests one-fifth. It was the gradual but inevitable decrease in our total forested area and the eventual prospect of a timber famine which first drew the attention of the government to the advisability of setting aside certain portions of the public lands as forest reserves to be administered under recognized forestry principles. And it is with a thought for the needs of the future as well as the demands of today that the United States Forest Service, in charge

of these areas, is working out its problems.

In fact, from February 1, 1905, when the forests were transferred from the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior to that of the Department of Agriculture, the Service has been working overtime on the job of measuring and classifying the various resources of the forests, exploring and mapping their 300,000 square miles of country and administering them in as fair and businesslike a manner as it could. And in a little over ten years the Service (at first under the direction of Clifford Pinehot, later with Henry S. Graves as Forester) has performed a task truly herculean.

The Forest Service has in that time worked out a set of scientific forestry principles which direct forest management, has reduced the fire danger on government areas to a minimum, has opened up hundreds of thousands of acres of wild and formerly inaccessible mountain country through the construction of roads, trails and telephone lines, and has sold and leased timber, range, water-power sites and other forest uses as these were applied for, until during the fiscal year of 1913 the sum of \$2,500,000 was paid in for benefits received. It has also (and this is for many reasons no unimportant matter) secured and trained a body of public servants, for the most part young

men, which will compare very, very favorably with the personnel of any organization, public or private, in the world. "The spirit of the Forest Service," a familiar slogan to all forest officers, expresses something fine and unselfish and full of the better sort of efficiency. It is a spirit instinct with loyalty and the wish for honorable service.

In 1913 over 495,000,000 feet of national forest timber, worth more than \$1,075,000, was cut under sale by different purchasers. Contracts were closed with six thousand individual purchasers for the sale of more than two billion feet of timber worth about \$4,500,000, to be removed during a period of years. Over 121,000,000 feet of timber, worth \$121,000, were given away to 38,000 settlers, miners and others to develop their farms and claims. More than 1,550,000 cattle, horses and swine, and 7,560,000 sheep and goats were grazed on forest ranges by 27,000 stockmen. Seventy-six power plants, 800 hotels, rest houses and summer resorts, and 1400 stores and other business buildings were operating on the forests under permit. One thousand seven hundred new mining claims were patented within the forests, where the total mining population was more than 24,000. Twenty thousand permanent settlers occupied farms within the forest boundaries. One and a half million campers, hunters and other pleasure-seekers used the forests as recreation grounds.

Two thousand four hundred and seventy-two fires were extinguished during the year by forest officers. Four thousand six hundred and eighty-six predatory animals, including mountain lions, coyotes, and wolves were killed to protect stock grazing on the forests. More than three hundred and fifty miles of road, 275 miles of fire line, 3,800 miles of telephone line, and 2,600 miles of trail were built. Thirty thousand acres of burned-over land were sown or planted to young trees.

In the conduct of its business the Service lays continual stress upon the principles which underlie and inform its various activities. "You will see to it," runs the letter from the Secretary of Agriculture to the Forester—the letter defining policy, "that the water, wood and forage of the reserves are conserved

and wisely used for the benefit of the homebuilder first of all, upon whom depends the best permanent use of lands and resources alike. The continued prosperity of the agricultural, lumbering, mining and livestock interests is directly dependent upon a permanent and accessible supply of water, wood and forage, as well as upon the present and future use of these resources under business-like regulations enforced with promptness, effectiveness and common sense. In the management of each reserve local questions will be decided upon local grounds; the dominant industry will be considered first, but with as little restriction to minor industries as may be possible; sudden changes in industrial conditions will be avoided by gradual adjustment after due notice, and when conflicting interests must be reconciled

the question will always be decided from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number in the long run."

That these admissions have been heeded is best proven by the fact that local residents have turned from their skepticism to an ungrudging acceptance of the Service's aims. What chiefly remains today of the bitter antagonism of a decade or so ago is an occasional feeble wail from anachronistic highway-men of the cult of Something-for-Nothing. And these, even, realizing the expensive futility of their efforts, are losing heart of hope. The notes of their swan song sound thin and faint—the swan song of the "good old" graft-full days.



Burning brush under observation to "clean house" on a forest before the fire season begins.



Fire burning on Black Hills National Forest, South Dakota.

Shrapnel and Christmas Trees



The Christmas spirit does not stop at trenches. Our illustration shows two German soldiers on the battle line. Their government has presented them with new coats and boots, and, with a certain irony, added a Christmas tree to make the day seem more joyous.

Of a Fighting Clan

By HARRY INNESS SILLIMAN

COLONEL THOMAS RAMSDEN gently stroked his goatee and talked war. He had been doing that for a long time, ever since those bloodbathed years when he had served with a gallant regiment and won his title. No one ever questioned his bravery, no one ever doubted his patriotism, no one ever talked to him of universal peace and disarmament, for he was a fighting man, clean through to the bone.

On this particular evening his auditors were more attentive to what he said than ever before, for the long talk of war had come and the nation had raised itself up to meet it with fervid patriotism.

The roll had been made for troops, men and more men had been asked for. Flags were flying everywhere.

Men talked of the grandeur of the race, of its ancient fighting spirit; women sighed and raised their hand tremulously to their throats to ease something that clutched them there.

"The nation," the Colonel was saying, "has too long remained passive and supine. The enemy has spent years in preparing; we have frittered away our time on sordid things. But though we are unprepared, though our navy be a travesty and our army a rabble, we will go forth, gentlemen, bravely, glad of the chance and lick them, yes, lick them, by God with our bare hands if needs be."

Then he looked at his withered old hands and sighed. His days of fighting were over; he could only exhort, only send forth to the field and the trenches his only boy, Tom. He smiled and thanked God he had him to send.

"My boy," he said softly, "goes to-morrow, and my only regret is that he is the only one I have to send."

The way he said it gripped and thrilled his auditors.

Barton, who was quite as old as he, but had never married, sighed and then locked his old fingers and rubbed them together gently as though to drive the chill of age from the joints.

"He's a fine lad, Colonel; a fine lad, the finest I know," he said. "He'll make a good soldier; his father's son; but he's all you have and it's a pity he has to go, now, when he's such a comfort to you and Annie."

The Colonel blinked his eyes for a moment, but only a moment. He straightened up proudly and said: "Fine as he is, good as he is, much as I love him, I glory in the chance to give him to his country; to send him out to fight for the old flag. God, how I wish I could go with him, to march and fight by his side; to the end, no matter what it might be."

And he meant quite all he said and more.

IN A little room in a fine old house, with quaint little gables, and great noble trees all around it, a beautiful old lady was packing the kit of the soldier

boy who was going forth to answer his country's call in the morning. She stood beside a canopied bed. It had been given grandmother's. On it she had given birth to the boy, Tom. She seemed to feel again the pain of the travail, seemed again to go down through the valley of the shadows to the dark river; seemed again to bear its waves lapping the shore; seemed again to come back out of the shadows to hear that she would live, she who had married late in life and had feared, with a cold, icy fear, what childbirth would mean to her; seemed again to hear the cry of that little purple bit of soft humanity they placed in her arms and told her was all her own. Oh, the great joy, the indescribable relief of the moment, how well she remembered them. And the boy, how he had thrived; how fine and strong and manly he had grown; what rare good chums they had been. How great his love; how deep his devotion; how wonderful his thoughtfulness.

