

# THE FORUM

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

## WHAT IS AMERICANISM?

*Forum Definitions — First Series*

**S**O far only one man has been discovered who protests against THE FORUM's Definition Contest. Above the chorus of approval that greeted our announcement in the March number came this single discouraging voice (and from a cherished friend of THE FORUM too): "You can define 'Americanism' about as successfully as men, in two thousand years of wrangling, have defined 'Christianity'. The best minds have covered the pages of THE FORUM for the best part of a year trying to define the latter; and I wrote a longish book showing that what is claimed as 'Americanism' certainly is *not*. No, no: whoever else in your office thinks that we can get anywhere by definitions, you certainly can't. That's too simple — too easy. Even if the United States Supreme Court 'defined' Americanism, the spirit, and the glory, and the suffering, and all the history that dwell in that word could not be imprisoned in a judicially exact opinion!"

Possibly, — but even if it couldn't, it wouldn't hurt the Supreme Court a bit to have a try. After reading the hundreds of definitions of "Americanism" that have poured into THE FORUM office in response to our invitation, the editors are convinced that

a useful purpose has been served. In a great number of cases the definitions have been accompanied by comments of which the following is typical: "Here's my feeble definition of Americanism; I was sure I knew what it meant and sat down with the utmost confidence to tell you, but you wouldn't believe how many papers I had to tear up even to produce this humble candidate. Your contest may not succeed in producing the perfect definition, — how can it when America herself isn't yet quite sure what she's all about? — but I can bear witness that it will produce some healthy cogitation. At any rate we shall never know what Americanism is until we stop, think, and compare opinions about it. I can hardly wait for the June number."

Another man writes that the task proved "more fascinating than the crossword puzzle in its palmiest day."

In judging the manuscripts submitted, it became apparent at the outset that it would be virtually impossible to find one succinct definition that comprehended all the shades and meanings that attach to the term. The definitions fell into several groups which the Definition Editor, with the phlegm of his kind, laconically labeled as follows: (1) Dithyrambic (Cherry-tree-Gettysburg-my-country-right-or-wrong); (2) 1776 (Mayflower-Fathers-Liberty-Equality); (3) Earnest (constructive adaptation of inherited principles to modern conditions); (4) Fifty-fifty (holdup gangs vs. uplift ditto); (5) Radical (axe-hammer-tongs); (6) Wisecracks; (7) Cuckoo. The great majority fell into the first three groups.

As was to be expected, many of the most thoughtful and readable manuscripts submitted were not strictly definitions at all, and could not be entered as candidates. Into this class falls an exceedingly neat remark which was offered by Professor Harry W. Ayres as an "aside" to the Editor. "Americanism," he reflected, "is the sum of the emotions which I should experience if I learned my daughter proposed to marry a foreigner. I might be all wrong about it, but it is what I should feel, and I should feel there was something to justify the feeling. O mores!" That is far too vague for the dictionary, but is there any American in whom it does not evoke as clear a concept as the everlasting references to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?

The definitions finally selected for publication are not neces-



sarily the most clever, nor the most original, but those which in the opinion of the editors best cover the whole ground. For most of those selected there are scores which might with almost equal reason have been substituted. Many admirable contributions must go unrecognized. As the object is to offer a composite picture of the things meant by "Americanism" in the public mind, we have in some cases chosen definitions from a minor group which agree in substance though varying in shade.

We now leave the floor to the public:

(1) Americanism is the uncrystallized and murmuring expression of organized America, as she endeavors for her own protection to locate the roadway of her destiny, among the crisscrossing bypaths of all nations. (*Clark Clement, Lemoore, Calif.*)

(2) Americanism: the developed national consciousness of a nation of many races — conceived in an ideal, begotten of the practical, nurtured and grown to manhood in the school of necessity — evidenced in its laws, its customs and in all its pursuits of human activity as a characteristic self-confidence, self-reliance, self-sufficiency, and pride that it as a nation is the best and shall ever remain the best, though quite readily stirred to experiment upon itself in methods of self-improvement by law, well satisfied that so it can work out its own destiny and thus stand as a leader of nations. (*Adelrick Benziger, Denver, Col.*)

(3) Americanism: a word of strictly subjective meaning, denoting our likes or dislikes, according as we like or dislike America. (*Francis F. Davis, New York.*)

(4) Americanism: an idea of loyal patriotism, religious tolerance, righteous freedom, fearless courage, honest integrity, abiding faith in the commanding destiny of the United States, and a fathomless love for the principles which led our forefathers to found this commonwealth. (*Ivan C. Hall, Denver, Col.*)

(5) Americanism: an attempt to secure maximum expression in all directions at once; maximum internationalism and maximum self-sufficiency; maximum spiritual attainment and maximum materialism; maximum freedom of speech and thought and maximum security; and maximum education everywhere, in every way, for, of, and by everybody. (*Elizabeth E. Hoyt, Ames, Iowa.*)

(6) Hardy sons and daughters of Britain, truthful, loyal, adventurous, resourceful, sea-loving, seek new lands and new freedom in America, subdue Indians, cross rivers and mountains, fell forests, till farms. With faith in God and love of home they build churches, schools,

colleges, in honor of law, of property, of equal duties and rights. From stockades and settlements arise well-ruled towns and states. In the break with the motherland they renew the older choice of their best manhood, their strongest and wisest counselors, — Washington, then Lincoln. Free yet controlled, independent yet united, slow to war yet ready to fight for righteousness. (*Henry Fairfield Osborn, New York.*)

(7) Americanism is *not* identical with Americanitis, that unhappy combination of selfishness and conceit which, shouting "America first!" and purblind to whatever faults America may have, covets a maximum of possessions, prosperity, and influence, with a minimum of obligation to the rest of the world; but genuine Americanism combines, rather, an intelligent and discriminating appreciation of the achievements and the perils of America, and of her transcendent opportunities for greatness and usefulness, with a loyal and unselfish devotion to her ideal development, material, political, social, and moral, including the fulfilment of her preëminent possibilities for world service and international leadership. (*K. P. Harrington, Middletown, Conn.*)

(8) Americanism means: Tolerance to the Tolerant. An excuse for Intolerance to the Intolerant. Glory to the Patriot. A Mask to the Traitor. Tradition to the Brave. A Refuge to the Coward. A Mecca to the Oppressed. Liberty to the Oppressor. Opportunity to the Poor. A Nationality to the Homeless. It symbolizes Party to the Partisan. A Platform to Congressmen. A Rumor to Wall Street. A Plot to Main Street. Rehabilitation to Noblemen. Easy money to Europe. Mixed feelings in Mexico. Extinction to the Indian. An Experiment to God. (*Steve Baker, Lincoln, Neb.*)

(9) Americanism is the heart of the typical American as evolved in a century and a half of American independence. Its roots are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; its flowers are American ideals unsurpassed in beauty and fragrance; its fruits satisfaction and service, progress and peace. (*W. S. Pitts, Brooklyn, N. Y.*)

(10) Americanism is the national inferiority complex of the citizens of the United States. (*H. T. Stowell, Buffalo, N. Y.*)

(11) Americanism consists in knowing America intimately, loving her passionately, and being ever ready to ward off the attacks of her enemies from within as well as from without. It is a sacred word denoting sympathy and helpfulness and a willingness to forego self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness, and contentment of others. It is synonymous with genuine patriotism which is founded upon stanch, robust, sterling, self-sacrificing moral character. It means obedience to and respect for our laws and ordinances, and a deep appreciation of our national principles. It is service "For God, for home, for country." (*Patrick J. Shelly, New York.*)

(12) Americanism is Little Jack Horner enlightening the world.  
(*T. J. Mosley, Madison, Wis.*)

(13) Americanism stands for world-wide freedom and democracy. It is akin to that age-old, universal yearning to be free from tyranny and oppression, and is not a product of America so much as America is a product of it. Indeed its universality is its cardinal principle and insures the abundant life for all humanity. Wherever a people, tolerant and forbearing, scornful of haughtiness and bigotry, stand together mutually striving to make free to all an equal opportunity to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, there is Americanism pure and undefiled. Americanism is applied Christianity. (*A. V. Curtis, Terre Haute, Ind.*)

(14) Americanism is that marvelous combination of sentiment, optimism, and acumen which permits a great nation to retain a sober face while transacting modern business with the aid of a coin stamped "In God We Trust." (*Valance Patriarche, Winnipeg, Canada.*)

(15) Americanism: the essential character of a nation more versatile and less casual than the English, more shrewd and less intellectual than the Scotch, more ingenious and less melancholy than the Irish, more open-handed and less subtle than the Jew, more stable and less flamboyant than the Italian, more enterprising and less abstractly logical than the French, more nimble-witted and less methodical than the German, more business-like and less spiritual than the Russian. (*Llewellyn M. Buell, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

(16) Americanism: a snarled and frayed string of prejudice and instinct, upon which an amorphous population, suddenly self-conscious, is trying to crystallize a racial character and a national purpose.  
(*Stanley Frost, Oakland, N. J.*)

(17) Define Americanism? Simple enough! Just find the common denominator for: George Washington, Washington Irving, Irving Berlin; Mary Garden, Mary Pickford, Mary Baker G. Eddy; Henry Ford, Henry Adams, O. Henry; Joseph Smith, Al Smith, Smith Brothers; Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson; Stephen Wise, Jesse Lasky, Oscar Straus; Judge Gary, Gene Debs, Babe Ruth; Jackie Coogan, Marion Talley, Red Grange; Jonathan Edwards, Billy Sunday, Harry Emerson Fosdick, and so forth.  
(*Llewellyn M. Buell, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

(18) Americanism: the greatest common denominator of vast physical resources, opportunity, greed, and organized philanthropy; Puritanism, Harvard, and the Y. M. C. A; women's clubs, Rotary, and the K. K. K; Roman Catholicism and African Methodism; architecture, plumbing, and shoes; advertising, mass production, and instalment sales; commercialized sports, bootlegging, murder trials, and irrespon-

sible statements; jazz and the movies; steam, electricity, and gasoline; Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln; Emerson, Longfellow, and Phillips Brooks; Mark Twain, Poe, and Stephen Foster; Robert E. Lee and Theodore Roosevelt; Morgan, Gary, Ford, and Bishop Manning; Edison, the Mayos, Goethals, and the Rockefeller Foundation. (*F. D. Rose, Muncie, Ind.*)

(19) Americanism is Democracy with partisanship; Patriotism without apathy; Liberty with fetters; Faith without question; Free speech with censorship; Enthusiasm without restraint; Religious freedom with the Klan; Progress without parallel; Sincerity with prohibition; Pride without limit. (*A. L. Babcock, Massapequa, Long Island, N. Y.*)

(20) Americanism: the nationalistic catchphrase of the heirs of Jefferson, rising crescendo as they rewrite his last will and testament. (*Hartwell Hatton, Clinton, S. C.*)

#### VOTE FOR THE WINNER

Which of these twenty definitions is, in your opinion, the best definition of "Americanism"? At the end of the Toasts in this issue you will find a coupon upon which you are invited to record your vote. If you will cut this out and mail it to the Definition Editor it will be credited to the ballot for the successful definition of "Americanism", which will be reprinted in a future issue along with the most popular definitions of the eleven other terms to be defined.



*From a woodcut by J. J. Lankes*

## FORUM DEFINITION CONTEST

**A** QUEER sensation, isn't it, when you've told your favorite funny story, and glance around to find that everyone is looking bewildered, not even "cracking a smile"? Perhaps it's a more basic fault than merely the story; perhaps it is a case of definition, for after all, what *is* humor? There are fifty-seven varieties, — all neatly bottled and labeled, — conscious and unconscious, native, shrewd, quiet, crude, dry, and — wet! But what of the commodity itself? Many people have attempted to define it, with none too conspicuous success. One of the most casual but arresting attempts in recent literary history was that of the late Sir Walter Raleigh who described humor as "thinking in fun while feeling in earnest."

THE FORUM, by inviting its reading public to define common words with ambiguous meanings, is making an honest attempt to induce clearer thinking. "Americanism" has been defined; "Success" and "Immorality" have been announced to follow in turn. And now what is the meaning of

### HUMOR

Any one who uses words may enter the contest, our only hope being that he will use them neatly, briefly, and in the sincere spirit in which this contest is being conducted. All definitions must be typewritten; and none will be returned, even though postage be included. Limit your definitions to *one hundred words*, remembering that brevity is the soul of wit and the salvation of time, and that short, epigrammatic remarks linger longest in the mind. Write your name and address plainly on your manuscript, as payment will be made at the rate of five dollars for each definition selected for publication. The Editors plan to publish fifteen or twenty of the best definitions of each term announced.

Definitions of "Humor" must be in THE FORUM office by midnight of July 1, 1926. If received later they cannot be considered for competition or publication in the September number. In fact the sooner you send them in to us, the better.

All definitions should be addressed as follows:

Definition Editor, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



## IS A WAR WITH JAPAN POSSIBLE?

NO:

*SAYS General Maurice. Through the treaties concluded at the Washington Disarmament Conference the possible causes of such a war have been reduced to a minimum. To occur at all it would have to be a war of aggression, and it is not reasonable to suppose that Japan would commit suicide. Modern warfare depends upon raw materials of which the United States has an overwhelmingly greater supply than Japan. This lack will deter Japan from waging war under the conditions imposed by the Washington treaties.*

YES:

*SAYS Mr. Bywater. There is the precedent of the Russo-Japanese war. The disparity between Japan and Russia was no less enormous, yet Japan emerged victorious. The disparity in raw materials would be of no consequence in a war between Japan and the United States. Japan would seize the Philippines. She would be impregnable in the Western Pacific. The United States would be forced to exert pressure far from her base of supplies. Under these circumstances it would not be suicidal for Japan to take a chance.*

### I — THE FACTOR OF RAW MATERIALS

SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

**E**VEN before the Treaty of Versailles was signed, those watchers of the skies who make it their business to look for clouds on the horizon had determined that the Pacific would be the scene of the next storm. Certainly the problems of the Pacific were grave enough. The United States and Japan were those of the world's great powers which had been least exhausted by war. Both indeed had emerged from the struggle with increased prestige and power, and therefore had less reason than others to dread the test of war, while the possible causes of friction between the two were serious. The restoration of peace found Japan with the third navy and the second army in the world, judged by the ordinary standards of comparison in times of peace. This combination of power made her supreme in the Western Pacific. Her islands had become more secure than the shores of the British Isles had been made by the sinking of the German

fleet, for they were in no danger of attack by air. There was no power in existence which could even contemplate invasion of Japan in any form. The collapse of Russia had left her in a position which could not be assailed.

It was to be expected then that Japan, proud of her history and conscious of her strength, would assert herself more definitely in the adjustment of the world's affairs in the years which followed than she had in those which preceded the Great War. The uncertain political situation in China might at any time give an excuse for another scramble for trade or for territory, and in such a scramble there were many possible clashes of interest between Japan, Great Britain, and the United States. But most serious of all was the colony question, which the Anglo-Saxon races had never squarely faced. Japan might follow a notorious example and demand a place in the sun for her teeming and rapidly increasing population; as the one representative of the colored races on the Council of the League of Nations she might legitimately regard herself as the champion of their rights and interests. She might refuse to submit to the declared immigration policy of the United States and of Australia. She might even, from a desire to assert openly her equality with the white powers, attempt an extension of her control of the Western Pacific into a domination of the whole ocean.

These then were seeds which might grow into a formidable crop of trouble, and the prophets of woe received the more attention partly because of the existence of opinion, which has long subsisted, that the real Armageddon will be fought between the white and the yellow peoples, and partly because of the apprehension that the Mongol races in general, and the Japanese in particular, are inscrutable and strange. The feeling that we had done something unnatural and even that we had betrayed our trust to humanity by allying ourselves to Japan was by no means negligible in the United States, and the relief and satisfaction, when we terminated our alliance in favor of an agreement with Japan to which the United States as well as ourselves were parties, was both real and widespread. The happy conclusion of that agreement at Washington in 1921 caused what the diplomatists call a marked *détente*, but recently those who still see causes of trouble in the conflict of interests in the Pacific have again begun to express their anxieties,

and one of them, Mr. H. C. Bywater, whose writings on the problems of the Pacific are well known, has recently worked out the course of a possible struggle between the United States and Japan (*The Great Pacific War*).

The Washington Conference was called primarily to bring about a limitation of naval armaments, but a very cursory examination of that problem showed that the sphere in which the interests of the three chief naval powers met was the Pacific, and that before an agreement to reduce armaments could be reached, it was necessary to regulate the outstanding questions in the Pacific in which the three powers were interested.

The provisions of the Limitation of Armaments treaty which was at the time regarded with the most satisfaction by those who were looking eagerly for the establishment of a reign of peace in the Pacific, was that contained in Article XIX. By this article the United States, Great Britain, and Japan agreed that the *status quo* at the time of the Washington Conference with regard to fortification and naval bases should be maintained. As is now well known this article was deliberately so drawn as to exclude Singapore, just as it excluded for the United States the Hawaiian Islands. The two British naval bases within the Western Pacific, Hong Kong and (temporarily) Wei-hai Wei, were both out of date and unsuitable for use by battleships, so that under the terms of this article the nearest effective bases would be for Great Britain, Singapore, when completed, and Sasebo for Japan, these being 2600 miles apart; for the United States, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and for Japan, Yokosuka, these being 3300 miles apart.

One of the chief causes of apprehension had been the extension during the preceding twenty-five years of the territory and of the naval power of the United States in the Pacific, and, when as a result of the Great War, Japan obtained mandates for the administration of the former German islands north of latitude 5°, it was felt that two of the chief rivals in the Pacific were steadily drawing nearer, and that a collision was becoming very probable. The conclusion of an agreement which kept the naval bases of the three chief powers as far apart as the width of the North Atlantic was therefore a cause for congratulation, and there was a widespread impression that the possibilities of collision had been eliminated. To this impression Mr. Bywater gives a direct chal-

lenge in his imaginary description of a Pacific War, and, as far as a landlubber may be permitted to judge of such things, he seems to me to have made out a very good case. He has worked out his naval war without requiring either side to do the impossible, and he has eventually brought the main fleets of the United States and of Japan into battle in mid-Pacific. The argument that the separation of naval bases by a sufficient space will of itself prevent naval war has always seemed to me to be somewhat thin. It did not prevent Rodjestvensky from challenging the Japanese fleet in its own waters, and though the consequences were to him disastrous, they were not solely due to the fact that he had brought his fleet from Europe. Recently an American fleet has visited Australia and New Zealand, and the admiral in chief command has reported that as a result of that experiment he is satisfied that he could maintain his battle fleet at sea for four months. A far shorter period than this would suffice to bring about a fleet action in the Pacific, and when every allowance is made for the differences between the conditions of peace and war it cannot be said that the agreement as to the maintenance of the *status quo* in regard to naval bases in the Pacific has removed the possibility of naval war in that ocean.

The agreement is, however, very far from being useless. It has prevented that kind of competition in preparation for war, which each side regards as defensive for itself and provocative in its neighbor. Without it the United States might well have insisted on the necessity of having a base for battleships in the Philippines as a means of assuring the safety of those islands, and Japan might equally have found that the erection of such a base required her to establish one of the same kind in Formosa. Dangerous rivalry of this nature has been prevented, while as long as the *status quo* is maintained it is out of the question for Japan, no matter how large or how efficient her army may be, to invade the mainland of the United States, and it is equally out of the question for the United States, no matter how many millions of men she may be able to raise and train for war, to invade the main islands of Japan. I have already referred to Japan's complete security in the Western Pacific. It is probably her growing sense of this security which has caused her to make very substantial reductions in her army during the past few years. In 1913 the peace

strength of the active army of Japan was 285,800 of all ranks; in 1925 the corresponding figures are 212,643, a reduction of more than 70,000 men. These figures certainly do not indicate that Japan's policy is to rely upon the strength and efficiency of her land forces to compensate her for the relatively inferior position as regards battleships which she accepted at Washington.

As long as the present situation lasts, a war between the United States and Japan must be in the main a naval and air war, and though, as Mr. Bywater explains to us in his book, it is not at all beyond the bounds of possibility that Japan should be able to seize the Philippines, yet the decision of the war must be at sea. As compared with the Great War, the loss of life in such a war would be small, and therefore the immense superiority of the manpower of the United States would not be a factor of prime importance. But the wear and tear of material would be tremendous. It would be a war fought out over vast spaces of ocean, and the chances of damaged ships being able to crawl home for repairs, as they did from the battles of the North Sea, would be small. Since neither side could follow up the victory at sea by a blow at the other's heart, the war would only be brought to an end by one side deciding that it was not worth while to continue it, or more probably when the power of one side to replace losses at sea had come to an end owing to the exhaustion of manufacturing resources and of raw materials.

We have then reached the position in our examination of the Washington treaties as a means of preventing war in the Pacific, that these agreements which relate to China must be considered, in view of the disturbed conditions in that country, to be in a state of suspension, and that the agreement of the preservation of the *status quo* as regards fortifications and naval bases is not sufficient of itself to prevent war, but that it could give to war in the Pacific a special and peculiar character. It remains to consider the most important of the Washington agreements, the Four Power Pact, concluded between Great Britain, the United States, France, and Japan. These powers agreed to "respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the region of the Pacific Ocean". They also agreed that "if there should develop between any of the High Contracting Powers a controversy arising out of any Pacific question and



involving the said rights which is not satisfactorily settled by diplomacy and is likely to affect the harmonious accord now happily subsisting between them, they shall invite the other High Contracting Parties to a joint conference to which the whole subject will be referred for consideration and adjustment." This treaty remains in force for ten years from the time it shall take effect, that is from August 1923, when it was ratified, and after August 1933 it may be terminated at twelve months' notice, which makes it effective at least till August 1934.

Now it is obvious that any aggression or threat of aggression by Japan against Australia, a danger some persons fear as likely to arise out of the policy of a "white Australia", becomes a Pacific question within the terms of the treaty. It is further obvious that in the extremely improbable event of Japan attempting such aggression without referring the matter for "consideration and adjustment", she would be guilty of breaking her pledged word, and in danger if she did so of bringing herself into conflict not only with Great Britain, but also with the United States and France. It happens also that Great Britain, Japan, France, and Australia are all members of the League of Nations, and Japan would therefore run the further risk of finding herself declared under Article XVI of the Covenant an outlawed nation. The outstanding difficulty in the way of the application of Article XVI to a Great Power has hitherto been the fact that the United States, a great maritime and commercial power, is not a member of the League, but that difficulty is in this case solved by the fact that the United States is a party to the Four Power Pact. Therefore if the cynics are permitted to attribute to Japan an almost inconceivable moral obliquity and bad faith, it would seem that nothing short of sheer lunacy in her rulers could induce them to bring about a war in the Pacific by aggressive action in support of a claim to populate Australia, and one of the Pacific bogies becomes a hollow turnip lit by a guttering dip.

It may however be fairly argued that a dispute arising out of claims for concessions or territorial rights in China is not a "Pacific question", within the meaning of the Four Power Pact, and that is probably the reason why Mr. Bywater has ignored that Pact in devising the causes of a conflict between the United States and Japan. He makes his war begin in March 1930, that is

four years before the Pact ceases to operate, if it should be denounced by one of its signatories. Has the state of China, then, so far nullified the aims and objects of the Washington Conference as to bring a conflict between the United States and Japan once more within the zone of political probabilities? It is difficult to conceive of any action of the United States which would force Japan to take arms in self-defense. The policy of the United States as regards China has been consistently that of the "open door", while as regards immigration she asserts her right to determine who shall be settlers in her territories. An attempt by Japan to upset this policy by force connotes aggressive action; indeed it is only by prompt and aggressive action that Japan, militarily the more prepared of the two, could hope to succeed against a power with the immense latent resources of the United States. That is to say, the choice between peace and war rests in almost any imaginable set of circumstances with Japan. In what circumstances could war appear to the statesmen of Japan to offer advantages commensurate with its risks?

Japan could no more expect to conquer the United States than she in 1904 expected to conquer Russia. The most she could hope to do would be to make the United States see, as she made Russia see, that it was not worth while to continue the struggle. As I have explained, such a war must be mainly a naval war, that is to say a war in which the power to keep fleets at sea, to reënforce them, and to make good the losses of battle would be of paramount importance. Now, as Professor C. K. Leith has pointed out, the production of steel, the essential material for naval war is practically confined to the Atlantic Basin. "Of the world's steelmaking capacity over ninety per cent is confined to three regions; the United States centring for the most part about the lower Great Lakes; northeastern England using both local ore and coal; and the Ruhr and the adjacent parts of northeastern France." Of coal suitable for the manufacture of steel about two-thirds of the world's supply comes from the same regions. The United States produces about sixty per cent of the world's copper, and sixty-five per cent of the world's oil. I take from the 1925 edition of the *Statesman's Year Book* a few comparative figures of the production of the United States and Japan in a few of the essential raw materials of war:

	UNITED STATES	JAPAN
Pig-iron	40,361,000 tons	78,000 tons
Steel	45,000,000 tons	nil
Copper	950,000,000 lbs.	100,000,000 lbs.
Bituminous coal	422,000,000 tons	27,000,000 tons (mostly unsuitable for coking)
Petroleum	23,500,000,000 gallons	60,000,000 gallons

In fact a war between the United States and Japan would be a war between that one of the Great Powers which has the largest supplies of raw materials and the most highly developed industries applicable to the purposes of war, and the Great Power which has the least of both.

But it may be said that Japan could draw from Europe the steel she would require, just as she does now for the building and maintenance of her large navy. For this she would have either to lay in sufficient stocks of raw materials before the war came or be assured of a regular supply from the Atlantic Basin. The laying up of stocks for a war which would exhaust the patience of the United States is not a possibility. It could not be done secretly and would involve a financial strain which Japan is not capable of enduring. The importation of stocks from Europe during war could only be with the good will of Great Britain. Now, whatever casuists may argue as to the literal interpretation of the clauses of the Four Power Pact, its spirit is clear. Its intention is that disputes arising in the Pacific should be referred to discussion by conference. As a party to that Pact we would not be in the least likely to support the Power which went to war without reference to a conference. Nor is it in the least probable that Japan, realizing her dependence on Europe for raw materials of war would venture to proceed to extremities with the United States without first assuring herself at least of our benevolent neutrality.

On all these grounds, despite the anxieties to which the uncertain outlook in China must give rise, a Pacific war in the sense of a war involving the United States and Great Britain is amongst the least probable of the dangers to which the world is at present exposed. May I conclude by saying that I have throughout this article assumed for purposes of argument that Japan would have designs which I do not think she would be at all likely to entertain.

## II — THE RUSSO-JAPANESE PRECEDENT

HECTOR C. BYWATER

**W**HENEVER the question of a Pacific war is mooted, Japan and the United States are instinctively visualized as the principals. This is a suggestive thought. By pondering its implications we arrive at the circumstantial fact that Japan and the United States are, in effect, the most probable adversaries in a duel, not for the command of the Pacific, — for so vast a tract of sea can never be brought under the rule of any one Power, — but for the control of a limited area of the Pacific, within which, however, political and economic interests of the first importance are concentrated.

The purpose of this short paper is not to dwell upon outstanding differences between the two Powers in question, but to consider a thesis which has been advanced to support the view that they can never, under any circumstances, come to blows. Briefly it is this. Modern naval warfare demands an immense expenditure of material, especially steel, coal, and petroleum; of these materials America has an inexhaustible supply, while Japan's reserves are strictly limited; therefore, having regard to this disparity, Japan would never dream of going to war with America. The syllogism is plausible without being wholly convincing. Its initial argument obviously has reference to the history of the World War, on the course and outcome of which productive resources did undoubtedly exercise a decisive influence. It does not follow, however, that all wars are governed by this factor to the same extent. Take, for example, the Russo-Japanese conflict of 1904. The material assets at Russia's disposal were so incomparably superior to those of her antagonist that had the issue depended on this element alone, Japan's defeat would have been a foregone conclusion.

Between the conditions under which that war was fought and those that would obtain in a struggle between Japan and the United States there is an analogy close enough to merit careful study. When Japan challenged the mighty Russian Empire in 1904 she seemed, in the judgment of friends and foes alike, to be courting certain destruction. She had practically no reserves on

hand to repair her losses in war material. Her industry was not yet competent to build large warships or manufacture heavy artillery. Her navy was almost entirely of foreign construction, and if a ship above the light cruiser class were sunk it could not be replaced while hostilities lasted. Her stocks of coal, iron, and other commodities indispensable to the prosecution of warfare seemed altogether inadequate for a prolonged campaign. Financially, too, she stood at a grave disadvantage with a treasury none too well-filled, whereas the Russia of those days had abundant cash and credit at command. For these reasons a Russo-Japanese war had long been scouted as impossible by many observers in the West. When, notwithstanding their predictions, the impossible happened, they hastened to explain that everything would be over in a few weeks, owing to the exhaustion of Japan's resources. Yet the war continued for nineteen months, and though Japan towards the last was approaching the limit of her endurance, she was able to keep her navy and army supplied with all needful requirements right to the very end.

The error into which the prophets had fallen was in confusing potential with actual resources. Russia was never able to deploy more than a relatively small part of her strength in the war zone, which lay at an immense distance from her centres of production. Had she had the prescience to double-track the Siberian Railway beforehand, the war would probably have ended differently. As it was, all her combatant material, men as well as munitions, had to be conveyed over six thousand miles of single railway track. Great difficulty was experienced in making good the wastage at the front; with all her efforts she at no time succeeded in bringing more than a fraction of her potential force to bear on the enemy. Japan, on the other hand, fighting on her own ground, was able to throw into the contest every ounce of weight she possessed. Russia fought with one hand tied, Japan with both hands free. Such is the explanation, — so far as the material element is concerned, — of Japan's victory over an opponent whose resources immeasurably outweighed her own.

A future war in the Far East, with Japan and the United States as the belligerents, would be waged under conditions not very dissimilar. In this connection the term "Far East" is used advisedly, for it is certain that Japan would confine her major



activities to the Western Pacific, where she enjoys all the advantages of position. Fundamentally the problem confronting the United States would be one of transport. While it is impossible to forecast Japan's opening move with complete assurance, the consensus of professional opinion is that she would attack Guam and the Philippines in overwhelming force, perhaps simultaneously. If these territories were occupied by her in the first month of the war, as there is good reason to suppose they would be, she could await the American riposte without undue misgiving. From this point onward we must of necessity give rein to conjecture. It may be that the United States, recognizing the peculiar difficulties of its position, would follow the line of least resistance by initiating peace negotiations. But it would have to reckon with public opinion, which would naturally regard such action as a confession of defeat. If "victory at any price" became the national slogan, the authorities would have no choice but to prosecute the war regardless of cost.

In that event they would be faced with the problem of bringing superior force to bear at a point far removed from American territory. Japan's main line of defense would run from the Kurile Islands to the Philippines, with advanced positions in the Bonin, Caroline, and Marshall Islands. It would be America's task to break through this line and secure a firm foothold on ground within easy striking distance of the Japanese coast. In no other way could victory be achieved by armed force. It is often stated, however, that America would win the war without firing a shot, by remaining strictly on the defensive in her own waters, refusing to be drawn into military adventures oversea, and employing her vast wealth to destroy the credit of Japan and reduce her to bankruptcy. Even if this were feasible, the process would be a long one, and it is questionable whether the patience of the American people would survive the strain. Japan in the meantime would be sweeping the Western Pacific clear of American ships; it is even possible that her long-range naval craft would raid the American seaboard and harry coastwise trade. She would certainly leave nothing undone to exasperate her enemy, and in these circumstances the Washington Government would in all probability be compelled by the pressure of public opinion to adopt a more active military policy. This, to be effective, would

entail the despatch of a great expeditionary force across the Pacific, with one or more of the Japanese islands as the objective of attack. The distance to be traversed would be anything from two to three thousand miles, according to the objective selected, and nowhere along the route would a friendly base be available. Moreover, the expedition would be in constant danger of attack by Japanese submarines after leaving Hawaii, and each day's progress towards the West would increase the desperate hazards of the voyage. Every movement of the force would be observed and reported by Japanese patrols operating from the numerous islands which flank the line of approach from the East, while the American commanders would be entirely in the dark as to the enemy's plans and the location of his main fleet. The annals of war afford no parallel to an enterprise so desperate, or one so devoid of reasonable prospect of success.

It is difficult to say how, in the emergency thus pictured, the United States would derive any special military advantage from her boundless resources in iron, steel, copper, coal, and petroleum. She might, of course, create new fleets and armies on a gigantic scale, but unless they could be brought into contact with the enemy their creation would be so much wasted energy. Japan, on her part, would have no need to make heavy inroads on her material reserves. With a navy quite powerful enough for the work it had to do, it is unlikely that she would embark on a large shipbuilding program. Given adequate supplies of fuel for the fleet, she could await developments with equanimity.

We see, therefore, that in relation to a conflict between Japan and the United States, the question of material resources is less important than it is often assumed to be. To count upon Japanese inferiority in this respect as a positive guarantee against war in the Pacific would surely be unwise. The peace of that ocean is not menaced at present, nor need the shadow of war ever darken its waters if the peoples of East and West practise a mutual forbearance and strive to cultivate a better understanding of each other's domestic problems. If, however, they neglect this duty, choosing rather to pursue invidious national policies regardless of neighboring interests, the danger of an armed clash will be very real, nor will it be mitigated by the superficial superiority of one party or the other in the raw materials which feed the furnace of war.

# THE PERSECUTION OF JEWS IN EUROPE

S. MILES BOUTON

## *The Problem of Anti-Semitism — IV*

*SINCE the war, even in America, anti-Semitism has been gaining ground rapidly. This feeling has reached its greatest intensity in Germany, where it is estimated that three quarters of the population are at heart antagonistic to the Jews. This writer believes that anti-Semitism is due, not to the fact that the Jews rejected the founder of Christianity, but to the fact that they are by nature internationalists. He suggests means of reducing to a minimum this animosity which endangers the peace of the world.*

**N**O man who knows conditions in Europe to-day can fail to become cynical when he recalls that the World War was avowedly fought to make the world safe for democracy. That millions of upright men believed this to be the purpose cannot alter the fact that this war, or rather the peace that ended it, fanned into flame again embers of racial hatred long believed extinguished, placed hundreds of thousands of Europeans under national yokes that gall and oppress them, and filled the Old World with new breeding places of animosities and probably of future wars. In a half dozen of the new States created by men who did not know the difference between Silesia and Cilicia racial minorities are to-day being harassed and persecuted, denied rights which an enlightened democracy regards as inalienable, treated as citizens of the second or third class. It is again being demonstrated, — what some of us have long known, — that guarantees given to such minorities are not worth the paper they are written on, no matter who the guarantors may be. Peoples liberated from long oppression turn with burning zeal to the oppression of others and employ against these the methods which they learned from their own former masters.

Chief of all these oppressed minorities is the race that has for more than twenty centuries been the object of oppression in all the Eastern world — the Jews. Seldom before in all the years of his sad wanderings has Ahasuerus found so many hands lifted against him as now. A bitter anti-Semitism came into existence in Poland as soon as the German armies had freed the country from the Russians. Even in America anti-Semitism is undoubtedly gaining ground rapidly.

Strong though anti-Semitism is in nearly all European countries, it has nowhere else reached such heights as in Germany. Its beginnings there go far back. On January 1, 1745, during the second Silesian war, Maria Theresa, Empress of the Holy Roman Empire, which included most of present Germany except Prussia, decreed that "we have for different, very important reasons decided to tolerate no Jews henceforth in our Kingdom of Bohemia." Frederick the Great, who was not least great in his spirit of toleration, employed Jews in many important matters of state, but from the beginning of the nineteenth century anti-Semitism grew steadily and became a real force in the eighties and nineties under the leadership of Stoecker, the court preacher at Berlin.

"The Jews are such a pest that they should be rooted out as one roots out vermin from a bed," said Stoecker in one of his sermons. The head rabbi of Berlin read this sentence to his congregation on the following Sabbath, and said: "Truly, a most Christian spirit." The Jewish Democrats and Socialists of Germany, who are to-day foremost in abuse of Kaiser Wilhelm II, have forgotten that immediately after this sermon the Kaiser announced the dismissal of Stoecker, saying that he could not tolerate a court preacher who attempted to set one class of the people against another.

To-day two political parties, represented by more than thirty-one per cent of the total membership of the German Reichstag, are outspokenly anti-Semitic. A further ten per cent, although containing a few so-called "national German Jews", are also at heart anti-Semitic. The Socialists with more than twenty-one per cent of the Reichstag's deputies, and the Communists, with more than fourteen per cent are in theory strong opponents of anti-Semitism. A considerable part of the Socialist leaders and a majority of the Communist leaders are Jews. And yet, when violent food riots took place in the overwhelmingly red Dresden three years ago, the rioters and looters advanced with cries of "Down with the Jews!" The anti-Jewish excesses committed in Berlin in 1924 occurred only in sections inhabited by the laboring classes, and the great majority of the rioters there as in Dresden, probably at least ninety per cent, were either Socialists or Communists. The situation in Bavaria is still worse. Deny it though

they may, at least three quarters of all Germans are at heart anti-Semitic.

The recrudescence of anti-Semitism is regrettable not merely from a purely human standpoint; it has a material political importance full of menace for every State where it is found, and above all for those European States that are already rent and dissevered into scores of contending political factions. The situation demands urgently that attempts be made to find a solution of the problem, but to make this possible it is necessary that an inquiry be made into causes. What are they?

Most commentators, and especially those in America, are ready with their answer: the Jews are persecuted because they crucified Christ and rejected His gospel. The answer commends itself by its simplicity, but it will not bear investigation. Anti-Semitism long antedates the birth of Christ, and it had become a tremendous force long before the Christians were a factor anywhere. It is estimated that at the time of the conversion of Constantine the total Christian population of Rome did not exceed five per cent of the whole population. Anti-Semitism had grown up without the least connection with Golgotha. Nor was it the Jews' refusal of religious communion and social intercourse alone, but "a number of causes" that had brought about the situation. This is equally true to-day. There is no such feeling against Mohammedans, none against other "infidels" anywhere, none against agnostics, none even against atheists. A religious factor does enter into the situation, but in quite a different significance than is generally realized. It is this:

The Jews' rejection of Christ as God gave their Christian opponents in every land a powerful propagandistic weapon. Here at last was a tangible pretext, and one that became steadily more efficacious as Christianity gained ground. Since then anti-Semitic feeling has been strongly furthered by appeals for vengeance on those who rejected the Head of the Christian Church. But attacks based on religion were merely the wind that fanned an already burning fire.

Another argument against ascribing anti-Semitism to religious causes is the fact that, whereas the world has grown vastly more tolerant in religious matters in the last two decades, the feeling against the Jews has both grown bitterer and infected steadily



widening circles. And, perhaps most astonishing of all, it has done this in the face of a steady strengthening of Jewish influence over the organs that make or affect public opinion. The entire moving-picture business is in their hands, and also the great majority of theatres everywhere. In every country they have increased their hold on the newspapers. With unimportant exceptions the whole Communist, Socialist, and Democratic press of Germany is owned and edited by Jews, and one finds Jewish editors and reporters on the staffs even of German National papers. They dominate the learned professions. No other race ever possessed such great opportunities for making and molding public opinion. Yet anti-Semitism increases.

It will not do to deny the existence of any real fire behind this smoke. There is a big fire.

I have spent many years in anti-Semitic centers in Europe and have discussed the problem of anti-Semitism repeatedly with leading thinkers of those countries. Nothing is more certain than that they do not think even remotely in terms of religion. Unquestionably the keener intelligence of the Jews, their acquisitiveness, and their amazing success in the world of finance and business do play a part, although anti-Semites of the educated classes are often unconscious that they are at all affected by envy, and would indignantly reject the imputation. But it is none of these things that is at the bottom of the new wave of fierce anti-Semitism that is to-day sweeping over Europe and particularly Germany.