Her husband had always been good to her; she never doubted the depth of his love; but always she regarded him with a certain awe and timidity; the gentleness, the tenderness she craved had to come from the boy, for her husband was austere, stern, a patriotic zealot; a fighting man to the bone.

SHE pushed back a wisp of silvery hair and went on with her work. How often she had prepared the boy for his little fishing and camping pilgrimages; she knew just what he needed. It had been such a pleasure for her to plan for his pleasure; it seemed as though she were going to share it all with him. A tear fell upon a little pile of snow-white handkerchiefs. It was different now; she was sending him forth to she knew not what. A wave of rebellion swept over her. Had she begotten him to go from her in this way? Had she borne that terrible pain, withstood that awful stress, loved him, worshiped him to give him up as food for the guns? Something seemed to lift the weight of the years from her shoulder; she straightened up and in her eyes there was the fire of a great protest.

From outside there came the sound of the drums and a great and mighty cheer. A realization of her helplessness struck her like a cruel blow, and she sank sobbing by the bedside.

From the lower floor there came a cheery call: "Mother, mother, dear."

With a great effort she calmed herself and answered: "Yes, Tommy, here I am," and she went forth to meet her boy.

"Oh, mummy," he cried, "I was just over to say good-by to General Brevort. He's stronger this evening and they had him out on the porch in his chair. He talked fine to me, mother, said I was my father's son and that I would likely come back and make the laurel wreath wither on his brow. Oh, mother, it's great to be told I'm like father and that

I'm going to be brave and fine like him, 'measure up to the traditions of my race,' that's what the General said."

"Of course, it's fine, my boy, my great, brave boy," she whispered as she pushed back his brown hair and kissed him on the brow, "but what of mother back here at home without you? Had you thought of that?"

His arms tightened about her and his brave young voice quavered in spite of his efforts to hold it steady. "Of course I have thought of that, mummy," he whispered, "thought of it so much today; but somehow I forgot it all when General Brevort spoke to me as he did. Sometimes, mother, I feel that I should not go and leave you; I almost do not want to go. But I must conquer that, must I not, mother dear, for that is cowardice and there never was a coward by my name, that's what father says."

The mother sighed. "Yes, you must conquer it, my boy," she agreed. Then, after a moment, she hugged him hungrily and whispered, "But, you don't tell your father this, promise me you'll not forget it entirely?"

"I'll never forget it, mother," he sobbed on her breast just as he had always done in the hygone days when he was taken to task and asked by her to promise never to commit an offense again.

Then she led him gently into her room and side by side they knelt and prayed to the God they loved and feared.

WITH the dawn he marched away and the last thing he saw as he turned on the brow of the hill was his father standing straight and stern, spartan to the core, with hand raised in salute, while by his side stood the little woman in gray, swaying like a frail reed. She seemed to see him turn even at that great distance and waved her hand bravely. Then, her last supreme effort at containment exhausted, she tottered toward the door.

THE summer had waned and autumn had come. From out along the far-flung battle lines there came diurnally news of great slaughter. The little woman in the Ramsden home was now only a wisp of her former frail self. Now and then there came to her letters from her boy at the front. She read and reread them and kissed the paper on which they were written until the writing became obliterated. What delightful, boyish letters they were; brave, all of them, but between the lines the mother's intuition read much that sickened and saddened her. He asked so often about his dog, "Dot." Did he still chase the muskrats down along the willows; had the cherries in the old yard thrived; did old Matilda, the cook, still bake those turn-overs he loved?

The boy was homesick; he would not admit it to himself; he would not have thought of telling her; but, unknowing-

ly, he told her in every letter he wrote.

His letters to his father were the letters of a soldier; he told of camp life, of days and nights in the trenches, of this movement, of that movement; he told of official incompetency; of blunders as he saw them, and of the brilliancy of charges and maneuvers; he played the war game with the old soldier because he knew him to be a fighting man.

He opened his heart to his mother, for he knew she would understand.

And then one bleak day there came a new list of the dead, longer than any that had preceded it—and his name led all the rest. He had died bravely, gloriously, at the head of a charge, right up with the colors; died as befitted a Flaminian.

The Colonel carried the news to his wife; carried in sorrow, but with the pride of sacrifice that Prism must have shown when he brought Hector home. He sought to soothe her by telling her that the War Department had given honorable mention of their boy; tried

to tell her what that meant; tried to, not knowing that what meant much to him meant nothing to her.

He had thought the blow would kill her, but it did not. She sat quietly until he had finished and then asked him to leave her. Softly he withdrew. He had never understood her; he did not understand her now.

He wandered out of the house and to the home of General Brevoort. The old soldier was in his library, a gouty foot propped on a hassock.

"Colonel," he said, "it is sad, and news; too bad, too bad, but he died his father's son just as I told him he would. You should feel proud, Colonel, proud that God privileged you to give such a boy to your country; he was worthy of his race and his name."

"He died," the Colonel said, head thrown back, eyes dry of tears, "as I would he should die if die he had to—up with the colors."

Beside the old canopied bed the

mother knelt. "Oh, God," she prayed "take me home to my boy. He died and I know not where he lies. They say I should be proud that he died as he did. If he had to die, oh, God, why could he not have died in the arms that nursed him as a babe, sheltered him as a boy and strengthened him as a man?—What are the quarrels of nations to me, his mother?—He wanted to stay with me; he would have given me his love, his care and his devotion all my days, and his eyes would have been the last to look into mine, when Thou called me home.—I am going to sleep, God here beside the bed on which I bore him.—Let me awake with Thee, oh, God, and my boy."

The Colonel found her when he came home with General Brevoort's words ringing like a peen in his ears.

He marveled that death had molded such a beautiful smile upon her lips.

He could not understand, for he was only a fighting man.

A Moving-Picture Library

By O. R. GEYER

A GENERATION hence the young people of Iowa will study the history of their state with the aid of the kinetographic art, as the result of the founding of the first moving-picture library for purely historical purposes. This new library marks another step forward in the work of the collector of historical documents and objects, as it will enable the student of history in the future to visualize the important happenings of the present history-making epoch in Iowa. Before many years nearly every state in the union will have its moving-picture library, in the opinion of prominent educators and moving-picture men.

The founder of the Iowa library is Edgar R. Harlan, curator of the Historical Department of Iowa, who, already, has collected more than 50,000 feet of film in which are depicted scores of current event matters which have happened within the last three years. To this collection will be added other Iowa pictures taken in the coming years.

School-children fifty years from today will be able to understand more clearly present-day customs and manners when they see thrown upon the screen some of

the many events that held the attention of their forefathers. Lovers of athletics will find much to interest them in the films depicting some of the more important football games played early in the twentieth century. The advanced position of their state in the world of agriculture will be better appreciated when they see how 250,000 Iowans gathered each year at the state capital to celebrate a successful crop year.

One of the films in the library shows the great Keokuk dam in operation. Another presents in a striking manner the annual "million dollar" livestock parade at the state fair, one of the greatest exhibitions of fine livestock in the world. Street scenes from all the important cities constitute an important part of the library, which also includes scenes taken in some of the more important factories and industrial plants. When the student of sociology of the latter half of the present century desires to inquire into the progress of the hotter babies movement, he can have recourse to this moving-picture library, instead of searching through volumes of musty reports in another section of the building.

The value of moving pictures in school work has been demonstrated in many ways in recent years, but perhaps the most unusual use to which the moving-picture camera has been put was the filming of a major operation in one of the Des Moines, Iowa, hospitals. The surgeon who had this picture taken has used it extensively in instructing his own pupils and has found it so valuable in this respect that he plans to add to his library films depicting other operations.

As rapidly as the films lose their commercial value they are turned over to the historical department by the film companies of the state. They are stored away in airtight tin containers in steel vaults kept at the proper temperature. These films may be recalled at any time they regain any commercial value, but otherwise they become the property of the library and may be lent to schools and societies for educational purposes. Calendars will be made of the various subjects treated in each film, or the films may be cut into as many sections as there are different subjects and catalogued accordingly. This feature of the library plan is yet to be worked out.

War-Time Christmas

By JOYCE KILMER

LED by a star, a golden star,
The youngest star, an older star,
Here the kangs and the shepherds are,
 Akneeling on the ground.
What did they come to the inn to see?
God in the Highest, and this is He,
A baby asleep on His mother's knee
 And with her kisses crowned.

Now is the earth a dreary place,
A troubled place, a weary place,
Peace has hidden her lovely face
 And turned in tears away.
Yet the sun, through the war-cloud, sees
Babies asleep on their mothers' knees.
While there are love and home—and these—
 There shall be Christmas Day.

The Woodworker of Galilee

By BOUCK WHITE

MRS. SPENCER TRASK, with the collusion of the Macmillan Company, has appeared in what is publicly announced to be "An Answer to the Bouck White Book." Her *The Mighty and the Lowly* openly assails my portrait of Jesus as a working-man and a stirrer up of the working masses of his day in the *Call of the Carpenter*. The name of both author and publisher give to this attack upon me a dignity that merits attention. But for a deeper reason still the thing is worthy of comment. It is a proof of the fascination of Jesus for the modern mind. It is not

too much to say that a large part of the controversy of the future is going to be centred upon the Galilean, Jesus has become more than a personage; he is an institution. And in the war of classes that is impending, the side that captures him will have achieved a stroke of stratagem of the first magnitude. In this connection it is of interest to note that the author of this attack upon me is one born and bred in the privileged class. From private car to coach writing to receive her, her life has been one of luxurious state. Probably her feet have not touched the ground more often than have my feet trodden carpets of velvet and Persian rugs. So that she in claiming Jesus for the aristocracy, is bringing forth after her kind, as I in claiming him for the disinherited, am bringing forth after my kind.

As to the details in her attack, they need not long detain us. Her position seems to be the one taken by Ernest Renan in his *Life of Jesus*. She makes him to be a sweet and joyous spirit, meeting his death because of some unpleasant things he said and some truths that he blabbed. It is conceded, even by those who admire Renan

most, that the picture of Jesus as a sweet-souled poet or a high-thinking philosopher, is unable to account for the persistency of the following which was raised up after him, nor for the intense reaction against himself in his lifetime.

So far from Katrina Trask's attack upon me having succeeded, she fails even to grasp the fundamental position I assume. If my *Call of the Carpenter* is original at any point it is in the explanation I give of the Roman Empire. I venture to believe that that part of the book is going to be the main contribution which it will make to the

world's thought. I show that the clew of the success of the Roman Empire, which clew had been sought so earnestly by historians, is to be found in the realm of the economic. The Roman Empire was the system at work in the ancient world. She did not conquer nations; she annexed them by means of coalition with the local capitalist group in each country. In each, until the Romans appeared to preach this doctrine of solidarity of capital, the oneness of the interest of property irrespective of national boundaries, the capital classes in the various countries had been pillaging



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each other. The senatorial oligarchy of one nation would declare war against a neighboring nation, looking to the spoils of battle to defray the expenses of the campaign.

Revenue was the thing around which all her life revolved, and she brought these others to the same way of thinking. Rome showed to the privileged class in each country that in competing among themselves they were likely to meet with the fate of the two men in the fable who, disputing with each other for the exclusive ownership of the beast, looked up to see the ass running away from both of them. The civil wars in Rome herself had had this as their motive, the patricians and plebs endlessly squabbling as to who should enjoy the wealth that was being created by the slave class. "Let us cease to exploit one another, and together exploit the working class," now was Rome's proposal.

The idea came at the psychological moment. The slave class, estimated by Gibbon at sixty millions—an entire half of the world's population—was straining at all the hatches of the slave and threatening at any moment to break out from the hold and win a share of the sunshine and open space up on deck. Rome had felt the pressure on her own hawthorn even more than the other masters of the vessel. Her restive slave class was becoming more restive. She had erected a statue to "Quiet," and had tried the experiment of making Contentment into a religious cult. In vain. The seething at the bottom of society was becoming ever more turbulent. Spartacus, a few years before, had shown how a revolt could be conducted, and the object lesson was fresh in mind—a star of hope in the sky of every slave, a portent in the sky of every owner of slaves. Escaping with his companions from the slave stable at Capua, where they were being fattened for the amphitheatre, he had entrenched himself in the crater of an extinct volcano. From thence he issued a proclamation of universal freedom. Slaves from plantations round about flocked to his standard. He became the head of a revolution. Rome sent armies against him one after another, only to see them come back defeated. For two interminable years Spartacus maintained the war. At last he was destroyed, but not until he had struck chill into the spinal jelly of every owner of human flesh in the Roman state. Furthermore, there was constant fear lest there might arise more fools like the Gracchi, patrician traitors to their class, and incite the populace to demands of justice. A measure had been proposed in the Roman Senate to dress slaves in a uniform livery, so as to distinguish them from freemen. It was killed straightway by the argument that this would disclose to the slaves their numerical strength. We can credit Tacitus, therefore, when he says that the fear of slave insurrection was chronic.

Accordingly, Rome's proposal of a league of the capitalist class everywhere was greeted with instant favor. And the empire was formed. It was an Intimidation Trust, Rome, as promoter of the new corporation, being its master spirit and taking a promoter's profit. It was an oligarchy of oligarchies. Formerly

each of them had maintained an army of its own. Now these were rolled into one, with an Emperor at its head. By means of uniform dress, weapons, tactics, and organization, the united armies were disciplined into a fighting unit of high efficiency. Great causeways were built, for celerity in mobilizing the legions. These roads were paved with flat stones, so as to make for swift marching. They were carried straight across the landscape, cutting through mountains, and carrying over valleys on great archways. No expense was spared in shortening distances—the reach of the entire military force into the district of every member of the corporation was the heart of the system. Let a local prince or princelet in any part of the empire send in a call for help against his mischievous subjects, within forty-eight hours there would glitter on the horizon the spear flash of the gathering legions, bearing down upon that spot from every quarter of the world.

Cleveland's "the cohesion of wealth" is modern. But the thing itself is ancient. The tendency of the families of wealth in every country to form a class by themselves, is deeper in the human make-up. Rome carried the tendency one step further—she cemented the moneyed class in the various countries into an international combine. "Peace and order" were at last secure. An antidote against insomnia had been devised. Slave owners could now lay their heads on their pillows at night, without the fear of insurrection gnawing them through the night-watches. An uprising of the toiling masses, no matter how formidable, could be handled. Upon a rebellious district could be mobilized in shortest time six and twenty legions. The machinery of intimidation was complete. Man was undermost, and property paramount. The "Golden Age"—literally—set in. The Roman Empire, that apotheosis of property rights, fastened itself upon the world.