What is back of it is the fact that the Jew is the original internationalist. International Socialism was founded by Jews and developed by Jews. A disproportionately great part of its leaders, not merely in Germany, but in every country on the European mainland and in America, are Jews. The three great revolutions of the World War, — two in Russia and one in Germany, — were carried through exclusively by red internationalists. The great majority of the red rulers of Soviet Russia belong to this race. Chief rôles in the German revolution were played by Joffe, Russian Jew, Oskar Cohn, German Jew, and Rosa Luxemburg, Polish Jew. Almost exactly one per cent of Germany's population in 1918 consisted of Jews, yet two of the six members of the revolutionary cabinet were of that race, — thirty-three and a

third per cent. All four members of the first Workingmen's and Soldiers' Council for Greater Berlin were Jews. A Czechish Jew who was not even a German citizen was put in charge of the archives of the Foreign Office. The most important posts in the German and Prussian cabinets were handed over to Jews, and they furnished the chiefs of police in Berlin, Frankfort-on-Main, Munich, and Essen. Kurt Eisner constituted himself President of Bavaria, an overwhelmingly Catholic and patriotic State. In all Germany it would have been impossible to find a single revolutionary governing body, large or small, in which Jews did not hold at least a quarter of all the offices, and in many places they were in the majority. Hindenburg, three score and ten years old, who had devoted his life to the service of the Fatherland for less money than any moderately successful commercial traveler earns, was summoned before a revolutionary tribunal, appointed to inquire into the causes of the war, and insultingly questioned by Oskar Cohn, who had accepted Bolshevik money to betray his own country.

The leader of the Communist revolt in Hungary was Bela Kun, another spelling for Cohen. The men at the head of the bloody Soviet uprising in Munich in April, 1919, were a Levi, a Levien, and a half dozen other men of the same race. The scenes that disgrace the German Reichstag and the Prussian Diet with monotonous regularity are staged by men and women named Scholem, Katz, Wolffenstein.

From the day of the collapse in November, 1918, every German patriot has seen in international Socialism the factor that dragged the German Empire down from power and grandeur to powerlessness, degradation, and misery. Tens of thousands of Russian exiles in various European lands see in this Jewish internationalism the reason for the fact that they are in exile and that their fatherland is destroyed. To-day this point of view is held by the vast majority of all Germans, whether monarchists or republicans. Only Socialists and a fraction of the German Democrats to-day refer proudly to "the glorious revolution". In the mouths of nearly or quite three quarters of the whole people the phrase has become a bitter sneer. In every European State whose continued existence is problematical the same fear and hatred of internationalism dominates all patriotic men and women. It

would be remarkable if, in the circumstances, the whole body of Jewish people did not have to suffer as a result.

This persecution of internationalists is no new thing. No one familiar with the history of the Roman Empire during the first three centuries of the Christian era can have failed to note that the Christians were persecuted not because of their religious faith, but because of their rejection of national patriotism. Their example and teachings were subversive of all government as men then understood it; they were a continuing danger to the very existence of the State. They were not persecuted because they rejected the gods of Olympus. The Romans themselves had begun doing that a century and more before the birth of Christ, and the Pagan religion had long been even ridiculed by leaders of Roman thought, — ridiculed, too, with complete immunity. The Christians were persecuted because they were internationalists.

Note, too, this further significant thing: when the Christians secured possession of the temporal power they assumed the same attitude formerly held by Pagan rulers and patriots, and the Jews succeeded to their places as the whipping-boys of the world. Then, and not until then, did the Jews' rejection of Christ become a ground for anti-Semitic propaganda. But it was never, except for a brief period in the Middle Ages in Europe, the reason for anti-Semitism.

I adduce here a striking instance to bear out my main contention. In Sweden the leaders of the Socialist party are all Swedes. I do not know a single Jew who is prominent in the party, although a considerable number of that race live in Sweden. And there is no anti-Semitism in Sweden.

Other particular factors play a part in Germany. The Jews are reproached with having furnished a much smaller percentage of front soldiers than was furnished by the Aryan Germans. The charge is true, but the reproach attached to it is unjustified. For one thing, centuries of ghetto life have lowered the physique of the Jews and left little of that amazing fighting spirit which their ancestors displayed in the days of the Maccabees. For another thing, they were much more valuable behind the trenches as organizers and for clerical work. The much touted organizing ability of the Germans is a myth, resting solely on the fact that

the Germans are the most organizable people in the world. German organizing talent is Jewish.

Another factor in Germany is the fact that the country has been inundated since the war with the lowest class of ghetto Jews from Poland and Galicia, and that these furnish the great bulk of receivers of stolen goods, counterfeiters, forgers of passports, and other shady practitioners. Of course no one ought to hold the cultured Jews responsible for this, but they have to suffer vicariously, just as I must bear patiently the sneers of better-class Europeans whenever some human being is lynched in the cultural backwoods of my native country.

That there is a base side to anti-Semitism cannot be denied. A strong factor is beyond doubt envy. This feeling is chiefly responsible for the attitude of the uneducated and the poorer classes in general, those that institute impromptu pogroms. Such people are less moved by any feeling of patriotism than by the spirit that lies back of all class-warfare, — the hatred of the have-nots for the haves.

As long as the world indulges in racial hatreds, so long will its disarmament conferences be futile and its talk of universal peace only words spoken against a hurricane. Least of all can it afford to embitter and persecute a race which furnishes an utterly disproportionate share of great scientists, physicians, jurists, musicians, and poets, and whose genius dominates the world of finance and business. A remedy for anti-Semitism must be sought. Is there one?

Lettland has sought it in legislation permitting Jews to vote at elections only for Jewish candidates, and limiting their representation to that percentage of the whole which Jewish citizens bear to the whole population of the State. The rabid anti-Semites of Germany would exclude them from the franchise utterly and make them ineligible to hold any governmental post. The Association of Nationally Minded Jews (anti-Zionists) summons Jews everywhere to abandon all that distinguishes them from Gentiles, except their religion, to forget the destruction of Jerusalem, and to give their full and undivided allegiance to the land in which they live, wherever that may be. The Jew in Germany, says Max Naumann, one of their leaders, "must be a German in his feelings, not a German with reservations, not a German from case to case,

but a German once and for all." And the same rule must apply in every State.

Another school of thought among the Jews themselves goes back to the famous Rabbi Schemaiah, who said to his people: "Love work, eschew domination, and hold aloof from the civil power." A modern Jewish writer has said:

The Jew becomes dangerous when he builds up political doctrines, . . . and when, blind and not knowing what he is doing, he tries with the zeal of a prophet to force these doctrines upon unwilling nations, believing that he is bringing them salvation, but actually bringing disintegration, destruction, and, finally, repulsion. All the great madness of our times, communism, pacifism, and whatever the aberrations of modern days may be called, — all have been formulated by Jews, believed in by Jews, propagated by Jews with the passion of fanaticism. Get out of the government. Leave the ministers' seats and the woosack, cease all political activity in nation, State, and city.

Whether this would extinguish anti-Semitism need not be discussed, for it is a counsel of perfection and impossible of execution. But there is a bitter truth in it which all Jews would do well to take to heart.

Another thing, too, is certain: the characteristics, whether mental, moral, or physical, that are responsible for anti-Semitism cannot be successfully combated by the methods of the anti-Semites. Faithful are the wounds of a friend and powerful to do good, but the reproofs of an enemy harden the heart and stiffen the neck. Both sides must take a new course: the Christians must practise their religion, the Jews must abandon their "obstinate hatred" to all others which was mentioned by Tacitus nineteen centuries ago.

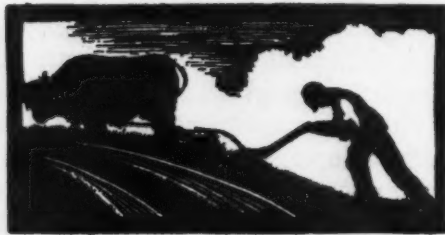
One other remedy lies solely in the hands of the Jews. Even Gentiles who reject anti-Semitism feel that a greater percentage of Jews than of other races are over-boastful, over-loud, aggressive, sordid, lacking in consideration for others, and without the finer graces that make social intercourse pleasant. At the risk of hurting feelings it must be said that this feeling has much foundation of fact. The qualities enumerated are understandable and perhaps even inevitable in a race that has come up so mightily from persecution, ghettos, and legal disabilities, but that is beside the question. And even if the percentage of disagreeable members of other races should turn out to be quite as large, it is to be re-



membered that these other races do not betray their nationality by their appearance. But the Jew does, thus betray himself, and his every offending piles up new animosity against his race.

A few Americans spent the war years in Germany. Their speech and bearing marked them as foreigners. Most of even the loudest and most aggressive among them learned eventually to conduct themselves with great circumspection, not to seek a disproportionate share of anything, to conform to the laws and customs of the land and to help the suffering of the country whose hospitality they were enjoying. But an occasional American would have none of this. He made the eagle scream on every occasion, talked English loudly in public places, boasted, disregarded customs and social usages. "Naturally," said the German; "A damned Yankee." And the sins of this man were visited on his fellow countrymen. So it is with the Jewish minority in every country. Let them imagine that they are living in a hostile land, — no great stretch of imagination in most European countries. Let them remember that when one of their number transgresses, albeit such a transgression as can be noted every day on the part of the Gentile population, it is not the individual but the race that must suffer for it.

The situation is by no means hopeless. Not the least encouraging thing is the fact that it has within the last few years become possible for a Gentile to discuss anti-Semitism with a Jew. Even twenty years ago that would have been as impossible as to refer to spinal diseases when talking with a humpbacked man. A beginning has been made, small though it may be. The work must go on.



*From a woodcut by Clare Leighton*

## SHORT SKIRTS

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

*SOME of the abbreviated dresses worn by women to-day would have caused a panic in the streets twenty years ago. Does that mean that women have become depraved? This has been the opinion handed down from many a pulpit. It can however be argued that the idea of immorality is closely allied to the idea of shame; and that, having got rid of a good deal of shame, we have attained to a higher degree of moral health than prevailed in Jane Austen's day when woman had only one pre-occupation. To-day she has many.*

ONE lovely afternoon in June, some twelve years ago, I was passing under the Admiralty Arch in London, out of the bustle and roar of Charing Cross, into the comparative quiet of the Mall and St. James Park. It was a warm day, very warm for London, and the sunlight seemed to dance on the leaves of the plane trees, and catch up a soft mist from the earth. I was walking along and enjoying it all with that quiet satisfaction a Londoner feels when his London is running true to form, when, suddenly, looking up I saw a woman turning out of one of the little side roads leading to Birdcage Walk, and coming towards me. The moment I saw her I almost stopped where I stood. She was obviously a woman of grace and refinement, beautifully gowned in the mode of the day, save for the outrageous fact, — for so it seemed to me, — that the sleeves of her dress were completely transparent from the wrists to the shoulders.

Well, it was a shock, but I pulled myself together, and was walking on without, I hope, any undue exhibition of emotion when I noticed to my regret that several of the passers-by were not acting with a like restraint. First one here and one there, quite frankly stopped to look after her. Then they began to follow her. Then the small crowd, with its inevitable snowball tendencies, began to draw a large crowd, and before she had gone fifty yards some fifty people must have been following her. I shall never forget the look of bewildered terror which came over the girl's face when she realized that she was the centre and cause of it all. She quickened her pace, but so did the crowd; then some small boys began to jeer, some youths began to jostle her, and it was easy to see what would happen. Before I knew what I was doing I had pushed my way through the crowd, enlisted the services of the inevitable policeman stationed at the corner of

Spring Gardens, and between us we got the half fainting girl into a taxi. The rôle of knight errant was new to me, but I carried it through with an efficiency which surprised myself, and by the time I had deposited her at Queen Anne's Mansions, where she was staying with her father and mother, she had tearfully explained to me that they had just arrived from New York, that every woman in New York was wearing that kind of dress, that she never could have dreamed that such a thing would happen, and that she would never get over it.

I could not help recalling this incident very forcibly, last year, when on a very similar summer day in June, I found myself once again passing under Admiralty Arch out of the whirl of the motor busses into the blessed greenery of St. James Park. Everywhere one looked, dotted about the lawns, under the shade trees, walking along the Mall, leaning over the bridges across the Long Water, and feeding the ducks, were girls, not in gowns with transparent sleeves, but in gowns with no sleeves at all; in gowns that did not come an inch below the knee; in gowns devoid of necks and only very transparently supplied with backs.

Well, I remember, I hired a chair from an ancient but watchful attendant at the price of twopence, and, taking it under a tree, sat down and watched it all. Ten years before, one lone girl clad after a fashion, which at that moment would have been regarded as almost Quakerish in its modesty, had created something bordering on a panic in this very place; women had openly dubbed her a hussy; men and boys excited by the brazenness of her costume had openly followed her, with intentions which were not honorable, and more undemonstrative passers-by had wondered what the world was coming to.

And this was what the world was coming to, — bare arms, bare knees, bare necks, and, yes, bare backs too. What *was* it coming to? And yet, as I looked out from my Olympian seat under the tree, I could not help but note how unconcerned everybody seemed about it. It may have been fancy, but it seemed to me that the air was purer and cleaner than it had been ten years before, as if an unholy pressure had been relieved, and impudent hocus-pocus shorn of its imaginary power. Legs were everywhere, arms were everywhere, necks and backs by the round dozen and score were everywhere, and yet the men and boys passing back

and forth were going about their daily walk and conversation just as if nothing were happening, just as if the world around them was not coming to anything out of the ordinary, after all.

And so, as I sat under my tree I thought of many things, and I remember recalling how, several years ago, a great artist told me an interesting story. We were talking about this very matter of women's dress, and how entirely it was a question of the point of view. He remembered, he said, one day when he was a young art student that a curious thing happened at the life class he was in the habit of attending. The model was a young girl of singular refinement and beauty of form, and the class was drawing her undraped figure. She was a good model, and had been sitting motionless for half an hour or so, when, suddenly glancing upwards, she saw the face of a man peering at her through the skylight. She had been posing for half an hour before a class of fifty men, yet when she saw this face at the skylight, with an outraged cry, she threw a wrapper around her shoulders, jumped from the platform, and withdrew in tears to her dressing-room.

Now the artist has always been regarded as necessarily a man of looser morals than the man who follows some other calling. It is an absurd assumption, of course, but it arises from the fact that the average human being, dragooned into a show of "respect" for the "mysteries" of women's dress cannot conceive of anyone who does not give the rap of a button for it as anything but immoral. The fact is, of course, that artists are not less moral than other men, but have, on the contrary, gained a certain measure of freedom from that incubus of mystery which makes for, as it is intended to make for, the excitation of desire. The human mind resents the acquisition of this freedom. Whatever this so-called life force is, which, as Bernard Shaw says somewhere, takes us by the scruff of our necks and compels us to create after its kind, it will fight every step of the way against any movement tending to shake off the shackles of mere animalism, and make for a larger and higher interpretation of life.

A hundred years ago the "womanly woman" had perhaps reached her most "womanly" expression. The women of Jane Austen's day were almost completely preoccupied with questions of sex. They had it for their every thought. They sewed a little, cooked a little, read French a little, played the harpsichord a

little, languished a great deal, had the vapors whenever necessary, and, as a last resort, went into a decline. But whether they sewed or played or had vapors, it was always with some very gallant gentleman or gentlemen in view. And as to the very gallant gentlemen, they were so gallant that a chance view of my lady's ankle was sufficient to put them into a cold sweat, while anything more was sufficient to persuade them that they had been transported out of the world of everyday life into the half-world of everyday life, which existed, a hundred years ago, just as it does to-day, and just as it had done since the beginning of time.

I remember as I sat on that twopenny chair under the shade trees in St. James Park asking myself if after all it was a degenerate age in which I was living. A boy and girl passed by, taking a short cut across the grass towards the water. He was a healthy looking youngster, with a sunburnt laughing face and curly hair, and she, free and lissome, kept pace with him. In dress she was everything she ought not to have been, according to the standards of a dozen years ago. According to the standards of Jane Austen she was nothing but a wanton. As I watched them, they suddenly went up in smoke, and in their places I saw my lady and her gallant gentleman of a hundred years ago. They seemed to have only one thing in common, one thing to talk about, one reason for existing. And he bowed over her little hand, and she blushed underneath her ringlets, and the great preoccupation of all the ages was enthroned with power. Next moment they had gone their way, and the boy and girl of this present hour of grace were back again. They had stopped in front of me, and he was kneeling on the ground and supporting her foot on his knee, tying her shoe string and they were both laughing. "Well," she said as she steadied herself with her racket, "it was a pretty even fight, but I won, fair and square, didn't I?"

It was a pretty even fight. The words came to me with a strange new revealing. I remembered too, some twelve years previous, in the days just before the war, I had sat with one of the leaders of woman's suffrage, and debated with her the whole question of the "liberation movement", as we called it then. They were burning churches throughout the country, in those days, blowing up bridges and doing all manner of things they ought not to do, and the cry of sex warfare was to be heard on all sides. Yet this



mild-voiced, mild-mannered woman insisted to me that the one aim and purpose of it all, however little men and women seemed to be conscious of it, was equality and coöperation. "We must have equality and we must have coöperation, because only thus can we obtain completeness, and that is after all what we are all seeking, and must one day attain."

And so, as I sat there under my tree, and the sun began to sink down behind Constitution Hill, and the ancient but watchful attendant began to pile up his vacated chairs, I seemed to get a new light. In spite of the fulminations of so much constituted authority, I began to see this younger generation as "some holy thing". It is a conviction that has grown in strength ever since. Every woman is a potential man, and every man is a potential woman. The woman of to-day may not have envisaged this as something to be demonstrated; she is, nevertheless, setting about its demonstration. With unerring, if unconscious wisdom, she is doing the first things first, she is getting rid of the mystery of the flesh. It may appear to her very often as an exaggerated form of sex indulgence. The arbiters of fashion may think that like a homeopathic dose every attenuation adds to its potency, yet the man who twenty years ago was fired by the suggestion and mystery of the clothed form finds himself unmoved in the presence of so much nakedness, because it is unashamed.

The point is a fundamental one. Last summer I was in Paris. I had not been there since the war, but in the days before the war I had known Paris well. From a little front room in the Rue Descartes, in the Quartier Latin, I had seen the world go by, and fared forth at all times of the day and night to mingle with it. Every phase of Paris life fascinated me, and so, when I came back to it, last summer, I sought to mingle with it again. Change of course had been everywhere, but that is away from the point; what is to the point is just one experience, — a visit I paid one hot August evening to the Casino de Paris. The great theatre was filled to overflowing — with Americans. Fathers and mothers from, — to judge from the conversation around me, — every State in the Union were there with their families; college students, boys and girls, schoolmarms and maiden aunts, a very respectable and utterly wholesome crowd. They were out in search of adventure; they thrilled with the thought of being real devilish.

Often had they heard and read of the terrible things that were to be seen at such shows and here they were actually going to see them. Some of them looked as if they wished they had never come. "Momma" was obviously disturbed; "Poppa" obviously determined to see the thing through; "Son" tingling with wild expectation; "Daughter" triumphant. Directly behind me was a family party from Vermont, and I shall never forget the despairing gasp which came from the mother of the party and a maiden aunt when the curtain rose on the first scene. It was a masterpiece of color and light, but as each successive girl mounted the dais, and, throwing aside a gorgeous wrapper, posed unclothed from the waist up, these two sterling women could see nothing in it but an outrage on decency.

Now, I am not concerned to defend such shows, — I really dislike them, not because of the shows themselves, but because of the audience, — but I am concerned with their effect upon the audience. The first hour at the Casino de Paris was atrocious. The audience was an indecent audience; but gradually a change was noticeable. The horrified gasps, the semi-hysterical giggling, the "Land's sakes!" the "Good nights!" died away. The mother from Vermont became silent, and I had almost forgotten about her when the curtain went up on a scene which was supposed to be the climax. It represented the interior of a Roman bath. Whatever may be thought of such exhibitions, there can be no doubt that it was a perfect picture, a Leighton, a Collier, or an Alma Tadema. The lighting, the setting, the faithfulness to detail, the draped or half draped figures of the women, their pose and movement were all characterized by a very excellent restraint. Suddenly, at the top of the marble steps leading down to the bath a young girl appeared; she paused for a moment, and then, throwing aside her wrapper, descended the steps, unclothed, to the water's edge.

And then I became conscious that Momma was speaking.

"My, isn't she just beautiful," she said happily.

"She sure is," was Poppa's reply.

I looked round at Daughter; she was looking straight in front of her, and for some unaccountable reason, her eyes were filled with tears. Then I glanced at Son; he was holding sister's hand. I could not help asking myself then as I have often asked myself since, —

had these people risen or fallen in the scale of morality since they entered the theatre? They had surely risen. They had gone to look for darkness with a candle, and behold there was no darkness.

The incident to me is typical of this day and age. The lack of morality is not in the nakedness but in the shame, and the shame grows less day by day. The question of sex is really occupying thought far less to-day than at any time in history. Where a hundred years ago a woman had but one preoccupation, to-day she has a hundred. And so when a Prince of the Church declares, as he did recently, that he is shocked at "the unparalleled depravity of woman's dress", and declares that he is "at a loss to explain the universal decadence which has swept over the world", the woman of to-day is apt to answer him shortly enough. Some time ago, I was in a street car, in a far western city. Two young girls came in, and took a seat diagonally across from me. They were evidently returning from some afternoon concert, and were animatedly discussing the program. Almost opposite them sat what can only be described as a simpering youth. As one of the girls crossed her legs, and displayed a pair of sturdy bare knees, the youth simpered still more. He tried to attract her attention, and finally did, but the next moment, collapsed. The expression of contempt on the girl's face was most successful and the most potent I have ever seen.

That expression of contempt is on the face of woman, to-day, whenever she is faced with the prurience of man, and man is rising to the demand that woman is making upon him. The struggle is ever towards completeness. For the most part, it is a blind struggle, the instinct of the leaf that turns towards the light, but just in proportion as it becomes more conscious, does its success become more rapid. For untold centuries, men and women have been seeking this completeness materially, but the more surely do they through such means scale the heights, the more certainly are they hurled from them into the depths. "Who told thee that thou wast naked?" is still the demand of Reality from those who, through the ecstasy of the senses, have sought to achieve the heaven of completeness.

No transitional period is desirable for its own sake, and as far as the relation of the sexes is concerned, we are passing through a period of transition, a period in which license is, more often

than not, mistaken for liberty, and old time "faiths" vanish in a peal of laughter. And the laughter is the most wholesome thing about it. The surest way for the world to rid itself of the hocus-pocus of sex is to laugh at it.

*A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land.*

Well, the lady has come, and she is standing. And her skirts are short, and her arms are bare. As to her back, I cannot see it, for her face is towards me; but on her face, upturned to the light of her lamp, is shining the glory of a new era.

### THE YOUNG POETS

**Q**UR garden isn't all hearts-ease and phlox;  
There are weeds enough, we know, and barren rocks.

But still we sink our spades and scatter seeds  
And pitch aside the rocks and hoe the weeds,

For where there's soil to dig and folk to hoe,  
Warm rain in spring, in winter crisp, clean snow,

There, some day, in a cup of tangled green,  
A single perfect flower may be seen.

—Harbor Allen



*First View of New York—from a Drawing by Kryn Fredericks in 1626*

1626 **NEW YORK** 1926

Drawings by E.H. Suydam

**F**OUNDED by the Dutch in 1626 on the Indian site of Manhattan, later to be acquired by the English in 1674 and named New York, this little Dutch Village of Nieu Amsterdam is today the largest city in the Americas and the most marvelous in the world. Arising almost magically from its surrounding blue waters, stretching its long fingers of granite and steel into the very dome of the heavens, inhabited by peoples from every corner of the earth, the air quivering with the electric energy of the new world, this is indeed a wonderful city





The Old Dutch City Hall demolished in 1700, situated at Coenties Slip and Pearl Street. The building at the left was the home of Governor Lovelace



Wall Street looking toward Broadway about 1825. Back of the building on the left was Josiah Hoffman's office where Washington Irving studied law



Broad and Wall Streets to-day.  
The stock exchange is on the left,  
the Subtreasury appears in the distance, and on the right is the home  
of Morgan & Company



The Plaza. The Pulitzer fountain and St Gaudens' statue of Sherman are here. On the right is the Plaza hotel. The Vanderbilt home is in the middle distance

## FACTS OF THE EVOLUTIONISTS

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

"*FANCIES OF THE EVOLUTIONISTS*" was the title of an article in the February number in which John Roach Straton issued a challenge to the directors of the Natural History Museum. Dr. Osborn now carries the conclusions of former articles a step further, setting forth what he believes to be convincing evidence of the geologic antiquity and creative evolution of man. Of major interest are his arguments in support of the theory that man has belonged to a family of his own for an incalculable period of time.

THE purpose of this article is not to reply to the recent attacks upon my scientific character and integrity but to set forth clearly the rapidly accumulating evidence of the geologic antiquity and creative evolution of man. The outstanding irrefutable facts are the following: First, that man with a human form and human attributes has been on the earth over 500,000 years, according to the least estimates of geologic time. Second, that man belongs to a family of his own, called the *Hominidae*, which has a history entirely independent of all other families for an incalculable period of time, — two and a half millions of years at the least geologic estimate. Third, that this human and prehuman family, composed of the existing and prehistoric races of man, has from the first divided into many branches more or less rapidly progressive and intelligent. Fourth, that we have indisputable records of the early dispersal of these branches in central, southern, and eastern Asia, in all except the northern parts of Europe, in the British Isles. Fifth, that our present knowledge both of the anatomical characters and of the cultural unity of even the earliest known branches of the human race points to descent from a single geologically remote human stock, the blood and heritage from which constitute a prehistoric brotherhood of man. Sixth, that convincing evidence of these outstanding facts of early human history rests, first, on the indestructible flint and stone industry interpreted; second, upon absolutely consistent anatomical evidence clearly interpreted by four generations of expert and conscientious observers drawn from the ranks of laymen, of learned professions, and of the clergy, especially of the Catholic Church.

From this it follows that our present knowledge of the prehistory of man rests upon one hundred and thirty years of ex-



tremely difficult and often baffling research. The Hall of the Age of Man in the American Museum of Natural History presents an epitome of this long voyage into the unknown and an assemblage of all the positive facts established by discoveries in all parts of the world, which give us flashes of the truth. The very arrangement of this exhibition has cost ten years of continuous effort; repeated journeys to Europe to verify the documents of human prehistory at first hand; strong persuasion to secure casts and other replicas of original materials so unique and precious that they are hoarded in safes like the holy relics of certain of the saints; international and scientific pressure to examine certain materials jealously guarded even from scientific view by their owners; profound and painstaking independent researches on the foot, on the jaw, on the skull, on the teeth, of such character that a single fragment may tell a story as conclusive as the cuneiform inscriptions on a Babylonian cylinder.

To the well-intentioned but unenlightened mind this century and a half of worldwide search for the fossil remains of man and of his animal contemporaries, as well as the days and nights of self-denying labor directed to the decipherment of these baffling cuneiform inscriptions of human history, these Rosetta Stones of antiquity, mean absolutely nothing. To such a mind a half cranium like that discovered in the gravels of Piltdown or in the river sands of Trinil, Java, is merely a bit of shattered bone to be thrown aside as worthless or irrelevant. But to the human and comparative neurologist who is devoting an entire lifetime to the study of the human brain, this fragment of bone reveals, through a cast of its inner surface, the entire anatomy of the brain, its approximate capacity, the configuration of its convolutions, the courses of the arteries and veins which traverse its surface, the proportions of its various parts, the relative development of those areas which control the movements of the hands and limbs, of other areas in which lie the higher centres of idealism and of imagination, and of still other centres which in the human brain control the faculty of speech. Thus the brain casts of the Trinil, of the Piltdown, of the Neanderthal man, when examined by methods slowly developed by man through centuries of research, extending back to the times of Galen and of Aesculapius, are by no means blurred or indecipherable documents like the palimp-

sests of many sacred writings, but are absolutely unchallengeable records as clear as daylight to the man who has learned how to read them, although absolutely baffling and confusing to the unenlightened.

Nor has there been any conspiracy either of silence or of scientific prejudice, in the original significance of the word *praejudicium*, in forming advance or biased judgments or of inclining to observe certain facts which further a preconceived theory and ignore other facts. On the contrary, every one of these fossil documents of human history has passed through a double baptism: first, the widespread human inertia and reluctance to incorporate a new idea, a reluctance shared both by the laity and the clergy; second, widespread reluctance on the part of a majority of scientific men to accept discoveries made by other scientific men,—witness the tardy acceptance of the first discovery of Neanderthal man, its rejection even by Darwin and by the master anatomist Huxley, its long battle for scientific recognition which came finally in the discovery of remains of an exactly similar human skull-top at Spy, Belgium. Even after Spy there were scientific doubting Thomases who declared that complete skeletons must be secured. Finally a complete skeleton was found,—the most perfectly preserved Neanderthaloid known,—at La Chapelle-aux-Saints, by the Abbés A. and J. Bouysonnie and L. Bardon, and several other skeletons at various sites.

But still there remain the doubting Thomases who will not allow us to reconstruct Neanderthal man, although we know every bit of his bony anatomy and every corner of the surface of his brain. Exactly so with the Piltdown man discovered and worked out through a decade of unparalleled labor by Sir Arthur Smith Woodward of the British Museum; in all the annals of human scientific endeavor there is no parallel to the persistence, patience, and conscientiousness of this paleontologist, who day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, minutely examined these most baffling Piltdown gravels in search of additional fragments of the Piltdown head in order to verify his original statement that the chimpanzee-like jaw belonged with the thoroughly human cranium. Nor was he encouraged by a chorus of praise from his fellow anatomists; on the other hand, he met every possible discouragement on the part of the scientific

men. My own skepticism in the matter very nearly cost me my lifelong friendship with him, because he felt very much hurt by it. Now when he visits the excavation in the Piltdown gravels where he worked for ten years he points with satisfaction to the very spot where Osborn stood when he recanted and finally admitted that the chimpanzee-like jaw belonged with the human skull!

There has been even less conspiracy of science in favor of any given theory in the case of the Trinil race. A skull-cap and thigh-bone discovered in Java in 1891 received a name signifying "ape-like man" from Professor Eugen Dubois of the University of Amsterdam; this announcement was received with a storm of incredulity and few expressions of approval; the bony relics were locked up in the Professor's cabinet and no one was allowed to see them; beautifully prepared plates were not published. Finally the writer took the matter up with the Dutch Academy of Science and with the Minister of the Netherlands at Washington as a source of international regret that these human documents should not be opened to further research; and at last Dr. Dubois sent a cordial invitation to the American Museum of Natural History to participate in original research, promising a beautiful series of casts made under his direction and reserving for himself only the study of the femur, on the characters of which was based his deduction that the Trinil ape-man stood erect. Professor McGregor of Columbia University, one of the most conscientious and painstaking anatomists in the world to-day, was sent out by the American Museum on this invitation; he rendered a report of convincing accuracy: first, that the Trinil race belongs in the family of man (*Hominidae*) and not in the family of apes (*Simiidae*); second, and most significant, that the brain capacity is greater than Dr. Dubois at first supposed, namely, 940 cubic centimeters, and consequently is not only much larger and more indicative of intelligence than that of any anthropoid ape, but lies above the limit of the most primitive human types, — 930 cubic centimeters. Thus the Trinil race, after many hardships and vicissitudes, comes into its own; it is a veritable "missing link".

Connected with the Trinil man is one of the outstanding discoveries of the last decade, namely, that man has a long and noble ancestry of his own, extending back into the "corridors of time", to use John Finley's expression, so remote that we need

not in the least concern ourselves about the anatomical resemblance and similar blood reactions which connect us on the one hand with the higher anthropoid apes and on the other with the lower monkeys. This ancestral chain of human distinctness is hundreds of milleniums in length; the 500,000 years of the Age of Man which separate us from our human ancestors of the Foxhall race of Norfolk, England, are only a fragment of the whole period of time. It may be confidently asserted that for a period of at least two million years man has constituted a separate family.

But we must return for the moment to our chief subject, — the authenticity of the documents of human prehistory and the great scholars to whom they owe their decipherment. Among these scholars whose names adorn the honor roll of anthropology in France, none is more illustrious than the long line of Catholic priests and abbés whose researches and scholarship have notably added to our knowledge of fossil man. This tribute is so important at the present time, when human evolution is before us as an alleged but not real enemy of religion, that we deem it worthy of presentation in some historic detail.

The Abbé Louis Bourgeois (1819–1878) rector of the seminary of Pontlevoy, Loire-et-Cher, was the first to present and develop the problem of the eoliths in 1863. He discovered near Thenay in fresh-water deposits of the upper Oligocene a great quantity of "flints shaped by human agency"; on these grounds he supported the idea of human beings already living during the age of mammals pursuing an industry in stone implements that had attained considerable development, and already acquainted with the use of fire. The Abbé Delaunay collaborated with him in these researches.

The Abbé Ducrost, in collaboration with Dr. Lartet, published in 1872 in the Archives du Musée d'Histoire Naturelle de Lyon the results of the excavations of the station of Solutré, in which he had participated with the discoverer of the site, Dr. Adrien Arcelin, and H. de Ferry. The Abbé Ducrost continued these investigations up to his death. A sensational discovery which he considered of greatest importance was "a sepulture surrounded by great blocks of stone arranged in a sort of large oval, in the middle of which was a human skeleton with typical Solutrean leaf-points, a figuring (reindeer carved in soft stone, fossilized reindeer bones,

etc.).” This sepulture, discovered and reported by the Abbé in 1868, and considered by him to be dated beyond question, has unfortunately been lost trace of.

It required the coöperation of three enlightened French priests to reëstablish and complete our knowledge of the Neanderthal race, namely, the two brothers, the Abbé A. Bouyssonie and the Abbé J. Bouyssonie, and their friend, the Abbé Bardon. These three friends discovered on August 3, 1908, in the small low cave of La Bouffis Bonneval, near La Chapelle-aux-Saints, the most perfect skeleton known of the Neanderthaloid race, excavating it from an undisturbed deposit containing Mousterian flint implements, shells, and remains of woolly rhinoceros, horse, reindeer, and bison. In the published account of their discovery they attributed the human skeleton to the Neanderthal race, which judgment was later confirmed by Dr. Marcelin Boule after exhaustive study of the specimen.

Padre Lorenzo Sierra is a distinguished Spanish archeologist, noted for his discoveries of Paleolithic caves in the Cantabrian Mountains of northern Spain.

We now reach the names of the two most distinguished men to-day in the prehistoric archeology of Europe, the Abbé Henri Breuil, assistant director of the great Institut de Paléontologie Humaine in Paris, and the Abbé Hugo Obermaier, professor of human prehistory in the University of Madrid. To the former we chiefly owe the masterly volumes covering the industries, paintings, and sculptures of the upper Paleolithic period in France, culminating in the zenith of Magdalenian art; to the latter we owe the most extensive explorations in Spain and in France of the whole period of human occupation, which culminated in his volume, *Fossil Man in Spain*, published in Madrid and translated by the Hispanic Society of America, and in the second edition (in Spanish) of *El Hombre Fósil* (1925).

This brings us to the most recent phase of human prehistory, namely, tracing man back to his ancient home, — not in Mesopotamia or near Mount Ararat, but in the high central plateaus of northern China and Mongolia. The first step in this direction was taken by Père Licent, a Jesuit missionary, who discovered the flints of Ordos; the second step was taken by Père Teilhard de Chardin, professor of geology in the Institut Catholique de Paris,



who in 1923 discovered at sites in China and Mongolia human industrial remains, together with fossilized bones of animals, many of which are extinct.

The writer has had the privilege of personal association with several of these distinguished French archeologists of the Catholic faith: with the Abbé Hugo Obermaier in an ever memorable journey through the prehistoric monuments of northern Spain; with the Abbé Henri Breuil into the recesses of all the principal prehistoric caverns of France, — the archeologist who begins his day in his abbé's dress in religious devotions and then dons his rude miner's costume and lamp for descent into the often perilous recesses of the caverns.

The second great generalization following that of the almost unimaginable antiquity of the human family is that this family has spread from a possible centre in central Asia southwards into southern Asia and the East Indies, westward into western Asia and Europe, dividing into several distinct branches which more or less rapidly diverged from each other, which became more or less progressive and intelligent according to the demands made upon them by their environment and life-habits, and which consequently retained more or less of that extremely remote ancestral form which links man with the other primates. Apart from the theoretic existence of many human and prehuman branches arising in the struggle for existence in different parts of the vast region from the Island of Java in the southeast to the Island of Britain in the northwest, we have human and prehuman documents which afford incontestable proofs of this branching and divergent nature of human origin. It is true that these documents are extremely rare, but it is also true that they in each case consist of the very parts of the skeleton which yield the most convincing testimony. Thus while the protruding eye-ridges of the Trinil man remind us of the beetling brows of certain of the anthropoid apes, the large and relatively well-developed brain tells a different story.

So with the few relics of the Piltdown race: the very smooth, non-projecting forehead, the very thick bony walls of the skull, the relatively large and convoluted brain, testify to the power of speech and justify Smith Woodward's appellation of "dawn-man", the English equivalent of the Greek *Eoanthropus*. Whereas

the Trinil race belongs indubitably at the base of the Age of Man, the Piltdown race constitutes a complete distant branch of the human family which occupied Britain either early in the Age of Man or during the close of the Age of Mammals. Thus it is possible that the Piltdown race is of Tertiary age, like the unknown race which fashioned the flint implements and made the fireplaces of Foxhall in Norfolk, England. The Foxhall race is thus far known only by its flint implements and by its fireplaces, but these are sufficient absolutely to convince the leading anthropologists of France, Breuil and Capitan, that Foxhall man is of Tertiary age and that its minimum antiquity is more than 500,000 years.

To sum up as to the early branches of the human family: first, we know the exact age of the Trinil "dawn-man" (a far more appropriate designation than "ape-man", since his supposed position intermediate between the apes and man has been disproved); we know much of his mental and physical make-up and that he belongs to an erect-walking race, not to a climbing arboreal race. Second, we know the mental calibre of the Piltdown man. Third, we know the habits and industries of the Foxhall man, although as yet we do not know his brain structure. Fourth, next above this is the Cromer man, who fashioned giant flint implements along the British coast; he too is known only by his industries or works. Fifth, either contemporaneous with the Cromer man or somewhat less ancient is the Heidelberg race, known by the massive jaw, which shows a strong kinship to the jaws attributed to the members of the Neanderthal race. To the unenlightened these documents of Trinil, of Piltdown, of Foxhall, of Cromer, of Heidelberg, are sparse and undecipherable; to the expert who profits by one hundred and thirty years of laborious research of anatomists and geologists in France, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain, these documents tell a uniformly consistent story.

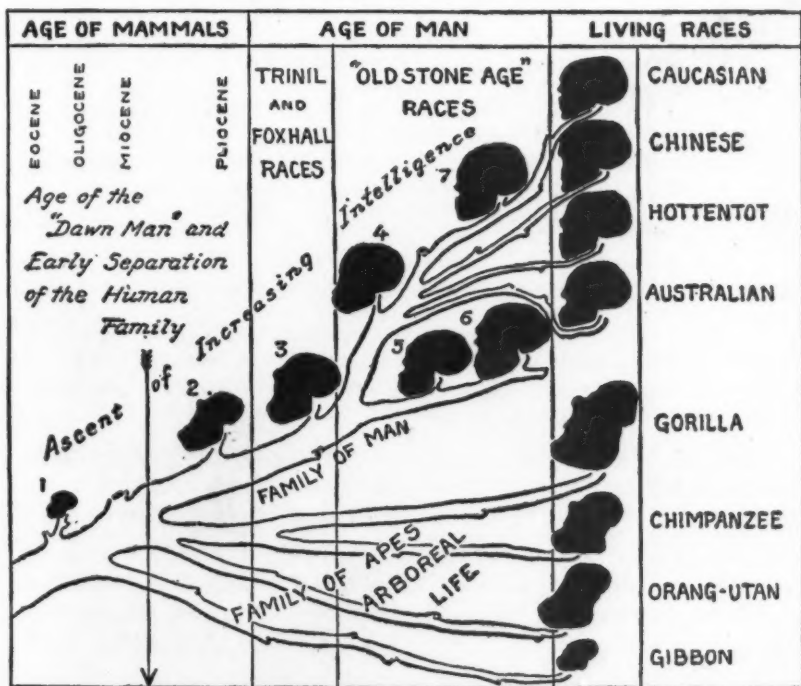
Absolutely convincing is the new, voluminous evidence regarding the Neanderthal race which dominated western Europe for a period estimated as high as 200,000 years. In good preservation are seven skeletons of this race, male and female, found in cavern burials of Le Moustier, La Ferrassie, La Chapelle, La Quina, and Spy, which together afford complete knowledge of every part of the skeleton and of the massive brain; in less perfect preservation are four skeletons of Neanderthal children from the cavern of La

Ferrassie. Thus is this race known from eleven skeletons and from less complete remains of nineteen other individuals sufficiently characteristic to be identified positively as Neanderthaloid, — namely, a child's jaw and teeth from Taubach; jaws and bones of eleven individuals of Krapina, Croatia; lower jaws from Sipka, Malarnaud, and La Naulette; an historic female skull from Gibraltar; the typical skull and thigh-bone of Neanderthal which gave the name to the race; a child's skull from La Quina. There are also remains of at least eight individuals found at various sites in Britain, Spain, the Channel Islands, and France. Thus altogether our knowledge of the Neanderthal race depends upon the burials of no less than thirty-eight individuals, often in association with artifacts which are consistently of Mousterian or pre-Mousterian type. This highly characteristic flint industrial phase is the key to the existence of Mousterian and probably Neanderthaloid man in the Ordos of northern China, as determined by Licent and Teilhard, and in Mongolia as determined still more recently through the brilliant discoveries of Roy Chapman Andrews and Nels C. Nelson of the American Museum.