IF THIS explanation of the Roman Empire is the correct one, then my picture of Jesus as the leader of a social revolution against that empire, necessarily follows. No man could have been a contented workman beneath the crushing heel of a system designed to degrade him into slavery; he would have necessarily issued a declaration of independence against that system. Therefore until my presentation of the Roman Empire as a world-wide confederation of aristocracies for the perpetuation of human servitude has been overthrown, my picture of Jesus the Carpenter likewise cannot be overthrown.

I am refreshingly reminded of the publicity already obtained by my presentation of this nexus between the Roman Empire and the work of Jesus, by this paragraph the other day in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, a journal by no means known as of radical inclinations:

"Jesus has been the subject of many reconstructions, as Renan's, others like Bouck White's *Call of the Carpenter*"; and then it expresses its disappointment with Mary Austin's more recent attempt at the same task, because, "One is disappointed, after careful reading of the book, to find that the author has failed to illumine to any large extent the rela-

tion of Jesus to the Roman world, its wrongs, oppression, tyranny, and injustice; and that too much space has been devoted to Jesus' struggle against the mere levitical and theological ills of his time. There is not enough of the vital, dynamic, living Christ, who came to preach the sweet Here and Now as well as the Kingdom of Heaven."

The chance that my *Call of the Carpenter* will be overthrown diminishes with each passing day. The only one who could seriously assail the *Call of the Carpenter* is some man of Biblical scholarship, and it is noteworthy that, despite the fact of the book's wide circulation, and its increasing sweep from day to day, no scholar mind has undertaken to oppose it. And for a reason. Historical scholarship means the spirit of realism applied to the period of which it treats; and Biblical scholarship is of the same quality. But realism is merely another word for the economic interpretation of history, since economics pictures people of a past age as struggling with the same every-day problems that we are struggling with. That is quite the way in which I discovered my portrait of the Galilean Carpenter, namely, an attempt to interpret the record with realism, and imagination's power to make a past scene live again.

Another trend of our time will contribute to the defense of my position; namely, Israel's present day attempt to find herself.

The Jews are going to rediscover Jesus. And they are going to find in him a fulcrum whereby to bring their democracy to bear effectually on modern society. The Jews are foremost among the agitators for a new social order. For in their veins courses the blood that coursed in the veins of the Carpenter. Reports Renan: "In the revolutionary movements of France the Jewish element played an important part." And that is true today the world over. More than by any other, the discontents of our time are being brought to an insurrectionary edge by two Jews—Lassalle and Marx. Israel is calling today for rebaptism, a new birth. For the Pharisee has been too long enthroned over her. The sons of the ghetto are waxing weary of the husk of rabbinism, the pompously intoned mummering of the past. In Germany, "ninety-five per cent of the Jewish youth is atheistic, and at best utterly indifferent." In England, "It is a critical time for Judaism. The synagogues become less and less frequented." From a Jewish mother comes the wail: "What shall we teach our children? For we are raising them without religion. Oh, yes, we have our Sunday schools. You send your children there, but for what? To learn ancient history and the rudiments of a dead language. Do you call that religion?" The Jews live in a ghetto of their own making. They need the fresh breezes from the world outside, and the world outside needs them. Pent up in her wretched Jewries, she has a submerged but not suppressed idealism. For democracy is the master light of all her seeing. With Protestantism worshipping a Jew, and Roman Catholicism worshipping a Jewess, Israel is not going to be defrauded much longer of her heritage in Mary of Nazareth and the Carpenter.

Taking a Bedlamite to Bedlam

By EDMOND McKENNA

WOULD I like to take an insane man to Europe?

"Well," I asked, "what is the sacred name of Mars is the answer to that jest?"

"Oh, it isn't a joke. The Federal Emigration Bureau 'deports to the country whence they came those aliens who become insane and are a public charge within a period of three years subsequent to the date of their entry into the United States, from causes existing prior thereto.'"

That is the way it was explained to me, but even the quotation from the Act of Congress approved February 20, 1907, amended by the Act approved March 26, 1910, didn't divest the proposal of a considerable quality of Jovian humor.

"To take a Bedlamite to Bedlam," I mused.

"Well, no; — to Holland," said the official.

So I engaged to take Hendrik Prak, who had been adjudged to be insane and who was being held for deportation in Central Islip State Hospital, Central Islip, New York, to the village of Haren in the province of Groningen in Holland, and there to deliver him to his father. I was told that I would find the alien on board ship,—brought there by an emigration official. He would be confined in the ship's hospital under care of the ship's surgeon. He would not be permitted to mingle with the passengers. I was to see him every day, or as often as I wished. I should make out a daily report on his health and have it signed by the surgeon. It was easy.

I found my patient in the ship's hospital two hours before sailing. He was a young fellow about thirty, pale and with an arrested, puzzled look.

"Are you ill today, Hendrik?" I asked him on the first

morning out, as I sat beside him on his little iron bed.

"No," he said. "I am never sick. I'm crazy."

I wanted to learn what were the circumstances which, in less than three years' living in the United States, had made him insane. There are many thousand alien insane in New York State alone and many more thousands in the country. They are a heavy burden Hendrik went to Montana at first, he said, and worked there for a long time on a railroad, till the job was done. Then he was cook in a section camp farther west for a long time, till the job

was done. He tramped east, working for a long time in several places. He worked as a laborer in the yard of an auto factory in Detroit. That was a good job, he said, but he lost it. He tried to get to New York. He walked and rode on freight trains a long time. It was cold; cold for a long time. He was a dishwasher in a large private house on Staten Island. An employment agency got him the job. The employment agency got him several jobs and took some of his money each time. They were all bad jobs. The one on Staten Island was the worst. He had to sleep in a cold, cold place. They didn't give him

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Spring Petticoats and New Materials—Mar. 1. Work the models for one's wardrobe—Spring and Summer wear.
Paris Gowns—Mar. 15. The Spring realizations of the leading French couturiers—models which established the mode.

Spring Fashions—Apr. 1. The best word on Spring gowns, waists and the best—*and new accessories*—**Special Fashions for Evening**—Apr. 15. First aid to the fashionable woman of not un-*limited means*.
Brides and Summer Gowns—May 1. A *January*—*them*—pleasures and *patrons*.—*News for the bride*.
Travel—May 15. *Travel*—*shortly in our own country*—will worth a visit at least.
Summer Fashions—June 1. The best showing of the *Summer modes* that will be in the country—*June 15*. Society takes to sport and life in the open.
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The Lingerie number is already on the newsstands. If you enclose \$2 with the coupon below, we will send you with our compliments this earliest and most authentic forecast of the Spring mode, making 13 numbers instead of 12.

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Send me 13 numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Motor and Southern number, and I will remit \$2 on receipt of bill, February 1, (Ct.) I enclose \$2 herewith, and shall expect 13 numbers of Vogue beginning with the Lingerie number.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
P. O. No.

"Nine out of ten women copy what the tenth does; the tenth is a reader of Vogue."

enough to eat. He fought with a woman there. He said she gave him stale bread. He took a loaf of the stale bread and brought it to New York to the employment agent and showed it to him. "Here, eat that," he said to the man behind the railing in the office. There were a crowd of men there. They all laughed. He was thrown out.

Hendrik was glad when he got to Holland. It was not so easy for me there. I knew no Dutch. We made that part of the journey to Haren by horse-car. Hendrik and I stood on the back of the car, where we could smoke. He told me who lived in this villa and in that and how comfortably a man could live in Holland,—if only he had a little money.