The next higher phase of human evolution belonging to the height of the last great glacial age and to the period of sudden retreat of the Scandinavian glacier is that contemporaneous with the Aurignacian, Solutrean, and Magdalenian industries or with the late or upper Paleolithic age; in this phase we have fifty-two skeletons and portions of other skeletons representing about thirty individuals, — eighty-two individuals altogether. Of these, forty-two skeletons belonged to Aurignacian time, including those of Crô-Magnon, which gives the name to the Crô-Magnon race, of Solutré, of Combe-Capelle, all in France, of Enzheim in Germany, of Paviland, England, of Grimaldi, Italy, of Brunn and Predmost, Czecho-Slovakia, of Camargo and Castillo, Spain, of Ojcow, Poland, and of Podkumok, Russia; two skeletons belonged to Solutrean time, one from Laugerie-Haute in France, one from Neu-Essing in Germany; eight skeletons of Magdalenian time are included, six from France (Laugerie-Basse, La Madeleine, Cap-Blanc, Chancelade, Duruthy, Les Hoteaux) and two from Germany (Obercassel), besides remains of sixteen other individuals from Le Placard, Mas d'Azil and Grotte des Hommes, France, Castillo, Spain, and Balla, Hungary.

Summing up these irrefutable facts, the case for human evolution rests upon direct and overwhelming evidence. The races of Foxhall and Cromer have left hundreds of humanly fashioned flints on the east coast of Britain; the erect Trinil race of Java and the large-brained Sussex race of Piltdown are revealed through four individuals; the great low-brained Heidelberg-Neanderthal race rests upon more than fifty individuals; the fine large-brained Crô-Magnon and related races include eighty-two individuals. We cannot excommunicate these primitive ancestors of ours; whether we will or no we are obliged to welcome them into the great human family.

## EXISTING FACTS OF HUMAN ASCENT



1, 2, Dawn stage of human prehistory. 3, First known walking stage, the erect Trinil race of Java. 4, Piltdown race of Sussex. 5, 6, The low-browed Heidelberg-Neanderthal race. 7, Crô-Magnon and related races of high intelligence. The races 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 are scattered throughout the entire period of the Age of Man, conservatively estimated at 500,000 years. Altogether, upwards of 136 skulls and skeletons of the fossil men of this period are known.

# THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

## *A Compendium of Significant Facts and Figures*

**T**HE Society of Friends which sprang up in England in the middle of the seventeenth century is unique among religious denominations in that it has no priesthood, liturgy, creed, or sacraments. George Fox, the founder, opposing the two then widely accepted tenets of closed inspiration and authoritative priesthood, proclaimed that God speaks directly to each human soul through a present living experience of Christ, — this inward Light requiring no human mediator to translate its meaning to the individual. The first followers of Fox had no thought of founding a church but were simply known as Children of the Light. Later, when the need for some organization became evident, Fox was active in helping to organize the system of monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings and in arranging methods of procedure which still obtain.

The method of coming to a decision in these business meetings is democratic. From the beginning women have had equal voice with men. No vote is ever taken. The "sense of the meeting" as revealed by the speakers is registered by the clerk and submitted by him for immediate approval or criticism. Although this method sometimes necessitates delay, in the main it has been found effective.

If worship is the right hand, then social justice is the left hand of Quakerism. Friends have been pioneers in work for the abolition of slavery, for peace, the equality of men and women, education, fair treatment of Indians, temperance, and prison reform.

The approximate membership in the Society of Friends is 146,500 of whom about 23,000 are in Great Britain and Ireland, and 10,000 in other foreign countries. The 113,500 American Friends are distributed among twenty-nine Yearly Meetings.

The Five Years' Meeting and the Friends' General Conference, each composed of a number of separate Yearly Meetings, have an advisory but no legislative function.

Friends in America have shown a wide variety of observance, from the very conservative meetings in the east to the pastoral system in the west, but of recent years there has been a tendency toward greater unity.

Educational institutions under the care of Friends in the United States include the following colleges: Haverford, Swarthmore, Bryn Mawr, Earlham, Guilford, Penn, Wilmington, Friends University, Pacific, Whitier, and Nebraska Central; a number of boarding schools, of which Moses Brown, Westtown, George School, and Oakwood Seminary are perhaps the best known; and many day schools, most of which are under the care of Monthly Meetings. Several schools for the education of colored people and Indians are maintained. Woolman School is conducted for social and religious study. Missions have been established in Palestine, China, Japan, India, Africa, the West Indies, and Mexico.

The outstanding work sponsored by Friends in recent years has been done through the service committees. The American Friends' Service Committee represents all Friends in America and coöperates in foreign work with English and Irish Friends. Peace work in the home field and active relief, reconstruction, and peace work in the war stricken countries of Europe have called for the volunteer service in America of over a thousand workers and an expenditure of \$25,000,000 in cash and kind.



## WHY I AM A QUAKER

RUFUS MATTHEW JONES

*Confessions of Faith — VI*

**T**HERE must be two stages in this story. The first will deal with the past tense, and the second with the present tense. In the first brief section I shall tell why I *was* a Quaker, and in the second, I shall explain why I *am* one, for "am" does not necessarily follow from "was".

It seems to me that there is no mystery quite so deep as the mystery of birth. How we begin, why we begin, gets no answer from anybody. But, once more, why we emerge just precisely *when* we do emerge and why we come into the peculiar environment and locality which becomes our habitat, — of all that there is plumb ignorance. I might have "come" any time within an odd million of years and I might have "parked" anywhere from Kamchatka to Terra del Fuego, but I arrived in the second half of the nineteenth century and I came to life in a little hamlet in Kennebec County, Maine.

Plato used to thank the gods for having made him human instead of a brute, a man instead of a woman, a Greek instead of a barbarian, but most of all for permitting him to be born in the time of Socrates. I feel a similar thanksgiving that I was born in that particular spot, at the moment when the little group of Quakers who lived there were at their highest point of moral and spiritual life. Next to heredity, if it be not in fact equal to it in importance, is the formative influence of the social group upon the individual life. It is as important, as indispensable, as the air one breathes. My uncle was, just at the time when I was growing up, one of the foremost Quaker preachers in America, and two of my aunts were among the "prophets" and "prophetesses" of our faith. My mother was a living transmitter of grace and truth. It was, too, the period of itinerant Quaker ministry and so the most gifted Quaker preachers both in England and America came one after another to our community, usually to our home. Through them and through the great messages of my uncle, I drew upon the best spiritual vintage which the Quakers had to offer.

The home is always the supreme nursery of religion. It not only furnishes ideas for the growing boy, but, what is vastly more important, it forms his subconscious life, the sub-soil of all his thinking and of all his sentiments. Here in this country home with its stream of Quaker guests and with its own heavenly atmosphere I was *bred* a Quaker. This faith became as much a part of me as my own bone and muscle were.

Then when the time was ripe for it, I went to a great Quaker School. Like my own local community, this school happened just then to be at its very best from the point of view of Quaker influence. It gave me both mental culture and spiritual outlook. From its noble idealism I went on to three years of life in a Quaker College. Here at Haverford I had as my most important teacher, a scholar and a saint, Pliny Earl Chase. He taught me philosophy and ethics, but his personal friendship, his interest in my future, and his intimate intercourse with me far outweighed anything he taught me, and from the first he stood forth as my ideal of a Quaker. It was at his suggestion and under his influence that I first began to study the great mystics and wrote my graduating thesis on Mysticism. Through these college years, I was meeting the finest living specimens of the Quaker faith and I was discovering its best and purest aspects.

A year abroad, with open sesame introductions, brought me into contact with many of the significant Quaker leaders in England, including John Bright, and I came back to teach for six years in the two Quaker schools of New England. During this period I became personally acquainted with the Quaker poet Whittier, and his religious teaching became thereafter a major influence with me. With this preparation I became editor of a Quaker weekly periodical and at the same time an instructor at Haverford College. Every step of my earthly life had woven tighter the spiritual web in which I was swaddled as a baby. I could have shed my skin more easily than I could have sloughed off my ancestral faith. And yet I would drop it this minute if it did not fit and tally with my whole intellectual outlook and if it did not ring true with all which, with mind and spirit, I hold as truth. Before giving my own confession of faith I want to say emphatically that I hate sectarianism in all its forms and that in writing this article I have no desire to glorify the small religious

body to which I belong. I am interested mainly in a life and spirit which ought to become universal and which can flourish not only in the Society of Friends but also in every other denomination and communion of the far-flung Christian family.

I am ready now to tell why I *am* a Friend, a Quaker, to use the old name of reproach. I feel happy and congenial as a member among Friends because they, more than most Christians, I think, lay the main stress upon the cultivation of the inner life. They have endeavored to reduce religion to its essential traits, to an uttermost simplicity. They believe supremely in the nearness of God to the human soul, in direct intercourse and immediate communion, in mystical experience, in a first-hand discovery of God. Their worship is arranged to further as much as possible this immensely important business. They encourage in every way possible individual responsibility in all that concerns and pertains to the religious life. They feel that religion is as much an affair of a man's own personal life as his digestion is. They insist that each person ought to be captain of his own soul and to do his own worshipping for himself, that everyone ought to feel the joy, surprise, and wonder that come when the soul discovers the meaning of fellowship with a Great Companion. What they call "the priesthood of all believers" is the theory that every Christian ought to find his way into a holy of holies and ought to come back with a sense of dedication to reveal and interpret Christ to men. There are a multitude of ways of carrying on this ministry, and any way is a good way which makes God seem more real and which tends to produce in any one a clearer vision of what true life and spiritual service mean. The more natural, that is to say vital, it is made, and the more simple it is, the better and more effective it will be. The Quaker way of silence and the freedom for everyone to share his experience or his personal need help very much to cultivate this simple, natural religious life and tend to deepen the interior life of the individual. There are many other aspects of worship and public service, no doubt, which are important and desirable aspects and which Friends perhaps too much neglect, but this central aspect is, I feel sure, worth all its costs of personal effort and devotion.

To think of religion as a normal function of life, like the beating of the heart or like healthy breathing is, I am convinced, the right

attitude, and it is an attitude which forms a pure and wholesome atmosphere for little children to grow up in. If we expect to produce and nurture strong, four-square lives, persons of straightforward purpose, breadth of human sympathy, depth of character, and upward reach of living experience, we must encourage quiet communion, personal fellowship with God, and a fitting sense of individual responsibility for the soul's highest welfare. Pure, simple, undefiled religion is an immense factor in the highest culture. It refines the life and spirit, it adds grace and beauty to the character, and it makes joy, radiance, and service spontaneous and natural.

Then, again, I like the Quaker way of life. It emphasizes sincerity in word and deed. It calls for a transparency of life that lets every spectator see your motive and purpose and read your heart as though it were an open book. It cares intensely for simplicity, — simplicity in dress, in speech, in manners, in eating and drinking, in recreation, in fact, in all human relationships, especially in that highest relationship of the soul with God. But the most important feature of the Quaker way of life is the settled intention to practise love. There have been endless debates about the moral value of compulsion and about the efficacy of non-resistance, but while the debates run on, the Quaker quietly goes forth on his venturesome way of making a positive experiment of that supreme force in the universe, the force of a loving, understanding, coöperating spirit. He believes in justice and he is eager to widen the area of justice among men, but he feels convinced that there is a practical working method far superior to justice, the method of entering into mutual relations of understanding one another, of suffering together, of giving and sharing, of changing the whole level of an issue by bringing grace and love into operation. It is in very truth a holy experiment, and it works on human souls as the sun of the vernal equinox works on the ice of rivers and on the frozen clods where vital seeds lie buried.

This way of life is made more effective through certain deep convictions which most Friends take very seriously indeed. It is, first, a great Quaker conviction that there is something divine in man — a seed of divine life planted in his soul. This conviction gives rise to another, that it is worth while to do humanitarian

work even at great cost and effort, because men are dowered with immense spiritual possibilities and they have something within themselves which answers back responsively to trust and love and confidence. The Quakers act, again, on the central conviction that conscience in man's soul is unspeakably august and authoritative. It seems to them like a compass needle for discovering the right direction in the most transcendent matters of life as well as on occasions that are common and trivial. These convictions tend to bring forth still another conviction closely related, that when once a truth or duty becomes clear and plain, it must be followed and obeyed undeviatingly and without compromise. The insistence on the straight path, the refusal to wind or wobble in affairs of truth and righteousness, have been noteworthy traits in Quaker history and biography.

Another thing I like about Quakers is their practical principle that religion is something to be *done*, not a pious theory, or a creed in a book, or a set of notions to preach about. When a revelation breaks in on their lives or a truth of divine import dawns upon them, they take it for granted at once that somehow life must square up to that truth. It must march on its feet and go into vital circulation. It must take on flesh and blood and work as a living force in a man's life. They do not care much for the spectator-theory of truth, — that it is something to be observed and rapturously viewed as an object. Nor do they approve the feeling-theory, that truth is something which produces emotional thrills. Truth is not really truth until you go out and do it, until it has "motor effects" and becomes the tissue and fibre of a good life.

I come next to the Quaker basis of authority in religion. The Quakers have always felt the weakness of tradition or antiquity as a basis of authority. A thing is not necessarily true just because it is hoary with age or because some religious founder in earlier centuries thought it was true and said it was true. The dim magnificence of the halo of tradition may very well impart a beauty and a touch of glory to an idea, but it does not make it true. Nothing is easier than to carry along a tradition, or a view, when once it has been launched and given the support of a person of great prestige. But a thousand years of uncontradicted affirmation is unavailing to transform an error into a truth; assertion and repetition are poor substitutes for verification.



Our generation, with its scientific achievements, has learned to have unlimited respect for the authority of facts. It asks for evidence, and evidence again means facts. What does the test-tube say? What does the microscope report? What light does the telescope, or the spectroscope, throw on the topic under discussion? When the laboratory returns are all in and are all summed up, they constitute a powerful authority. The professor who can back up every word with experimental data carries great conviction and speaks as one having authority. The Quaker endeavors to apply that laboratory method to matters of religion. He asks always for the testimony and verification of experience. The historical statements of the Bible, like any other statements, must be tested out by the canons of historical research. No important spiritual truth can suffer by the most careful and honest scrutiny of its historical setting. But the truths themselves, in so far as they have to do with man's spiritual development and destiny, can be tested out best in the laboratory of man's own soul and in the experiences of his own life. "Paul and Silas went to Philippi," is a statement of historical fact, to be tested and verified by the historical method. But the declaration that "the pure in heart see God", can be verified only by an inward experimental test. The way to find out whether that is true is not to consult a commentary, or to take counsel with an authoritative priest, but to purify the heart and see what result follows! Religious truth is entirely of that type and nature. It is not up in the air; it is not on stilts; it is not something to be hedged around with tradition and pious phraseology. It is demonstrable and efficacious. It *works* as practically and constructively as electricity does. There is nothing essential to salvation or to the spiritual life of man which cannot be proved and verified as effectively as the facts of the light-spectrum are verified.

Well, in an age in which multitudes have been upset and thrown into doubt and difficulty as to how the realities of religion can be preserved in the face of the revolutionary conclusions of science and historical criticism, I am happy to belong to a little body of Christians who are convinced that the foundations of faith stand sure because they are built upon the eternal nature of the human soul itself, because the most important facts of religion are facts of experience, and finally because everything that has spiritual

significance can be tested and verified in the life of man as he lives in relation to God and in relation to his fellow men.

This is what may be called a religion of life, or, equally well, a religion of the spirit. To be religious is to be an organ of the divine Spirit. It means and involves a sensitiveness to the wider spiritual Life above us, around us, and within us, a dedication to duty, a passion for truth, an appreciation for goodness, an eagerness to let the love and grace of God come freely through one's own life, a reverence for the will of God wherever it is revealed in past or present, and a high faith that Christ is a living presence and a life-giving energy always within reach of the receptive soul.

This account, of course, leaves on one side much which many Christians, including many Friends, would consider very important. I do not underestimate the value of those aspects which I have failed to notice. I am here, however, touching only the points which stand out as essential features of the Quaker way of life. Problems of theology, organization, discipline, system, and procedure are not negligible matters, but they can be passed over here without discussion, for I am simply engaged in telling why I choose to be a Friend, and the answer is: because I find among my fellow Friends a religion which is a real, true, vital way of life, and, best of all, I believe a way closely modeled after the Galilean way of the Gospel.



*From a woodcut by J. J. Lankes*



## JONATHAN EDWARDS AND HELL FIRE

PHILIP GREGORY NORDELL

*Forum Americana Series — VI*

**W**E are witnessing these days a bitter and implacable locking of horns between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists. Among those who have passed on to their reward, restrained as silent witnesses, probably none more impatiently chafes to enter the fray than Jonathan Edwards. For such were the magnitude of his intellect, the intensity of his religious convictions, and the overwhelming vigor and uncompromising orthodoxy of his declarations that he, if living, would undoubtedly find himself the guiding light of the Fundamentalist faith. Recently I asked five friends to give me their reactions upon hearing the name "Jonathan Edwards". The answers were so similar that any one will fairly represent all.

"Why, he was a famous preacher of Colonial times. You know, he was the founder of the famous Edwards family, wasn't he? The Jukes were the degenerates and the Edwards were the preachers and authors and college presidents."

Thus does his fame seem to reside chiefly in connection with the eugenists' classic example of the inheritance of mental characteristics. No further data could be elicited. I detected a feeling that Edwards' repose on one of the dusty top shelves of our memories has been sufficiently disturbed by the eugenists, and all that average intelligence otherwise required is simply to recognize him as a traditional Colonial character who played a prominent and beneficent part in our early history.

But, as suggested, there was more in him than the seeds of a famous family. Biographical sketches characterize Jonathan

Edwards as a brilliant, inspired, and holy man, not only as the most celebrated early American divine and metaphysician, but as one of the ablest scholars and most influential theologians of the eighteenth century. In Europe, as well as throughout Colonial New England, Edwards was regarded as a shining example of the power and efficacy inherent in a holy Christian life.

He, Berkeley, and Hume have frequently been ranked as the greatest English philosophers of their century. But it is Edwards as a Fundamentalist who will now be considered. One finds in a survey of his religious writings that they simply reek and seethe with implacable arguments proving the horrible reality of God's wrath upon the wicked. Although he frequently dwelt upon such pastoral subjects as the love and mercy of God, it was that of the punishment of sinners which animated the most his whole frame. He terrorized thousands of the faint-hearted in his congregations into repentance and brought them to their knees by depicting, with the utmost solemnity and deadly earnestness, the agonizing fires of hell. With scant knowledge of his life and habits, one might superficially feel that Edwards merely hit upon this procedure as an effective weapon in the process of conversion, and that he should be charged with the most monstrous cruelty and duplicity in preaching doctrines which he himself did not accept as the literal truth. As a matter of fact, no traits of his were more marked than his absolute sincerity and conviction that his own salvation, as well as that of others, depended upon a strict adherence to the laws of God as he saw them. Probably no man has ever been more enslaved and driven by a merciless conscience. To appreciate his writings properly, it is necessary to know something of his life.

Edwards was born in 1703 at Windsor, Connecticut, the only son of eleven children. Unusual mental gifts in both his parents were responsible for his remarkable precocity. At the age of ten he wrote a tract on the immateriality of the soul, and at twelve a valuable essay on the "flying spider". As a boy, he relates, he prayed secretly at least five times a day and frequently conversed upon religious topics with other boys. They built a prayer booth in a secret spot in a swamp.

In time his boyhood convictions and affections wore off, for he tells us that he neglected his performance of secret prayer and

"returned like a Dog to his vomit, and went on in Ways of Sin." While in his last year at Yale, from which he graduated at the head of his class before his seventeenth birthday, he was in the midst of many uneasy thoughts about the state of his soul, when it pleased God, he has it, "to seize me with a Pleurisy; in which he brought me nigh to the Grave, and Shook me over the Pit of Hell." This poignant experience caused him to battle desperately with sin once more, until finally he broke off his wicked ways and applied himself in deadly earnest to the matter of his salvation.

What these wicked ways were remain a subject of conjecture, although a diary which he began keeping at this time describes the struggles of his soul. It will be noticed that about once a week he became especially gloomy. Thus, on April 1, 1723, he wrote: "I think it best not to allow myself to laugh at the Faults, Follies, and Infirmities of others." On April 7: "I know, O Lord, that without thy Help, I shall fall innumerable times." And on April 14: "I could pray more heartily this Night, for the Forgiveness of my Enemies, than ever before." Edwards frequently wrote entries in an undecipherable shorthand; following one such, he wrote in longhand: "A prudent Man concealeth Knowledge."

Other quotations from his diary illustrate the unflagging strictness, zeal, and painfulness with which he early applied himself to a life devoted to God:

Much concerned about the improvement of precious time. Intend to live in Continual Mortification, without ceasing, and even to weary myself thereby, as long as I am in this World, and never to expect or desire any worldly ease or pleasure.

By a Sparingness in Diet, and eating as much as may be, what is light and easy of Digestion, I shall doubtless be able to think clearer, and shall gain Time. 1st. by lengthening out my Life. 2dly. shall need less Time for Digestion after Meals. 3dly. shall be able to study closer without wrong to my Health. 4thly. shall need less Time to Sleep. 5thly. shall seldomer be troubled with the Head-ach.

I think Christ has recommended rising early in the morning, by His rising from the grave very early.

Let everything have the value now which it will have on a sick bed; and frequently, in my pursuits, of whatever kind, let this question come into my mind, How much shall I value this on my death-bed?

Neither have I any right to this body, or any of its members. . . . I have given myself clear away, and have not retained any thing, as my own. I gave myself to God, in my baptism, and I have been this morning to him, and told him, that I gave myself wholly to him.



At the time he kept his diary, Edwards received and accepted a call to preach to a disaffected group which had separated from the Presbyterian Church in New York City. For eight months, at the age of nineteen, he preached there, — from August, 1722, to April, 1723. Probably near the present site of one of the transatlantic steamship piers, he “very frequently used to retire into a solitary Place, on the Banks of Hudson’s River, at some distance from the City, for Contemplation on Divine Things, and secret Converse with God.”

Up to Edwards’ last year in college, his mind had been sorely troubled by objections to the Calvinist doctrine of God’s sovereignty in choosing or rejecting whom he would to eternal life. In his childhood, it had appeared horrible to him. But now, as the result of prolonged meditation and analysis, he gradually convinced himself of its validity and righteousness. This mental crisis, more than any other, definitely fixed the complexion of his future religious teachings. He never could explain, he relates, how or by what means he finally became convinced and satisfied of God’s absolute sovereignty and justice in showing mercy, and hardening and eternally damning whom He will. In time he discovered that his conviction of this “exceeding pleasant, bright and sweet doctrine” had become delightful. He more and more severed all connections with things human and visibly rose ever higher in the spiritual clouds. “The sense I had of divine Things,” he declares, “would often of a sudden as it were, kindle up a sweet burning in my Heart; an ardor of my Soul.” He found “a calm, sweet Cast, or Appearance of divine Glory, in almost every Thing.” As he looked at the heavens to behold the sweet glory of God, he sang forth his contemplations. He used to be terrified by thunder. Now he rejoiced to find scarce anything so sweet. Feeling God at the first approaches of a storm, he listened hopefully to “hear the majestic and awful Voice of God’s Thunder: which often times was exceeding entertaining, leading me to sweet Contemplations of my great and glorious God. And while I viewed, used to spend my time, as it always seem’d natural to me, to sing or chant forth my Meditations; to speak my Thoughts in Soliloquies, and speak with a singing Voice.”

It is becoming easier to understand the ineffable joy with which he constantly reverted to detailed and realistic descriptions of the

torments awaiting the unrepentant. Even still, he was not contented. So full was his heart with vehement longings after more God, more Christ, and more holiness, it came nigh to breaking. Most of his time, year after year, was absorbed by thoughts of divine things, which brought into his soul "an inexpressible Purity, Brightness, Peacefulness and Ravishment." He symbolized Christ as an anthropomorphic father and experienced an overwhelming passion: "I very often think with Sweetness and Longings and Pantings of Soul, of being a little Child, taking hold of Christ, to be led by Him through the Wilderness of this World."

Such was his insatiable desire for Christian perfection, he drew up, during the same period he was keeping his diary, a set of seventy stern resolutions. It is a remarkable tribute to the maturity and penetration of his thought when, at such a youthful age, he wrote down rules so inspiring for the guidance of his own conduct that many of them individually have been taken as patterns by great numbers of his followers in the moulding of their own lives. I fear, however, that there is not one of them which would appeal to one much less endowed than he with solemnity and asceticism.

Apparently, it took many years for Edwards to be sure of his own salvation. Behind bolted doors, he frequently broke down and sobbed or he fell on his knees to pray in secret. The confessions of guilt in others expressed by the fear that they were as bad as the devil himself struck him as being singularly feeble if used to express his own wickedness. For that long appeared to him as utterly contemptible. For years he kept before him the multitude of his own sins by repeating frequently, "Infinite upon infinite." While others humbled themselves in the dust, he was satisfied with no position above the lowest reaches of hell itself.

Never did a man attempt more valiantly to live up to his resolutions than did Edwards. Handicapped by a frail constitution, his habit was to rise between four and five every morning, and rare was the day that he failed to spend at least thirteen hours in the most intense application to his studies. In the impelling necessity which drove him to go to the bottom of everything, it has been said that he always acted as if for eternity. He found it impossible to quit any subject until every conceivable

phase had been carefully weighed and every possible objection to his assertions had been demolished.

In 1727, Edwards was ordained minister at Northampton, Massachusetts, where he remained until 1749, when a crisis in his relations with his congregation brought about his dismissal. In 1750, he went to Stockbridge, where he preached to the Indians until 1758.

One of his habits while at Northampton was to carry pen, ink, and paper with him while riding horseback. Meditating continuously, he would frequently get down from his horse, sit upon a rock, and write for hours. Frequently he set aside special days for fasting and meditation, and at such times he might be gone for days. If his ink ran out, he would pin pieces of paper to his coat to remind him of particular thoughts. Upon his return, he would be seen thatched with these paper reminders. At Stockbridge, his four-poster bed with its enclosing curtains is preserved as well as the pin cushion from which, during the night, he removed pins which he stuck into the curtains with the same object in view.

He married, in 1727, Sarah Pierrepont, then aged seventeen, a brilliantly endowed girl whose religious piety and faith early aroused in him a fervent spiritual admiration. They had twelve children. Edwards often admitted her into his study to converse with her upon religious topics. Any marked degree of will in any of his children was effectively subdued. But never did he lose control of his temper. With unruffled calmness, he impelled such strict obedience, usually without the aid of a disciplinary blow, that rarely did he have to repeat a command. And, the story goes, his children respected and loved him. Before evening prayers, he gathered them together in a circle and propounded to each in turn such religious questions as were suited to their understanding.

In 1758, rather unwillingly he accepted the presidency of the College of New Jersey (now Princeton) where he died a few weeks after his arrival. He expired, according to his physician, with no murmuring, with not one ruffled hair. His calm and patient submission to the divine will of God remained with him to the end. Just as the bystanders began to mourn his death, thinking the end had come, Edwards spoke for the last time. His words were, "Trust in God, and ye need not fear."

In appearance, Edwards was tall, slender and frail. In his oval

face there was discernible an almost girlish gentleness. His forehead was high and his eyes were piercing. He was ever dignified, retiring, and modest.

To turn to his writings, we find a precision and clearness of expression rather than an easy grace and smoothness of style. But at least when he enlarged upon his favorite topic, damnation, the sheer force of his logic and his pitiless presentation of the excruciating torments of hell frustrated any possible charge of dryness.

In one of his discourses, "The Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners," we learn that "if there be any evil or faultiness in sin against God, there is certainly infinite evil; for if it be any fault at all, it has an infinite aggravation, viz., that it is against an infinite object." Sin, as a violation of an infinite obligation, is an infinite evil. "If the evil of sin be infinite, as the punishment is, then it is manifest that the punishment is no more than proportionable to the sin punished, and is no more than the sin deserves." In answer to the objections against eternal punishment by "carnal, senseless men" (illustrative of his attitude toward those who differed with him), he observes: "It is an unreasonable and unscriptural notion of the mercy of God, that he is merciful in such a sense that he cannot bear that penal justice be executed. This is to conceive of the mercy of God as a passion to which his nature is so subject that God is liable to be moved, and affected, and overcome by seeing a creature in misery, so that he cannot bear to see justice executed; which is a most unworthy and absurd notion of the mercy of God, and would, if true, argue great weakness." I wonder if Edwards did not wonder why God should show any mercy at all.

In another of his discourses, "The Eternity of Hell's Torments," we find him, again, right in his element. Among the several important ends which will be obtained by the eternal punishment of the wicked are the vindication of God's injured majesty and the glorification of His Justice. Another is: "The view of the misery of the damned will double the ardour of the love and gratitude of the saints in heaven," and again: "The sight of hell's torments will exalt the happiness of the saints for ever."

On the Day of Judgment, this discourse informs us, God's wrath will be poured out like fire upon the wicked. Nothing will alleviate it. Their sins will have been sealed among his treasures and "God will exact of them the uttermost farthing". Endless

ages of suffering will not pay any part of the debt which bears any visible proportion to the whole. "How dismal will it be, when you are under these racking torments, to know assuredly that you never, never shall be delivered from them; to have no hope; when you shall wish that you might be turned into nothing, but shall have no hope of it; when you shall wish that you might be turned into a toad or a serpent, but shall have no hope of it; when you would rejoice, if you might but have any relief, after you shall have endured these torments millions of ages, but shall have no hope of it. After you shall have worn out the age of the sun, moon, and stars, in your dolorous groans and lamentations, without rest day and night, or one minute's ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered. After you shall have worn out a thousand more such ages, you shall have no hope, but shall know that you are not one whit nearer to the end of your torments; but that still there are the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries, incessantly to be made by you, and that the smoke of your torment shall still ascend up for ever and ever. . . . Your bodies shall have been burning all this while in glowing flames, shall not have been consumed, but will remain to roast through eternity, which will not have been at all shortened by what shall have been past."

Edwards' most famous sermon is the one he preached in Enfield, Connecticut, in 1741. The title is, "Sinners in the Hands of An Angry God." As he went on and on, as one threat implacably followed another, people rose from their seats and wept and sobbed, as if the Day of Judgment was at that moment dawning. The sermon is from the text: "Their foot shall slide in due time."

The congregation was informed that many among them, — the unconverted, — were bound over to hell. "The wrath of God burns against them," Edwards declared, "the pit is prepared, the fire is made ready, the furnace is now hot, ready to receive them; the flames do now rage and glow. The glittering sword is whet, and held over them, and the pit hath opened its mouth under them. The devil stands ready to fall upon them, and seize them for his own, at what moment God shall permit him . . . like greedy lions that seek their prey, and expect to have it, but are for the present kept back. If God should withdraw his hand, by which



they are restrained, they would in one moment fly upon their poor souls. The old serpent is gaping for them."

And then, addressing directly those wicked people before him in whose souls dwelt such hellish principles that they would presently kindle and flame out into hell fire: "The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked; his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else, but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes, than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. . . . If you cry to God to pity you, he will be so far from pitying you in your doleful case, or showing you the least regard or favor, that instead of that, he will only tread you under foot. And though he will know that you cannot bear the weight of omnipotence treading upon you, yet he will not regard that, but he will crush you under his feet without mercy; he will crush out your blood, and make it fly, and it shall be sprinkled on his garments, so as to stain all his raiment. He will not only hate you, but he will have you, in the utmost contempt: no place shall be thought fit for you, but under his feet to be trodden down as the mire of the streets. (The reader will find authority for the above prediction in Isaiah xiii). . . . When you shall be in this state of suffering, the glorious inhabitants of heaven shall go forth and look on the awful spectacle, that they may see what the wrath and fierceness of the Almighty is; and when they have seen it, they will fall down and adore that great power and majesty."

In attempting a valuation of Edwards' life, it seems to me that the key is to be found in his mercilessly exacting conscience, which seized upon the slightest deviation from a standard of divine perfection as an utterly inexcusable and abhorrent sin in the eyes of God. We are accustomed, nowadays, to accept the caveman within each of us as a perfectly normal legacy of our savage past and really to be on speaking terms with him. It is in the control and sublimation of brute passions that we feel genuine morality has its scope. A candid admission that they exist in us, however completely subjugated by our better instincts, does not imply that we regard either ourselves or our fellow men as contemptible vipers. Undoubtedly Edwards, in discovering these symptoms

within himself, felt literally that the devil was actually in the process of ensnaring him and that his only hope for escape from the toils lay in a bitter, remorseless combat for which he must summon the last ounce of energy.

His remarkable penetration, his quickness of thought, and his force of abstract reasoning never overcame his axiomatic belief in the Bible's literal and divine authority. In its teachings lay the only escape from the pollutions of earthly life. He recognized his own tendency to sin, and the preaching of God's wrath toward the wicked was but a compensatory sublimation of this tendency. There is in the Bible ample evidence and authority to substantiate his most direful predictions. His piercing and devastating logic simply uses this authority as a point of departure.

The indictment I bring against him is that with all his endowment of intellect he never summoned the courage or the will to question his most fundamental premises. Whatever humanitarian traits he possessed were early parched upon the hot sands of Puritanism. Charity, tolerance, love for his fellow men and faith that everyone has some good within him found no welcome soil in which to grow. He did give alms to the poor, — unostentatiously, too, — but were the gifts not impelled by a cold calculating sense of duty? His conscience scourged him and made him tremble, at least early in life, at the sight of his own imperfections; he in turn found a sweet and ineffable delight in pointing out the iniquity of others. In a way, he was an extreme product of his environment. Jonathan Edwards presents the pitiful consequences carried to their logical extremity of conforming oneself without compromise to a false, harsh, and artificial standard of morality, — itself a negation of the best in life.



## SWEDEN'S CROWN PRINCE

BORJE H. BRILIOTH

**W**HEN the great Bourbons were kings of France it was customary for heirs to thrones of smaller countries to make visits to Paris, not only to pay their personal respects to the great monarchs, but also to make contacts with the customs, ideas, art, and literature of the *grande nation*. To this rule the kings of Sweden were no exception, and in the eighteenth century the relations between the two courts became particularly intimate. The French language, architecture, dress, and manners permeated life at the Swedish court and partly that of the ruling classes. How the course of empire has taken its way westward since then is illustrated by the growing American influence on Swedish life of to-day. American motor cars, American moving pictures, American methods in presenting news, American books and magazines, and American modes of life are now as much in vogue as were French influences two centuries ago.

It is but natural, therefore, that the Swedish Crown Prince, Gustavus Adolphus, and the future Queen, Crown Princess Louise, born a member of the British royal household, should look eagerly forward to their American visit. While their primary mission is to appear in Washington as representatives of Sweden at the unveiling of the new monument to John Ericsson, the Swedish-born inventor of the *Monitor* which determined the supremacy in the American civil war, they will later make a two months' tour of the entire continent.

Prince Gustavus Adolphus has so far spent virtually every moment of his forty-four years in preparing himself for the task of worthily wearing the crown. His very name evokes the memory of one of the noblest figures in European history. But in addition to this arduous education he has found time to pursue the career of a scientist, a research worker in archaeology, and a writer of technical treatises on his chosen subject as well as an excavator of monuments and relics of prehistoric culture, both in Sweden and in the classic grounds of the Mediterranean basin. In these efforts he has been aided by an inheritance of outstanding intellectual qualities. On his mother's side he is a descendant of the

great Vasa family, originally a branch of the Swedish nobility, which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave Sweden its great kings and military leaders who made the country one of the great powers of Europe, — a veritable Empire of the North, encircling the Baltic Sea. On his father's side the traditions of leadership are no less brilliant. His great-great-grandfather was one of Napoleon's generals, Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, a Marshal of France and Prince of Ponto Corvo, who like the great Corsican himself, rose through his own abilities and capacity for command from the lowest army rank to the highest, — a true son of the great Revolution.

Marshal Bernadotte's father was a notary in the southern French city of Pau, — of the sound middle class stock which through so many vicissitudes has been the salvation of France. In the revolutionary armies young Jean Baptiste began his career as a private, but in his knapsack he carried the baton of a marshal. His intellect, his flaming eloquence, his natural power to command soon brought him forward in that *sans-culotte* army which seemed to rise from the very soil of France to defend the country and the new ideas of human worth. But unlike Napoleon, whom he rivalled in brilliance and whose autocratic methods he frequently opposed, Bernadotte became known for his humanity, his generosity, his courtesy and considerateness to the vanquished. Like Macbeth, Napoleon often felt that

"Under him  
*My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar.*"

It was this brilliant French general that the Swedish Riksdag chose in 1810 as heir to the Swedish throne. The previous dynasty was about to become extinct, and to raise Sweden from its defeat at the hands of its arch-enemy, Russia, the popular representatives wanted a military leader who could carry out the traditions of the great Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII.

From the moment he set foot in Sweden Marshal Bernadotte was accepted as the actual king, Charles XIII, his predecessor and adopted father, being then but a feeble old man. But though chosen for his military qualities, King Carl Johan, as he was thenceforth known, became the founder of over a century of

unbroken peace. Personally he reigned longer than any Swedish monarch since Gustavus Vasa, and despite his strenuous early career lived to be nearly eighty years of age.

To his adopted country he brought many of the best French qualities. As a patron of art and science, builder of schools, canals, railroads, and promoter of better foreign trade, he proved himself a veritable father of the people and a worthy successor of the great men who had occupied the Swedish throne before him. These high intellectual capacities were inherited by succeeding members of the dynasty and, curiously enough, of all the new families which were raised to royal rank during the Napoleonic era, the Bernadottes are to-day the only ones to occupy a throne. All the rest have been returned to private rank.

It is therefore no mean tradition, whether in the family or in the high royal office, that Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus inherits. Of his great-grandfather, Oscar I, it was said that he could fill at an instant's notice the position as administrative head of any one of the government departments under him. Already as Crown Prince he published his epoch-making work, *Crime and Penal Institutions*, which attracted wide attention and was translated to a number of foreign languages. In languages and literature his grandfather, Oscar II, was known to his contemporaries as the most learned monarch in Europe. Like his older brother and predecessor, Charles XV, Oscar II was also a writer of lyric verse, and one of his works, *Souvenirs of the Swedish Navy*, was rewarded with a prize by the Swedish Academy. Charles XV was also a talented landscape painter, and another brother, Prince Gustav, was a composer of music that is still popular.

This vein of intellectuality and creative artistic talent still flows through the Swedish royal family. Sweden's present king, Gustavus V, is himself a learned monarch, who, like his father, has advanced higher education and aided in the development of art as well as athletics, scientific research, and exploration. His brother, Prince Carl is not only a cavalry general, but also the head and director of the Swedish Red Cross as well as honorary president of the International Red Cross of Geneva. The King's youngest brother, Prince Eugene, is a painter and etcher of such talent that he would be internationally famous, even though he were not a member of royalty. The younger brother of the Crown



Prince, Prince William, is even more versatile, being famous as a traveler, big game hunter, poet, novelist, short story writer, play critic, dramatist, lecturer, and speaker.

As prospective heir to the throne, Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus received from the very first a rigorous, as well as democratic education. Having an English nurse, he learned her language from his earliest infancy and is one of the best and most fluent speakers of that language in the country. His primary instructor was a woman teacher in the Stockholm public schools, who gave him and his younger brother the same training as the children of the common people in the primary grades. After that, he had tutors from the faculties of the public high schools and colleges. His interest in natural sciences and his keen powers of observation were noticed early. During his early school years his favorite subject was botany, which in Sweden has been a highly developed subject since the days of Linnaeus, the "King of Flowers". At the age of nine he was allowed to pick his own birthday present and chose a newly published book, *The Earth*, by Professor A. G. Nathorst, a Swedish geologist and explorer. He had noticed it in a bookstore window and at once sat down to read it through.