"Making money," he said, "troubles a man here," he tapped his forehead. "And then he can't be happy anywhere."

We got off the horse-car in the middle of the little village. It was dark and misty. The street lamps burned yellow. The heavy mist fell past the lights like fine rain. An old woman in wooden shoes, carrying two buckets attached on a stick over her shoulders, laid down her burden, shaded her eyes with one hand, tilted her head back like an old bird and peered at us.

"We walk down this way," said my guide.

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MISCELLANEOUS

PORTS—AUTHORITATIVE Poems and stories are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 221, Hazlett St.

PRESCRIPTIONS for sale. Callings from Glendale Forest Co., Wellington, Ohio.

MASTON—The new blue countable expander. Write for illustrated booklet. Maston Expander Co., Corvallis, Va., N. Y.

Research Bureau, 500 Fifth St., N. Y.

After about ten minutes on a fog-wet, muddy road, we came to a little cottage.

"There it is," shouted Hendrik excitedly. "That little window."

A lamp burned in a window which probably was about twelve inches square. Hendrik ran ahead of me. He opened the door without knocking and went in. I followed. It was a very small store we were in, almost a miniature, with bread and tobacco on the counter and shelves and some small farm implements, spades and hoes, lying about. There was no one in the store, so he opened a door leading into another room.

I did not enter immediately, but stood in the doorway. Hendrik was standing in the middle of the little room. A very old man with a whisker fringe—called Donegals in another country—was seated near the stove in a big, roomy, patched and padded chair. He had on a flat cap with a glazed peak. A very small, wizened woman, a black shawl about her shoulders and head, sat on the other side of the stove. They were adream beside the fire.

The old man turned slowly and looked at the man standing in the middle of the room. A slow gleam of recognition came upon him. He looked at the old woman, who seemed not to take much notice. Then he looked at Hendrik more closely, going a step nearer. Hendrik took off his hat and smiled.

The father said: "Hendrik?" almost impersonally, like one who is not sure his voice will carry. Hendrik smiled again, his odd, baffling smile. The old man went over to the woman, plucked at her shoulder, bent close to her muffled head and shouted "Hendrik," pointing behind him to the restored son.

"Hendrik!" she screamed, in a high, quivering voice. The mother and her insane son were locked in each other's arms, swaying. I listened to her sobs and the sound of her hands patting him on the back:—a sob, a pat pat, a sob.

Hendrik invited me to come in. He introduced me to his father and mother. We all sat down and were quiet. But the mother got up again and made Hendrik stand up. She brought him nearer to the blue chins lamp on the table and searched his face with fearful eyes, for what seemed a long time. Both sat down again, the mother with her arm on Hendrik's shoulder.

The old man and woman had heard from the Emigration Bureau that their son was insane and was being detained for deportation. They did not know, however, just when he would arrive home.

The father and Hendrik became chatty. The son was telling him about the wonders he had seen in America. The mother took a place behind Hendrik's chair where he could not see her and looked curiously at me over his head. She pointed first to her son's head and then to her own and questioned pathetically with her tense, withered face. I understood. She was inquiring about his condition. She frowned and rubbed her forehead and beat it with the palm of her hand. She rolled her eyes menacingly and asked with them as plainly as if she were shouting. It was clear enough what she asked.

The old man lighted a lamp and took

me out to see the cow. Hendrik stayed with his mother, and I had an opportunity to tell the old man that his son was not violent or dangerous; that with care and quietness he probably would be all right soon. He nodded gravely his acceptance of my story.

I found lodgings in the village that night.

In the morning I saw Hendrik standing in the road near his home. He was wearing an old military overcoat and was bareheaded. He looked wistful and comic, but quite as if he belonged in that quiet, small place.

"Good by, Hendrik!" I shouted. "Take care of yourself."

"So long!" he answered. "Be good!" I promised.

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Appreciation

By MARY STEWART

LET me take this opportunity to thank you for the refreshing sanity and splendid courage of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*. It's a living spring in the dead level of lead-pipe journalism, trickling discreetly from well-marked taps.

Pasadena, Cal.

"Understanding Germany"

From the *Tribune* (Chicago, Ill.)

THE most interesting article about Germany that we have read recently is contributed by Max Eastman to the current *HARPER'S WEEKLY*. It is entitled "Understanding Germany," and it is of real assistance.

A Distorted View-point

By E. A. SCOTT

NOT any special price offer would be an inducement to give any of your publications house room here because of your distorted and biased view-point concerning the war.

Germantown, Pa.

Thin, but Spicy

From the *Monitor* (Concord, N. H.)

THERE are not a great many pages in any one number of *HARPER'S WEEKLY* and of what there are Norman Hapgood fills the most. But his matter is always interesting, whether we agree with him or not; and there always is something else worth while; for instance, Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma on "Cloture in the Senate."

"The Friends of Albanian Independence"

By JOSEPH F. GOULD

WILL you permit me to chronicle an association which has grown up as a result of your splendid articles by Mr. George Fred Williams on the Albanian question, which you recently printed. I refer to the Friends of Albanian Independence which is trying to give publicity to the wrongs inflicted on the Albanian race, in order that at the close of the war this brave and ancient people will have justice done it.

The present situation of the Albanian people is deplorable almost beyond belief, for her neighbors have used her far worse than Germany did Belgium. Long before entering the war, Italy seized the Albanian port of Avlona; Greece has occupied Kortsche, although not officially at war, and Montenegro and Serbia have overrun and devastated northern Albania, with no pretext of military necessity. The soldiers seized all the prop-

visions they could lay their hands on, and so interfered with agriculture that the Albanians are starving. Only one relief ship, a sailing vessel, has gone from generous America to their assistance, and it was delayed on its errand of mercy for several months by the Italian government's refusal to allow it a passport through the illegal blockade which it is maintaining on Albanian ports. Unless it is possible for the American government to get Italy to remove this blockade, it does not seem possible to help this much oppressed race, while the war is raging on all sides of it.

Now, however, is the time to tell the public of the wrongs inflicted on the Albanian race in order that American influence be used at the close of the war to see that justice is done that race, and that Albanian territory is guaranteed to its only lawful owners, the race which has possessed it from time immemorial. This is a very important question, because Albania occupies such a strategic position that the neighboring states would not rest quiet if Albania was given over to any one of them, or divided among them in any possible way. Albania as a buffer state is a necessity for the peace of Europe, and its partition would cause another Balkan war, which might embroil the world again. Furthermore, the martial Albanians in their almost impregnable mountains could keep up such a costly guerilla warfare against any nation trying to conquer them, that only the extermination of the Albanians could give their soil to the usurpers. Can Europe afford to see the extinction of the heroic race which gave her Alexander the Great and Constantine, and which under the leadership of Scanderbeg saved her from the Turk?

To present these facts before the public there has been formed the Friends of Albanian Independence, which already numbers among its prominent endorsers Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago; Prof. Emory G. Balch, of Wellesley; Mr. George W. Coleman, of the Ford Hall Foundation; Prof. Somers T. Dutton, of the World Peace Foundation; Hamilton Holt, of the *Independent*; Miss Mary White Ovington, of Brooklyn; Prof. Herschel Parker, of Columbia; Prof. Edward A. Steiner, of Grinnell, and Dr. Evangeline Young, of the Boston School of Eugenics. Membership blanks may be obtained from the Secretary of the Vatra, 97 Compton street, Boston, Mass.

No dues are required in the organization, but as the fate of Albania perhaps depends on the success of the race in reaching the American public, contributions to the Friends of Albanian Independence will be very welcome, and may be sent to the writer, to Rev. Fan Noli, 97 Compton street, Boston, Mass., or to Christo A. Duko, 18 North street, Southbridge, Mass.

Elbowoods, North Dakota.

"Too Much Wilsonism"

By W. S. HAMILTON

PLEASE discontinue my paper. Too much Wilsonism to suit me.
Fairmount, W. Va.

A Suggestion

By ELLA M. WHEELOCK

I HAVE the copies of all the issues since July, 1914, and intend at the close of the war to gather them up, collate, and have them bound. On studying the "make-up," or more correctly, perhaps, the "out-down" of the margins, each issue comes trammed much too closely. In binding they are trimmed again. When that is done they certainly look "bled to death," and present a most woeful appearance. Isn't there some way that beginning with the first January issue, which I believe begins a new volume, you can allow us wider and better looking margins? I, for one, will much appreciate them.

Montpelier, Vt.

Brevity

By GEO. A. RIBENACK, M.D.

I LIKE your editorials.
Colfax, Wis.

In Hearty Accord

By A. G. KINNE

I DO not feel that I can subscribe for another year (my subscription having just expired). However, I wish to state that I am in hearty accord with Mr. Hapgood in his views of America's path through this great world crisis. Of course we may all differ when it comes to petty politics, but when it comes to international questions then I say down with the "Hyphen" and hurrah for the "Stars and Stripes."

Valparaiso, Ind.

"Unrelenting Vilification"

By LOUIS BENARIO

ALTHOUGH I value the excellency of your publication, I cannot persuade myself to renew my subscription on account of your unjust, unjustifiable and unrelenting vilification of everything that is German ever since the outbreak of the world war. I should think that a great and influential organ like yours has a nobler task to perform than to vent a personal, petty spite against a people which is the banner bearer of the highest civilization, who furthermore has been a most valuable asset in the upbuilding of this great nation, many of whose sons have bled and died that this Union might live, and one of whose most brilliant scions has graced the presidential staff in Washington.

Bartou, Ohio.

Editorial Sanctum

From the *Plain-Dealer* (Cleveland)

THE early-day sanctum is being revived. Norman Hapgood, editor of *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, will remain in Washington until after the 1916 election. Up to the time of his departure his sanctum will be under his hat.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

JULY 3, 1915



The Fireworks of Mars



On the Carpathians, stores of bread and hay. Italian engineers fortifying a position on the Austrian frontier. Aeroplane photograph of Etienne in the Meuse district, bombarded by Germans. Huzzars enter Gorlice. Russian trenches and Gorlice in the distance. German Cruiser Dresden sinking.



Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

JULY 10, 1915



The Germ War



British troops landing at the Dardanelles; Quarters of a German staff in a wood in Poland; Italian field artillery in action; Rifles captured by the Austrians from the Russians; Italian soldier on way to front reading paper to wife in a railway station.



Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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JULY 17, 1915

Pro Patria





MARILYNN MILLER AT THE WINTER GARDEN

In a minor part in "The Passing Show of 1914" and in a big one in the present review at the Winter Garden Marilyn Miller has easily won first honors. What her dancing lacks in individuality of style is more than made up for by freshness and charm.

EDITED BY MURRAY HAYZORR

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

JULY 21, 1915

What
We Need
By

Lindley M. Garrison

Secretary of War



Chinese Lyrics

By PAI TA-SHUN



李敏傳畫梅道人題訪友圖紙本設色
長五寸三分一尺六寸八分
寬三寸五分
藏 滬 南 樓

Homesickness

IT IS not the wind in the meadows,
It is not the drifting leaf,
It is not the Three Stars rising
At the end of the autumn brief,
But I see the road to Kinsay
And my heart is full of grief.

Through leagues of perished poppies
And league on league of ten,
Through the winding river gorges
From Thibet to the sea,
To the hoary walls and towers
And great gates swinging free.

From one of the thousand bridges
I heard the biwa's strain
As the golden dragon-barges
Passed and returned again—
I see the road to Kinsay
And my heart is full of pain.

The Hermit's Visions

LONG have I followed phantoms
Upon their luring trails,
Down summer-scented meadows
And dream-enamored dales—
And now that they are vanished
What strength or faith avails!

But yet that morning rapture
No night quite dims or mars.
I feel that I shall find them
Beyond the cliffs and scars,
Beyond the Tien-Shan Ranges,
Behind the streams of stars.

Brotherhood

THE One bethought Him to make man
Of many-colored dust,
And mixed the holy spirit in
In portions right and just;
Each had a part of mind and heart
From One Himself in trust.

Thus came the brown and yellow men
And black and white and red,
So different in their outer look,
Alike in heart and head,
The self-same earth before their birth,
The self-same dust when dead.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

JULY 31, 1915

Women in Black

EVERETT SHOCKNEY

Chinese Lyrics

By PAI TA-SHUN



The Tiger

IN THE fastnesses of earth
He has his lair, he has his birth,
And goes upon his raging course,
Master of elemental force.
He but changes his known form
To ride upon the wings of storm,
And whelm the fields and towns with
flood;
He paints the battle-plain with
blood;
He ravages with ruthless fire
Piling the forests on his pyre;
He shakes the earth as 'twere a ball
Till temples totter to their fall,
And seas rush in with tidal waves
To whirl the people to their graves;
And often in the guise of pest
He stalks the world round in his
quest.
And thus he rages on his course,
Master of elemental force.

The Phoenix

THOU goest down in splendor
O gorgeous Bird of Dawn,
With rose and violet pinions,
Now flaming and now gone!
But from the night's gray ashes
Thou risest up serene,
Immortal and yet mortal
With wings of rainbow sheen.
Far flieker golden feathers
Liks rays twixt sky and earth
From out the purple nimbus
That curtains thy rebirth.

The Parrot

A PARROT at my lattice
Came beating starved and thin.
I opened wide the window
And let the starveling in.
And now he preens his feathers,
The many-colored bird,
And tries in vain to utter
A broken happy word.
Is my love dead or dying
On some wild battle plain?
I cannot see the peach-trees
Because of mist and rain.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

AUGUST 7, 1915



Lloyd-George—"Your brother in the trenches has no ammunition."
British Workman—"Carn't 'elp it. This is a 'alf 'oliday."

Why Workmen Drink

(See page 127.)

Chinese Lyrics

By PAI TA-SHUN

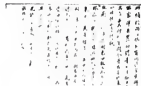
The Hermit

AMONG the giant cedars
I have my bamboo hut
Where the gates of heaven are open
And the gates of earth are shut.

With ancient scrolls to ponder
And music of the kin,
With peace that floods the valleys
And wraps the spirit in.

Nature unrolls her picture
The pageant of earth and sky;
Mountain and mist and sunset
And moon and stars pass by.

There are visions that come and voices
Within the bamboo hut
Where the gates of heaven are open
And the gates of earth are shut.



••••• 中國畫院藏 吳昌碩畫



••••• 中國畫院藏 吳昌碩畫

The Pailou

WITH phoenixes and tigers
And dragons' crooked files,
Faience and wood and marble
Quaint wrought in curious styles,
The three-arched gate—a triptych
That frames the stretching miles—
Still stands a glazed glory
Of multi-colored tiles.