Though his schoolroom was located in the royal castle of Stockholm, it was equipped very much like any other schoolroom, including athletic apparatus and a carpenter bench for manual training. For out-of-doors exercises the princes were regularly taken outside the city, where they practised swimming, skating, ski running, and coasting, like the majority of Swedish boys. In athletics the Crown Prince has regularly taken part ever since, and has thus developed a fine physique. During military manoeuvres he has roughed it, sleeping in hay lofts or under the open sky, and never has he permitted any exception to be made in his favor. Furthermore, he has been chairman of the Swedish Olympic Committee and by his example and personal influence has encouraged the Swedish idea of athletics for everybody.

At the age of twenty he entered the University of Upsala, the venerable Swedish seat of learning, where his father and grandfather had studied before him. As condition for this entry he had to pass the same rigorous examination in the general field of education as any other beginner on the road to the higher learn-

ing. His own son, in turn, took the same test last spring, entitling him to wear the treasured white cap.

A part of each year he had to devote to his military training as an officer, beginning as a lowly cadet at the Svea Body Guard Regiment, and rising by degrees from one rank after another, commanding first a platoon, then a company, a battalion, a regiment, and then a brigade, until now he holds the rank of general in the infantry as well as cavalry. Like any other young officer he has drilled recruits and led his units in the annual war games or field manoeuvres. In no respect has he shirked the disagreeable parts of his training, or slid along some fictitious royal road to learning.

While he was a university student, Norway was still united with Sweden, and tradition required that he should spend part of his time at the University of Christiania. His favorite field was that of archaeology. Even prior to entering the university he had taken a lively interest in the ancient Swedish monuments and their exploration. As a student at Upsala he availed himself of the opportunity to delve more deeply into the subject, — in a practical as well as theoretical manner. In the fall of 1902 and spring of 1903 one of the most remarkable explorations in years was made on his initiative and with funds he had collected, — the excavation of the so-called "King Björn's Mound", near Upsala. In this work he personally participated as far as his time would permit and the work proved that this impressive grave mound had been erected during the Bronze Age, or more definitely about 1,000 B.C. The Bronze Age finds were also exceptionally rich.

But above all it is for his initiative as an organizer of archaeological enterprises on a large scale that the Swedish Crown Prince merits recognition as a contributor to this branch of science. While touring in Greece in the fall of 1920 he conceived the idea that Sweden should take part in the international research work on this classic ground, making independent excavations on a large scale and applying as far as possible the methods followed in archaeological researches in the North. In this plan he has been successful, and thanks to his organizing ability excavations were begun in 1922 of the ancient Asine, at Argolis, Greece. Sweden has already sent three expeditions to this site and a fourth one is expected to conclude the work during this year. The finds

have so far been extraordinarily rich and important, especially those of the pre-Mycenean Age. As chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means the Crown Prince has worked untiringly on the details of the organization and all its activities. In the fall of 1922 he personally participated in a most energetic way for six weeks in the excavations at Asine, working in his shirt sleeves from morning till night.

Under the personal auspices of the Crown Prince the Swedish Oriental Society was formed in 1921 and as its chairman he has conscientiously and persistently furthered its objects in the sending of expeditions to the Near and Far East. Under his chairmanship a Swedish Archaeological Institute has likewise been founded at Rome and is now ready to begin its activities. Quite recently he has taken the initiative in starting a fund under the Swedish Oriental Society for the purpose of sending a new expedition for a preliminary survey in the Near-East, the purpose of which would be to furnish a Swedish contribution toward the tracing of the related cultures in Southwestern Asia and Eastern Europe from the end of the Stone Age to the beginning of the Metal Ages, the existence of which has most recently been proved through the work of the China Committee, as well as their extension also through Eastern Asia. It is for the purpose of making closer personal investigation of these things that the Crown Prince plans to extend his American tour to the Orient, particularly China, where he intends to spend some time in archaeological explorations.

Like his great grandfather Oscar I, the Crown Prince has trained himself in the practical details of the government administration, serving as an extra member of the staff in various departments. Thus during the winter of 1919-20 he appeared practically daily at the offices of the Social Service Department taking part in the plenary conferences and by private interviews with individual officials and by reading special publications made himself familiar with the work of the department and its problems. One of its duties is to deal with the relief of unemployment, and many times during the post-war crisis delegations of workers appeared before the board, of which the Crown Prince was a member, and stated their grievances in decidedly emphatic terms, not realizing that the heir to the throne was one of the auditors.

Being intimately associated with the Swedish people in its

everyday affairs, the Crown Prince in 1920 had nation-wide sympathy in his great sorrow, when his first wife, the universally beloved Crown Princess Margaret, died after a short illness, leaving five children, four boys and one girl, Princess Ingrid, who is now fifteen years old. In the education of these children the Crown Prince has taken an intense personal part, supervising every detail and as far as possible giving them his paternal care every day. Unlike most royal children they are not educated by private tutors, but are sent to ordinary schools, like other children. The oldest son is now a student at the University of Upsala, Princess Ingrid attends a private day-school for girls in Stockholm, and two of the other boys are pupils of provincial boarding schools where they are preparing for the university examinations.

On November 3, 1923, the Crown Prince was married again in London, having chosen as his second wife Lady Louise Mountbatten, a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria and daughter of Prince Louis of Battenburg. Her mother is Princess Victoria of Hesse, oldest daughter of Princess Alice, who was Queen Victoria's favorite child.

All the Bernadottes have had the gift of making others feel at ease in their presence and of mingling with their fellow men in the most democratic manner. Of the founder of the dynasty it was said that he treated men of letters as equals, rather than as subjects. This attitude the present Crown Prince has inherited to an eminent degree. His smiling courtesy, personal modesty, and simplicity of manner, together with his ability to find subjects of conversation familiar to his interlocutors immediately make everyone feel at home in his company. In this respect Crown Princess Louise is his equal. She has that cheerful, frank, typically English easy-going temperament that likewise removes at once the feeling of awe or self-consciousness from her surroundings. The motto of the first Bernadotte as king was "The People's Love — My Reward". The present Crown Prince and Crown Princess have already earned that reward.



**S**ARAH sat quite alone in her parlor, sewing by the light of the swinging oil lamp with gleaming glass pendants of many colors. By her side was a round rosewood table rubbed to a smoothness of satin by the fingers of generations of housewives. In the centre of the table was a mat of white homespun linen, embroidered in a fine, open network through which the red tones of the rosewood glowed like smothered flame, and on the mat in the ancient strawberry ware bowl stood the earthen pot that held the Crimson Lily.

Twice before within Sarah's memory the Crimson Lily had bloomed, and yet she had never seen the flower unfold. Once was in her little girlhood. She was recalling the time now as she sat and sewed on Lydia Whitefield's black silk dress.

The plant stood on the rosewood table then, as it did now; but the room was crowded with people. There was her father with his stooped shoulders and his deep eyes that seemed to see things not visible to other people. Sarah had loved her father more than anyone else in the world, but she had not cried at all when he died the next winter. People had whispered that she was a strange unfeeling child. Her mother had been there, too, with her jolly laugh and her clever tongue that often made her father wince. Her mother was plump and red-cheeked and always comfortable.



Sarah had never really loved her, though she had cared for her tenderly in her later years as a daughter should, till the old woman died this very winter. She had cried a little for her mother; yet she knew quite well in her heart it was because it seemed so horrible not to feel sorry that now she was to be alone. Right in front of the table, where he could watch the great petals of the Lily as they began to uncurl had sat Robert, her older brother. He was fair and plump and comfortable like his mother, and always got the best of everything. For years now Robert had lived in California, and he had come home only for a week at the time of his mother's funeral. Sarah had been relieved when he went back to his wife and his three wonderful children and his peach orchards.

Off in the dark corner by the walled-up fireplace had huddled nine-year-old Donald, a year younger than she. Sarah could see him yet. Donald was dark and slim and shy like his father, and because of this she had loved him, though her mother had always said Donald was not a good boy. Perhaps he wasn't. When he was fifteen he went away to the city to work. He had often been in trouble, and Sarah did not know now quite where he was. But that night he was just a little boy, sitting lonesomely in his corner until she came to snuggle beside him on the old hassock. Together they had watched the great, green sheath of the Lily swell till it cracked in whitish streaks. It had seemed to her then that she could not endure to wait till the crimson heart should open.

The aunts and the uncles and the cousins and the neighbors were all in the room also, and many chairs had been brought for them from the dining-room and the living-room and the bedrooms and even from the kitchen. They were all talking and laughing, and she wished they wouldn't, because already the room was sweet like a church with the odor the Lily released as its petals began to loosen.

Suddenly her mother turned to her and said: "Sarah, old Aunt Matilde isn't here. She may not have heard that to-night the Lily is opening. You put on your cloak and go get her."

So she had gone out of the sweet-smelling, warm room into the snowy street to Aunt Matilde's house. Aunt Matilde was already in bed, and since she was old and fat and slow it took



much time to help her dress and get her through the snow to the house.

By the time she was back the miracle had happened.

She did not care at all for the Lily because she had not seen it bloom, and without looking at it she had crept off to bed in the dark.

The Lily had lasted two weeks, and then the tall stalk had wilted down, and the base mat of spiky, shiny leaves had withered to a dry brownness. The pot had been set away in the warm attic to give the suckers that had come to life with the dying of the parent plant a chance to take root.

Sarah shivered a little, and put down her work, not because she was cold but because the Lily must not be chilled — now. The smug little nickel and soapstone stove, the air-tight kind her father had invented and which had never sold well despite its good qualities and the savings he had sunk in its development, stood in front of the closed-up fireplace. She lifted the lid and looked in. Then she lighted the candle that stood in a brass holder on the shelf. She must get more wood from the kitchen wood-box.

Before she left the room she turned higher the wick of the oil stove that was placed on the other side of the table. Between the two of them, the smug little stove and the tiny oil heater, the place where the Lily stood had been kept warm, even though all the rest of the house was freezing. Sarah wrapped her red and gray blanket shawl that had been her grandmother's about her and drew on her hands a pair of red mittens that had been Donald's when a boy. With all the fine sewing to do her hands must not be roughened with the cold.

As she hastened through the long, cold hall to the kitchen she was thinking that after the Lily had once bloomed she would let out the parlor fire, and would kindle the fire in the living-room stove again. The living-room was smaller, and the heat from it warmed slightly her cold little box of a bedroom in the alcove between it and the kitchen. She was reflecting also that then everyone who came in could see the full-blown flower. It was right that she should share it.

Perhaps it was selfish to keep the moment of the Lily opening a secret, yet all the town had seen the blooming twice, and she had never seen it once. It seemed to her that the bud unfolding must be the most beautiful vision in the world, and she could not bear to have people about, talking and laughing and maybe asking questions about how her brothers had arranged the division of the estate, and if she knew where Donald was. She could not explain to herself why she felt that the Lily flowering was a sacred birth, and that it was fitting it should take place in the best room in the house, and in loving quiet.

For six months now she had watched the spiny mass of leaves that formed the rosette at the base of the Lily growing green and juicy, and she had seen the tall, heavy, graceful stalk pushing up to blossom-bearing height. When the great bud had begun to swell at the top of the stem it had seemed an unbelievable miracle.

For weeks she had kept the Lily on a stand behind a screen in the sunny southeast window of the living-room, and only this last week had she moved it into the parlor. This was because Lydia Whitefield, in to try on the lining of her silk dress, had sniffed and sniffed, and finally had asked Sarah what perfumery she was using. She had not intended to move it into the parlor so soon, for she could not afford the large amount of wood the parlor stove consumed. But if Lydia had once guessed the source of the spicy odor that even then hung about the vicinity of the Lily she would have insisted on coming in to see the blooming.

In the clean, orderly kitchen the still cold cut, knife-like. Sarah set the candle on the kitchen table and looked out the window. She had to scratch away some of the heavy frost to be able to see. The snow spread over the yard like a white, unruffled counterpane, broken only by the slim, deep path through which Lydia Whitefield had walked that afternoon. It was quite unlikely,

thought Sarah, that anyone would venture out to call on her such a night. She stood for a second, despite the cold of the fireless room, looking at the lilac bushes, sheeted like stark ghosts, and at the sky, crowded full of stars that trembled in flaming points against the blue-black atmosphere. Just this way it had seemed the night she went for Aunt Matilde, all a-shiver in her little coat, not with the cold but with the fear that before she got back the Lily might be open.

Lavishly spendthrift for once, Sarah carried to the parlor a large armful of wood. After to-night it wouldn't matter. Just enough wood to keep the house from freezing and to cook her simple meals. For the Lily, once open, would last longer in a cool place. She had heard her grandmother tell of a time the flower held up its heavy head four weeks. To-morrow, while it was still in the best room, she would have the neighbors in to see it. Perhaps she might cut some of the fruit cake, keeping in the crock in the cellar for Cousin Cynthy's wedding, and she would open the last bottles of blackberry cordial that had been saved for sickness or for some great occasion.

As she dropped two great chunks of wood into the open top of the air-tight stove she smiled to herself, a slightly wry smile like her father's. For once she would be able to surprise Lydia Whitefield, who, that very afternoon, had sat in the chilly kitchen to have her dress fitted, and who had wondered why Sarah did not take her into the sitting-room. She had said nothing, but Sarah knew Lydia would drop in to see the next-door neighbor on her way home to ask if they had seen smoke from the front room chimney at the Pence place lately. Well, they had seen it, for the same chimney puffed out smoke from both the living-room and the parlor stoves. Lydia had also asked her what she was cooking for Sunday dinner, looking pointedly at the kitchen stove in which even then only a feeble fire lingered. Sarah had not lied actually, when she told Lydia that her Sunday dinner was already cooked. Why should she have to let Lydia Whitefield find out that her dividends from the bank, tiny but life sustaining, were held up until Donald was found and the estate settled? Why should Lydia have to know that it took all her little income from sewing to buy just wood and bread and tea?

After the stove was attended to, Sarah made another trip to

the kitchen and brought in the teapot and a plate of bread and a little jar of red jelly. After the Lily had opened she might make tea on the top of the stove and toast some bread, for she had not yet had her supper.

Before she picked up her sewing again she examined the Lily carefully in the light of the candle she had not yet extinguished. The outer sheath was cracking in places and the sweet odor that escaped was almost too lovely to be endured. It made her faint for a second. She was ashamed of herself. Could it be, as Lydia had said that afternoon, she was getting "old and peaked-looking, as though she didn't eat enough"?

She walked over to the glass that hung on a black walnut swivel frame at the front of the room between the two north windows and surveyed herself critically. She had flung aside the shawl, and her slender little body in the neat red cashmere dress, — made over carefully that winter for the second time, — was before her, full length. She loved red, and this dress was the one bright thing she had had since childhood. How her mother had laughed at her when she brought the cloth home from Dorset six years before.

"A woman of thirty-five wearing red!" her mother had said. "But of course it will be becoming to you with your black hair and eyes, just like your father's. I only hope you won't be tired of it before it's worn out."

Even then her mother had been bed-ridden, though she got up afternoons to see her friends, and sat in cheerful comfort in her armchair while Sarah did her bed and room.

Sarah blew out the candle and set it back on the shelf. She could not quite make sure that it was right to feel so happy, alone in the warm, sweet-smelling room, and she did not understand why she should. She was glad she had taken off her gray chambray work dress after Lydia left and put on the red dress, and that she had draped the dotted lace scarf that had come to her from her grandmother over her slim shoulders. Some way, she had felt that she must give the Lily the best she had.

As she began to sew again on the black silk that lay in a crackling cloud across the lap of her red dress Sarah recalled the second time the Lily had bloomed.



For fifteen years the suckers that had found life in the dying sap of the old plant had been gaining in strength and vigor. Every week of that time Sarah had watered the plant and given it a brief sunning. Finally came the day when the heavy old earthenware pot was again brought from the attic and set in the sunny southeast window of the living room. Her mother had laughed at her, half scornfully, half indulgently, through the years for her tending of the plant. When for the second time the Lily was brought down for its flowering Mrs. Pence was a woman of sixty, strong and well, ordering her house and frankly impatient that Sarah did not marry as did the other girls of the neighborhood.

"A girl of twenty-five, and still sitting at home, doing foolish bits of embroidery and fussing with flowers," was what she sometimes said to the neighbors.



Now that the Lily stalk was actually shooting up and the green swelling appearing at the top, Sarah's mother was interested. She sent word to all the town, and on the night of the blooming the house was crowded, as before, with aunts and uncles and cousins and neighbors. And as before the Lily opened its crimson heart and deluged the house with its mysterious fragrance.

But Sarah did not see it.

That afternoon her mother had slipped and hurt her ankle. While the Lily was unfolding, Sarah, in her mother's room above the parlor, had been holding hot compresses to the injured joint. The odor of the flower, seeping through the open register in the floor, perfumed the air of the room. It made her half sick, not because of its sweetness but because the Lily would surely open before she could go down. She could hear her brother Robert welcoming the guests and talking largely of his prospects. The next week he started for California, with a position as manager of a peach and orange orchard awaiting him. He was complacent and considered himself very fortunate. His young wife, whom he had just married, sat in front of the Lily to get the first glimpse of its opening loveliness.

Sarah was not jealous, and it did not occur to her that Robert should for a few minutes hold those hot compresses so that she might go downstairs. Nevertheless she winced when her mother said: "I'm so glad it bloomed before Robert left. It is likely never to bloom again, and it is something for him to remember always."

Later Sarah came downstairs and served the cake and coffee and cider. She did not talk much. People whispered that Sarah Pence was going off in her looks early. She looked thirty instead of twenty-five, and wasn't pleasant and jolly like her mother and Robert. She was more like her father. Sarah heard some of the whispers. But she didn't mind. She felt that she would never mind anything much any more.

Not once did she look at the Lily, flaunting its wide-spread crimson beauty, but after the company had gone she set it away in a sheltered corner and arranged the ugly black walnut haircloth chairs in their customary order. Then she closed the house and went upstairs to her mother's room where she was to sleep that night. Robert and his young wife were in their room across the hall, talking and laughing.

Now for the third time the Lily was about to bloom. Nothing — nothing — could prevent her seeing the unfolding of the hidden petals.

A still stronger fragrance came from the Lily. Sarah rose and laid aside her sewing, carefully disposing the black folds across the head of the long sofa at the front of the room. She looked about critically as though to make sure the room was in order for the wonder of which it was to furnish the setting. The black walnut furniture was there, as of old, but the haircloth ugliness had been hidden by skilfully contrived coverings of gay old cretonnes and printed silks from the attic stores. The brass andirons and the fire dogs of the fireplace days she had also found, and they stood in shining array on the hearth, the tiles of which had never been removed. It was a gay and cheerful room, and Sarah, light-hearted in her red dress, drew forward one of the high-backed, cretonne-covered chairs and sat down in front of the Lily. She was quite sure the crack in the green sheath was larger.

The fire in the soapstone stove crackled and roared pleasantly. Aside from that the room was very still. Sarah folded her hands in her lap and leaned back a little. Already she felt rested, relaxed, satisfied. She had only to sit there in the warmth and light and watch.

One of the outer green sheathings began to curl back a little. Within was to be seen just a tip of something, a bit of prisoned flame. The fragrance almost made her dizzy again.

Minutes passed. The sheath opened no farther, but there it was, that crimson promise of what was within the swollen bud.

All the beautiful things she had ever seen danced across Sarah's mental vision. She forgot all the things that had hurt her, even the times she had not seen the Lily open. What of them? She was to see it now. Nothing — nothing — nothing — could prevent.

The dull thumping on the front door had been sounding for several seconds. It sounded again, louder. Sarah heard it dully, not comprehending at first. She half rose from her chair. Then she looked at the Lily. The sheath was rolling down and spreading a little more. It was the Moment.

Who could it be at her front door this night, when snow lay heavy on the village street, and was heaped in white, cold drifts

along the walks? Whoever it was must wait — one moment. Only one!

The thumping came again. Did she imagine it, or was it weaker, fainter? Was someone out there in the cold, freezing? Why should anyone come to her front door through unshoveled paths when there was a slim, deep cut from the street through the back-yard to the kitchen door? That was how she had schemed to keep people from getting into the living room and seeing its fireless state. To keep them from wondering what she was cherishing in the parlor, proverbially unheated in the winter time.

Sarah sat back in her chair again, her eyes fixed on the peeling green sheath. But she did not see it.

Thump! Thump! Thump! And a voice: "Sarah Pence! Wake up! Wake up!"

The doctor's voice. Wake up? She looked at the clock. It was nearly midnight.

Sarah backed away from the Lily, keeping an eye fixed upon it. How could she go now? Then she lighted the candle and wrapped herself in the gray and red plaid shawl before going into the frigid hall. The front door finally opened with much creaking, and into the hall through the opening tumbled quantities of snow, cold, white, dry like sand.

On the porch stood the doctor. He was slapping his hands to warm them. In the light of the flaring candle Sarah could see a fringe of icicles hanging about his lips and from his eyelashes, — little glistening things. The doctor was old and hale and white-haired and never spared himself in his work because he was old.

He expressed no surprise to see her up and dressed at the hour, late for the village.

"Fix your fires to leave, and get on warm things. I'll wait for you. There's a sick woman over at the county house, and no one there to help me," he said simply.

Then he went stamping back through the dry, crunching snow to the gate where his horses stood, knee-deep in drifts.

Sarah returned to the parlor and put a large piece of wood in the stove. She turned out the oil lamp. Then she got her wraps and the roll of bandages and small medicaments she knew the alms-house would not have. Not once did she look at the Lily as she closed the door on it.

Beside the doctor in the sleigh she felt very cold and lifeless. The doctor wrapped the buffalo robe about her carefully, though she knew his own hands must be nearly frozen with driving.

The sky was very blue and far and cold, and the stars like flames, strange cold flames. The horses snorted and plunged as they wallowed through the unbroken road. Presently Sarah took the reins from the doctor's great furred hands.

"I'll drive. You'll need to limber up your hands before we get there," she said. She had been on such expeditions before with the doctor, and knew quite well what might be ahead of them at the almshouse.

The woman at the county house had pneumonia. Towards morning she died in spite of all the doctor and Sarah could do. Before they started back to the village the doctor and Sarah had hot tea. Then they climbed into the sleigh again, and the horses went lunging through the banks of snow in the dim gray light of the early morning. The stars were winking out, — one by one they slipped into the void of the slate-hued winter sky. There was no wind, and the trees along the way still wore their coating of snow from the storm. When the sun came out they would be lovely, but now they were cold ghosts. They made Sarah think of the woman who had just died.

"Poor soul," the doctor was saying. "I'm thankful she's gone. Not much chance for poor creatures like her."

"Yes," assented Sarah, politely, but she did not know what she was saying.

"You get yourself some hot stuff to drink and something to eat. Then you go to bed and get rested, or I'll have you to look out for, too," counseled the doctor, as he let her out of the sleigh at her own gate.

With much pawing and stamping the horses wheeled while Sarah went walking through the snow to the porch steps. The footprints she had made at midnight were still plainly marked.

Sarah opened the front door and stepped into the gray shadows of the hall. It was full of the overpowering sweetness of the Lily perfume, but this no longer made her dizzy. Nothing ever again, she felt, could make her sick with anticipation. She did not open the parlor door but went swiftly past it to the kitchen. The candle with which she had lighted her way from the house



sat in an untidy smear of melted wax and tallow on the shining mahogany top of the hall table. She must have forgotten to put it out, and it had burned down. She took it with her to the kitchen.

In the kitchen she lighted a fire in the kitchen stove and made herself some tea and toast. Remembering the doctor's warning, she put a few drops of brandy in the tea.

Then she thought that the fire must be getting low in the parlor. The opened Lily must not be allowed to freeze, for the neighbors must see it as she had promised herself they should. Gathering some wood in her arms she went down the hall and softly into the parlor. While she filled the stove and opened the drafts she did not look toward the Lily.

As she bent over the stove a perfume like that of a suddenly shattered phial came to her. It was different from the heavy sweetness that had all but smothered her since the bud had begun to swell at the top of the Lily stalk.

Trembling, Sarah turned and looked at the Lily.

Before her was not the crimson heart of the opened flower. There was still only the huge, green sheath, — enormously swollen now, soft, ready to burst asunder. At its apex was the same crimson tip she had seen appear at midnight. Had the chill of the room as the fire died down paralyzed the opening petals, or was it true that she had wanted to see the miracle of the unfolding so intensely that God had laid his staying hand upon it?

Breathless, reverent, as before a shrine, she crept nearer and again sat in the high-backed chair. As she watched, slowly, magically, the green sheath folded back and formed a calyx. Slowly, miraculously the crimson petals uncurled. . . . It was too beautiful to watch.

The sun came up and shone through the east windows. The yellow warmth struck across Sarah's shoulder as she still sat in the high-backed chair. It fell athwart the Lily, and in the light the full-blown flower shone like a star.

Sarah rose and began to undo the red dress. She must put on her work dress and get the house in order. In the afternoon the neighbors would be coming in. She thought of the cordial and fruit cake she would have ready for them.

Then she went out of the room, closing the door very softly on the fragrant miracle.



## THE FIVE MILE BOOK SHELF

MAUDE DUTTON LYNCH

**A** BOOK agent is responsible for this article. I am going to try to say in it what I started to say to her, but didn't get a chance to finish for I simply could not talk against her phonographic record of this remarkable "Children's Library" that contained, in some twenty volumes, all the literature, science, history, art, and religion that was needed to make your child a finished product of culture. I was taken unawares by this book agent when she strolled up the steps of our little summer camp in the woods with apparently a knitting bag on her arm, and a casual remark on her lips about "seeing the children playing about, she had just dropped in, and so forth," and I had her comfortably seated in the couch hammock with my most gracious smile of welcome before I realized that she was not a friendly neighbor but a book agent.

Once seated, her first remark gave her away. "You college women make such excellent mothers that I knew you would be interested." The shudders were running up and down my back even before she had pulled the "knitting bag" to her lap, and began to draw out her samples, but she was off and I was powerless to stop her until my porch was littered with specimen pages, pictures, and bindings all taken from that inexhaustible bag.

At first I felt myself swelling and swelling, and feared I should go off soon like an over-charged tire if I were not given a moment to relieve my feelings, but all remarks of mine were drowned in that flow of language which poured out like that endless stream of salt from the mill which no one could stop grinding. I forget now what it was that actually stopped her. I only remember that for days afterward when I lighted the fire with the countless circulars of recommendations written by college presidents and commissioners of education which she left behind her, I thought of more and more things I wanted to say to that book agent. Consequently, I say that she is responsible for this article.

"Economy" was the watchword which she waved before me, and in her self-complacency little noted that it brought out all my bull nature like a red flag. If I bought this "Children's Library" I would *save* money, *save* time, *save* space, probably, I do not know, *save* my children's souls. Now I know this is an age of compactness. We cook in a kitchenette and we no longer raise a family but are satisfied with a "familyette". We are all seeking the essence of things only, and time and space have a value never before urged upon them. Everything must be boiled down — concentrated. It is what might be called a nutshell age. The pageant-like novels of Victor Hugo, that spread their glamour over long winter evenings about the fire, are now flashed before us in a couple of hours on the movie screen. Letters are no longer lengthy and redolent of personality, enticing one to tip back in the chair and drink deep of the cup of friendship. Instead, they are crisp and colorless, written only at the bidding of business, apologetic if they run over the second page. And our libraries, our treasured book sanctuaries, must be cut down to fit a "five-foot bookcase". A strange craze this, for the kernel only, especially as the rind of the fruit is often the sweeter and the meatier part. It is a strange conception of man, that he who has beheld the Matterhorn has no need to lift his tired eyes to the purple hills of New England. But man is his own master and who shall stop him in any of his Quixotic tasks? I would simply make a plea for the children, — the real victims of this age.

So if the time comes when I am asked to give dimensions for a nursery bookcase, I shall say: "Throw your foot rule to the winds. Begin your case when the child is born and let it grow

with the span of his years. Begin it with a shelf and let it grow as a vine grows, up and down and around the nursery wall. Let it break off in sections and follow each child as he leaves the nursery for his own room. Open up your hallways to it if it overflows. Make it as indispensable to your children as the roof above their heads, or as much a part of their daily lives as the gathering three times a day at the family board. For books are the everlasting friends that fail not. They are the flying trunks and the magic carpets of childhood, the mystical fountains that quench the ardent thirst of youth, and the green pastures and the still waters whither in later years we go to restore our souls.

The nursery bookcase defies compactness because of the very nature of childhood. It must overflow. My thirteen-year-old boy once said to me: "What I like to do is to hunt for things. When I grow up I don't want to sit in an office, I want to go all over the world and hunt for things." That is the healthy, normal child speaking. No one who really understands a boy would give him a collection of birds' eggs; he would give him the fields, the forests, the lakes and the streams; and long days to wander in them. It is the same with books. No set collected by any expert on children's reading will ever take the place of a library where a child can browse and hunt, and find things out for himself. No one volume, however wisely chosen, can contain the "poems every child should know". Each child should make his own anthology as he goes through life and it will be a very meagre one if he has only one volume from which to choose his poems. For the love of poetry is such an intimate, individual thing that the wisdom of Solomon is not sufficient to make *the* collection for children. I think of my own little family, — one child learned Mother Goose and a hundred other of the childhood jingles by heart, just for the pure love of its rollicking meter and nippy humor. A younger boy turned these pages over in utter contempt; to him they were mere buffoonery, but even before he could read he was begging me to teach him such hymns as:

*"Forty days and forty nights  
Thou wast fasting in the wild;  
Forty days and forty nights  
Tempted and yet undefiled."*

as well as:

*"Come ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness;  
God has brought His Israel  
Into joy from sadness;  
Loosed by Pharaoh's bitter yoke  
Jacob's sons and daughters;  
Led them with unmoistened foot  
Through the Red Sea waters."*

I am sure no one has ever placed these two particular hymns in any children's anthology, but all four verses of the latter were learned by my eight-year-old son and were sung over and over again as he went about his play. Another of my boys said to me one night when he was eleven: "Do you know my two favorite poems, Mother? I'll tell you. 'Old Ironsides', and 'If I Should Die, Think Only This of Me'." It is a long cry from the bombastic patriotism of Holmes to that almost sacred devotion to England of Rupert Brooks, and yet each sung itself into this boy's being. I can remember, too, how the day after I first read him

*"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by"*

that I found six volumes of Masfield gleaned from the family library strewn over his bed and desk. Nor shall I ever forget the night I found another son, perhaps twelve then, curled on the davenport in the living-room, crooning something that I had never heard before.

I drew nearer and looked over his shoulder as he went on, quite unconscious of my approach:

*"The walls fell back, night was a-flower  
The table gleamed in a moonlit bower,  
While Chang, with a countenance carved of stone,  
Ironed and ironed all alone."*

On and on he chanted:

*"And this gray bird, in Love's first spring,  
With a bright-bronze breast, and a bronze-brown wing,  
Captured the world with his carolling."*

This night was, I think, this boy's first discovery of poetry. For three years now, he has been reading Vachel Lindsay because there is something in the rhythmic beat of "The Congo", and "When General Booth Enters Heaven", that throbs to a beat within himself so that as he reads it his "breast with vision is



satisfied". But even "One Thousand Poems for Children" does not contain these hymns my eight-year-old wanted to learn, or Maselfield's "Sea Fever", much less "The Chinese Nightingale" of Lindsay. A volume isn't enough for a child; you must give him a shelf full, a room full, a house full.

For every boy and girl is a true child of nature, and nature is not economical, but lavish, prodigal, giving bounteously, and we must revise our Puritanical ideas of wastefulness if we are going to work with children. A botanist holding a tiny seed in his hand can tell you what soil and care to give that seed to produce the flower that lies encased within it, but no one can look in a child's face and be such a soothsayer. Education must always be an experiment, a trying again and again. So ours is the task as guardian of the children of to-day, to open up doorways and windows and vistas to the searching spirit of the child. And because books, more than any other one thing, unless it be life itself, have the magic power to let down bars, and unlock doors, we should surround our children with them as lavishly as nature surrounds us with her marvels. Not one star, but a skyfull; not one volume but a casefull. For we will never again be able to give to our children as bounteously as we can during that first decade of their life. These early years are the leisure years (although parents and teachers to-day are constantly encroaching more and more on the precious leisure time of childhood), they are the storing years, when the child is garnering unto himself not only treasures but much that will be to him the very bread of life in the years that lie ahead. "Books maketh a full man," said the wise-head, Bacon, many years ago, so let us give our children books. Let us feed their minds and souls as carefully as we feed their bodies, morning, noon, and night with nourishing food and drink, remembering that we are feeding growing organisms with spiritual and intellectual appetites no less ravenous than their physical.

I like to think of the ten or twelve-year-old mind as a rich tapestry, the background against which all the rest of a child's life shall be lived. Books alone should not weave this tapestry. Fishing streams, gardens, sand dunes, a boy's or girl's own room, city street, docks, woods, swimming pools, trees, caves, and rocks, — whatever a child makes his own out of life's experience, — all go into the weaving of this tapestry of memories. But books bind

the individual to the universal, they link up the past to the present, and they lead from the finite out to the infinite. They make the child a part of the world, — the world that lies behind him, the world that lies at his feet, and the world of his dreams.

Books, too, are the quickest response to a child's inborn craving for beauty. I am afraid if we could photograph the minds of vast numbers of our American children to-day, we would find them as colorless and as commonplace as are most of our American towns. We would find reflected in these children's minds all the architectural ugliness, all the higgledy-pigglediness of our hasty development, all the crude flaunting bill posters of our commercialism. Beauty does not lie about our children as beauty should. It must be sought after, and is so hard to find here in America to-day that many children early give up the quest. For our modern child is city-born and city-bred. Paved streets lie between his feet and the earth and high walls shut from his eyes the sky. Still the desire for beauty is reborn in each child, and if we cannot satisfy it by the changing of autumn foliage or the shifting of cloud-light over our hills or by the cathedral towers of the Old World, we can at least give our children books that on these pinions they may lift themselves up and escape at times from the commonplace, the commercialism, and the crudities with which we have surrounded them.

All the immortal books glow with beauty, — and by immortal I mean a book that once read stays by a boy or girl all his life, a book from which he never quite frees himself. Do not be afraid of these immortals even though they bear the erudite title "classics". They are not something for the élite, or the learned. They are not above your child. It is not undemocratic to give your child the best. The child who loves Mother Goose will also love a bit later the Folk Tales and Fairy Tales. Then do not spend your time reading to him about Peter Rabbit or Blacky Crow (let him have these books to learn the technique of reading for himself) but launch out into Kingsley's *Water Babies*, George MacDonald's *At the Back of the North Wind*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Heidi*, and that exquisite new classic for children, Walter de la Mare's *The Three Mullab Mulgars*. Go on through Hawthorne's *Wonder Tales* to Colum's *Children's Homer* or Kingsley's *Greek Heroes*, through *The Jungle Book* and *Kim* to *Treasure Island* and *Kid-*

napped. You are on the straight road now to Cooper and Scott, before your youngsters are in their teens.

Read and re-read all of Lewis Carroll and then try Uncle Remus and the Hollow Tree Books. Before you know it you are taking down *The Pickwick Papers* from your own shelf for the boys and girls. Children who are brought up on *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Magic Fish Bone*, *The Rose and the Ring*, and the *Just-So Stories* develop an unquenchable thirst for humor later on.

With poetry it is the same chain-making process. The Nursery Rhymes and jingles link on to the old ballads. The ballads lead to Kipling's verse, Kipling's to *Hiawatha*, *Hiawatha* to *Idylls of the King*. *Idylls of the King* give way to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and this in turn to such verse as Masfield's poems of the sea, and so the chain is well forged. The child who has grown up on poetry like this knows what poetry really is, and as his emotional nature cries out for release in his adolescent years, knows where to go to find quietude for his surging moods and meaning for the tumult within him.

Again as your child begins to wonder whence he came into being, have ready those fascinating tales of primitive man. It may be that he will start on this quest so early that you must give him such simple tales as Miss Dopps' *The Early Cave Men*, and *The Tree Dwellers*, which he can perhaps read himself. A little older boy will listen by the hour to Professor Kummer's *The First Book of Man*, and *The First Book of Knowledge*, or *The Story of Ab*, and from these pass eagerly on to Hillyer's *A Child's History of the World*, Van Loon's *First Days of Man*, and Singe's *Book of Discoveries*. In a year or two he will be ready for *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, *Westward Ho* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

Likewise, when your boys and girls forget for a while all other interests and throw themselves into collecting shells, or bugs, or caterpillars or birds' eggs, don't expect them to be content with a few condensed pages on insects in some children's encyclopedia, but get them Fabre's books, and one or two of those real authorities on biology, *The Book of Shells* or *The Book of Moths*, with their wonderful colored plates and their detailed scientific knowledge. One of my boys, long before he could read, would spend hours poring over the scientific colored plates of *The Butterfly Book*, hunting out the chrysalis from which a butterfly he had

caught had emerged. These books give children some idea of the vastness and the wonder of the world about them. Nor would I cheat any child of this age out of the joy of exploring woods and streams with such men as Seton-Thompson, Dallas Lore Sharp, Burroughs, and Baynes.

And I would make a plea equally strong for the Bible and the lives of Saints. I do not mean *The Children's Bible*, or *The Story of the Bible*, or *The Modern Bible* but I mean *the Bible* in the Good Old King James Version. Your child need not read it as our forebears did, verse by verse, not even skipping those endless genealogical chains, but no child should pass out of childhood without knowing the great primitive folk tales of the Jewish people, or with his ears untuned to the choral beauty of the Psalms.

I have on the wall above me as I write a picture by a modern German artist, of a peasant Grandmother reading aloud out-of-doors to a small boy of perhaps ten years. The Grandmother, her iron-gray hair pulled back painfully tight from her stern, unyielding face, sits erect in her stiff Sunday clothes, with the "Good Book" open on her lap. Laboriously her heavy forefinger travels across the printed page pointing out the moral lesson of the scriptures. But the boy at her side sits, his hands limp in his lap, shoulders stooping, every line of his body plastic, gazing with dream-lighted eyes over the picket fence and over the green hills and beyond any horizon made of earth or sky. His ears do not hear the moral lesson but they are listening to a tale well told. His entire being is responsive to the movement, the rhythm, the beauty.

As I look upon this boy's profile, I see the faces of my own children as we have read together year after year, night after night, from good books of many ages and many lands. I see a little fellow of eight sitting straight up in bed, enthralled by Padraic Colum's *Children's Homer*, or I think of another boy, scarcely a year older, lying on his back in the pine woods by the hour, drinking in the tale of *Kim*. These children's faces are all the same: wonder plays over them as light plays over the hills. They are joyous, eager, responsive as children's faces should be. They are voyaging on uncharted seas, drinking of the fulness of life.

And when I am asked what books we should read to children I am wont to reply any book that brings to a child's face this look of wonder and pure joy. Fortunately, there are many of them.

And I would make a plea that we give the children these books just as the Grandma was giving the little lad the Bible, — by reading them aloud. The ear is more sensitive than the eye when the child is small, and he will feel the rhythm and beauty of language more keenly through the spoken word. Begin when the child is five to read aloud to him only those books which have that elusive something which we call style, and when he is twelve he will not be satisfied with so-called juveniles. He will doubtless read these later, — and many of them to-day are clean, harmless yarns of boy and girl life, — but he will not absorb them into his being. You will not need to tell him they are second-rate, for he will sense that himself and they will just naturally sift through him.

When Ethel Sidgwick, the English novelist, visited this country a few years ago, she left behind her a gift for the children of New York City, — a large "Map of Fairyland" which lies under glass on a low table in the New York Public Library. I often leave my shopping early and spend my last half-hour in town poring over this map, for to me it is not merely A Map of Fairyland but much more. It is to me a fine colored etching of what the mind of a child should be who has grown up among books. Every inch of this map is packed with scenes and creatures dear to childish hearts. Mr. Grimm is there sitting on Shiny Wall, with the sea at his feet, the sea over which skims the swift-oared Argus passing on its way the rudderless open boat in which little Gerda floats in her quest for Kay. Solomon's Ships pass in state into the Enchanted Sea and the square-rigged vessel of Tristram of Lyonesse rides at anchor near the coast from which rises the Holy Mountain of Monsalvat, where lies guarded the Holy Grail. Eagerly I search among the Brownie Huts, the Walls of Magic, the Garden of Dreams to find new nooks and corners for my own children to explore. For here is chart and compass for your child's voyaging into the great realm of romance and poetry. Here lies unrolled at your feet a map of your child's rightful heritage, — the paradise of children, the country that will belong eternally to those boys and girls who travel along the side of a Five Mile Case of Books.



## PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE

ANDRÉ MONOD

*PROTESTANT and Catholic writers in turn have traced in these pages the historical development and growth of their churches and have glorified their good works. Certain countries we have learned to associate with one particular faith, — France, for example, which we have believed overwhelmingly Catholic. So it is, but this writer, a French pastor and Secretary of the Protestant Federation of France, indicates the strength of Protestantism in his country in figures which are somewhat surprising.*

**O**N the fifth of September, 1917, at Vadelaincourt, near Verdun, Sergeant Jean Monod, hospital orderly, was killed in a Red Cross ambulance by bombs from an enemy airplane. Although he was married and head of a family, he had left, in order to go to the front, the Home for Blind Soldiers in the rue de Reuilly, Paris, to which he was attached. In 1916, an American lady had come to visit this Home; Sergeant Monod played the host, and in the course of the conversation his visitor learned not only that there were Protestants in France but even that her guide was himself a minister. Her surprise was complete. "Are there really Protestants in France! How happy I am to learn it!"

The war has likewise disclosed this fact to many Frenchmen who hardly suspected that there were Protestants in the world, and in such numbers. We have learned that the French Revolution of 1789, which inaugurated in Europe the era of the great democratic republics, was inspired by the American Revolution. Now united in the Americans of 1776 were the blood and the idea of the "pilgrims" from England and the Huguenot "refugees" from France. One cannot, consequently, understand the history of the modern world if one has not thought about the spiritual forces which were at work from the time of the battle of Lexington to the storming of the Bastille. These two great victories for liberty had their beginnings in a greater revolution, the Reformation of the sixteenth century, particularly its French manifestation.

In truth, the French spirit, eminently logical and universal, drove to its ultimate consequences the movement of religious reform. It was John Calvin, theologian, statesman, and organizer of genius, who codified and made universal the work of the Reform.

The trumpet of Luther had caused the walls of Babylon to crumble; Calvin's trowel built up the walls of Zion.

The French Reform on many occasions seemed doomed to be crushed and destroyed in its own country. The heroic period of its history lasted three hundred years, — from the massacres of 1523 in Paris and Meaux to the riots of the White Terror in the south of France, in which two hundred Protestants were killed. Everything combined to work against it: iron and fire in the sixteenth century, the administrative intrigue of the Pretended Reformed Religion and the undercurrent of violence of the seventeenth century. In 1685 Louis XIV announced that there were no more Protestants in France, and this official statement was very nearly true. Protestants saw all their churches razed; hundreds of thousands of their adherents renounced their faith, others fled the country. On native soil only a few thousand Huguenots, — mountaineers and peasants from the Cévennes, — resisted and took up arms. They were conquered in battle, but not subjugated. The great King had to draw up a treaty with them and recognize that there were still Protestants in France.

After the Revolution, which gave back to the reformers their rights as citizens, there were in France in 1805 only forty-eight ministers. There numbered two years later seventy-eight organized churches. This was the foundation for a great work of reconstruction. In the period of revival which lasted one hundred years church buildings were erected, schools were opened, charitable and missionary centres established. Then came the patient work of the Central Society of Evangelization, which in seventy-five years built one hundred and seven churches and gained or regained for the Reform a great number of families.

French Protestantism to-day numbers 1038 parishes:

Reformed Churches:	381	Reformed Evangelical .....	} 645
	164	Reformed parishes .....	
	40	parishes in Alsace-Lorraine .....	
	60	stations of the Central Society ..	
Lutheran Churches (of which 198 are in Alsace-Lorraine)...			261
Free Churches .....			49
Baptist Churches .....			29
Methodist Churches .....			23
Independent Churches and stations of the McAll Mission ...			31
			<hr/> 1038

In this figure are not included the stations recently established by the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, which supports thirteen ministers. The total number of ministers in active service in France is about 1097, of which 1000 are at the head of parishes, the others being professors, chaplains, or heads of various other branches of service. We have three faculties in Theology, — two in common with the Reformed and Lutheran churches, those of Paris and Strasbourg, one maintained by the reformed Evangelical Churches at Montpellier, with about 120 students, most of whom are foreigners.

Where are the French Protestants and how many are there? The Directory of French Protestantism, recently published, gives the best answer to this question which is asked so often. From it we see that in many regions, especially in the south, but also in the east, Protestants form sections in which they are often in the majority; there even exist whole villages in which there is a Protestant house of worship but not a Catholic church. Elsewhere, over large territory, the Protestants are lost in the multitude of Catholics and risk being absorbed by them. There are historical reasons for this uneven distribution of Protestant forces; but certain points of concentration, for example in Paris and in the industrial and mining regions in the north, are the result of circumstances or of current increase. In the absence of all official statistics it is not possible to give an accurate and absolute figure for the Protestant population of France. The best judges estimate that the figure must exceed 900,000 and is probably not above one million, — that is, one Protestant among every forty Frenchmen.

It is necessary to keep in mind this proportion in order to be fair. One must, in truth, recognize with admiration that Protestantism in a country from which it has been driven and effaced, has been able to reconstruct itself and that in regions where it had been killed, it has been able to come to life with an activity greater than ever before.

We have the constant task of uniting our forces scattered in a widely spreading territory, divided into many religious groups. But it is necessary to count on Protestant individualism. We have found the key to the problem in the idea of federation so familiar to our American friends. Just as in 1559 we founded outside the one church, and in a state profoundly monarchical,

churches with democratic constitutions, so in our day, in a republic strongly centralized and unified, we have established a federation of all our churches. This movement had its beginning in 1890; the first statutes of the Protestant Federation of France were drawn up in 1904 and finally adopted in a Central Assembly of French Protestantism which was held at Nîmes in 1909. The Federation is directed by a Council in which each Union of Churches is represented by four delegates, — two ministers and two laymen. The President for several years has been a layman, — M. Edouard Gruner, mining engineer. Decisions of the Council must be unanimous. Every five years the Council must call together the General Assembly, as it did at Lyons in 1919, and at Strasbourg in 1924. This last Assembly welcomed the entrance of the two great Church Unions of Alsace-Lorraine into the Federation which has thus become the central focus of the entire "Protestant Family", — Reformed, Lutherans, Methodist, Baptist, Free Churches, and Churches of the Central Society.

The Federation has no doctrinal basis; for this reason, no doubt, some Baptist churches hold themselves aloof. The great controversy between Fundamentalists and Modernists is a case of past history in France; the first are very few in number, and isolated; the second find their legitimate place among our most important groups. On the whole, our Churches, which have to struggle to live, all have as a foundation a "declaration of faith", a program of very positive Christian action, and a close and exacting adherence to the Gospel of Christ. Religious life, forms of cults, synodical regime, the activities of the Church, are very similar in all the groups.

These ties of the Federation have permitted us to rise above a succession of serious crises. First, that of Separation. Entering into consideration also is the partial aid of the State, which has never surpassed two million francs a year, and which, under the Republic, imposed on us no servitude, as compensation for all the despoliation we had undergone. In 1905, following a conflict between Rome and France, the budgets for religious organizations were cut off. It was necessary for us to reorganize our churches, and to provide for their needs without impairing our extensive charitable and missionary work. We succeeded; the interest and generosity of the members of our churches have never

failed us. Our relations with the State, which had remained normal inasmuch as we had conformed to the Law of Separation, were continued through the mediation of the Federated Council.

Then came the war and the enemy invasion which found us ready to put into practise the "Holy Union", at the front as well as behind the lines. The Federation manifested Protestant unity. Here, for example, is a significant act. There was, toward the end of 1915, a meeting of the Committee of National Aid which was made up of a group of leading spirits of France, — Catholic, Jewish, and Free Thinking leaders. It was a question of launching throughout the country the first drive for the war orphans. The Catholic Church was represented on the Committee by the Archbishop of Paris, the Protestant Church by a minister, Charles Wagner, friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and author of *The Simple Life*. The Archbishop promised to make an appeal to his communicants, observing that his jurisdiction did not extend beyond his diocese. "And for the Protestants, Mr. Wagner," said M. Appel, "how shall we proceed?" And Mr. Wagner answered, "Mr. President, I have only to press a button and through the President of the Protestant Federation of France all our churches will be notified." Astonishment and admiration struck the Catholics and Free Thinkers on the Committee, who discovered the existence of a unified organization in French Protestantism.

The strict collaboration of our Churches which was strengthened by the effective collaboration of the Churches belonging to the Federal Council of Churches in America, and other Churches of Protestant Christendom, was, then, of inestimable value. During the war about a hundred of our ministers and students of theology, — almost our entire number, — were killed or died under the flag; the invasion scattered and ruined thousands of our co-religionists, so numerous in the north and east. Eighty of our church buildings were destroyed, bombarded, or pillaged; twenty-eight of our presbyteries and twenty-nine other religious buildings shared the same fate. Under the protection of the Federation a Protestant committee of aid for devastated regions was organized to render immediate assistance, and a Committee of Protestant Union common to churches of France and Belgium undertook to restore our ruins. To-day all our communities of the



north and east are reconstructed, almost all our houses of worship are rebuilt or repaired, some larger and more beautiful than they were before the war, notably those of Rheims, St Quentin, Arras, Lens, Liévin, and Château-Thierry.

But we still have to gather together all our energies after this supreme effort. The consequences of the war are making themselves felt in a cruel way in our communities; a choice group of young men has disappeared which others still too young, or now too old, cannot replace. The capital of France is greatly diminished, heavily mortgaged. The savings of preceding generations melt like snow in the sun, and we are not yet at the end of our sacrifices. Our ministers, almost all heads of large families, see their services hampered by constant financial worries. There is the great uncertainty of the morrow.

Nevertheless, thanks to the aid of our good American friends, we have been able to endow the Federation with a house, "The Home of French Protestantism", situated in the busiest centre of Paris, near the Gare St Lazare, 47 rue de Clichy. The offices of the Federation and of our Unions of Reformed Churches, as well as beautiful reception rooms, are there. Every friend of our country may write or enquire there, if he desires any information whatsoever, especially concerning our schools, names of families willing to take in boarders, and places of greatest interest to Protestant visitors.

The persecutions first obliged the Huguenots to go into exile, carrying with them their trades, their beautiful French language, and their doctrines tested by fire. They went into all parts of northern Europe and throughout the world, from the coasts of America to those of South Africa. This exodus continued for more than two centuries; the greater part of two modern nations were vivified and enriched by it.

To-day there are no forced exiles, but an obligation on the part of a few to be alert and active, making their influence felt in spreading and deepening the faith. In France the rôle which the finest group of Protestants plays as molder of national life is of paramount importance, particularly in the teaching profession, in the courts, industry, banking, the army, and the civil service. In the last century, the Premier of France, François Guizot, was a Protestant of note. To-day one still sees Protestants, or rather

men of Protestant extraction carrying on the noblest duties of the Republic: thus, during the war, Georges Clemenceau, the citizen who "has deserved well of the fatherland"; and Gaston Doumergue, recently elected President for seven years. A "Protestant Party" does not exist in France; we give our allegiance to various groups from the strict conservative for some, to the liberal republican for the greatest number, especially in the west and the south. Also, in moments of crisis, when above all else is needed a man of conscience and duty, a stanch republican, it is often from our ranks that the country seeks him. The Catholic or Free Thinking electors do not fear to send to the Chamber or the Senate one of our faith, even one of our ministers, as was done in three cases in the elections of 1919 and 1924.

All our Churches, all our religious societies, are occupied with home missions in the large sense of the word. Our Federation organized, ten years ago, a very active Protestant Committee of French Alliance, presided over by M. Paul Fuzier, Councilor of State. And so Protestants of France are no longer absent from the great movements organized by their co-religionists in foreign countries. This same spirit of initiative has directed us, since the sixteenth century, toward colonization enterprises. French expansion, ports filled with ships entering and leaving, the French flag flying over new seas, were the dream and the wish of Admiral Coligny. If they had listened to him, France rather than England would have founded modern America. He directed his pioneers toward Brazil, Florida, the Carolinas, Canada. He wished to found beyond the seas a new France where religious liberty would flourish. Since his day how many of the seamen of war and commerce, of the privateers, explorers, and colonists, has Protestantism not furnished? To-day, in our colonial empire, ten times larger than the mother country, Protestants are, above all, active, influential collaborators in the work of colonization.

But a narrow nationalism would be unable to limit them; the finest thing which they have undertaken in the last hundred years is their mission work in heathen countries. The Paris Society of Evangelical Missions works in eight mission fields; Lessouto, the oldest, in the south of Africa, and Zambezi, — two countries placed under English protection; Senegal, the Congo, Tahiti, New Caledonia, Madagascar, all French colonies; and Cameroon,

under French rule. This work is out of proportion to our forces and resources; the results of the war have made it even heavier.

When we look at our beautiful Mission House, with its chapel and mission school, we are proud to think that hundreds of our people have gone out from it young and enthusiastic, to conquer the pagan world, often never to return. The proportion is one consecrated missionary outside of France for every sixteen ministers who remain in the mother country; a total of 137 European missionaries and assistants, most of whom are married. Our budget is exceeded by more than two million francs; consequently the aid of our co-religionists in foreign countries is very necessary to us here. In spite of all our losses in men, and the crushing financial burden of the post-war period, we feel spiritually enriched by our obedience to the orders of Christ. There are indeed treasures of vitality and faith, and a great power of inspired vision in our Churches.

When these Churches were "under the cross" — constantly harassed and oppressed—they took of their own accord as a symbol an anvil upon which one strikes repeated blows with the proud motto: "The more they amuse themselves by striking me the more they wear out their hammers." To-day, free to expend ourselves and to consecrate ourselves to noble tasks, we prefer the symbol of the burning bush, stamp of the Reformed Church of France, bearing this device: *Flagror Non Consumor* — "I burn but am not consumed."



# THE MYSTERY OF THE SUN

JOHN ANTHONY MILLER

*The Story of the Swartbmore College Eclipse Expedition to  
Sumatra, January, 1926*

**A**N eclipse lasts for two minutes; and occurs,—weather permitting,—about once every two years. Yet from the study of eclipses,—when the sun's "corona" becomes visible,—we learn most of what we can know about the past and future of the body which gave birth to our planet, and which still maintains our life. Professor John A. Miller here describes both the human and the scientific side of the great expedition which has just returned from Sumatra with records of the total eclipse in January.

**M**EN study most the things that affect them most, and for that reason the sun has always been an object of great scientific interest. To the sun we owe all our natural comforts; without it we should have neither clouds, winds, nor rains; it paints our flora and feeds our fauna. We heat and light our homes and drive the great engines of transportation and industry with sunbeams stored in the earth's surfaces eons ago. Aside from this practical aspect, natural curiosity has prompted men to inquire what the source is of this energy and power, and whether or not it is everlasting; whether or not the time will come when life on earth as we now know it will be impossible. Their researches have shown that every star is a sun, not unlike ours in many important particulars; that a great many of the chemical elements are found in common in the earth, the sun, and the stars; and, as the fundamentals of mechanics were discovered and tested in the motion of the heavenly bodies, so, in the laboratory of the sky, men are testing to-day the theories of chemistry and of physics; and no single body had yielded so many of these fundamental truths as the study of the sun. The urge that has driven men to these studies is the same that drives men to eclipses.

The eclipse of 1926, with which we are here concerned, occurred in Africa just after sunrise, in Sumatra about 2:30 P.M., in Borneo a little later, and in the Philippine Islands just before sunset. Although January is the middle of the rainy season in Sumatra and Borneo, the extensive meteorological data collected, tabulated, and distributed by the "Koninklijk Magnetischen Meteo-

rologisch Observatorium", under the supervision of Dr. Braak, made it appear that weather conditions in Sumatra were better than in Borneo, and that at certain stations the chances of clear weather at eclipse time were from forty to sixty per cent. Moreover, so far as statistics go, Benkoelen, on the southwest coast of Sumatra, appeared to offer the most favorable meteorological conditions. Accordingly, five of the eight expeditions sent out located there. They were, in the order of their arrival: the *Nederlandische-Deutsche* expedition; the *Swarthmore College* Expedition; the *Harvard University* expedition; the *Royal Society and Astronomical Society* expedition; the *Melbourne University* expedition, and a private undertaking. A single cloud properly placed would have been the undoing of all these expeditions and for that reason, and to serve science better, the *United States Naval Observatory* chose *Kapaihang*, a station near the mountains about forty miles from Benkoelen. An expedition from *Holland* located at *Palembang*, 250 miles away; and in order that observing stations might have the widest possible distribution Professor D'Arturo, the Italian astronomer, located in *Africa*. *Palembang* was cloudy, *Kapaihang* clear nearly half of the totality, and Benkoelen practically clear.

#### HALF WAY ROUND THE WORLD

Benkoelen, a town of about nine thousand people, is the capital of the *Residency of Benkoelen*. Of these about 250 are Dutch, — largely Dutch officials and their families, — about one thousand Chinese, and the remainder native Malay. The town presents an inviting appearance. Many houses are surrounded by spacious, well-kept, well-shaded lawns. Most of the Dutch officials are university-trained men; all are efficient, obliging officers and delightful and cultured companions, and they, together with their families, most hospitable hosts. The personnel of the various expeditions were received as paying guests into their homes; a courtesy which added, not only to our comfort, but also to the efficiency of our work. The friendships formed there will always live as a pleasant memory in the minds of the guests.

The members of all the expeditions ate luncheon and dinner at the hotel, so that twice a day, during our stay there, thirty people, all members of the various expeditions, German, English,



Dutch, Australian, and American gathered around a long table. We were known in the town as the "International Eclipse Observers". Good fellowship and spirit of coöperation reigned. Eclipse topics were most frequent, but not dominant. We had each day a potpourri of international humor, story, and wisdom.

As I think of the programs of the various expeditions, I am surprised how little duplication of effort there was. The combined equipment was as modern, as extensive, as powerful, as varied, and as well-manned as any heretofore assembled for eclipse purposes in any single locality.

The *Nederlandische-Indische* Government spared neither pains nor effort to make the stay of the eclipse observers in Sumatra as pleasant and as profitable as possible. Prior to our coming, arrangements had been perfected by which all equipment, instrumental and personal, was admitted without Customs examination. All equipment was transported from Palembang, the port of entry, to the eclipse camps, and after the eclipse returned to Singapore without charge. This means that many tons of equipment were moved over rail for one hundred miles and by motor truck over a mountainous region for one hundred and fifty miles more and by steamer another five hundred. All transportation on the Island for eclipse purposes was free to eclipse observers and the K. P. M. returned the scientists to Singapore at a nominal rate.

Benkoelen is an old English town and many marks of English life still remain there. Among them are Raffles Park, many monuments, a long avenue of fine old trees bordering a broad street, and an old English cemetery; but there is nothing more conspicuous or better kept than Fort Marlborough, which overlooks, and, when the English were there, guarded the harbor of Benkoelen. Its thick substantial wall, surrounded by moats, must in its time have made it an impregnable fortress. The old fort was evacuated by the English by treaty agreement one hundred years ago. The moats are drained and now are greenswards, and it is altogether a very attractive place.

By common consent, the other expeditions which arrived before the English did, agreed that it would be a fitting site for the English, if they wished it. They located in the old fort. The Swarthmore, Harvard, and Dutch-German expedition camps were in a

charming and unique place. To our backs was the well-groomed town itself and our instruments were pointed over a grove of tall, graceful cocoanut palms. Looking through interstices among the trees, one could catch glimpses of the stretch of the blue Indian Ocean. To protect the instruments, some of which are shown in photograph 3\*, from the frequent tropical rains, and the observers, while adjusting them, from a fierce tropical sun, temporary shelters were erected. These were covered with native "atap", shown in photograph 2\*, made of a species of palm leaves which is used a very great deal to cover native houses.

With some of the problems of the eclipse observer on which these powerful instruments were designed to throw light the reader may already be familiar, but at the risk of being tiresome I shall set down a few words of explanation.

#### THE RIM OF THE SUN

The sun is a huge sphere, 866,000 miles in diameter. It rotates on its axis just as the earth does, except that its period of rotation is twenty-five times as long. It has poles and an equator. Its surface, instead of being smooth as it appears to the unaided eye, is covered with seething waves of melted metals. In the surface of the sun there appear at frequent intervals large circular sun-spots, thousands of miles in diameter. These are found in zones on either side of the equator, but never more than forty degrees to the north or to the south of it.

Surrounding the sun, and very near its visible surface, there is a thin layer of gases of the metals. It is about five hundred to one thousand miles thick. The chemical composition of this layer is well-known. There have been found there about two thirds of all the chemical elements known in the earth, but no metal has been revealed that is not also known on the surface of the earth. All that we know for certain about the chemical composition of the sun is due to study of this layer. Another layer of gases about ten thousand miles thick lies just above this one. It is composed of hydrogen, helium, and calcium. There are great volumes of gases, which rise from the visible surface of the sun, pierce these layers, and traveling with great velocities, — sometimes five hundred times that of a cannon ball, — rise many thousands of miles

\* See illustrated page in Toasts section.

above the surface of the sun. They are called "prominences", and the volume of one of them is thousands of times that of the earth.

But surrounding all these there is another layer, from two to three million miles thick, which is visible when and only when the sun's disk is completely hidden by the moon, that is during a total solar eclipse. It flashes into view when the last vestige of the sun's disk disappears behind the moon. It looks like a burnished silver crown. The color is that of pearl and contrasts strongly with the mediterranean blue of the sky and the scarlet prominences at its base. It has been described, justly I think, as nature's most beautiful phenomenon. It becomes invisible at the end of totality as suddenly as it became visible at the beginning; and, as has been said, remains invisible until the next eclipse. Many capable and ingenious men have, with the most suitable instruments they could devise, attempted to make the corona betray its presence at other times, but without success.

If one recalls that, on the average, an eclipse lasts two minutes, and that, on the average, an eclipse occurs only once every two years, it is evident that if a single observer could see every eclipse for a half century he could study the corona for but fifty minutes in as many years. All that we know about this mysterious envelope of our central luminary has been learned from these short and interrupted studies. Accordingly a study of the corona is the chief problem of eclipse observers, and eclipse programs are arranged with a view of wresting from the corona as many of nature's secrets as possible in the few minutes of totality.

What do we want to know about the corona? We want, among many other things, to know its physical constitution and its chemical composition; how far it extends above the solar surface; what is its relation to sunspots, prominences, and other solar phenomena; what is its shape; how rapidly does its shape change; what is its origin.

Let us take the first. We know with a considerable degree of certainty that the inner corona, — that part nearest the surface of the sun, — is made up largely of solid or liquid particles that shine by their own light. There may be gases mixed with these, and other particles that are not self-luminous, but if so, such light radiation as comes from them is proportionately small. All this has to do with its physical constitution.

As to its chemical composition, the striking fact appears that the corona contains a gas, or gases, different from any found on the surface of the earth. This gas is called "coronium". A significant thing is that coronium has never been found in the stars nor any other place except in the corona of the sun. It was supposed, for many years, that it was a new element, but it is generally believed now,—and with good reason,—that it is not a new element, but an old one under physical conditions that we have not yet been able to simulate in terrestrial laboratories. Some guesses have been made as to its identity, but at present we do not know what it is. It is quite probable that all the lines of its spectrum that lie in the visible part of the spectrum have been at one time or another photographed and measured; but it is possible that we may find others, either in the infra-red or ultra-violet spectrum that will lead to its identity.

Helium was discovered in the sun in 1868. Since all the chemical elements hitherto found in the sun had been found in the earth, nothing was more natural than to assume that it likewise had a terrestrial existence. It has; but it took more than a quarter of a century of research by eminent chemists and physicists to find it. Though it is relatively abundant in certain minerals and the bubbles of gas of many hot springs, as well as in some of the natural gases, the production of helium was very expensive. It sold in 1917 at the price of a thousand dollars per cubic foot. The necessity for a light non-explosive gas with which to float dirigibles stimulated the United States Bureau of Mines to devise a process by which we could utilize the helium found abundantly in the natural gas wells of the Middle West, and these wells now are the chief source of supply of the world's helium. This process reduced radically the cost of production of this gas. To-day helium may be bought for less than ten cents per cubic foot. It is possible that coronium will be found in the surface of the earth and play as important a part as helium has done in the affairs of practical life. This is a spectroscopic problem.

If our curiosity carries us a little further afield we may inquire what the corona is. I have said that it consists of solid particles and gases; but how did this matter get into the corona? What forces prevent its falling pell mell upon the surface of the sun? If we could answer these questions we could add some very

definitive information as to how stars are made. For the sun is a star not unlike, in most important particulars, the millions of stars visible through our telescopes. It is universally conceded that the source of supply of the stupendous amount of heat, light, and electric energy emitted by the stars, and that emitted by the sun, can be explained in the same way. Furthermore that the length of time that they will send light and heat to us and to other parts of space can be discovered if we can answer the same questions for the sun. There is some reason to believe that we can find the answer to that question and that a true theory of the corona will contribute to it.

One guess is that the matter of the corona is drawn by the great attractive force of the sun from sources outside it. The preponderance of opinion of students of solar physics is, however, overwhelmingly against it. It is possible that the matter in the corona has been ejected from the sun, and there are reasons for believing that this is so. If it is, the question arises as to whether the velocity of ejection and the forces acting on the particles after ejection are such as to allow them to return to the sun or are such as to cause them to leave the sun forever.

#### THE TRIUMPH OF PHOTOGRAPHY

To settle this question we require the best possible photographs made on the largest possible scale. It is well-known in this Kodak age that the scale of the picture made with a camera depends only on the focal length of the lens, — that is, on the distance from the centre of the lens to the plate, — and that the greater the focal length the greater is the scale of the picture. In other words, a picture of an object made with a lens of 65 feet focal length is 130 times as great as the picture of the same object made with a camera of six inches focal length.

The first really large scale photograph of the corona was made by Schaerberle of Lick Observatory in 1893. He used a lens of 40 feet focal length. He devised a type of mounting for the camera which, later modified by Campbell, has been used frequently by eclipse observers. It consists of a tower which supports the lens, surrounded by another tower to prevent vibration of the inner tower by the wind, and to support the upper end of the tube (bellows) of the camera, the lower end of which is in a dark room



in which the plates are exposed. The entire instrument is built weeks before the eclipse, pointing to the place in the sky where the sun will be at the time the eclipse is total. This camera is too unwieldy to move. Since the sun moves relative to the camera and the camera can not be made to follow it, it is necessary to move the plate, which is done by a delicately adjusted mechanism. Two men standing in the dark room place plates on the moving mechanism for exposure.

In photograph 2 can be seen the 63-foot camera used by the Swarthmore College Eclipse Expedition this January. The tower supporting the lens in this camera is about 53 feet high. The United States Naval Observatory expedition at a station in Kapaihang used a lens of 65 feet focal length. The scale of the picture made with these lenses is about 135,000 miles to the inch. A railroad from New York to San Francisco on a map of the United States made on the same scale would be represented by a line .02 inches in length. This is a very small scale from which to deduce the principles of building suns, and yet it has not been found practical to use cameras of greater focal length at eclipses.

The photographs now available point to the conclusion that, in some instances, the corona immediately above certain sunspots has been influenced by them. There are many instances in which the coronal detail has certainly been influenced by prominences. Many times, not by any means always, one may find above an "eruptive prominence" a series of large Gothic-shaped arches. A good example is shown in the reproduction of photograph 1, which was taken in Sumatra during the last eclipse. Arches like these are not very uncommon. They were the chief features of the corona in 1918 and were present in the coronas of 1923, 1925, and 1926.

By a comparison of photographs of the same eclipse made at two stations widely separated in longitude, it has been shown in more than one instance that material in these arches was moving and that it was going outward from the sun. It is an interesting fact that these disturbances of the inner corona do not seem in any way to affect the shape of the outer corona.

One of our most important objects was to obtain a more intimate knowledge of the thin layer of gases which I have already mentioned. At the time of an eclipse the spectrum of this layer

should be just the reverse of the solar spectrum, and from the study of this spectrum, it is possible to find the degree of ionization of the atoms of the gases composing it. It is also possible to find the heights above the sun's surface at which the various metals composing it are found. The work of the past twenty years has been very fruitful here; but the red and infra-red was relatively unexplored until Curtis in 1925 reached wave lengths of 8807 Å. He repeated this work in 1926. The problems of this layer were vigorously attacked at the 1926 eclipse. The European expeditions used, in the main, powerful slit spectrographs; the Americans, objective gratings.

On the actual day of the eclipse, the combination of the oriental-looking village of instruments seen in photograph 3 pointing over this grove of palms toward the black circle of the moon surrounded by the brilliant solar corona hanging in the blue sky, formed a spectacle the beauty and charm of which the beholders will never forget. It was not for lack of appreciation of this scene that the eclipse staffs turned reluctantly from it to do the tasks to which they had assigned themselves, for which they had traveled half way round the world, and to which they had devoted months of unremitting toil in the preparation, installation, and adjustment of delicate, though powerful, instruments.

There were assembled in the various camps in Benkoelen eight cameras varying in focal length from sixty-three feet to thirty inches, four cameras for testing the Einstein effect, eight spectroscopes of varying types, two interferometers, three photometers, four motion picture cameras, and two cameras to photograph the corona in colors. In all there were probably one hundred photographs made, and they were of excellent quality. An abundance of good material is stored in them, and there is little doubt that something will be added to what we already know. I should like to caution the reader, however, that whatever is found will be found only after weeks of study of these negatives, weeks of making measures of the plates, and days of tedious computation in the reduction of the measures. And when they are done, certain theories will be strengthened and others overthrown, but nothing sensational will happen. The observers will be satisfied if a single new thing is found, and rejoice with whomsoever finds it.

## THE SOUL OF FRANCE

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

**W**HERE the road to Beauvais crosses the Paris-Gisors Highway, a Norman farmhouse stands, has stood for several hundred years; and before that, probably, for eight hundred years there was some other habitation for a follower of the Seigneur de Boury, the château of the family lying directly across the road from the farmhouse.

Spring comes early in Normandy so that one Sunday morning in March, while New York was still buried under the snow, a visitor just arrived from America was awakened by the call of the lark. It was a weird contrast to the morning songs to which one is accustomed in New York, — for the lark had no competitors in milkmen, honking autos, or any of the brother and sister noises. Curiously enough, lying there Sunday morning in bed in Normandy, the strange stillness broken only by the music-master of birds, I thought of Maurice Ketten's amusing cartoons in the Evening World, "The Day of Rest." It was all quite too peaceful to be real; and yet real it was, though the gently sloping hills that I could see from my pillow had been a battlefield of France for almost a thousand years, and the road that leads over the hill to Vaudencourt had resounded to the march of the troops of Richard the Lion-Hearted, and years after, to the march of American soldiers under the leadership of General Pershing. Some day Raymond Carroll, the eminent American War Correspondent, will write one of the most dramatic stories of the War in connection with this same country and General Pershing, publication of which was forbidden by the censor at the time it occurred, when our troops were tramping over this same vicinity.

Time, a more potent censor, has wrapped the story of this hamlet in forgetfulness.

Last night, when my host and I were sitting in front of his study fire-place, talking of men and books, birds and politics, spring planting in Normandy and Long Island, I asked him how he came to locate in Boury-en-Vexin. I had never heard of it.

He re-lit his pipe, fixed his monocle in his eye, and taking down a bunch of guidebooks, said:

"No one ever did, and you won't find it in any of these."

"Then how did it happen?" I persisted.

"Well, you see, I am very fond of Arthur Pinero and the Garrick in London is my favorite club; and from Bourry-en-Vexin I can get over to London in six and a half hours."

As I lay listening to the lark, I saw how clear it all was and I was glad that Louis Shipman liked to talk with Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and to go to the Garrick once a month or so.

Suddenly the lark stopped singing. There was silence such as I had not known for years, in the midst of fields that had resounded to the clash of arms from the time of Philip Auguste and Richard the Lion-Hearted, to General Pershing. Reluctantly I got out of bed, for there was something thrilling in this silence, the silence of bygone battlefields, the silence of history, — the history of our own civilization.

I looked down the long highway leading toward Gisors, which the Romans called "Gisorum", and which from that day to this has never had a peaceful hundred years, and I thought of Islip, Long Island, where the only battles we have are with the Long Island Railroad for better commuting service.

A mile down the road, the only human being in sight seemed to be making slow progress. I watched him perplexedly and then on the stillness of the air, — deserted now by the lark, — I heard the faint tapping of his cane on the stones as he came up the hill.

Slowly the figure came nearer and then gradually I discerned that it was a blind man, feeling his way.

I had finished dressing and tubbing in my friend's very ornate, newly constructed bathroom, so large and so ornate in this Normandy farm that it might even have been used as a sitting-room, when the tapping of the blind man becoming immediate, I looked out and saw that he was stopping just under my window, and through the iron bars, he and Blanche, the Breton cook, were exchanging greetings.

There was a look of happiness on his face that I shall never forget, — he had apparently arrived home.

I got downstairs barely in time to join an impatient host and was in the midst of a very non-French breakfast of grapefruit, bacon, and eggs, when Blanche came in and said:

"*L'Aveugle.*"

Mine host reached over to his desk, picked out a ten-franc note and handed it to her.

*"Merci, m'sieu."*

I am not a sentimentalist but I confess I was stirred.

"How often," I said, after a few moments' pause, "does this blind man come?"

"Whenever he wishes," Shipman replied.

"And he walks?"

"From near Gisors, five miles away."

"I have never seen such complete happiness, my dear Louis, as there was pictured on that man's face when he arrived at the kitchen under my window. Only the song of the lark was comparable to it."

"My dear George, there are no unhappy people in France. You who study their literature and love to delve into their past, forget that despite the fact that right here for a thousand years they have lived on a continuous battlefield, they are always happy, for they live in the present and never in the past. If you want any proof of that, you'll have it to-day when we walk over the fields, in the fact that although it is Sunday, everybody is working; there is no such thing as unemployment in France."

For weeks thereafter I traveled through France, from Normandy to the Basques; from the Côte d'Argent to the Côte d'Azur, and I found as my friend had said, no unemployment, and no sunshine greater than that mirrored in the countenance of the Frenchmen who worked in the humblest positions.

Was it the lark, was it the blind man, or was it Normandy, with the genealogical line that leads back through one's own Anglo-Saxon ancestry, that seemed to enable me to understand better, after this incident, the Soul of France? With war always on their doorstep, these people have never whimpered, and though the land has been the anvil on which civilization has hammered out all its ideas, all its progress, the very word was given meaning by Turgot, a young minister of twenty-one, — These people have never complained.





*Most translators of the elusive Horace have been content either with a literal rendering or with an attempt to capture merely the spirit of the famous Odes. The following poems, which fuse the spirit and the literal meaning, represent three familiar sides of the perennial poet.*

## TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

*Roselle Mercier Montgomery*

TO AGRIPPA, RETURNED FROM WAR

Book I, Ode VI

*Agrippa hoped that Horace would write an Ode in his honor. The poet declined in half-playful verses, leaving the reader to decide whether he thus complimented the hero or intended a gentle satire.*

**L**ET Varius, that bard of Homer's strain,  
Sing of thy prowess on the battle plain,  
Of thy victorious ships upon the main!

Illustrious Agrippa, not for me,  
The honor to give honor unto thee —  
My lyre is tuned to no heroic key!

We humbler poets do not dare to sing  
Wrath of Achilles, nor the voyaging  
Of sly Ulysses, ever wandering,

Nor of the cruelties and tragedies  
Of Pelops' house. Ah, no! such themes as these  
Are not for poets who pipe but to please!

The muse forbids, likewise, my modesty,  
That I should sing of Caesar or of thee —  
My poor praise would degrade thy victory!

I, who am I to sing Mars' awful mail,  
Black dust of Troy and all the moving tale  
Of warriors struggling there for Helen pale?

Stout Merion and doughty Diomede  
Joined in the battle under Pallas' lead —  
Not for such deeds as theirs, my thin, frail reed!

I sing of feasts and routs, knowing, alas!  
Too well the limitations of my class —  
I must be mute when gods and great ones pass!

No sterner wars than those of love for me!  
No campaigns harsher than of coquetry  
In which maids yield, still struggling roguishly!

#### TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN

##### Book III, Ode XIII

*It is generally supposed that Horace had in mind a favorite spring on his Sabine farm. Some have imagined that on coming into possession of his new home he used there a name familiar to him in the place of his birth.*

O fountain of Bandusia,  
Than crystal's self more crystalline,  
Well worthy, thou, of proffered wreaths  
And votive wine.

A tender kid whose budding horns  
Love and love's wars prognosticate  
I'll fetch for thee to-morrow morn  
And dedicate.

Gay youngling of a wanton herd,  
For him they prophesy in vain,  
Those hopeful horns! Thy cold, clear deeps  
His blood shall stain.

The dog-star's heat can never touch  
Thy leaf-protected, shadowed pool,

Where plow-freed ox and straying flocks  
Seek refuge cool.

Far-flung thy name and fame shall be  
Because I sing thy rocky caves  
And leaning oaks that bend above  
Thy leaping waves.

### TO LYDE

#### Book III, Ode XXVIII

How, now, to make of this a festal day?  
This, that is Neptune's own? Quick, Lyde mine,  
The cellar keys, the hoarded Caecuban —  
We'll wage a war on wisdom in good wine!

The noonday sun is sinking to the west —  
Make haste, make haste! Think you day will not pass?  
You shrink to tap the bins of Bibulus?  
Come, now! fetch forth the lingering wine jars, lass!

Now, music! Well, then, I will take first turn!  
Of Neptune and his Nereids I will sing —  
Combing their green locks underneath the sea .  
Then, Lyde, you your curved lyre must string.

Touch it to music in Latona's praise,  
And sing of Cynthia's arrows, far and fleet,  
But save your sweetest singing for the last —  
For Venus' praise, the best alone is meet.

The queen of Chidos and the Shining Isles,  
Who visits Paphos with her yoked swans white,  
Deserves a hymn; Night, too, her meed of praise —  
In tuneful song let lyre and lips unite!

## OF IMMORTALITY

### Book III, Ode XXX

*Written by Horace as an epilogue to his first three books of "Carmina".  
There is a grace and frankness in the author's self-esteem which the  
verdict of the world has justified.*

Now I have reared a lasting monument  
That shall be more enduring than the brass  
Of mighty Rome — in loftiness surpass  
The pyramids of kings! It was not meant  
That all of me should die — what's best of me  
Shall never bow nor yield to Pluto's power!  
This monument of mine, this singing tower  
That I have built shall taste eternity!

Apast the powers the north wind can employ,  
Beyond the wear of rain's corroding tears,  
The slow grind of innumerable years,  
It shall withstand Time's forces to destroy!  
So long as priests the Capitol shall climb,  
So long as vestal virgins, silent, come  
To offer to the gods the prayers of Rome,  
So long my name and fame shall outwit Time!

And even past Rome's boundaries shall go  
My fame! Aye, where the swift Aufidus rushes;  
In Daunus' arid realm, where no stream gushes,  
Barbarians unborn my name shall know!  
I who have mounted high — from low degree,  
Who first to Grecian metres set Rome's lays,  
Claim for my brow a wreath of Delphic bays —  
Oh, crown my pride, I pray, Melpomene!

# FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

BY THE PEDESTRIAN

## THE INELUCTABLE SPRING

**W**HEN anyone says "weather" in New England, it is the cue for a jest. To Pilgrim Fathers, confronted with the thing itself rather than with careless conversation about it, it was no doubt a bitter jest. But to your modern, except perhaps when there is a coal strike on, it is always cause for humorous comment. I know one man, to be sure, who says he is too busy to notice the weather; but his ancestors came from Cape Cod, so he is probably jesting too; he means that the weather is too busy to notice him. Then there is the old lady who says, "Don't talk to me about the weather!" You understand, of course, that she really wants you to talk about it; she is on the perilous edge of temperament and relishes the danger.