The wind blows through the pailou
—Like the sound of myriad feet,
And in the ancient thujas
The rustling branches meet
As if a myriad voices
Were murmuring in the street,
The voices of the old time
Ere time has grown so fleet.

The pailou stands there lonely
Slow falling to decay,
But where are the red-maned camels
That knew the desert way,
The titled carts and donkeys,
The throngs in bright array?
Where are the silk-clad maidens,
O Gate of Yesterday?

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

AUGUST 14, 1915



The Condescending Man

House of Representatives U.S.
Washington, D.C.

House of Representatives U.S.
Washington, D.C.

St. Louis, Mo., April 25, 1902.

(Confidential.)

My dear Major:

Thanking you for your kind offer to take care of your services I accordingly take the liberty to entrust you with a mission, rather delicate in nature, which however, your well known tact and discretion will amply enable you to perform. The matter is, of course, confidential, excepting as to friend Hibner with whom I had talked the matter over, and pursuant to their advice I have acted. Even this ago I addressed a letter to Hermann Heats of the North German Lloyd in New York, telling him that the passenger quota would, no doubt, force an important factor of the deliberations of the next Congress, and that I had reasons to believe that I would secure a member of the Immigration Committee. At the same time I asked him for a special rate for myself and wife to Europe. Not receiving a reply to this note, I wrote a second epistle, this time without saying it "personal" to the captain. I shortly asked for their terms, expecting that they concessive would probably offer a concession. I received a very courteous reply to this, simply giving the regular rates, and informing me that Mr. DeRicks is in California, and that I may, no doubt, the reasons for his silence. Now, what I would like you to do is to see the Washington representative of the Lloyd, a Mr. Greene or Green and attend, as friend Hibner told me, to all the "favor" for Congressmen, and

ask him whether a member of the 53d Congress could expect any reduction of rates or any other party is to apply to in a case of this kind. Subsequent to this is not so very friendly terms with the party in question, and this is the reason I bother you. I have fully made up my mind to take a trip to Europe this summer, and as there may be an extra-session, there is not such time to be lost in this matter, especially because steamers can be engaged several weeks ahead of time.

Sincerely yours,

Richard Barthold
M.C.

My regards to C. W. H.

Congressman Bartholdt is the leader of the German-American party in Congress. The importance of the above letter will be understood after reading the editorial on the subject printed on the page opposite.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

AUGUST 21, 1915



The Range Finders



The best things lie around us often scarcely noticed. Life in the United States lacks no desirable element more than it lacks art, and yet even in the arts we occasionally find, almost by accident, something of very high quality. The Devereux players will serve as an illustration. They are not creating a terrific noise (compared at least to the Folies of 1915) but they are giving Shakespeare out-doors with a refinement and competence that is extremely rare in our country.

Twelfth Night, which is illustrated in the picture on this page, is amazingly well-acted in every part. Not only is it individually well-acted, but it is controlled so that the effects harmonize and reinforce one another and never clash or pull apart. Playing out-doors, with no changes of scene, except slight differences in furniture, is an amazing advantage, as heavy modern scenery makes it practically impossible to give Shakespeare with the lightness and speed which he requires.

Miss Grace Fisher, who is shown in the picture, playing Viola to Mr. Devereux' Orsino, gives that difficult and fascinating part with its sentiment, its easy humor, and with attractive technical resources in face, voice, motion and intelligence. Viola is inevitably the centre of the comedy, but it is a play one of whose peculiar merits is the number of excellent parts, and in this performance there is not a single part that does not make its own distinct and attractive impress. Strong single effects are drawn together into a lovely unity, and the spectator goes away with a still warmer feeling for one of the best balanced of poetic comedies.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

AUGUST 28, 1915



The New Shell Game

"SELECT Y." — HAPGOOD



Song of the Forest Rangers

By W. P. LAWSON

WHAT do you know—in your dim, proud cities—
Of the world God made when God was young;
Have you ever lain by the limbs of Nature,
Or slept to the songs she has made and sung?

Have you ever visioned the face of Nature
Or heard the rush of the robes of God,
You—in your purple-painted dungeons
Treading the stones your fathers trod?

Come out away from your dreary splendors—
Tinsel faiths that have made you blind;
Open your hearts to the earth's old wisdom,
Listen well to the whispering wind,

Freshen your lives in the virgin forests:
Life is the only thing you own,
And time is the tool which shapes and fashions
A soul of worth from a thing unknown.

And time will be yours in the sober forests;
Time to listen and time to dream,
Time to smile to each bird that flutters,
Time to talk to each tumbling stream,

Time to live, in the dim-aisled forests—
With the towering pines and the sweetheart flowers,
With the winds that sing and the showers that sweeten
The marching months and the hurrying hours,

We'll show you the trails through the ancient forests—
A high-horned saddle between your knees:
Bright peaks touched by the lips of heaven,
Silence . . . in the sentinel trees—

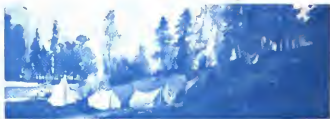
Mystery in the bending branches—
Dew from the hills where the clouds are drawn:
You'll look in the eyes of the stars at evening
And into the eyes of God at dawn.

Dawn—when the world is a morning glory,
Day—when the world is a shining sword
And birds glint by like a thousand jewels
Out of a golden chalice poured.

Evening comes—and a short night after;
Day follows day—and the years go by . . .
What! are you fain of a search for treasure?
Stay with us till the oak leaves die.

Stay with us! In your dingy cities
What can you know of the world God made:
Of the woods and the wild in the windy open
And the shine of leaves in a sudden glade:

And the last white tents of the Forest Rangers,
Where the flame of a welcoming campfire gleams
At the end of the trail when life is over
And Death awaits with his gift of dreams?



Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

TEN CENTS SEPTEMBER 4, 1915





John Purroy Mitchel entered the training camp at Plattsburg last month as a private. The drill he had had in college, his physical activities since, and his athletic type of mind enabled him to become a corporal in a short time. We imagine he is much prouder of his military prowess than he is of the fact that at 35 years of age he is an extremely efficient mayor of the second city in the world.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

PRICE TEN CENTS

SEPTEMBER 11, 1915



Left at Our Door



LEONARD WOOD

Probably no man in the country is watching the progress of the Plattsburg idea with keener interest than is this major general in our regular army.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

THIRTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 18, 1915

Building
the Nest



A Chinese Lyric

By PAI TA-SHUN



九江秀色可攬結
我將此地采雲松
此面道之乃斜明清表
芳也



東 南 興 雲 嶽 瀑 松 一 之 畫 畫 谷 石

The Waterfall

THE sound of water falling—
The wind's retreating breath—
The whisper through the pinewood—
These say there is no death.

For these are voices speaking
Out of the ancient earth,
The haven of the deathless
Tried or untried through birth.

They speak from out the vastness,
Foreshadowing to man
Nature's divine and secret
Immeasurable plan.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AMERICAN
PRESS

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INDUSTRIES

SEPTEMBER 25, 1913

Caught



Chinese Lyrics

By PAI TA-SHUN



The Island of the Gulls

FAR white flashes on the black storm-clouds;
Nearer, screaming gulls that ride the storm;
Stunted pines and cedars bending in the wind;
In the deep grasses gray nestlings snug and warm.

Dashing in hordes the monsters of the sea
White-and-green-flanked eat the granite shore
Tossing on their horns the bitter foam and brown weed
Trampling the shingle with deafening roar.