In New England everybody talks about the weather, even though, as Mark Twain pointed out, "Nobody seems to do anything about it." There is no question that a merry New Englander with a large balance of Puritan sobriety to live down can make up for his ancestors by diligent attention to meteorology. I once knew a melancholy wag who, looking out on a particularly mean morning, was wont to say solemnly, "This day I devote to rum." Charles Dudley Warner's comments on the weather used to be famous, but are now alas strangely unknown. Yet he was the Shakespeare of meteorologists. Hear him, the father of all columnists, on "How Spring Came in New England":

The first day there is slush with rain; the second day, wind with hail; the third day, a flood with sunshine. . . . Man shivers and sneezes. . . . This is called the breaking-up of winter. . . . Nature, in fact, still hesitates, puts forth one hepatica at a time, and waits to see the result; pushes up the grass slowly, perhaps draws it in at night. This indecision we call spring.

Most of the jesters and gentle cynics concentrate on spring. The weather, Mark Twain says, "gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred thirty-six different kinds of weather within four and twenty hours. It was I who made the fame and fortune of the



man who had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial. . . . He was going to travel around the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, 'Don't do it; just come to New England on a favorable spring day.' It was Lowell, wasn't it, who wrote, "May's so awfully like Mayn't"? And it was in the spring that Warner discovered the thirteenth wind. All the twelve winds of heaven blow at any season, but it is in March and April that Warner's "Zenith Wind" gets in its playful work.

Of course most of the serious literature about New England weather is absurd. It is bookish, full of English traditions, — April showers, May Day, and things which are not New English. Take the familiar saying about March coming in like a lion or a lamb. It usually comes in like the composite monster that John Mandeville saw, — a "boar-headed, bear-bodied, lion-tailed, six-legged beast." This year it came in like a yellow dog. Then it went out like a whole menagerie. In fact, among all the weather jingles, I can find only one that holds true in New England:

Sunset at night, sailor's delight;  
Sunset in the morning, sailors take warning.

Even the honest-to-goodness poets borrow properties for their pictures of New England spring. Emerson, to be sure, wrote of a "tumultuous privacy of storm" as if he knew what he was talking about; but he appears to have had winter in mind. Bryant, ecstatic in his memory of Cummington springs, gives us real New England flowers and birds, and one remembers gratefully Henry Van Dyke's *Veery*. But most spring poets find the weather always fair, and that simply isn't New England.

There was one New England poet, though, who saw the other side. Emily Dickinson recorded all kinds of weather. If she wrote,

The hills untied their bonnets,  
The bobolinks begun,

and

The mornings blossom into noons  
And split their pods of flame,

she wrote also:

A narrow wind complains all day  
How someone treated him;  
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught  
Without her diadem.

What is more to the point, she recorded it because she saw its significance. The trouble with the jesters is that they are so near the facts of New England spring that they miss the truth of it. The poets, who miss the facts, are nearer the truth. The springtime, after all, even New England springtime, is "a glorious birth".

Emily Dickinson was nearest of all to the truth, for she knew both the facts and their significance.

To her spring was not the pretty sight of a shy maiden scattering flowers; nor the steady vision of an unconquerable warrior putting the rearguard of winter to rout. These are romantic fancies; they may represent a natural process in some unfavored spot.

But true spring, like life itself, is not regenerate all at once. The old Adam lingers; there are setbacks and failures, throes and a struggle, before the final triumph.

Perhaps there is no virtue in cussedness, for its own sake, but in weather it makes a fine foil to blessedness. At least, I observe that the people who revile New England weather and seek out perfect climates, return sooner or later if they can and "put up" with the weather. Why, bless you, they love it! Their instinct is sure; it is merely their diagnosis that is wrong. Sub-tropical winter, after all, is an anodyne; March in New England is a tonic.

As I write, the ice of last evening has vanished miraculously from the trees, the slush in the roads has turned to mud, the steaming fields are calling to the plough, and the meadow-larks, half sad, half jubilant, like proper Puritan birds, are singing in a doubtful spring. They, poor things, know that the morrow may come shrouded in snow; but the thoughtless human, looking out on a perfect day, has no doubt that the season of joy and gladness is at hand. And when, a few minutes later, an ugly wind gets up and plays its "old measure in the boughs", he is sure of it. These are the throes.

No, it isn't the bobolink or the veery that signalizes spring. When they are at their best, you are on the threshold of summer. Then come sultry days and fitful winds, and June bugs and cut worms and mosquitoes and summer tourists. The song-sparrow and the meadow-lark are your true spring birds in New England,

— singing in the gale that works in the barren branches. That is the tune of spring in New England; that is the tune to which our sturdy forefathers marched forth with vigor, to subdue a fertile but stubborn soil. Hear Emily sing it — she has the key:

Of all the sounds despatched abroad,  
There's not a charge to me  
Like that old measure in the boughs,  
That phraseless melody

The wind does, working like a hand  
Whose fingers brush the sky,  
Then quiver down, with tufts of tune  
Permitted gods and me.

When winds go round and round in bands,  
And thrum upon the door,  
And birds take places overhead,  
To bear them orchestra,

I crave him grace, of summer boughs,  
If such an outcast be,  
He never heard that fleshless chant  
Rise solemn in the tree,

As if some caravan of sound  
On deserts, in the sky,  
Had broken rank, then knit, and passed  
In seamless company.



## JEFFERSON THE ARCHITECT

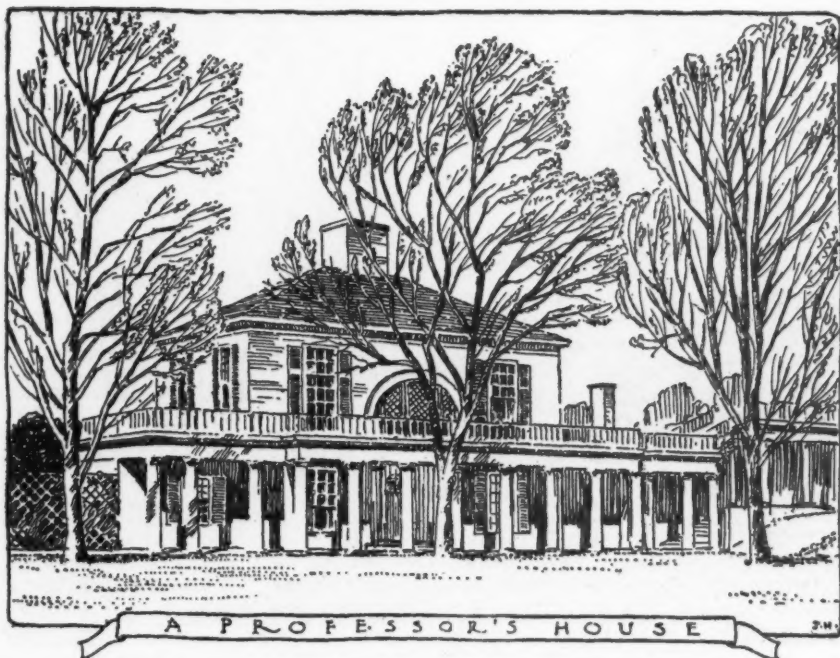
FISKE KIMBALL

*Pen Drawings by Joseph Hudnut*

**I**N spite of Princeton with its English Gothic college, in spite of the lovely Harkness quadrangle at Yale, the most beautiful of American universities is yet, as it has been from its first building a hundred years ago, the University of Virginia. Southerners everywhere to this day call it simply "The University", as in the days when Yale and Princeton were still "colleges". Although other institutions have long adopted its epochal reforms in education, artistically this use of the definite article remains justified. Ordered, calm, and serene, still subject in its growth

to the singleness of conception of its great founder and designer, Thomas Jefferson, it puts to shame the haphazard jumble of buildings and styles elsewhere, and stirs our blood with a magic rarely felt on this side of the water.

"I consider the common plan followed in this country but in none of the others, of making one large and expensive building, as unfortunately erroneous," wrote Jefferson in 1810. "It is infinitely better to erect a small and separate lodge for each separate professorship, with only a hall below for his class, and two chambers above



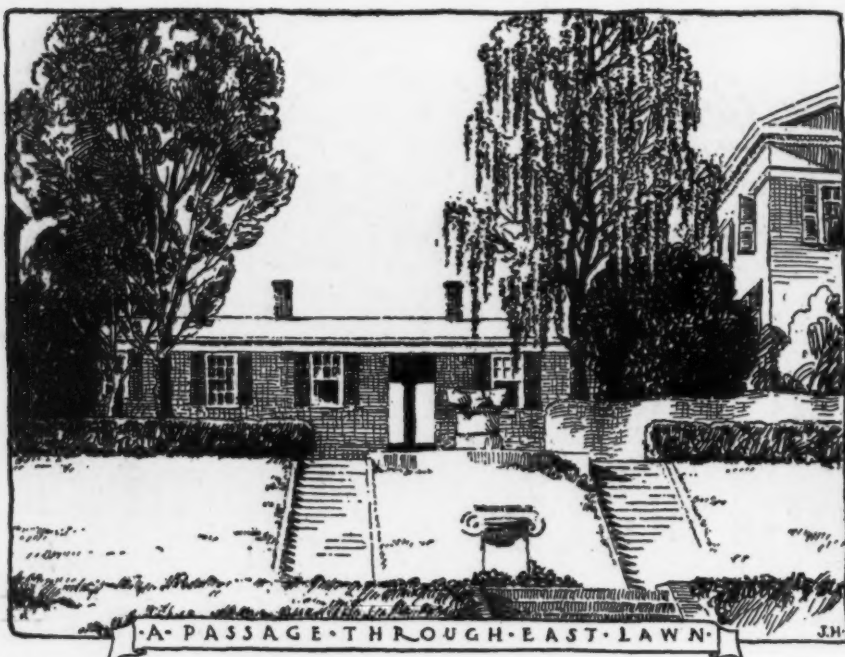
for himself; joining these lodges by barracks for a certain portion of the students, opening into a covered way to give a dry communication between all the schools. The whole of these arranged around an open square of grass or trees would make it, what it should be in fact, an academical village." The University of Virginia is his embodiment of this new ideal.

The heart of the University is the old lawn. Up and down either side are the tall, storied porticoes of the temple-like "pavilions", which once housed the classes of the ten schools or departments, as well as their heads. Between these, fronting the low dormitories, are long white rows of colonnades. At the head, on the highest ground, stands the Rotunda, circular, like the Roman Pantheon, with its dome and lofty, spacious Corinthian porch. It is, in Jefferson's words, the perfect model of "spherical

architecture", as the temples beside it are of the "cubical". Beyond the lawn colonnades, facing outward, are second rows of dormitories, the "ranges" with their red arches. Between lawn and ranges are the walled gardens of the professors, islands of peace in the turmoil of student life. Along the lanes between them run the famous serpentine walls, only a single brick in thickness, buttressed by their own arching action, and making sunny bays for flowers.

A single impress of form unites all these elements into an overwhelming aesthetic effect. The grandiose symmetry of disposition, the rhythmic alternation of pavilion and colonnade, the jewel-like simplicity of the major units, square-faceted and round, with their contrast like diamond and pearl, the eternal recurrence of the white columns, as a rhythmic treble against the ground-bass of red walls are ele-



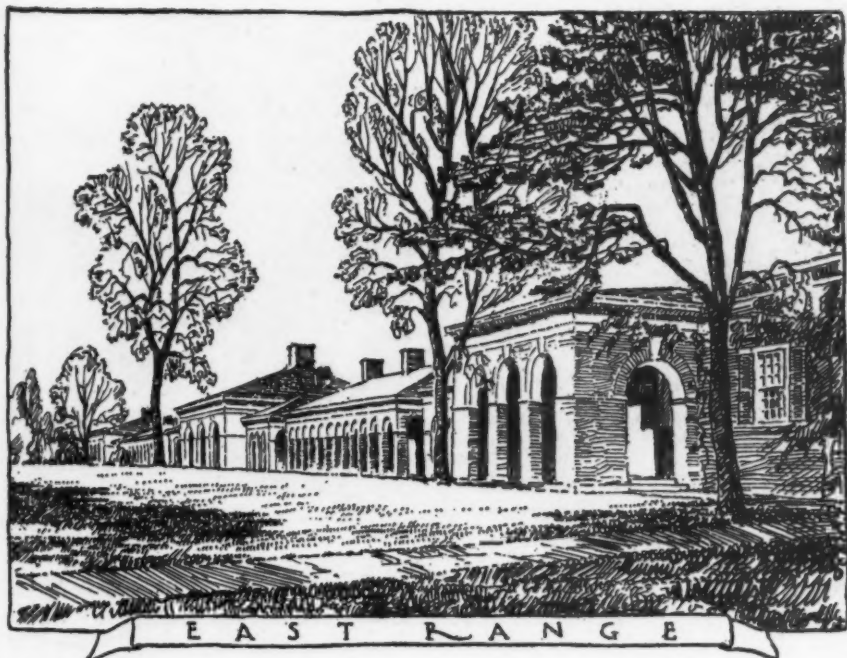


ments of this effect, which in its perfection surpasses analysis, and tells us we are in presence of the supreme work of a great personality and great artist.

To endow his creation with this beauty Jefferson had to contend with enemies and friends alike. Opponents attacked the "meretricious ornament", and a devoted colleague spoke of the group with misgiving as a "rare show of architecture". Others were overborne by the sheer force of the artistic impression. George Ticknor, a New Englander with years of travel in Europe, wrote: "It has cost \$250,000 and the perfect finish of every part of it and the beautiful architecture of the whole show, I think, that it has not cost too much. . . . They have, to begin it, a mass of buildings more beautiful than anything architectural in New England, and more appropriate to a university

than can be found, perhaps, in the world." Jefferson was informed by a profound sense of the educational and material value of beauty when he wrote in scorn, "Had we built a barn for a college and log huts for accommodations, should we ever have had the assurance to propose to a European professor of the first order? We owed it to do, not what was to perish with ourselves, but what would remain to be respected and preserved through other ages." Time has justified his foresight and courage.

Such a design for a University was then unique; it was exclusively Jefferson's idea, as contemporary architects were quick to acknowledge. In recent years there have been attempts to credit the idea to others. With the ever-increasing recognition of the merits of the design, and the recurrent skepticism that Jefferson himself could be responsible for it, fresh



theories are always being put forward to account for its origin. Thus it has been maintained that Jefferson derived it from the "Essay on a System of National Education" by the Reverend Samuel Knox. When, however, one comes to examine with open mind the proposals of Knox, — a series of concentric squares, facing inward, with a tower in the centre, — the resemblance seems insignificant compared with the fundamental differences.

Another suggestion has been that Jefferson based his design on a French plan by the architect Guennepin which was awarded the Prix de Rome in 1805. This shows a cooperative group for six families with separate houses for each, three on a side, common facilities in a building at the head, and communications under cover. Here the resemblance is striking, but the deduction from it mis-

taken. We know exactly what books Jefferson had, even what books he borrowed. The volume of Grands Prix was not among them. Had he copied from Guennepin's, his first sketches would have shown the relation. On the contrary, they are the least like it, and the successive steps by which the final design was reached were taken for known reasons, quite independently.

If one must seek a prototype for the University of Virginia group as it finally took form there is a far more famous example of such a grouping: Marly-le-Roi, which Jefferson had visited on September 7, 1786. Here, since destroyed by the Revolution, was a group long in existence, rivaling Versailles itself in reputation, with the same fundamental composition, the individual pavilions for courtiers grouped in two lines leading up to the casino of the king. It is possible



that a belated reminiscence of Marly, as the great exemplar of the type, helped to determine Jefferson's ultimate plan. Primarily, however, it resulted from the power to analyze the problem in hand, which Jefferson, our first Paris-trained architect, acquired there quite as much as Guenepin, or as the most recent student returning from the Beaux-Arts.

The individual pavilions are, as Jefferson proposed, "models of taste and good architecture, and of a variety of appearance, no two alike, so as to serve as specimens of orders for the architectural lectures." Although he asked of his friends Thornton and Latrobe, the architects of the Capitol, suggestions for varying the fronts, and followed their proposals in three of them, the prevailing type, that of the temple, was his own. With his own hands, stiffened from age and

former fractures, he made all the drawings for the workmen. The "specimens of orders" were taken from the famous antique buildings which Jefferson most admired, and from the designs of Palladio, his guide among modern architects: Doric of the Baths of Diocletian, Doric of the Theatre of Marcellus, Doric of Albano; Ionic of Fortuna Virilis and of the Theatre of Marcellus, Corinthian of Diocletian's Baths Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian of Palladio. Some of these names became the familiar designations of the buildings, — old Professor Minor dwelt in the Theatre of Marcellus, and so on!

Knowing how much Jefferson depended on Palladio, and that he had owned the fine English edition of 1742 by Leoni, the late Thomas Nelson Page gave a copy of this to the University, in which he wrote that it was

the work from which Jefferson had taken his details for the college buildings. This might have been true for Monticello and his earlier buildings, but it is not true for the University. The volume does not show most of the Roman examples Jefferson used, and besides, he no longer owned it. It had gone to Washington in 1814 when the library was purchased as the nucleus of the Library of Congress. Actually the orders were taken from the "Parallel of Ancient Architecture with the Modern" of Fréart de Chambray. A copy of this formed part of the "petit-format library" which Jefferson collected in his later years of financial adversity. Here alone were assembled the "Doric of Albano", and all the others, ancient and modern, just as they were built at Charlottesville.

The new type of grouping which Jefferson established has been followed in many of the most notable American universities. At Stanford, with its connecting arcades, the influence of the University of Virginia is clearly recognizable, in spite of the Spanish details suggested by the old Missions. At New York University and at Columbia, McKim and Stanford White adopted not only the scheme of grouping, with the domed library as a dominant feature, but the monumental Roman style. The designs for Sweetbriar College and many others have a similar ancestry. The scheme for collegiate buildings inaugurated at Virginia has become the characteristic American type.

Few college groups came unspoiled through the "dark ages" of Victorianism. The poverty of Reconstruction in the South saved the University of Virginia. Since then the artistic ideals and spirit of Jefferson have again presided, and the new buildings have conformed to them. At the south end

of the lawn are three buildings by Stanford White, not slavishly identical with the old, but beautifully harmonious. To the north of the Rotunda is a superb terraced approach. North, east, and west are the beginnings of further groups in the same style and materials.

It is a tradition that the lawn should first be seen by moonlight, — the white porticoes and colonnades bathed in pale glow, flecked with the shadows of great trees. Beneath the pergolas at its foot the valley lies in peaceful mystery; Monticello mountain rises in silhouette against the bright eastern sky. It is hard to choose between these glories of a summer night and those of other seasons, for the lawn lends itself to the characteristic beauties of each. In winter it is the white of the columns which vies with the dazzling, evanescent snows; in autumn the mellow orange and red of the old brick walls which gives back the glorious palette of the maples, the oaks, the chestnuts.

Perhaps, of all, spring is the loveliest. In the Piedmont, every tree seems to bloom in turn. One by one comes the delicate pink of peach trees still bare of leaves, the white of cherry and pear sweeping over the visible surrounding mountain sides, the great pearly sprays of dogwood amid the budding green, the redbud blazing in the ravines. The yellow broom, the laurel and azalea spread underneath. Wisteria runs its violet clusters along the Ranges; the trumpet vine blends its flowers with the glowing walls; the paulonia, much at home, drops its purple blossoms, the locust fills all the air with heavy scent. When May is in the air, we who know her, whether from South or North, feel the overwhelming force of her attraction, and join in the haunting chorus of "Car-ry me back — to old Virginia."

# High Silver

*A Novel in Six Instalments—II*

ANTHONY RICHARDSON

## SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER

**T**O Colonel Stuart Rivington at sixty-seven, *High Silver*, "the House on the Hill" was a place of exile; to Erica, his eldest daughter, now forty-one, a prison; to Tristram, eleven, a house peopled with creatures of his imagination. Constance Rivington, Stuart's youngest daughter, had died ten years before the opening of the story. Bruce Lauderdale, her romantic young husband, had had the courage to carry her away from *High Silver*, but not the courage to live on without her. Tristram, their son, had been a reluctant legacy to those living on at *High Silver*. Now, however, both the Colonel and Aunt Erica were agreed that the boy must be sent to school. Family funds proved insufficient. Aunt Erica timidly suggested calling on Edna and Frank Lauderdale. Frank, as Bruce's brother, should rise to the occasion. Stuart Rivington, bitter, cynical, relentless, amused himself by driving a bargain: for financial assistance necessary for Tristram's schooling, he intimated to Frank a membership in Tully's — his old, conservative London club. Later he revealed to Erica his sinister plan: he would get Frank into Tully's; his three old army friends in India, — Scaife, Bath, and Roxborough, would get him out.

Final arrangements were made at tea, to which Erica had also invited the village vicar, Mr. Bond. Tristram, however, was missing. Deeply stirred by the realization of impending change, his imagination colored by pictures and stories of knight-hood, the boy had spent the afternoon in Libsters, a wooded covert on the *High Silver* estate. Carried away by his idealism he had taken a vow to stand by the truth and battle for the right. That evening his oath met its first test. Aunt Erica, tortured beyond endurance by the acid cynicism of the Colonel, repelled by his plan to use Frank as a tool, had fled to her room, weeping. There Tristram found her. White with anger the boy had flung himself into his grandfather's study in an attempt to avenge an overwhelming wrong, but the forces he met were stronger than his own. Beaten physically, bewildered spiritually, he emerged temporarily defeated. His romantic adventures in a realistic world had begun.

**T**WO days later Erica Rivington walked up the drive of the Vicarage to see Mr. Bond. She was feeling very down this morning, with the prospect of Tristram off to school in a week's time or so. He'd be away for such a large part of the year that she would have no one then on whom to lavish her devotion and unselfish attendance. He'd come back, she supposed, quite different; not the Tristram she'd known so well and with such intimacy, but as a little boy growing up, full of strange words and ideas in which she could have no share. Moreover there were certain things he ought to be told and

she couldn't tell him because her knowledge was too vague and general. She couldn't bear to think of her father telling him, she was sure he could wound the boy without meaning to. It was horrible to think of Tristram being inoculated with the germ of the philosophy of Scaife and "Ethel" Roxborough and Bath. That was one reason she wanted to see Mr. Bond and perhaps if there was an opportunity she could ask his advice on the affair which had been the cause of those dreadful scenes the other night and apparently of Tristram's whipping; also whether she should write to Edna Lauderdale



dale or not. Frank had written this morning to say he would do his share in the schooling.

When Mr. Bond came in he apologized for his appearance. His gray flannel trousers were stained with earth and two bulges above his elbows showed that he had not unrolled his shirtsleeves before putting on his coat. He was sorry to have kept her waiting, but there had been some digging in the garden to do and one could not spare a fine day at this time of the year.

He shook hands with her gingerly and when he thought she wasn't looking, examined his hand furtively. He wasn't sure he'd washed all the soil off. There was a guilty look in his eye when he caught her frank regard. She would have liked to take him outside to the lavatory and scrubbed his nails for him herself. His hands were always clean but they wanted just that little extra attention. She wished she could tell him about it, wished she had the right to.

"I hope I'm not a great nuisance?" asked Erica.

"Not at all," replied Mr. Bond. "Not at all."

"And I hope you won't object to the reason of my visit. You see —" her forehead wrinkled with anxiety — "I really want to ask your advice."

Mr. Bond was almost immoderately pleased. He was very sorry for Erica Rivington. Her goodness was wasted in her present environment and she was frequently of great assistance in helping with the Church. He got on with her because she never made him feel shy and they met on the common ground of making the best of things as they were.

"It's about Tristram," she continued. "He's going to school as you know. It's a place called Mostyn Haven at Appledore. I wanted to ask you, Mr. Bond, if you knew anything about it. I should add of course that Mr. Lauderdale — you met him the other afternoon — that Mr. Lauderdale is helping us financially with the first few years."

With Frank's letter arriving that morning it was as well to mention this fact so she could lead up to that other more personal question later.

"It's a very good school, I believe," said Mr. Bond. He searched for his spectacles

and examined the prospectus which Miss Rivington handed him. He wondered how the youngster would get on. He foresaw squalls ahead. He'd done what he could these last two years to teach the child something, but the groundwork of the boy's home life was of too mixed a texture to produce complete confidence in its ability to stand wear and tear.

"Mr. Bond," she said, "will you talk to Tristram?"

The Vicar blinked.

"Talk, Miss Rivington?"

"Yes. Yes. About — things."

"You mean?"

"He's going to school and —"

"Oh! Ah!" Mr. Bond nodded his head rapidly, smiling and twitching. He patted the back of his right hand. He'd do anything he could, of course. Only too pleased. Perhaps Tristram would like to drop in for a cup of tea this afternoon? They could talk then.

He went to the window and looked out, his hands clasped behind him. He was fond of Tristram and he nearly understood him. He wondered what the years could bring the boy when he left the shelter of Erica Rivington's arms. Now he faced her.

"I'll do what I can," he said, "but it's not an easy task. I'm not a worldly man, Miss Rivington, and nowadays the world counts for so much. Sometimes I cannot but feel we are all riding for a fall. We're very godless, most of us. But I will speak to the boy if you wish. Does Colonel Rivington also wish me to?"

She shook her head in a bewildered fashion. Poor woman, he thought, she's in despair about something.

"Mr. Bond, I must tell you —" she was talking very rapidly — "Mr. Bond, you mustn't think I'm being disloyal to my father, will you? I made up my mind a hundred times not to come to you and changed it at the last. Mr. Bond, Tristram is all the world to me. When poor Connie died I looked after him; he was so dreadfully alone, so tiny. Colonel Rivington is fond of him too of course, but it is not the same. Father has had a very hard life and sometimes I think it's embittered him. I — I'm frightened at what he'd say to Tristram."

There was a long silence. Mr. Bond stared at the carpet resolutely. He dared not raise his eyes to hers; they would have

told her that always he had guessed the perpetual agony of mind in which she lived and that now he knew.

She was talking again, relating the Colonel's treachery to Frank; his whipping of Tristram. She stopped short breathless.

"Ought I to write Mrs. Lauderdale, Mr. Bond?"

He didn't know what to say, he dreaded committing himself. If she wrote to Edna Lauderdale in all likelihood the money would be withdrawn and Tristram would suffer. He bit his lip. . . .

"Good can arise out of evil, Miss Rivington," he finally said. "The ways of God are incomprehensible to us. I feel it is your duty to reveal this wickedness, and yet, there's the boy."

Erica stirred in her chair.

"It's like taking — taking thirty pieces of silver, Mr. Bond."

It was rather like that. Uncomfortably so.

"But do you think, Miss Rivington, that the Colonel will be able to — to — er — well, arrange matters as he wants? Perhaps after all Mr. Lauderdale will find this club — Tulley's I think you said — amenable. I know very little of such things, but surely it's not an easy thing to do."

She sighed.

"He's so very clever, you see. He was one of the first members with Sir Hubert Bath, Major Roxborough, and Colonel Scaife. They have a great deal of influence. It sounds dreadful but they — they — they're unprincipled."

He seized on the only straw in this pond of anxiety.

"But they're all abroad in India. It will be difficult."

These arguments presented the opportunity of compromise. She didn't want to write to Edna. She dreaded the consequences.

"Perhaps you're right. Perhaps I've made a mountain out of a molehill. I won't write till I'm more certain. I might hurt somebody very much. I'll wait."

"I think it's best," he said. "But I'll see Tristram this afternoon."

He watched her from the drawing-room window as she went down the drive. Poor woman, he thought, it's all very sad for her, but she's rather helpless.

Stuart Rivington, however, forestalled Mr. Bond. As the Vicarage gates swung to

after Erica's entry, the Colonel left High Silver to make a round of inspection. He leaned a little heavily on his stick because this morning he felt his age. He was half inclined to go indoors again and sit in his study. If he did that he'd be bored. If he went on his rounds there'd be nothing to see. Tchh! Tchh! Fuss, fuss. Why wasn't there somebody to take a short walk with him? Connie ought to be with him so he could take her arm and she could pull him along, chattering all the time. If it hadn't been for that scamp Lauderdale she'd be beside him now. He'd have had a bit of interest in life then. If only Connie hadn't been a fool! One thing, though, he'd put it across that bounder Lauderdale. It was all fixed up. That gave him a glow of satisfaction.

He walked slowly toward the stable-yard, poked his head in at the loose-box door. The mare side-stepped, clattering over the tiles. She was well groomed, glossy, in good condition. The Colonel opened the door and stepped beside her. She shied away from him and then, recognizing who it was, whinnied and thrust at him with her muzzle. He caught hold of one of her ears and she shook her head free.

"H'up!" he said and patted her neck.

Brinton was washing down the dog-cart outside. Nice chap, Brinton, smart.

"Mornin' Brinton."

"Good morning, sir."

"You can saddle the mare."

"Yes, sir."

He watched Brinton saddle the mare and poking two fingers between girth and belly tested the tightness himself.

"Tighten her up another hole, Brinton; she's blown herself out."

The mare curled her back and snickered round with bared teeth as the groom heaved at the girth.

"Sly witch, eh?" said the Colonel. "Sly witch."

He mounted in the yard and trotted up the slope to Barn Park. The gate was swinging open and he passed through, holding the mare in, as she capered, the grass temptation to her hoofs. He caught his stick halfway up and took her at a canter round the field, slowed down and trotted along the dividing hedge on the lookout for a suitable place to jump. He chose a gap at the far end and put the mare to it. He knew quite well that it was

risky enough jumping her because she was their only means of transport to the neighboring towns. He didn't care because in the first place she was his, and secondly he wanted to see if she jumped as well as she had last autumn. If that should prove the case he didn't see why he shouldn't follow hounds once or twice this winter. She cleared the hedge easily, though he knew she was jumping too high and heavily built as she was, would have to be handled with care. She landed with a squelch in the boggy patch at the corner of Quarry Field, only ten yards from Tristram who, stick in hand, was belaboring an imaginary opponent with his back to the ditch. The mare snorted, wheeled, demanding all the Colonel's horsemanship to keep his seat, and scampered across the meadow. It was some five minutes before the old man had her in control and then he galloped towards his grandson, pulling up when nearly on top of him.

"Didn't you hear me on the other side?" the Colonel demanded. "Why the dickens didn't you let me know you're there? And don't wave sticks at horses."

"I didn't hear you," said Tristram, with all truthfulness. He had in fact been too busily engaged in a duel with a log in the hedge. He had chosen the spot for its privacy; now he dropped the stick as if it were red-hot.

"What were you doing anyway?" asked his Grandfather.

The boy went crimson.

"I—I was trying to fence," he answered.

"H'er." The Colonel dismounted. "I wanted to see you anyway," he said. "No time like the present."

He thought for a moment.

"Get on and take her back," he ordered, "and tell Brinton I shan't want her any more. Then walk back here and I'll wait for you."

"To the stables, Grandfather?"

"Where d'you think? Get to it."

A spasm of fear shook the boy. The mare was seventeen hands with an iron mouth. He'd been astride her once or twice before, but only with Brinton running beside leading rein in hand. His experience of riding had been confined to bare-backed experiments with the pony of a neighboring farmer: this latter he managed perfectly and for his age rode well in

a rough and ready way. He was plucky and had taken many a fall, but this command to mount the mare filled him, even to his own surprise, with a sudden dread. She'd been out of hand only a few minutes before; he would have to slip his feet into the stirrup leathers, the irons would be far too low. There were four reins and he only knew how to gather two. But beyond all this, the presence of his Grandfather was the overwhelming factor. He knew the old man was watching him, noticing every little hesitation,—each gesture of self-betrayal.

The mare tossed her head and pricked her ears.

"Up you get," said the Colonel.

Tristram raised his foot into the cup of the waiting hand, grabbed the pommel, and was shot into the saddle.

"Don't ride her on the curb—no, boy that's the snaffle—see, so. Better take two in each hand. You ought to know how to take up your reins by now."

The mare's back was terribly broad, it seemed. His knees hardly reached the rolls in the saddle flaps, the reins were slippery with perspiration and he was perched mid-air, his Grandfather's hard eyes glinting up at him.

The old man was loosing his fingers off the curb reins, and in that second's respite Tristram mapped out the journey before him. Across Quarry Field into Barn Park Lane . . . into the lane . . . and there was a gate! A gate! He went hot and then icy cold at the thought. Suppose the gate was locked, suppose he couldn't reach the iron hook, suppose she took it on her stride, suppose, oh! Lummy, suppose a thousand things! He saw himself lying crumpled in the Lane, the mare with her back broken half across the far hedge, or the fivebar in splinters and the two of them kicking sprawling in a hell of hoofs and broken wood and flying clods! It might happen. It might!

Grandfather raised a sly shining eye:

"All right, h'er?"

And Tristram, his lips stiff with terror, nodded. The mare jibbed away from Rivington's restraining hand. He smiled and the malice of the thin lips was like the cut of a whip. A white-hot hatred for one second blinded the boy. Grandfather had no right to put him to such a test, had no right to expose him to such a risk. No one

else would have done it. It wasn't reasonable, it was brutal. He was even more angry than he'd been that other night. They glared at one another.

"She's quite quiet," said the Colonel. "Don't be frightened."

Then Tristram heard himself saying in a queer high pitched voice:

"I'm *not* frightened, you stinker!"

He jerked the reins, the mare wheeled, set off at a handsome gallop. He gripped the saddle pommel with the reins drawn tight against her straining mouth, the air drummed in his ears, the thunder of her hoofs was all around him. He hung on for dear life, and they were across Quarry Field before he had time to think again of the gate. But the latter was open. He didn't realize it till they were slithering on the cobbles of the Lane. She swerved and he rocked in the saddle, then, with the great danger passed, pressed hard on to the leathers and kept his seat by pulling on her mouth. She dropped into a trot and two minutes later he was in the stable-yard, flushed and shaking but very proud of himself.

"Why, Master Tristram —" exclaimed Brinton.

"Grandfather asked me to take her back and to say he won't want her any more. Thank you."

Brinton lifted him out of the saddle, set him on his feet. As he watched the boy make his way up the yard, he grinned.

"Fair mazed, I'm saying," he exclaimed.

But Brinton was not the only person grinning at that moment. In Quarry Field Stuart Rivington was nearly laughing. He plucked a piece of grass and nibbled it. He shook his head and tapped his boot with his stick. Stinker, was he? Not too bad, not too bad. The boy had spirit. What would Erica say when she heard. H'er! As if there'd been the slightest danger. He knew the gate was open, he knew the mare 'ud make for him. The boy had only to stick tight. Stinker, h'er! Well. Well. Well. . . .

With his hands in his pockets Tristram trudged across Barn Park. He climbed the hedge and approached the Colonel, stopping five paces from the enemy.

The Colonel nodded casually.

"Oh, there you are. Thanks very much."

It was a second or so ere Tristram realized the import of the words. So there

wasn't going to be a row! The old man was pleased with him. He was amazed. At that moment they were nearer to understanding one another than ever before or ever after. Hatred turned to dislike, respect for one another almost bridged the gap. Tristram saw the old man for the first time in his life, clearly, and as an individual, saw Stuart Rivington instead of Grandfather.

The Colonel leaned upon his stick, his light staring eyes twinkling down at Tristram.

"Well!" he said at last, "well! You'll be off to school within a fortnight. Has your aunt told you?" He glanced at the boy from the corner of his eye.

"She said it was at Appledore," Tristram replied.

"And you want to go?"

"I think so, Grandfather."

"You ought to be sure about it."

"I think I am sure."

The Colonel nodded.

"I want to tell you the reason why boys are sent to school. Your Aunt Erica would say it is to learn and become a scholar, but that sort of knowledge your tutor could give you. You are going to school to become a man. That is *my* idea in sending you. You will come in contact, close contact with other boys and you'll learn for the first time how diverse human creatures can be. There'll be tall boys and short boys, fat and thin boys, boys with spots and boys without spots. Some will be friendly with you, others will dislike you. But remember, they're all boys. One day they will be men. They are all the same in certain ways. They are mostly rapacious and predatory."

"I'm sorry, Grandfather, but —"

"I mean more simply, then, that they live for themselves and kick anyone else who interferes with their disgusting appetites. Let's put it another way. In the woods of which you're so fond live all sorts of creatures. Take field mice. They live by eating other creatures smaller than themselves; the owls and hawks eat the mice, the gamekeeper shoots the owls and hawks; in the end the gamekeeper loses his job for not shooting enough owls and hawks; the master who sacks him may lose his money because a bigger more powerful master than he beats him. And so on. You understand?"



"I think so, Grandfather."

"Well, what's the Law of the Wild, eh?"

"Oh, eat or be eaten," said Tristram readily. He knew his Kipling and his Jack London as well as his Rider Haggard and Stevenson.

"Then," said Grandfather, "it's just the same in life, Tristram, as it is in nature. Dogs are animals, but we are thinking animals. Because of that we're the most powerful. But never forget that a great proportion of yourself is still — if you like, dog. And because that is so, you must apply the same rules. Do you want to be eaten?"

"No."

"Well, then, do what I tell you. Don't be swayed by the silly things people tell you. You've got to look out for yourself in this world because nobody else will do it. Don't go dreaming and mooning about with your head stuffed full of this fairy-airy knighthood business. If you don't look out for yourself, no one else will do it for you."

"God will," said Tristram.

"God helps them who help themselves," said the Colonel and thanked his stars for a ready wit that had extricated him from a difficult situation. He had not been prepared for this enfilade of the Divinity's batteries.

In the afternoon Tristram had tea with Mr. Bond. Mr. Bond did his best. But when approaching the obstacle of so-called "things" which Erica Rivington had mentioned, he rather took that high fence at full gallop and landed Tristram with a solid bump on the far side, bewildered and stunned, or refused them altogether. But he did his best. Only the last words of his counsel remained however fixed in the boy's mind.

"Always Tristram, be kind, be generous, be clean. . . ."

That suited Tristram. He began to like Mr. Bond quite a lot. He thought Mr. Bond was very sensible. He was gratified too, to find that he thought himself very sensible.

The fortnight had passed in a flash. Like a day it had come and gone, yet like a day seemed this last hour since Aunt Erica had left Tristram at Mostyn Haven and he had been sitting on the edge of the

form in the empty classroom. He'd been too excited to mind her going, though she had barely withheld her tears. Now he wasn't so sure of his own composure. He was numbed with loneliness and apprehension. Now somebody was running up the stairs and voices were calling. "Hullo, Piggy." "Hullo." "Oh! Hullo. Decent hols?" They were conversing outside the door. Judging by their laughter they didn't seem to mind Mostyn House very much.

The door flew open. They were in the room, though Tristram couldn't see them at first, for the blackboard was in the way. They stamped across the floor, three of them in the conventional knickerbockers and Eton collars. They came into sight in a bunch. A tallish fair boy with gray eyes and yellow hair across his forehead; a brown-faced merry-looking fellow at his elbow; and in front a very small, very round boy with freckles and spectacles, a small mouth and an upturned nose. Obviously not new boys, thought Tristram.

"You see?" demanded spectacles, and pointed to his handiwork, — a small scribble at the bottom corner of the blackboard, which read, "Dirty Babies arms and legs." The brown boy grinned and said, "Oh, jolly good," but the other merely nodded in a gay careless way and looked straight at Tristram.

"Hullo," he said. "Look at that, Piggy."

Spectacles screwed himself around and peered.

"Oh!" he said. "I didn't see it."

Brown-face still grinned.

They all stared at Tristram openly and with indifferent interest. The tall boy swept the hair from his forehead.

"When did you arrive?" he asked.

"About three o'clock."

"Poor ass!" said Piggy. "Fancy arriving at three o'clock. I wouldn't."

"No, I wouldn't," agreed Mason, and then, "What's your name?"

"Tristram Lauderdale."

"Oh! Galahad!" exclaimed the fair boy.

They all thought that very funny and laughed, except the speaker, who was too important a person to laugh at his own jokes. He smiled in a queer, mature way. Even at thirteen "Bolty" Loftus had a



strange sophistication. He'd only two more terms before he went to Harrow and he was Captain of Footer. He was smiling now at Tristram in a curiously gentle way that made him appear almost divine to the former. A faint smile that seemed more of pity than of laughter, a trick of treacherous sweetness that would last him all his life. Piggy, Tristram thought, looked malicious and resented his presence; Mason was indifferent though still grinning; but this fair handsome giant was kindly disposed toward him.

He smiled back, trapped by that remote fascination, and felt his face relax from its stiffness.

"He ought to be called Galahad, Loftus. I think that's jolly good."

Loftus nodded. Now a suggestion of a sneer was about his lips, running up in two little lines to the nostrils. He walked casually over to Tristram and peeped over the desk, and with forefinger and thumb caught at the boy's knickers, jerking them over Tristram's bare knees. He raised his eyebrows, faintly amused; and on the moment Tristram noticed all three of them wore their knickers over the knee, buckled just beneath. But Loftus had gone, his arm through Piggy's and he was left alone once more, covered with shame and confusion. That exposure of what could only prove to be a gross mistake in his dress had been the work of three cruel minutes. He heard them chattering outside, laughing — at him? Their footsteps died away. He bit his lip as the tears pricked his eyelids.

For two months High Silver had been a very lonely place for Aunt Erica. Tristram's absence left a gap in the daily routine. There had been two letters for her in the morning's post. The first was in a large round hand, and the envelope contained two separate sheets. One read:

Dear Aunt Erica:

I hope you are very well. I am third in my form this week. We went for a walk to Appledore yesterday. It was very nice. May I have some bars in my football boots instead of studs. Mr. Brook says they are better. Mr. Brook says please give Mr. Bond his kind regards. Please give my love to Grandfather.

Your loving nephew,

Tristram.

The other sheet began without any preliminaries and contained much scratchings out and irregular writing.

I had to write the other old letter in classe. The walk was beastlie because Loftus ragged me. He is a beastly boy and I hate him. I *hate* him. Please come and see me. I hate school. Everybody is nasty except Morton who is my chum. Can Morton come and stay in the hols? Please come over, darling Aunt Erica. I wish the hols would come quick.

Tristram.

P.S. Please can I have knickers that fasten below my knee? Loftus is a smutty chap. Please come quick.

It was the first personal letter she had received from him. The others all bore the imprint of "classe." There had been hints in them and now she understood their significance. She would see Mr. Prindle and have this Loftus caned. She'd see what was what.

The second letter was in Edna Lauderdale's upright curling handwriting. She read it through hastily, in fear and all of a flutter. When it was finished she was on edge, phrases from the letter jangling in her brain. "As you know (it ran) Frank is now a member of Tulley's . . . cost him more than he supposed it would. . . . I feel somehow that it has been a great disappointment to him. Frank is very reticent as you know and I can say nothing definite. He was full of the club and its doings till just lately when he talks of resigning. . . . I cannot understand it and feel there's more in it than meets the eye. . . . I hope Tristram is enjoying school. . . ."

So Father had already been at work!

She glanced across at him, now smoking a cigarette, his arm over the back of a chair. Perhaps even now she might be wrong. Frank might have made himself unpleasant and of course everyone knew he wasn't — well — quite quite. Tulley's was a highly conventional institution, easily offended.

She determined to feign surprise.

"I've heard from Edna," she said.

"She says Frank is resigning Tulley's."

She watched his face closely, eager to note any sign of self-betrayal.

"Who?" he asked.

She repeated her information.

He drummed on the table with his fingers and then shook his head slowly and a little sadly. "Well, well," he said. "I'm sorry. I said as much, didn't I?" He screwed up his lips. "They're devilish particular at Tulley's, you know, Erica. Tch! Tch! Has he actually resigned?"

"Not yet," she answered. "But Edna seems rather upset. Frank was so keen and all that. It's unfortunate, father, don't you think?"

She was no match for him in this game of blindman's buff. The eye behind the monocle glittered as he replied, "Yes, very unfortunate."

Then he left the table and passed from the room. As he tapped another cigarette on his thumbnail in his study he was laughing silently, his lip drawn up over his yellowish canine teeth. Good for Scaife. Confound it, but it was devilish amusing! He wondered exactly how they'd brought it off. He'd get into trouble, he supposed, for putting Lauderdale up in the first place. But what did that matter? Tulley's would never mean anything to him now. His days were nearly done. Since life had cheated him, he would live on to cheat life. He thought to himself "he that loseth everything has nothing to lose". In that emptiness lay his strength; no one could rob a pauper, none could murder a man already dead.

Erica helped Emily clear the breakfast away, then with paper and pencil stood in council arranging the shopping list for the day. This done she set out for the village, her mind for the moment filled with the trivial consideration of such things as coffee, tea, cheese, butter, and jam.

Outside the postoffice she met Mr. Bond. He snatched his black hat from his head and beamed at her. She crossed the road and greeted him. The top of his collar was a little frayed. She saw it at once. He ought to have his collars washed and starched at home, safe from the ravages of the Steam Laundry. Then there was that spot of grease on the lapel of his coat. How careless —

"And how's the boy?" Mr. Bond asked.

She snapped her lips together.

"There's a horrid creature called Loftus," she said. "Tristram wrote me this morning." She searched her bag for the letter, handed it to him. "I'm sure something ought to be done."

"I shall do gown to Appledore," she said.

He read both letters smilingly.

"May I suggest something?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I don't think I'd go if I were you."

"But —" she was aghast. Her precious one in trouble and her best friend suggesting such treachery.

"Oh, but I must!" she cried.

He patted the crown of his hat.

"Miss Rivington, I don't want to interfere in any way but I don't feel sure it would be wise. You see —" his mouth twitched at the corners, "you see, I was once a boy myself — once."

Of course. That was obvious, and just as obvious he was still a boy. That was why he was so understandable, with his frayed collars, his ingenuous manner, his shyness.

He had become quite serious now.

"Really it would be kinder to stay away. When you arrive, if you go, he will feel rather ashamed of himself for having asked you to come. But —" he wagged a forefinger, "it's a very difficult thing to be kind. Really kind. One had sometimes to be cruel to be kind. . . . I've never been able to do that although I know it's right and sound," he added and in that confession summed up his life's failure.

"Well, I'll think it over," Erica replied. She almost forgot Tristram as she watched the wrinkles under his eyes, the spot on his coat, and his ill-used collar. She failed to understand the deeper significance of his words but admired the readiness of his confession. It seemed as if he had said, "I'm a failure, but I know it." She would have liked to say to him in return, "Oh, and so am I. We're both failures but you've helped me a little and I think I could help you."

"I'm going into Torrington to-morrow," she told him. "Is there anything I can get for you?"

He put his head on one side.

"Well," he said. "If it isn't a great bother —"

"Not in the least. If you tell me —"

"I've no tobacco," he continued. "I've not had time to go into town myself. Just past the George Hotel is my usual shop." He described it. She knew the place well.

"And what sort and how much?"

He put his hand in his pocket and drew forth half-a-crown and a florin.

"Perhaps—" he fingered the half-crown. "Perhaps a two ounce tin of Tiverton's Mixture." He frowned slightly. "Or—no," he said. "No, I think the same amount of the Waterloo Mixture," and he gave her the florin.

"It's very good of you," he said.

She took the coin, wishing that she had the gift of alchemy and could make a florin worth two and six.

"You shall have it by five o'clock," she assured him.

Back at High Silver, the household affairs put in order, she sat down to write to Edna. She nibbled the end of her pen trying to collect her wits and produce an answer to Edna at once proper and healing. It was a difficult task. Beyond all considerations of loyalty, self, or intrigue, was her very real unhappiness at Frank's downfall. In her muddled mind she idealized him as the victim of treachery, forgetting his failings, his egotism, his materialism: saw him only a fellow creature in pain of a sort. She set out to do her best. She wrote slowly, taking her time because she must be careful. She wrote round her subject and not toward it. The letter consisted finally of five sheets of paper. It was posted early. It was a great mistake.

At five o'clock on the following evening there happened two things of great importance. Edna Lauderdale received Erica's letter. Mr. Bond received his quarter of a pound of tobacco.

In London, in the over-decorated house in Fulham Square, in a chair before the fire, Mrs. Lauderdale read the letter with her pretty mouth in a pout and her eyebrows drawn down. She did justice to the five sheets, reading them through three times, then she turned her head and called through the open door.

"Frank! Can you come here a minute?"

He appeared on the landing, evening paper in his hand, peering short-sightedly at his wife. He had just returned from the city and was not in the best of humors. He had lunched at Tulley's alone, sitting by himself at a table large enough for four in the hope that if only by reason of limited space, somebody else might join him. Nobody had. Nobody ever joined him at Tulley's. His fellow-members nodded a

good-morning and left it at that. They were, he decided, a crowd of damn snobs. He wished he'd never joined the place, and a pretty penny it had cost him, too. There wasn't a man in the Club who earned what he would call a solid living by hard work. A crowd of Bishops, soldiers, and men of leisure. This afternoon he'd heard somebody say as he left the smoking-room,

"Who's that fellow?"

And he had caught the reply. "A stock-broker, but he might be a vet."

He had wheeled angrily but there was no sign of animation in any of the numerous chairs filled with Tulley's glory.

His irritation had not worn off.

"Well," he asked angrily. "What is it?"

His wife shrugged her shoulders, tossed the letter to him. "I wrote and told Erica about Tulley's. I had an idea."

He put his pince-nez on his large nose and read. "A lot of rubbish," he said. "I don't see what it's all about."

Edna smiled. "Give it to me," she answered. "Now listen, Frank."

"Of course Frank may find things work out better," she quoted from the letter. "One never knows, does one? After all I feel sure he will finally break down any opposition." She paused.

"She seems to think there is a definite opposition, doesn't she? Why should she?"

"I feel," she continued reading the letter—"I feel most upset, my dear Edna, at what has occurred. *Most* upset. I would have given anything to prevent such a thing. Really and truly I would."

Edna replaced the letter in its envelope.

"And it goes on in that strain for five pages. Don't you *see*, Frank?"

He stared at her in amazement.

"You don't really mean—?"

She raised her hands.

"Well it looks remarkably like it, that's all I can say."

"I shall write to that damned old rascal." He was awake now to the possibilities. "I shall have it out with him." He was working himself up into a white passion of wrath. "He's at the bottom of all this. I know it. I know it. I'll—I'll have him kicked out of his own damned club for this. I'll give them such a scandal as'll set half London by the ears." More

and more clearly he discerned the trap into which he had fallen. "I knew it all the time. The man's a rogue. Always was. Bruce used to say so. I shan't write to him, I shall go down and see him. I'll have the money back. I'll withdraw my share in the brat's schooling."

He shook with anger. His dark face was white, except for two crimson spots on his cheekbones. And then Edna left her chair and put her arms on his shoulders.

"Dear," she said. "Don't be so terribly upset. It's nothing like as bad as all that. The money you gave for Tristram you gave just because you wanted to help Bruce's boy."

He seized readily enough on that excuse so cunningly given. An emolient to his wounded pride.

Edna was playing desperately for safety. Frank's downfall would humiliate her as well as him. She'd not let that happen if she could possibly prevent it. Flattery was the chink in his armor: flattery and the judicious propping up of an absurd pride. She knew him through and through.

Now he broke into furious speech once more. She went back to her chair and listened patiently for an hour while he made, reconstructed, destroyed a score of plans for the frustration of Stuart Rivington. She let her thoughts wander, only chipping in at intervals with "Quite," or "Just so, dear." At the end of the hour he stopped short, exhausted, rubbed the nape of her neck with two fingers.

"Just ignore it. I think that's best, don't you?"

She nodded.

"Oh, so much the best," she answered wearily. He was too occupied in his new-found resolution to notice the flatness of her tones. Her eyelids were lowered, the lashes brushing together, her lips drawn in in a hard little curve of exasperation. He'd talked himself into accepting her idea, which she'd given him sixty minutes before, and which he now believed to be of his own original and brilliant conception. Really sometimes, with all his fierceness and apparent importance he was quite ridiculous. She had no illusions about him. Ridiculous and boring, that was Frank. But safe — oh, very safe!

In Devon, on the steps of the Vicarage, at the same hour, Erica Rivington was

handing to Mr. Bond a two-ounce tin of tobacco.

"No, I won't come in," she said. "I've only brought you your parcel."

He took it from her solemnly.

"I must thank you very much," he said. "I'm sure I'm very grateful."

He plucked at the end of the string.

"Well, au revoir." She nodded brightly, and was off down the drive. He scratched his upper lip, as he watched her retreating, making much headway in that staggering walk of hers. She seemed to be in a great hurry. A strange woman, he thought, very — well, one might almost say — staccato! Seemed nervous.

In his study he cut the string of the parcel because his fingers were clumsy. The paper fell away and he searched in his pocket for his pipe. It was nice to have plenty of tobacco. Now if he was careful, not packing the bowl too tight and thus avoiding any necessary waste by knocking out ashes which might contain still a puff or two, the tin would last him just ten days. By that time if — Well now, if the label on the tin wasn't red instead of blue! It *was* red! Undeniably, disastrously red! She'd gone and got the Tiverton's Mixture instead of the Waterloo. And he'd especially said the Waterloo and given her the florin. Certainly it had been the florin, he remembered perfectly replacing the half-crown in his purse. Half-a-crown was an extravagance. Well . . . Well . . . if women weren't just the most feather-brained creatures. . . .

The red tin sat on the table before him, the color, he thought of all things a temptation, a very symbol of temptation. They'd take it back of course in Torrington and let him have the Waterloo. Perhaps he'd better do that. He'd decided two and six was too much and he'd better keep to his decision. It was just sickening. Perhaps this once —

Why the dickens did she want to go and make a mistake? She was usually so careful, so quick to notice the halfpenny change, with the good housewife's wit. Either the tobacconist had made a mistake in the price or she'd thought he'd given her two and six instead of two shillings. But the tobacconist would never be so careless, nor — his eyebrows shot up — nor would Miss Rivington! What was the secret of this mysterious sixpence? There



was only one solution. She'd meant to get the Tiverton's all the time! Oh! The *very* dickens!

He thrust the pipe back into his pocket. What should he do? What did she want to go and give him sixpence for? It was very impertinent. It was very wrong of her. It placed him in a false position. Now if she'd only offered to give him the tin, he could have refused. She'd taken a mean advantage of him. Most embarrassing. He must think it over.

He took out his pipe again, broke the label of the tin unthinkingly, started to smoke. The Tiverton's Mixture was full-flavored, mellow, and without sting; it crept into his soul, making the world a delicious hazy place of ample fragrant fumes. It was extremely wrong of her. He'd have to tackle her with it to-morrow. There now, he'd gone and opened the tin. Really he was very confused and flustered. Too bad, too bad. Perhaps he'd best call now and give her the sixpence. Yes, yes, hit when the iron's hot.

He set off down the drive, hatless, walking rapidly, leaving behind him like a small tug a trail of smoke. It was half-past five. He ought to be able to catch her before she changed for dinner. At any rate he could see if she was in the garden of High Silver, by climbing up the high bank beside the Vicarage Lodge which overlooked the former. He left the drive and mounted the bank. There she was! Arranging flower-pots in the conservatory.

He took his pipe from his mouth.

"Hi," he called. "Hi. Miss Rivington."

She looked up, this way, that way, all ways but his way.

"Hi!"

She saw him.

"Oh! yes?"

"I — owe — you — sixpence."

She pretended not to hear, shaking her head.

"Six — pence."

He waved the coin on high, swaying perilously on the bank. In a minute he'd either fall into the Lane or come floundering into High Silver, squeaking explanations, attracting the Colonel's attention. This latter must not occur. Amongst the flower pots she felt extremely guilty. She left the conservatory and approached him, till she, too, stood in the hedge opposite.

"You called me?" she asked, her face crimson.

Mr. Bond was red as well, possibly through the exertion of climbing the higher bank.

"Oh! Ah!" he said. "Yes. I called you."

Really it was very difficult. Again he waved the sixpence at her. Somebody was coming down the Lane between them, he could hear footsteps. He'd get it over quickly.

"You got the wrong tobacco."

Bless the man! Why couldn't he be sensible and take no notice. It was only sixpence. I suppose I oughtn't to have done it, she thought, but I knew he wanted the Tiverton's. He mustn't be silly about it.

"Oh! it doesn't matter if I did make a mistake. It really doesn't."

"But it does! I really can't —"

Dear, dear. He ought to be smacked. She said as she would have done to Tristram, "Don't be silly, Mr. Bond."

He opened his mouth and the pipe fell out. He went scarlet.

"Really —"

But at that moment, a voice too well known greeted them. Beneath in the Lane, stood Stuart Rivington.

"Now you two," he said with a wicked leer.

Mr. Bond slipped, disappeared from view.

Next morning Miss Rivington received a short note and one sixpence.

She went and cried in her bedroom.

Mr. Bond, after giving the two ounces of Tiverton's to a laborer who couldn't smoke it, felt like crying as well.

So by two acts of apparent kindness, Erica Rivington made three enemies. Because she and Mr. Bond were both very stupid but nice people, their relations were of the most frigid order for the next few months.

Tristram came home for Christmas and his aunt made a half-hearted attempt to introduce a seasonable spirit into High Silver, but failed to do so. She was all the time in a state of extreme misery because Mr. Bond had not asked her in person to help with the church decorations. She was anxious, too, about the boy. He related all the happenings at Mostyn Haven: talked of "Loftus" in a manner which made her wonder if his attitude was not as much one



of admiration as of dislike; hinted at a number of things, but left her always, it seemed, at a mid-point of the narrative. The truth was there were certain things he could not tell, and she in turn could not follow the clues he gave her. Once or twice she attempted to regain his confidence which she considered lost, but which was in reality only manifested in a different way. Each time she was frustrated.

She'd asked once: "What's wrong with Loftus, Tristram?"

She had said it quite bluntly and far too directly. The subject was to him too painful to be broached so openly.

"Oh! he's all right," Tristram had said. "But he's smutty."

That had worried her a great deal. She had thereupon lectured him to the best of her ability and had blundered. It had driven him into himself, and he was sorry that he had ever mentioned the subject since it so worried her. Now that the first term was over, he felt more confident of himself.

He asked her one day, if he could have knickers that buckled below the knee. There must be buckles, not buttons.

"Oh, but why, Tristram? Two new suits and hardly worn. We can't afford it."

"But it's awfully important, Auntie Erica."

How could it be important, she'd wondered. It was some childish fad.

"Everybody else has them, Auntie Erica."

He failed to convince her of what was to him a real and vital necessity. It was the barrier to his happiness at school. The nickname of "Galahad" had stuck; he didn't mind it. It was better than some of them, "Snotty Face", "Pee-legs", "Ikey Mo". But the knickers were catastrophic. They branded him and he suffered under the continual running fire of taunts. Small boys at preparatory schools can endure unspeakable tortures of mind and body.

But Tristram at this time could only perceive that many terms must elapse ere his first irretrievable mistake should be buried. He supposed in time the already well worn joke would be forgotten, but three months is eternity to a small boy. He went back to Mostyn Haven for his second term in very low spirits.

Edna Lauderdale wrote a week later to Stuart Rivington. The old man called

Erica down to his study, when she was helping Emily to make the beds and could ill afford the time. For months now there had been comparative peace in High Silver. She saw at once that he was angry. His hands were clenched on his knees and he sat facing her squarely.

"What the devil," he asked, "do you mean by giving me away to the Lauderdales?"

"To Edna — Frank, Father?"

"Yes! Who else do I mean? And answer my question."

Some dreadful complication had come about. What was it now? It was months and months since he'd looked so grim and terrible.

"I only wrote . . ." she faltered. "Edna wrote to me about Frank and Tulleys . . . I didn't give you away father . . . really I didn't . . ."

"What did you want to write for at all?"

"Oh! Father," she said at last, "what else could I do? Edna wrote, father, so hurt, so upset. I couldn't bear it. Indeed I couldn't. So I wrote and said I was sorry but I never mentioned one word of what I knew. Truly, truly."

He made no response but merely smiled at her, a most wicked and cunning smile that made her catch at her throat and lean back against the wall for support. She moistened her lips and tried to speak.

"Father," it was almost a whisper. "Father, for God's sake . . ."

He tilted his chin still higher, the smile curving, his yellow teeth bare. He moved towards her, on tip-toe, almost prancing, creeping silently up to her, till he stood above her. His face was quite bloodless, on each temple a zig-zag vein wriggled upwards into his thin hair.

When he spoke it was very softly, and close as he was she could not feel his breath against her forehead.

"Being kind again, Erica? Eh?"

She gave a queer involuntary sob that shook her.

"Being kind, Erica?"

She covered her face with her hands and broke into a torrent of weeping, crouching against the wall, blinded with tears, shutting out the sight of his anger.

She heard his footsteps shuffling across the room, heard the door creak and softly close. He had left her.

For the rest of that day she went about her duties, dazed and ill. By four o'clock she was climbing up Deepy Lane; the high hedges on each side dull green and moist with a shower just passed. Ahead at the end of the twisting lane, was High Silver and all it stood for; gray days, long nights, loneliness and loneliness . . .

She had so much love to give and never one to lavish it upon. Connie was dead; father refused it; Tristram was away, learning new things, making friends other than herself, taking her affection for granted as indeed he should; Mr. Bond had been very very cool with her; Edna and Frank despised and held her in contempt. She seemed to hear again that low silky voice,

"Being kind, Erica, h'er? Being kind?"

She shuddered, scrambled off the heap of stones, plodded once more up the hill. Within ten minutes she could see the light of a window in High Silver, a pale square of yellow, the study window with the blind

down. Behind the blind, *he* was writing, his neat fine calligraphy spreading line by line, sheet by sheet: spinning like a sinister spider, a web of malice and lies, to Scaife and Roxborough and Bath. Suddenly she remembered it was the third Friday.

To the left, sparkling between a dark clump of trees, shone another light, very bright, shining through a window with no curtains down. A cheery welcome sort of a light, open and frank. She gazed at it till the tears swam again across her vision, gazed with the evening mist wet on her smooth broad face; walking slowly now, trying to forget that curtained window on her right, trying to imagine what it would be like to enter that other room in the house opposite where *he* sat, his bald head more polished than ever under the lamp, his red chubby face all smiling because she was coming to *their* room to trim the spills, to give a touch here and there, to sit by the fire with him in drowsy happy silence, someone to look after, someone to love.

TO BE CONTINUED



# OUR ROSTRUM

JOHAN BULL

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

## Shocking Aunt Jane

*Are American novelists standing on their heads, merely to shock Aunt Jane? Or are they standing Aunt Jane on her head? The English critic, J. B. Priestley, inferred as much in his article in the May FORUM. An admirable opportunity, this, to "see ourself's as ithers see us":*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I liked the Priestley article, though I gather from it that the English critic reads only those books ballyhooed by that delightful but tempestuous gentleman, Mr. H. L. Mencken. I call Mr. Priestley's attention, not too respectfully, to that amusing, trenchant, and highly readable writer of American fiction, Edna Ferber.

EDNA FERBER.

New York.

*As a Canadian, standing upon middle ground, Mr. Coalfleet can take a shot at both camps with impunity:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Priestley makes a skilful diagnosis of a chronic ailment to which American literature is subject, but in pointing out the limitations of revolt as a theme he is putting upon novelists a burden of proof which should, in my opinion, be borne by the people American novelists write about. It may be true that young American writers delight in shocking Aunt Jane, but it's fairer to say that some of the characters in their books are intent on that fell design, and these characters must be assumed to be representative of American

society, the inevitable source of literary material. Mr. Priestley reproves American novelists for adopting an attitude rather than a philosophy; but are Americans alone remiss in this respect? Aren't most novelists the world over content with an attitude? Of course every so often each nation produces a great novelist whose art blazes high enough to throw off a philosophical flare, but even he is a philosopher only secondarily, and more than likely he owes a heavy debt to some contemporary or slightly antecedent Comte or Bergson. In any case, a good American novel reveals the soul of Oshkosh to most of us as clearly as a good English novel reveals the soul of Huddersfield; the one soul may seem more barren than the other, — but that shifts the ground of the discussion.

Mr. Priestley would have American writers become serene and produce tranquil, reflective tomes. But what happens when the American writer retires to his tower? From its windows youth is very much in evidence, and very rebellious; there actually *is* Aunt Jane being stood on her head. Can he then in justice to art and truth turn to his typewriter, report Auntie squarely on her feet, God in his heaven, etc? If he doesn't portray the American youth going on from Aunt Jane to more doughty, more constructive exploits, it is doubtless because, from his window, he sees no sign of them. For that the youth should be blamed rather than the novelist.

Meanwhile what are Mr. Priestley's fellow-Britons doing? A good many of them are turning out hundreds of pages about cynical, bobbed-haired young ladies

seeking jobs at three pound ten a week to help pay the taxes on mouldy manor houses inherited by degenerate brothers, and the American critic is tempted to retort, "The trouble with English writers is that they're forever mooning about a social group that's dead and won't lie down. It's 1926, God's in hiding, all's dubious with the world, and there's surely something more significant afoot than the disintegration of the Forsytes or the lost opportunities of Mrs. Aldwinkle. If Americans are obsessed with Revolt, your new masters are rather overdoing I am dying, Egypt, dying."

On the other hand, if Mr. Priestley is harsh in his judgment of the American's attitude, he is merciful in his judgment of the American's style. The distressing fact is that very few American novelists have a palate or an ear; just as they prefer cocktails to old wine and jazz to chamber music, so they prefer words that kick, and careless harmonies and jerky rhythms that appeal to motor rather than brain centres. For every anaemic English novel penned by a fine hand there are three robustious American novels that sound as though they had been written by foot. Just as American singers have secret aspirations for phonographic recognition, so American novelists have aspirations for film reproduction, and their subconscious eye is focused on a possible ten-million audience with all the dreadful concessions that implies. And if the American reading public, a shockingly tolerant body, continues to encourage lazy thinking and slovenly rhetoric in its literary pets, it will be one more triumph for the democracy which has vandalized so many other proud fortresses.

PIERRE COALFLEET.

New York.

## Hear, Hear!

Editor of THE FORUM:

You were most kind to send me that charming bound FORUM for March,—the handsomest piece of magazine book-making I have ever seen. I love the black boards, the brilliant little orange "FORUM" in the corner, the flatness with which it opens, the beautiful paper and print, and above and beyond all, the blessed absence of the double columns, which I have

hated all my life. You have produced a very distinguished looking article.

I have read with interest most of THE FORUM's contents, though I am "complexionally averse" to controversy. It seldom takes hold of my mind, and it is so compactly prejudiced. Of course, I am prejudiced myself, but I don't want other people to share my prejudices. I don't even want strangers to share my tastes, though a community of tastes is the best possible foundation of friendship.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The March FORUM is a splendid number, and you may well be proud of it. There is not an article in it that I could not (and have not) read. That's the highest praise I can give a magazine. And there is only one that made me "mad"; that's high praise too. It is Stoddard's. Any man who can say there are only seventeen or eighteen million Jews in the world is blind. I have counted more than that in New York, not once but often.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

New York.

## \$50,000 Professors

*Scores of writers have pointed out to us the fallacies in the arguments made by Frank Bohn, in the October issue, who advocated "Fifty Thousand Dollars for Professors". Professor Joseph Jastrow has this to say:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

As a dramatic gesture to compel attention to a pressing situation, the "\$50,000 professor" may serve,—hardly as a slogan for a campaign of relief. The fallacy is that of the false approach; as a solution it is as unsuited as aldermanic banquets for the underfed. The professor is subject to a variously handicapped life; his poverty adds to his discomfort but is more disastrous in that it is responsible for much of his maladjustment. The diagnosis of his "case" requires a clinically intimate study of the untoward conditions that beset him, thwarting his ambitions, devitalizing his energies, making an obstacle race of his career. The fallacy of the

glorified salary is glaring in that it makes an idol of the financial criterion, which is foreign to every proper spirit and conduct of the academic venture. The Greek idea, — to have the professor teach without pay, — though regrettably impracticable, is a true solution in so far as it aims to ennoble by avoiding the taint of money. Its consistency and purpose are unassailable, — to safeguard academic freedom; and this the professor must retain despite being paid. The freedom implies freedom *from* as well as freedom *in*; release from the too constant intrusion of the wearing concerns of living as well as from commercial or democratic pressure, or the alien interests of organized wealth or organized politics; freedom in the secure pursuit of his calling, and in the right appraisal of his needs and services.

The properly principled professor represents the estimate of his worth by the figures of his income tax. Not having entered the calling to make money, he is not embarrassed by his conspicuous failure as a financier. The most modest violet in the profession may share with Agassiz the distinction of having no time to make money. The properly principled professor resents the attempts of the authorities or of the public to measure or reflect his merit by his salary. The fallacy of the "dollar" appraisal is the same however applied. The proposal of a gold cure for academic ills is no less incongruous because intended as complimentary; it harbors the same misappraisal, and is projected upon the American horizon by reflection from the commercial-mindedness of an extravagant nation. Is not professing as important as lawyering, demanding at least as high qualities? Why should not the gifted professor have the same income as the great corporation lawyer?

But why not add the movie idol or the baseball hero? Financial standards are precarious as well as irrelevant. Large incomes often go to those who help others to make larger incomes. The pressure of commercial competition in limited fields is germane, if it serves to demonstrate the value of the professor in other markets, but it must not be misused to justify the sacrifice of principle. Academic needs, — and salary is one and but one of them, — must be determined by academic stand-

ards and principles. So far as it is true that "our distinguished minds do not seek out the university . . . flee from it as from a desert isle; . . . are inquiring how they can escape the poverty and the drudgery" the situation must be met, but not by bank-notes alone.

Inclination, fitness, and contented adjustment in the academic career is temperamentally determined; the cherished quality is not common among the money-minded. But this argument need not be closely pursued because it is so slightly relevant. The professor has a salary for the incredibly simple reason that he is expected to pay his bills. There is no more merit in this customary ceremony than in keeping out of jail. A university that would prefer to pay the professorial bills could dispense with the inconvenience of salaries.

What impresses the clear-headed objective observer is the colossal folly and inefficiency of the actually operative system. Millions upon millions are showered upon these cherished Universities of our unreefed continent, and at the very point upon which depends the working edge of the plant, — the highly specialized, rare and trained energies and expertness that are needed to make it a going concern, — all is crippled to a dull inefficiency because those energies must be spent in frittering economies that cramp and maim and deject the personnel of the enterprise.

A "close-up" view is illuminating. In a high-grade university where some professors receive \$5000 and others (for reasons that may be relevant but usually are not) receive \$6000, the two groups may be quite differently circumstanced toward their work and ambitions. Both may be forced or resigned to concessions and privations; but the man of lower salary may have to order his entire life almost wholly by the unfortunate compulsion of the missing income, either seeking it otherwise or wasting precious energies in devastating economies. The swimmer with his head just above and the one with his head just below the water-line are in quite different positions.

Efficacy, program, and all the freedoms and stimulations of career depend upon that margin, — none the less real for being indefinite and variable. This the public must understand. The profes-



sor once financially saved is safe; no further application of the salary medicine will effect the cure. Doubtless he would be more comfortable and the public welfare better served if he were liberally supported but that, in more than a Kiplingesque sense, is another story.

The public should know that the maladjustment and worry and lack of edge of the professorial career is not wholly the public's fault; the sin lies on what should be the uneasy but commonly complacent heads of the administration, and their methods.

Salaries are adjusted for the wrong reasons; they are used as an instrument of influence which belongs by right only to the noblest qualities of personality. There is no formula for converting merit into dollars.

Any man wise enough to exercise such an Olympian function would certainly have sense enough not to attempt it. Again another story.

Not that the professor on a \$50,000 pedestal would make a sorrier figure than many another exemplar of our social order, whose bank account is out of proportion to any other of his engaging qualities; only that the monument in scale and design singularly fails to express the worthy traits of the academic hero. Nor is it by scattering monuments upon an impoverished and uninspiring campus that salvation is to be attained. The only way to salvage a profession is by a far-seeing campaign that ennoble the entire calling and removes its disabilities. Though written twenty years ago, the words of Professor Palmer still are citable as a fitting summary:

"The idea sometimes advanced, that the professions are to be ennobled by paying them powerfully, is fantastic. Their great attraction is their removal from sordid aims. Their members should be better protected against want, anxiety, neglect, and bad conditions of labor. To do his best work, one needs not merely to live but to live well. Harvard College pays me for doing what I would gladly pay it for allowing me to do. No professional man, then, thinks of giving according to measure. Once engaged he gives his best, his personal interest, himself."

JOSEPH JASTROW.

Madison, Wis.

## In the Name of God

*Letters continue to pour in, commenting on our Confession of Faith series. Some readers call our series "sedatives", others call it "dangerous drivel", and many suggest denominations we have slighted. Any overlooked in this list?*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Permit me to say that I am very much interested in the series of religious confessions being published in THE FORUM during the year 1926. Why not continue the series throughout 1927? There are enough denominations in the Christian church to give you an interesting series for three years.

Below I am giving you a list of denominations which you might choose from if you can continue the series longer than one year.

*Disciples.* Campbell was the founder. There are two or three branches. This denomination is much larger than six of the denominations which are represented in THE FORUM this year. They number about 2,000,000 members in the U. S. and have spread to other countries. It is the only large denomination which has originated in America.

*Moravians.* Every member of this denomination is a missionary. I understand that John R. Mott, the great Y. M. C. A. man, is a member of this denomination. About 100,000 in U. S.

*United Brethren.*

*Plymouth Brethren.* Have no church government at all. No ordination, etc.

(NOTE: The two last named denominations are separate and distinct, and have no connection.)

*Evangelical.*

*Reformed.* Dutch and German.

*Holiness bodies.* Of these bodies the Nazarenes are the most sensible, and the Church of God and the Penticostals the most extreme. The two latter named bodies are often called Holy Jumpers, etc., and claim to speak with tongues.

*Adventists.*

*Seven-Day Adventists.*

(NOTE: These two last named denominations are separate and distinct.)

*Universalists.*

*Mennonites.*

*Salvation Army.*

*Christian Alliance.* Not really a denomination. Formed for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to places where no denominations have ever gone.

*Orthodox.* Greek and Russian.

*Russellites.*

*Old Catholic.* Reformed. Broke away from the Roman Catholic last century, I think.

*Covenanters.* A branch of the Presbyterian Church. They will not vote or hold political office.

*Reformed Episcopalian.* A small sect.

*Non-church Christians.* Of course, you understand that I mean Christians who do not belong to any denomination.

*Waldensians.* What few of these come to America soon become members of other Protestant churches. They have no organization in the U. S., so far as I have been able to learn, but for several hundred years they have constituted the main force of Protestants in Italy, and no sect ever presented a more glorious and brave band of oppressed.

There are several other sects which may be of interest to know about.

CARLOS M. WHITLOCK.

Vicco, Ky.

in denial of the existence of such a person. A discussion of that would be interesting; or of the relation of Christianity to Judaism. Or why most of our scientists reject Christianity. Or what the relation of Christianity is to crime. Or why any sane person should be a Christian. Or why the Japs, who are not Christians, are "law-abiding, intelligent, and independent." (But perhaps they are not!)

Lothrop Stoddard is always readable and interesting, although I think that both he and Wiggam are rather absurd when they begin to manipulate the Jukes and Edwards families.

However, the FORUM is undoubtedly eminently respectable; and I make no doubt that all the articles will be within the bounds of strict propriety, even if not palpably thought-compelling. It seems to be the antithesis of the American Mercury, which possibly has spoiled me for the nonce. I am only fifty, and have yet to reach the staid and decorous frame of mind necessary for a full appreciation of your magazine.

HENRY L. HARRIS, JR.

Pacific Grove, Calif.

## Continuity — Catholic versus Jewish

*"Why I Am A Catholic" by G. K. Chesterton in the January issue has apparently drawn blood. Comments are caustic. Witness the following from "The Menorah Journal":*

It is easy to observe that at least one error Mr. Chesterton the Catholic, perhaps out of the zeal of a convert, has not escaped, namely, the error of a child who thinks he knows more than his parent. Two thousand years of experience do indeed constitute a long record in this young Western world. Israel's continuous and recorded experience is at least half as long again, and it is infinitely richer, more varied in speculation and expression. It would ill become us to show the cockiness of a stripling! Let our longer, richer experience teach us rather a mellow wisdom, a humane scepticism. Human experience is infinite and unending; all its variations among individuals and among groups have not been plumbed. But Mr. Chesterton goes still further, for he claims:

### Editor of THE FORUM:

Just received my first copy of THE FORUM a few days ago, and was a trifle flabbergasted to learn that religious "controversy" as understood by the editors, consists in presenting to the readers of your magazine a long series of articles on "Why I Am A Presbyterian" etc., etc., with apparently only one article that gets at the heart of things, the one by Carl Van Doren.

It is rather discouraging to contemplate such an apotheosis of the academic, especially after reading such a gem as "Communities under Presbyterian influence are God-fearing, law-abiding, intelligent, and independent." Isn't that awful tosh? Is there any one of even average intelligence that really believes that?

With a majority of the most intelligent people rejecting Christianity, why, if you think it true (even from a pragmatic standpoint), don't you have a few articles of basic interest? Take the historicity of Jesus, for example; no less a scholar than George Brandes has come out flat-footed

"The Church is not merely armed against the heresies of the past or even of the present, but equally against those of the future. . . ."

This sort of irrational and truculent cocksureness seems to me so utterly repugnant to the Jewish spirit that I need waste no words to point out that this is *not* one of the practical uses of Israel's experience that we are seeking. True, history may teach us some lessons (and mis-teach us more, one fears); true, religion and laws are required to keep society in order, indeed to enable men to live in society. But dogmatism of any kind, whether based on the tradition of a people or a church, or on the logic of any new system of ethics spun out of our personal consciousness — all dogmatism, religious, political, or economic, that presumes to be the *final* arbiter of right and wrong, is bound to be pernicious, immoral, because destructive of man's creative powers. The future of society is unpredictable. It is unpredictable chiefly because of the still potential capacities of mankind. The mind of man has indeed been variously mapped, but the final map (if that is conceivable) is in the mind of God alone. Despite all wise laws to the contrary, human nature itself may well change, at least express itself and mold its environment in new ways. We have before us now a signal illustration. For our modern Western world, and increasingly the hoary East, is metamorphosed by the advance of science and industry. The question is whether science and industry shall destroy the human race or release unprecedented spiritual energies among us. Perhaps this tremendous issue will be fought out mainly in America.

In a way, the first Hebrew fought out a much earlier incarnation of this issue. That is what made him the *Urvater* of Judaism. Abram destroyed the idols of his father Terah and became Abraham, father of our people. A sentimentalist might say that idol-breaking is the Jewish *métier* in history. At all events, we, the children of Abraham, are called upon to give our allegiance not to Terah, but to Torah; not to fixed dogmatic idolatrous mechanical power, but to Torah, which is rational teaching, ever-growing interpretation by the minds of our most learned in every generation. Of this Jewish history is the record.

Jewish history is the record of much more, of course. Think of Jewish history as the Memoirs of Israel. Imagine Israel narrating his life story (which, very long as it is, is still far from ended) — Israel narrating from memory, buttressed by various sorts of mementos and records, manuscripts, books, monuments, the fascinating tale of his adventures — his struggles, experiments, defeats, victories, martyrdoms, joys, accomplishments, futilities; of his experience and products in every field of human endeavor, of his relations with all sorts of peoples from ancient Chaldeans and Egyptians down to American Baptists. The sheer human interest of it all! Every one of us, children of Israel, may partake of this marvelous experience, may vicariously share in the multiform expressions of Israel, so far as we are willing to bring study and imagination to the enterprise.

If, then, we do not expect or desire to gain from our long history that omniscience and moral certitude which Mr. Chesterton and his coreligionists find in the Church, we can win something far more precious. For us Jewish history means first of all our stream of continuity, our enlarged personality: enlarged infinitely beyond the petty selves of our own body and moment. It means the spring of our being — our roots in life. It means perspective, an emotional stabilizer in the face of successive forms of anti-Semitism. It means the dignity of those who have deep roots, who feel at home in a richly furnished race memory, whose life is subsidized by the accumulated spiritual wealth of creative ancestors, which must stir up within us a sense of debt and *noblesse oblige*.

HENRY HURWITZ.

New York.

## Benevolent Benito

"Is Democracy Doomed?" the debate in the April issue, has aroused spirited defense: Editor of THE FORUM:

Reading THE FORUM for April, one can see that it is easy to get excited over a man like Mussolini. The "Man on Horseback" who is always just round the corner. The foundations of society are always about to be overturned. Most of us have not passed beyond the stage of hero

worship. We see visions of the marvelous and we are prone to nightmares.

Mussolini represents the type of government known as that of the Benevolent Despot, — somewhat like that, for instance, of Porfirio Diaz in Mexico. So far as efficiency and order are concerned, that type is excellent. Its fatal defect is the difficulty of finding a succession of despots that are intelligent and benevolent. The teachings of history show that it can not be done. The Roman Emperors furnish conspicuous examples.

On the other hand, the revolt in Italy demonstrates that the French egalitarian doctrines are a failure—in Italy. The service that Italy is performing for mankind is to demonstrate to the world that absolute democracy is uncongenial to the Latin mind and temperament. We have a large number of Latins in the Western Hemisphere between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn, living under forms of government professedly democratic but actually despotisms and generally the reverse of benevolent. Another concrete example.