Reeling junks fly past like wisps of cloud;
Sneapans scurry homewards in wild alarm,
While the white gulls flash across the dark
Over gray nestlings snug and warm.

Ancestral Voices

OUT of the deeps I hear the old old voices
Calling and commanding me to do their will,
Voices of the legions of the immemorial ages,
Voices of the dead that live with me still.

At the place of tomb and in the pear-garden
Far in the forest, wherever I go—
Out of the deeps I hear the old old voices
Telling me the ways I should walk in and know.

Shrines we made and offerings in house and pagoda;
Carven jades we gave for the dead to hold fast,
Out of the deeps I hear the old old voices,
Mandates to the children from the race that is past.

On the Mongolian Plains

A SEA of long uplands and hollows
Only known to the loneliest birds,
To the hawks and the curlews and swallows
That follow the wandering herds;

Whether sunshine and blue dome of heaven
Stretch over that infinite space,
Or tempest with thunder and levin
Sweep out on that green sea space;

A land where the waterless rivers
Run down between desolate scarps,
Where the wind in the thin grass quivers
And thrums on a myriad harps:

Whether oases loom green as beryl
With springs full of solace and charm,
Or thirst and the fires that imperil
Shall lead one to fly from their harm;

Oh give me the life of the prairie,
The spirit, the freedom, to roam,
Where the thoughts are as free as the fairy
And the heart has all space for its home!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 2, 1913





The gentleman portrayed above has made himself so famous (or at least so notorious) that everybody is now familiar with his name. Few know much about his record before he was accepted by Dr. Dumba to carry secret despatches. In magazine circles he has been known, however. His enterprise has always been more noticeable than his carefulness about principle. His name is James F. J. Archibald. He calls himself "captain," but we are not aware just how he got the title. That he speaks in his autobiography in "Who's Who" of himself as the first man wounded in the war with Spain, and writes considerable martial and dubious history about himself, does not surprise those who have followed his career.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

LIST
VAR
RESPONDENTS

OCTOBER 9, 1915

TEN CENTS

N.Y. OFFICE
INTERNATIONAL
NEWS

At the Front

Page 140



At the Rio Grande



United States Troops, patrolling the river bank, drawing cannon to positions in full view of the Mexicans—chiefly for the moral effect.



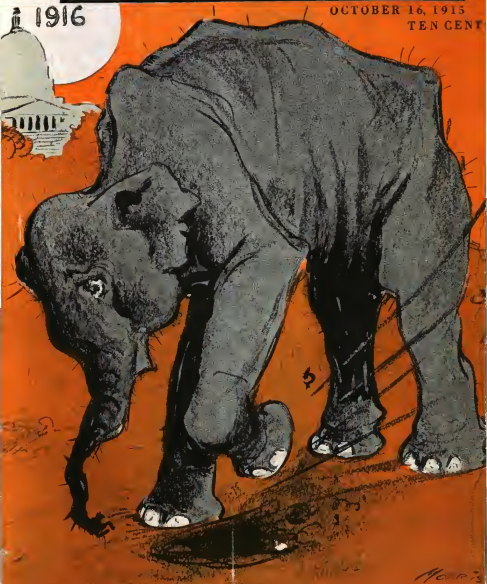
Artillery placed opposite Matamoras and ready for use against Mexican raiders.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

1916

OCTOBER 16, 1915
TEN CENTS



"Where the dickens did I bury that Tariff issue here?"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 23, 1915



PORK
BARREL

The Patriot

ENRIGHT

ASSOCIAZIONE
DELLA
STAMPA ESTERA

POSTA CENTRALE

PRESIDENZA

Roma September 17, 1915.

TELEFONO 46-26

Mr. Norman Hapgood,
Editor, Harper's Weekly,
New York.

Dear Sir,

Owing to the impossibility of cabling collect from Rome to New York I am replying by letter to your cablegram of the 14th instant.

No Press correspondent named Brixton D. Allaire belongs to our Foreign Press Association and nobody in Rome, as far as I could ascertain, knows Mr. Allaire.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

Acting President,
Foreign Press Association,
Rome.

S. Pevsner

Poor Old Brix!

"Brixton D. Allaire," staff correspondent for Hearst's International News Service of Rome, was accused by H. D. Wheeler, in HARPER'S WEEKLY for October 9, of being "an ordinary, contemptible Hearst folk." The romantic Brixton is just one of the names Hearst has been caught using to deceive clients and readers into thinking they were getting special news from Europe, written by real war correspondents on the ground.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 6, 1915

Another
Specimen

SMITHSONIAN
STITUTION





The photograph reproduced above shows part of the Canadian shipyard at Maisonneuve, near Montreal. A British man-of-war is in the floating drydock and in the foreground are five of the submarines constructed there, preparing to go to sea. Five others, completed early in the summer, have already proceeded to the Dardanelles and aided in the Allied attack.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 13, 1915

UNCLE SAM: "Now that you
got it, be careful."





The U. S. S. Nevada in New York Harbor

This photograph, taken from Manhattan Bridge, shows our largest completed battleship on her way to the navy yard in Brooklyn to be docked, preparatory to her speed trials. The Nevada has a displacement of 27,500 tons, is 383 feet long, draws 28 feet 6 inches, and is equipped with Curtis turbines.

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NOVEMBER 20, 1915



A Marriage of Convenience



The most spectacular fighting in Europe, perhaps, is being carried on along the Alpine frontier. This photograph shows a wounded Austrian being assisted up the steep slope by his companions.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 18, 1915

TEN CENTS



Noeris

SANTA CLAUS



BLESS YOU, MY SON!

The Christmas spirit in England has a new impetus. Hadji Wilhelm and his prospective heir have been perpetuated for the London seamstress in the form of holiday pincushions.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 25, 1919

SEVEN CENTS



"STICK AROUND"

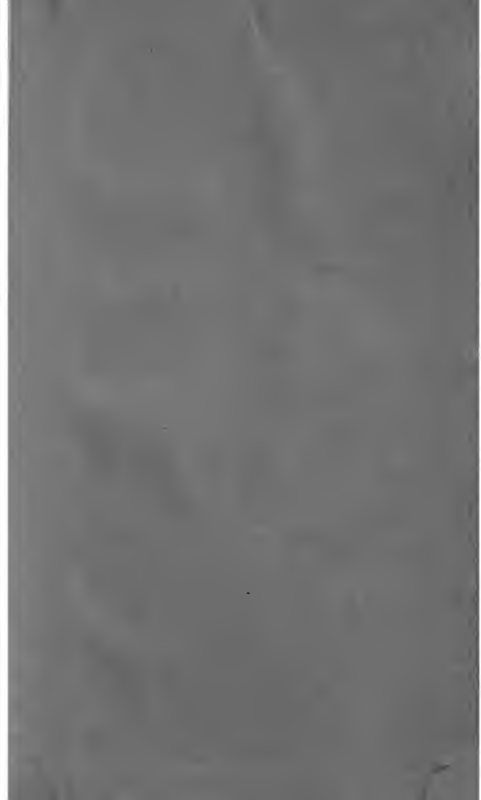


CHRISTMAS IN BERLIN

Christmas in Berlin! Families broken up by the war, children mourning a father, paupers clamoring for bread—but Christmas, just the same. And the soldiers in the hospitals decorate their tree—a candy cane for Karl, a taffy ring for Fritz.

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Aaron Bldg.



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