Rightly interpreted, the great question now before the political world is not whether a republic is the best form of government, but whether universal suffrage is a necessary condition of such a government. To the student of political science it is very evident that the more advanced portion of the human race has reached a stage of evolution where it rejects the theory of one-man power, but with the inconsistency of us mortals, we have rushed from one extreme to another. From the absurdity of the Divine Right of Kings we jumped to the equally absurd position represented by *Vox Populi Vox Dei*.

In other words, the future historian will probably record the fact that in the first half of the twentieth century the more intelligent portion of the human race began to ask itself seriously whether the hastily adopted doctrine of the equality of all men was a biological and social truth. Incidentally a man named Mussolini in Italy was at the head of such a faction in Mediterranean countries. The specialist in American history will note the same social movement in the exclusion of Chinese and Japanese first and of European immigrants on a percentage basis later. He will note the lavish expenditure

on public schools and the special attention given to the study of Civics in the first quarter of the century.

In short, the doctrine of Universal Suffrage is on trial.

E. L. C. MORSE.

*Chicago, Ill.*

## Are Americans Pharisees?

*Editor of THE FORUM:*

I have just been talking to an American who has hit upon a simple plan for eliminating the difficulties which beset the world on account of the differences between peoples. "Everyone can keep his own language," he concedes generously, "but in addition learn English. That will make it easy for them to learn the way we do things and the world will go forward centuries in one generation." Time was when I would have been amused at the simplicity of his idea but not since observing the attitude of my fellow countrymen in our insular possessions. I was educated to believe that we are an adaptable, imaginative people, that the essential characteristic of a Yankee was his ability to learn something from everyone he met. This is certainly not true of the Americans who have gone to the islands, and I would like to raise the question whether we were ever an adaptable people and if we were once adaptable and have now lost that characteristic, how has it come about and what does it really signify?

Here in Porto Rico one watches American women pay high prices for food imported from New York, making little or no attempt to utilize the wealth of native products; one hears constant criticism of the island which takes into consideration not what Porto Rico has to offer but only what it lacks of New York or of Keokuk; one meets Americans who have been for years in Porto Rico without learning to speak Spanish; and one hears the term "pig-headed" applied automatically to customs and usages merely because they are different from ours.

I have read various articles charging American corporations with selfish exploitation of the Porto Ricans, and I have seen enough of this absentee landlordism to justify the charge, and in the past I have seen astonishing actions on the part



of officials whom our government has sent to the island. We are, I think, hardened to the idea that our corporations should be selfish and our government politically-minded and unresponsive, but that individual Americans should be stupid is not so easy to swallow. Is it the war which has made us so sure that ours is the only way? Is it our standardized education which has unfitted us to think in new terms? Or is it that our whole development has been due far more to ruthlessness and far less to adaptability and intelligence than we have been brought up to believe?

VALESKA BARI.

*San Juan, Porto Rico.*

## True Americanism

*The ocean, according to this writer, is no longer a barrier but a pathway:*

*Editor of the FORUM:*

The man who understands Americanism, who is a believer in the principles of our Federal Republic, must learn to think, as thousands of Americans have learned to think, not only nationally but internationally.

One phase of Americanism has been expressed by the enormous service rendered with the resources of our country in helping the suffering communities of Europe.

Another phase of Americanism was emphasized when our boys in khaki and our boys in blue took their part with the armies of England and of France in opposing the attempt of military imperialism to dominate the civilized world.

Our Americanism has upon it the responsibility not only of helping to make the world safe for democracy, but of making democracy safe for the world.

The government of our Republic has been utilized as a model by the citizens of Czecho-Slovakia, working under the wise direction of President Masaryk; to some extent by the leaders in Jugo-Slavia, and to some extent also by those who are shaping the government of Poland.

If American institutions are to constitute an example to the world, the responsibility rests upon Americans of seeing to it that, not only for securing

peace with justice at home, but for the exercise of a full measure of American influence by American service abroad, our American democracy can properly be referred to as a model.

We hold that when America does its part in the work of the world, not only the citizens of our Republic but believers throughout the world in the principles of representative government will come to understand the purport and the purpose of Americanism.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

*New York.*

## The Devil May Care

The Devil came swinging down the trail  
Flapping his fore-paws and wagging his tail.

"Oh, now I am sure that I cannot fail!"

Gleefully cried the Devil.

"They're scrapping their battleships, fast and fair,  
They're less on the sea and they're more in the air.  
If Hell should break loose—well, the Devil may care!"

Oh, he was a right smart Devil!

ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

*New York.*





# OPINIONS ABOUT BOOKS



They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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## Our Times

Mr. Mark Sullivan's book (*OUR TIMES. The Turn of the Century—1900-1904*. Scribners, \$5.00) is as curious and unexpected as the themes and episodes with which it deals. As you turn its opening pages or look merely at its illustrations you are amused by the changes,—in the fashions, in the ways of life, and in the personalities of the men and women of what were once our times. For example, I see in their teens or young manhood the people I once knew in America in their maturity or as "sages",—an epithet of the Nineties,—or as grave and reverend seniors. I see Fifth Avenue as I first saw it, all horses and no motors. I see an old-fashioned Washington, physical and psychical. I recall Mark Hanna, Lodge, Wood, Root, Taft, Roosevelt, Hay, Mark Twain, Gould Adams, Howells, Bryan, Mayor Hewitt, Rufus Choate, and a dozen other celebrities as I encountered them a quarter of a century ago. I recall the old streets and roads, the old "Surreys", the old fashions, and the "young girls" and younger "dudes".

All this is pleasant enough but not new,—one has seen the thing done before, though I admit that it is very well done by Mr. Sullivan. He has a "flick" in the nib of his pen, which is distinctly diverting. What makes his book noteworthy is the very able and concise story of the essential thing which marked "the turn of the century in America", and enables it, if we know how to read the signs of the times, to afford us vital lessons and examples applicable to the present day.

The last five years of the nineteenth century and the first five of the twentieth were in America years of ominous anxiety and restlessness,—almost years of revolution,—and this in spite of the fact that American expansion, physical and mental, geographical and scientific, was proceeding at a yearly increasing pace. The population was growing greater, by natural expansion and by immigration. The area of wild undiscovered land was rapidly shrinking to extinction. The men of science and the inventors were opening new windows in every direction. The students of politics and sociology were making new plans and discovering new roads to betterment. Only in the industrial and commer-

cial spheres was there fear, anger, suspicion, and stagnation.

What was the cause? The cause was one often in existence before, but strangely almost always ignored and forgotten directly the immediate trouble had passed. There is no more inevitable deduction to be made in the economic and political history of mankind than that whenever there is a shortage of currency, or, to speak more accurately, of legal tender, and of the credit which rests thereon, there is social unrest. Men's minds and bodies at such times are wracked by the imperative need to expand trade and by the equally imperative opposition to expansion, offered by what are vaguely called "commercial conditions". The victim is bound, and therefore maddened by chains he cannot break. The patient is suffocated by the oppression on his lungs, caused by insufficient air, and in either case delirium is the result. Then suddenly some accident loosens or breaks the chains or opens the windows and immediate relief follows.

That is just what happened in America in the turn of the century, and in Europe at the close of the Hungry Forties. In both cases the disease and the remedy were the same. It had also been the same, though the exhibition was less violent, in the twenties of the nineteenth century, that is, a hundred years ago.

There was not enough money in America in the period from 1894 to 1904 to serve the needs of the nation. The deflation after the civil war was deliberate and thorough. Further, it coincided with a vastly augmented population, and with an increasing scramble throughout Europe for gold for currency and yellow metal bank reserves, — a scramble which at that epoch obsessed men's minds "from China to Peru", and made Bismarck declare that five men were struggling to cover themselves with one blanket. The world, and especially America, was short of the media of exchange, short of trucks with which to get away the goods. But to manufacture goods and not to be able to move them for want of rolling stock is always a tragedy. Men who are hungering and thirsting for material comforts and necessities are apt for insurrection, when they cannot have them, not because they do not exist, but because they cannot be got to them owing to there not being enough wagons and

trucks. The last straw is the knowledge, as often as not unconscious, that the shortage is largely due to laws making it compulsory to use a large proportion of a rare yellow metal in the composition of all rolling-stock. Such an impression, if realized, will work like madness in the brain.

In America at the turn of the century it very nearly did work like madness, and would almost certainly have done so if a happy accident had not intervened and saved the situation. Just as at the end of 1848 the world was saved from a series of bloody revolutions by the discovery of the Californian gold fields and the resultant expansion of currency and credit, so in 1904 or nearby, salvation came from the chemical discoveries which enabled gold to be cheaply extracted by the cyanide processes. These discoveries made the Rand Mines yield up their vast stores of gold. Instead of mankind being crucified on a cross of gold, they were carried away from the place of execution in a beautiful new gold coach! This is the kernel of the story told with great insight, power, and the full sympathy of comprehension by Mr. Sullivan.

Ancient history? Yes, but it has an immense importance and value for the world in general, and for Britain in particular. Owing to the ignorance and self-complacency of financiers and politicians and Treasury officials, and to the bad example they are setting to the rest of the world, we have been experiencing in England an epoch of currency contraction with all its attendant evils. Once more men have been made angry and sullen by the dull stupidity of the exhortation, "You may be hungry, you may be thirsty, you may be ill clothed and ill housed, but no relief can be of any avail unless it reaches you in a legitimate manner, that is, in a partially gilt wagon, and with a cloth-of-gold cover. We are sorry for the consequent delay but you must console yourself by remembering that in old days the wagons had to be made entirely of gold. We move, you will see, 'with the times'."

We are told also that the operation, though painful, is now over and that we shall soon witness an automatic increase of credit. I hope so, but I confess I have my doubts. In any case America is at present outside the golden vortex which is

about to involve Europe, and quite possibly Britain, in unrest and confusion. But if that happens even America may feel the pinch, — "To-day me, to-morrow you."

How is it all going to end? Possibly some accident may intervene, as before. Canada may develop a vast new gold field or a new process may draw the yellow metal from rocks hitherto regarded as valueless. Again a new alchemy may turn lead into gold. But why should we wait on such hopes? Why not use our brains and our experience to give us, as they could give us, without inflation, the necessary media of exchange and evaluation?

But I am entering on dangerous ground. At the moment all I want to insist on is how well and how fairly Mr. Sullivan exhibits before our eyes how America fared at the turn of the century, and how narrowly they escaped disaster at the hands of men so maddened by delirium that they mistook poor Mr. Bryan for a prophet and a statesman.

J. ST LOE STRACHEY.

### Dean Inge's Book

How Dean Inge was ever nicknamed "gloomy" I cannot guess. It must be that speaking out is as much condemned in England as it is in the United States. He has been called gloomy because he has opinions of his own.

The Dean, as every one knows, is a man of immense learning, cyclopedic curiosity, and a facility in writing that tends to run away with him. He is a genial person, full of wholesome British prejudices and is a brave, honest man whose words do one good. From a philosophic point of view the Dean is an eclectic and builds his house out of the older historic standard materials. The foundation of it is laid in the Gospels; the doors and lintels are from Greece and Rome; there is stained glass from poets of all ages, and a private chapel, lifted out of Plotinus, which no one save the Dean has as yet dared to enter. The parts and members of the architecture do not always fit, — but do they quite in any highly documented intelligence? They would be completely harmonious only in the mind of a new Messiah.

Dean Inge continues the undying tradi-

tion of the light essay, in which a certain jauntiness is one of the conventional elements. Dr. Holmes showed insight in his title, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and the words ought to be written up over the whole shelf of British and American essayists. The names of the chapters in Dr. Inge's last book give a fair summary of the topics which have occupied the minds of thoughtful magazine-readers during the last few years. (LAY THOUGHTS OF A DEAN, Putnam's, \$3.50) His subjects include the Legacy of Greece and Rome, War and Population, Page's Letters, Royalty, The Jews, The Birthrate, Cruelty to Animals, Quantity Production, Modernism, Coué, Divorce, and many other matters.

No one should read the book straight through; for one becomes fatigued over difficult points, as, for example, the boundaries between psychology and metaphysics; between organic and inorganic disease; between the practice of medicine and of healing by faith; points as to the limitation of eugenis, the possibility of nationalism in religion and, above all, the bearing of all such subjects upon the Wrath of God, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Apostles' Creed.

I pause to quote some words of the Dean apropos of public murder trials which read like a passage out of De Quincey's famous essay. "The more self respect the criminal and his family have, the more horrible is their suffering. The whole family shares in the humiliation. Their name is henceforth a disgrace. . . . Have we a right to treat a human being in this way? . . . The infliction of death should never follow automatically on conviction; it should be decided by careful investigation of the character and tendencies of the convict, the crucial question being whether he is curable or not."

The Dean feels very differently towards anarchists like Mirabeau, Trotsky, and Lenin. "These vermin are spawned by all classes. There is only one remedy, — that by which hydrophobia has been exterminated. We suppress mad dogs when they bite, for the disease is contagious." The Dean does not even suggest that a psychiatric expert should visit the revolutionist in jail and see whether he be "curable".

There are two of these essays which

strike me as the best, the first for its beauty, the second for its truth: "Happy People", and "Spoon Feeding".

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN.

## Smaranda

Lord Thomson is an unusual man, and since this is a chronicle of his own adventures during the war, it follows that *SMARANDA* (Doran, \$2.50) is an unusual book, — at least the first hundred and thirty pages that set forth his war experiences. The first part is, he explains, the tale of a "General Y — who is dead". But no one will be deceived by that. When the war ended it found Lord Thomson a Brigadier General attached to the Allied Supreme War Council, with a fine record to his credit and a career still before him. He surprised his associates by resigning. Five wars and the Treaty of Versailles had made it impossible for him to believe any longer in armies or wars as a means of settling human problems. He went back to England, convinced his friends he had committed suicide when he joined the Labor Party, inveighed against the peace of Versailles, and set himself to enter Parliament on the radical side. Then when the Labor Party won its way to the government of England, Lord Thomson entered Ramsay MacDonald's cabinet as Minister for Air Defense. Brigadier General Thomson of the regular army *had* died; Lord Thomson of Cardington had taken his place.

Americans who have heard Lord Thomson speak need no assurance that he is a most skilled narrator. This book confirms his talent, for these are charmingly written sketches etched upon a background of his devotion for "*Smaranda*", a war-time dweller in Bucharest. The figure of this brilliant woman, and the writer's waiting upon her, lend much charm and detract not in the least from the historical value of the stories. Rather they enhance the extraordinary artistry of the narration. There are thrills enough to suit anybody, such as the torpedoed transport which sank before Lord Thomson's eyes in the Mediterranean; his dash in a motor car at seventy miles an hour through an advance guard of the Germans in Roumania; his destruction of the oil wells, for it was he who under orders carried out this mon-

strous act; — these are all set forth with skill and charm and humor and self-detachment, and the lovely and touching *Smaranda* turns up throughout the pages. There is no denying the conclusion that a most unusual writer has been suppressed and refused his legitimate expression by Lord Thomson's wearing of the King's uniform. He is young enough to give the hope that he will do much more worth while writing in the intervals of Labor Governments.

Not that the book is always even. Lord Thomson's powers of description are remarkable in his "Tale of Western Thrace" in seven chapters which concludes the book, yet it betrays the inexperience of the neophyte. But the record of his war-time thoughts and acts offsets any shortcomings. He was not only a thoroughly disillusioned soldier; he was an extraordinary prophet both during the war and the peace negotiations. The pity of it was that men such as he could not have played a greater rôle in the making of the peace that remains a monument of folly. Meanwhile he is happy in his new career, his new crusade, his new battles. This is what he thinks of his new associates:

"There is a Messianic side to the Labour Movement which makes a strong appeal. Some of the men and women working in it are the salt of the earth, a tonic and an inspiration to less fervent souls. They are not so sectarian as is commonly supposed, nor half so ignorant of the world as many much cleverer people with impenetrable minds. Of course there are humbugs in our ranks, but so there are in every party, and certainly more cant is preached in the name of patriotism than on the prospects of Utopia."

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

## Some Recent Verse

Verse is manufactured, poetry is created. From the output of the last few months I have selected three books as representing something more than facility of rhythm and ingenuity of phrase. Since the perception of first-hand intensity is so largely a matter of personal reaction in the reader, it is probable that few critics will agree with the choice. Differing as they do, however, both in form and content, these volumes are, in my judgment,



all written in what one may call blood of the spirit. They are NEW YORK AND OTHER POEMS, by Mary Dixon Thayer (Dorrance, \$1.75), TIGER JOY, by Stephen Vincent Benét (Doran, \$1.75), and FIDDLER'S FAREWELL, by Leonora Speyer (Knopf, \$2.00).

It is at the inclusion of Miss Thayer's book that most critics will cavil. Not only is there nothing novel in the substance, there is often difficulty in the "carry through" from one stanza to another, so that instead of the tiny world which a unified poem should be, we find only a string of islands. Critics of the up-to-date or "spasmodic" school will also object that there is here no faddism of imagery and will therefore deny to the volume all originality whatsoever. Let such critics note the words of Mr. Struthers Burt in a recent preface: "The trouble with most revolutionists, political or artistic, is that they persistently mistake method for essence."

It is the essence of poetry that Miss Thayer gives us; she has, indeed, a sincerity and enthusiasm in which Emerson would have found the very soul of originality. And though she is always spontaneous, she is by no means undisciplined. Her present collection of lyrics is a great advance over her former *Songs of Youth* in firmness of phrase, freedom of rhythm, and even more in variety and depth of thought. She has discovered how to transform experience rather than to transcribe it. For instance, she has a predilection for trees, but it is not mere trees that she gives us, it is a woodland chapel,

*Where branched thoughts, new grown with  
pleasant pain,  
Instead of pines shall murmur in the  
wind.*

Her shrine, to be sure, is very different from that which Keats would have dedicated to Psyche. Similarly her love poems build not so much a record as an ideal faith of love, an American *Vita Nuova*.

It is hard to give an idea of Miss Thayer's verse in brief quotation, since her gift is for atmosphere and mood, not for detail. Her title poem voices the strident challenge of New York:

*Come to me, Youth of the Ages!  
Come to me, clear-eyed and free!*

*I shall awake you and break you  
And make you suffer with me.*

More typical is a passage from Autumn:

*A leaf, in falling, touched my cheek.  
It said, "I love you. Do not speak. . . ."*

A more classic tenderness breathes in many of the love sonnets, and the "Prayers" seem wrought rather in the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi than of to-day. Perhaps it is in the very un-modernity of most of her book that one feels the authentic inspiration of Miss Thayer's poetry. Genuine feeling, far from complying with fashion, always refuses to be dated.

Mr. Stephen Vincent Benét has up to now been chiefly known for his dramatic vigor, romantic color, and irony. He has always shown a striking talent for externals, whether of incident or description, and in so far has been a relief from the ego-spouting school now wallowing in the wake of Whitman. But the very fact of Benét's reserve about himself should have been evidence that when he did begin to express his inner nature he would speak with refinement and significance. This he does in the present group of ballads and lyrics. The title of the book would suggest a preponderance of savagery, and some savagery, to be sure, there is. The healthy type to which pirate-loving boys are addicted greets us in "The Hemp" and "Moon Island"; the sex-emphasizing, decency-jolting type claims the narrative "King David", in which the story of Bathsheba is made unpleasant and unmeaning by a skilful primitivism of tone. The youthful artist may for the nonce enjoy vulgarizing what is noble and beautiful, but one hopes that Mr. Benét has now grown past the wish to perpetuate such another piece of bad taste as "King David".

In most of "Tiger Joy" the mood is very far from savagery. A hearty pantheism steepes the splendid "Ballad of William Sycamore", that condensed epic of the pioneer settler, which closes,

*Go play with the towns you have built  
of blocks  
The towns where you would have bound  
me!  
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,  
And my buffalo have found me.*



More dashing is the story of the Georgia fiddlers' contest in "The Mountain Whip-poorwill", a masterpiece in suggesting the effects of music in words. Humor and sentiment are well balanced.

*Big Tom Sargent was the first in line;  
He could fiddle all the bugs off a sweet-  
potato-vine.*

Spirituality and earthliness made a good blend, as witness Burns, John Hay, and Vachel Lindsay.

Very different from the narratives are the personal lyrics of the volume. Here the mysticism of the seeker is clearly prevalent. It is, to be sure, a search for truth rather than for mere beauty, as we note in the symbolism of "X-ray"; which, disregarding "mortal comeliness", pursues

*The passionless search for the eternal  
bone.*

Still Mr. Benét does, in the phrase of Lowes Dickinson, "follow the truth in love." The quiet tenderness of his dedication "To Rosemary", in "A Nonsense Song", is unmistakable. With his typical reserve the poet blends into this mood a whimsicality and delicate verbal art suggestive of Mr. De la Mare. Particularly graceful are "In a Glass of Water before Retiring", "Snowfall", and "Worms' Epic".

Of the three books we have chosen, Leonora Speyer's is by all odds the weightiest, which applies almost equally to its offending and to its achievement. Rich in feeling, in experience, and in craftsmanship, it might be a series of masterpieces, — might be but for too great an insistence on its peculiar virtues. The over-emphasis of the style seems to say: "Feel the thrill of this passion, note the subtlety of this psycho-analysis, observe the harmonized involutions of these rhythms!" The total effect is often therefore, paradoxically, that the better a theme is handled the worse it is handled. How gladly would we not exchange a blatant cleverness in technique for a simpler accompaniment, "vexed by tremblings of the harper's hand!" In all art, — but particularly in poetry, which is to be not heard but overheard, — the recipient must be allowed to forget the means in the result.

This obtrusiveness of form is the more annoying in Mrs. Speyer's verse because she has always something to say. In the "Ballad of a Lost House" we have clearly a penetrating bit of biography, but are we put into quite the right mood for it by the opening line,

*Hungry Heart, Hungry Heart, where  
have you been?*

Or, to take the new version of Eden in "The Story as I Understand It", is there not obvious forcing in

*See, how the apple-boughs are twisted  
in their pain,  
Weighed down by many a red-cheeked  
little Cain?*

This may work out on examination, but it hardly fulfils the requirement of Keats' dictum that the "progress of imagery must come naturally to the reader". The self-conscious manner of Mrs. Speyer's volume derives from several sources: partly from the strained elaborateness of Amy Lowell, partly from the archaic simplicity of Willard Wattles. Other models also suggest themselves. Of course all good styles are in some degree derivative; a master will always profit by tradition. It is true, however, I think, that a contemporary model is much more likely than a classic to warp the artist's originality. The outstanding novelty of the contemporary infects by its mere novelty, not by the fact that it is a superior form of expression; it seldom is in its unmodified state.

Despite its intrinsic vitality, there is an unpleasing garishness in *Fiddler's Farewell*. Fortunately, however, the inspiration sometimes comes through ungarished and untarnished. This is less apt to occur with poems in a purely personal key than with those suggested by nature. Passion is Mrs. Speyer's forte, but because of her preciosity of style she is at her best when balanced by an out-of-doors theme. Some of the character studies, such as "Kleptomaniac" and "Little Lover", are delightful; and "One Version", with its modern incarnation of the Magdalene, is unforgettable. But it seems rather in the objective pieces, particularly "Of Mountains", that the poet permeates

her medium without over-saturation. Note how artifice is forgotten in this form "Measure Me, Sky!"

*Horizon, reach out,  
Catch at my hands, stretch me taut,  
Rim of the world!  
Widen my eyes by a thought.*

Here the verse quivers like the violin string of a master under the emotional stress. In "Of Mountains" this power is sustained through many moods in a symphony of varied majesty and charm that has seldom been equaled in poetry. The author's contemplation through many changes of light and weather has brought out a new spiritual inwardness of mountains. Here her personality enriches but never exploits. The very irregularity of the verse proceeds, we divine, not from any subjective cause but from the chaotic hugeness of the theme. Does not the mountain express itself in

*It hurls itself forever upward,  
Turned to blind granite  
Beneath the glare of hostile spaces  
And of skies estranged?*

And yet through this hugeness, through this chaos, runs a meaning. Such is the poet's authority that we finally accept, like a vision from a conquered peak, the human symbolism:

*He is the pioneer who climbs,  
Who dares to climb  
His own high heart. . . .*

Surely, we say, "Of Mountains" is among the finest modern interpretations of nature and its author in the foremost group of poets now writing in English.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

## Chirol on India

Essentially tolerant and sober-minded, reared in the best and broadest traditions of a Liberalism which while fully alive to the paramount superiority of British interests has always striven to combine them with an enlightened appreciation of the legitimate aspirations of other communities, and condemns with no uncertain voice any undue tendency towards racial discrimination whether on the part of the

commercial or of the official classes, although of course local conditions and anxieties must everywhere and always be taken into account, well equipped moreover both by his temperament and training for sifting the evidence too frequently tendered before a Royal Commission, which while it. . . .

But steady on, I am getting mixed. What about its grammar? What is the subject of our sentence above? Sir Valentine Chirol is its subject. And what is its object? INDIA (Scribners, \$3.00). And where is the verb, the main verb, which connects subject and object, so that we know their relationship? Where, where indeed is the main verb? I have read all the book, and still cannot find the verb. Sir Valentine did not, it is true, actually perpetuate this sentence (I did that), but it is a fair specimen of his style, — the style of a man who never uses one word where ten will suffice, and is so occupied with being weighty that he forgets to notice whether there is anything in the scales. On page 163 he cannot write "Lord Curzon". It has to be "no other than Lord Curzon himself". On page 11 he cannot write "Hinduism"; five lines of periphrasis seem preferable. When boys on page 134 can't get into State schools and are obliged to go to private ones, the private ones are "mushrooms to accommodate an overflow". Everything he touches becomes remote and formal. We have been in the company of a serious-minded man but he has not taken us to India.

What books do take us to India? They fall into three classes, I think. The books that contain firsthand details are the best, — books, for instance, like Mr. Darling's recently published monograph on the Punjab Peasant. When such books are well written, they make wonderful reading, and even when ill written they leave us no right of complaint, for they have given facts that we could not otherwise have obtained. Then, in the second place come "vivid" books that make whole tracts of India live, — *Kim*, for instance, or the delightful travel notes of Madame Sylvain Levi. And in the third place, come the unpretentious surveys, like Sir T. W. Holder-ness's, which offer neither expert details nor vivid reconstruction, but present well known and easily ascertainable facts in a convenient form. Had he been more mod-

est, Sir Valentine might have written a book of this third class. He might have given us a serviceable outline of modern India, of Tilak, Gokhale, and Gandhi, of Curzon and Reading, of Swaraj, of the Dyarchy; and students of all schools would have thanked him, for he is accurate and fair-minded. But though he finds India serious he finds himself more serious still, he cannot stop prepping, circumlocuting, animadverting, encouraging, excusing, pseudo-concluding, and generally playing the super-journalist. All that he has to say could be compressed into fifty pages; the remainder of the book is a swamp of words, and, like one of his own mushrooms, I fail to accommodate its overflow.

E. M. FORSTER.

### A New Lengwitch

Sotch a predictamint wot I'm in it, Mr. Heditor. Dun't esk! I was ridding gradually NIZE BABY, wot he wrote it Milt Gross, wot it was poplised yet by Doran, with two dollars. Only I din't pay it de two dollars because I should write yet a review from de book. So I stoddod upp to leff wit giggle wit snigger wit chockle so I couldn't hodly ridd wot was standing in de book. So if I couldn't ridd it, how could it come out a review? And if I don't ride de review, so maybe I'll have to give beck de book de popliser, oder I'll grow up maybe a doity crook. But I

like so moch dees book, wot I couldn't give it beck de popliser, so wot's gonna be? And foidermore, I can't talk it raglar hinglish any more, on account how de pippel in dees book talks. Like dey didn't heard anywhere goot Hinglish, only someone maybe told dem about it. So dey trowing woids like dey was shooting maybe a gun at a target only it was in de dark de target, so de woids just hit where it's conveniable. So you could just as izzy spand your life wit cross woid puzzles, it would be izzier than to ridd dees book. Only once you stoddod opp to ridd, you couldn't stop, because you got to know which Ferry Tale it's gonna tell de Mama de Nize Baby next, so de Nize Baby'll gonna itt it opp de crim from whit.

But it isn't funny dees book on account from de lengwitch, because even if it was written in goot Hinglish, de pippel anyhow would be interesting. Because a whole east side from pippel can talk wit mistakes wit grammaticable horrors, and it isn't funny, it's grivvus. But in dees book, de pippel are individuabile wit interesting wit different. Foidermore, de spalling wot it looks seemly tarrible, it ain't wrong spalling, it's fanatic spalling, so when you spik it out loud hizzackly how it's spalt, you can talk gradually Milt Gross Hinglish, almost so good like maybe you was wan from de pippel in de book. Rimockable, Mrs. Feitelbaum! Seemly gudgeous!

VIOLA PARADISE.



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Courtesy Dr. H. J. Snow

*This apparatus is being used to test taxicab drivers for the psychological reactions which influence their fitness to drive cars in traffic*

## Science Notes

E. E. FREE

### Taxicab Drivers

**A**N interesting step in the application of practical psychology to business has been taken recently by a group of taxicab companies headed by the Yellow Cab Company of Chicago. Under the direction of Professor A. J. Snow of the Department of Psychology of Northwestern University, a set of psychological tests for taxicab drivers has been devised and is now being used. Applicants for positions as drivers are examined by these tests in addition to the usual oral examination. An effort is made to weed out drivers who are potentially dangerous without waiting for a succession of accidents to make their unfitness obvious.

Among the tests which Professor Snow applies there are three which have especial interest. One is a test of emotional stability. The candidate is required to operate a somewhat complicated series of switches and foot pedals in such a manner as to light, in turn, a series of electric lamps. How to do this is carefully demon-

strated to the driver beforehand. Then, while the candidate is carrying out this operation, he is given unexpectedly a mild electric shock. The examiner observes to what extent this surprise upsets the equanimity and competence of the candidate.

The second test is one for carelessness. The candidate is required to move a pencil point rapidly along a set of grooves in a board. He must not allow the pencil to touch either side of the groove. If he does touch one of the sides an electric signal is registered. The third test indicates space perception. With small model vehicles moving on a table, the candidate is required to estimate speeds and meeting points. If he fails to do this accurately and quickly it is probable that he would make similar misjudgments when piloting a car on the streets.

#### SENSES AND JOBS

The practical value of such psychological tests for the purpose of hiring employees is still not universally admitted by employers. The human mind, they urge,

*Illustrated  
Section XXXIII*

## THE FORUM

is far from simple. Many things determine its behavior and consequently the value of the employee who possesses it. It is quite possible, as even the psychologists admit, that any set of tests few and simple enough for practical use may lead once in a while to a wrong conclusion. Nevertheless, the averages are likely to be right. If a thousand taxicab drivers who passed successfully Dr. Snow's set of tests are compared with a thousand who did not pass, there will be little question, we imagine, which set of drivers one would prefer to ride behind.

Last winter at Kansas City Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, in his address as retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science described some of the results of recent psychological work in the matter of vocational selection. Undoubtedly the practical psychologists are able to do more along these lines than American business now permits them to attempt. Psychology is not yet an infallible touchstone for selecting men or for finding genius, but undoubtedly its aid would improve the haphazard methods of hiring and firing now in force.

Perhaps the most obvious immediate application of psychology to job selecting is in the testing of the five senses. This is already done, extensively and successfully, for the eye. Locomotive engineers are not allowed to take a throttle until the railroads have made certain that there is no color blindness or other eye defect which would prevent proper interpretation of the signal lights along the tracks. In most States automobile drivers' licenses are not granted except to persons who can show that their hearing is good. These are obvious uses of sense tests.

One which is less obvious has recently been discussed in England. This is the testing of the sense of touch for occupations in which this sense is essential. For example, a successful handler of fabrics must have not only a good eye for color but also a good sense of touch for the slight differences in weave and material. Similarly, a surgeon or a dentist must have a precise and delicate sense of what is touching his finger tips. The same is true, almost as necessarily, of the high-class mechanic, who must deal with the finest adjustments of machinery and with the most precise and delicate tools.

It would probably be worth while, even in the present state of our knowledge of psychological testing, for every business to study the sense requirements of its employees and to make the possession of delicate perceptions through the necessary senses an absolute prerequisite to employment, just as good eyes are now considered essential for locomotive engineers.

### PSYCHOLOGY AND NOISE

The one sense which is probably least considered in fitting men to jobs is the sense of hearing. Except for the rejection of applicants who are actually deaf, very little attention is ever paid by employers to this matter. Nevertheless, it is known that the human ear is an extremely variable instrument. Many persons are dull of hearing or find it difficult to hear precisely without being really deaf in any proper sense of that word. The commonest of business employees are stenographers. Good ears and a precise appreciation of the very slight sound differences which distinguish the consonants of speech are essential to an efficient stenographer. Nevertheless, ear tests are never used when such employees are hired. Very simple ear tests exist. If they were employed it is probable that business would be saved a tremendous waste in the salaries of girls (or men) who are hired, found unsuccessful, and replaced.

Nor is the relation of the ear to personal psychology confined to such simple and obvious things as this. In *THE FORUM's* discussion, some weeks ago, of the problems of city noise, it was pointed out that science knows very little concerning the effects of noise upon the mental state or the working efficiency of individuals. More recently, some additional data about noise indicate that we are similarly ignorant of the reverse effects, the effects of mental condition on noise perception. Some weeks ago the writer of these notes made a series of measurements of the intensity of the noise in the New York subways. The results were surprising, so much so, that they were at first distrusted and were therefore repeated. They proved to be unquestionable. The average noise intensity in the subways is much less than everyone has imagined. Comparative measurements indicate, for example, that the average subway noise, even inside a mov-



## SCIENCE NOTES

ing train, is no greater than the average noise on a noisy street corner in the open air. The noisiest normal street corner in New York City was found by the previous tests to be the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue. The recent tests in the subway show that if one stands for an hour at this noisiest corner one experiences practically the same average noise as when riding for an hour in a subway train.

Repeated tests having shown that the instruments employed are not at fault, the only apparent explanation for this discrepancy between the actual subway noise and the universal human idea of the subway noise is a psychological explanation. The subway is dimly lit and it is underground. In many people, to go under ground at all creates a state of mental anxiety, sometimes conscious but more often entirely unconscious. Similarly, the psychologists tell us that darkness acts to sharpen all the senses, especially the sense of hearing. Perhaps mere dimness of light has a similar effect although this does not seem to have been proved. In any event, it seems possible that when one enters the subway there occurs some psychological change which exaggerates the impressions from the sense of hearing and makes us imagine the noise to be much louder than it is.

### MENTAL ATTITUDES

If a mental attitude, largely unconscious, can affect so profoundly a simple thing like our judgment of subway noise, it is no wonder that preconceptions and the mental temper of the times are so powerful in more complicated activities of men. A remarkable incident of how such attitudes control action and of how they change has come to light recently in the history of the telegraph. Mr. Sergius P. Grace, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories of New York City, was investigating some of the early documents dealing with telegraph development. He happened upon an historic find, no less than a memorandum prepared by Professor Joseph Henry during the telegraph patent case of 1851. Not only was this memorandum in the exact words of that famous electrical pioneer, but it bore marginal notations in the hand of the still more famous inventor, Mr. S. F. B. Morse.

In the original memorandum Professor Henry described how he had invented, in 1833, the principle of the electro-magnetic telegraph. Henry was a scientist. He would have called himself a "pure scientist". The mental attitude of his time and profession forced him to despise the seeking of possible utility for his inventions. "The only reward I expected," he writes, "on account of them was the consciousness of advancing science, the pleasure of discovering new truths, and the scientific reputation to which these labors would entitle me." "I partook," he says later on, "of the feeling common to men of science which disinclines them to secure to themselves the advantage of their discoveries by a patent."

The net result of this attitude, for of course it was no more than an attitude, was that the telegraph was not put to use when Henry discovered it. Years had to pass, another inventor had to come along and do the work all over again, before it was possible to send over a line of wire those historic words "What hath God wrought"? As a matter of fact God had already done His part years before. It was Henry's attitude of aloofness from practice which delayed the invention.

When Morse came to write his marginal notes opposite this pronouncement by Henry what he wrote was this: "First", he said, "somewhat queer." "He leaves it for others," Morse went on, "to do that which alone makes discoveries of any benefit to the world and, strange to say, would disparage the man who thus attempts to make scientific discovery beneficial." Professor Henry was a great and public-spirited genius. In republishing what we cannot but consider Henry's mistake, Mr. Grace specifically disclaimed any intention to disparage. What was important, Mr. Grace said and we agree, is the idea that the mental attitude of Henry's time opposed something which we now believe to be of the very greatest importance to mankind. This is the actual use, as soon and as widely as may be practicable, of every fact which science captures in the forest of the unknown.

### AUTOMATIC SERVANTS

One of the results of the modern scientific applications in which Morse was so distinguished a pioneer is the growth of

## THE FORUM

machines which do things for themselves. It has been urged that this is not a desirable result. From the remarkable prophetic words of Samuel Butler to the fantastic mechanical servants visualized in the Robots of Karl Capek, a long series of philosophers has feared that man is becoming the slave to his machines and not their master. Such speculation is interesting but academic. Whatever may be the distant future of mankind it is a future which we cannot well foresee and which it is improbable that we can greatly affect. In the meantime there seems but one valid criterion as to what is good for man. This is what man, widely and persistently, thinks that he wants.

There can be no doubt that one of the things man wants is surcease from toil. This is the boon granted him by automatic machines. It is possible now, the engineers tell us, to construct a house in which almost every conceivable service to the inmates could be provided at the touch of a button or the throw of a switch. During recent months Professor S. Parker Smith, of Glasgow University, has been lecturing before the various sections of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, on the subject of the "All-Electric House". It is possible and economical, the Professor insists, to provide heat, hot water, cook stoves, ventilation, household cleanliness and many of the ordinary domestic services by electric devices. Professor Smith has installed these devices in the ten-room house in which he lives in Glasgow. The saving in service, and, of course, in the usual costs of coal and gas, was more than sufficient to pay the cost of electric power, even at city prices.

### ELECTRIC WATCHMEN

In the electric power business itself there have occurred recently some other striking developments of automatic machinery. All power-supply systems must have a number of sub-stations, which are really small power houses, scattered throughout the region which is served. These have the duty of reducing the voltage of the electricity carried by the main distributing lines so that the house wires may be supplied with a low voltage, within the limits of ordinary safety. Until recently it has been necessary to provide for each sub-station a crew of men to watch

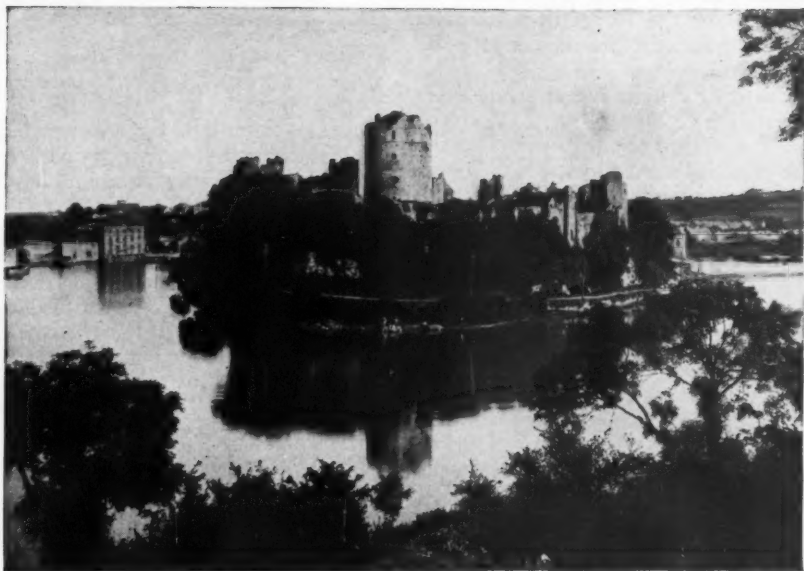
and operate the machinery. These men cost money. From the viewpoint of the community, these men were kept away from activities more directly productive.

Nowadays the men are no longer necessary. The great power companies, jointly with the manufacturers of electrical machinery, have perfected devices which watch these sub-stations automatically. The station can be locked up and left to run itself. Delicate instruments attached to the various machines report the condition and operation of these machines to a dispatcher seated at his switchboard miles away. The sub-station machinery may be stopped or started, slowed or quickened, watched and controlled in each one of its duties, by this dispatcher who has before him the electric eyes and ears and fingers which the new automatic machinery provides.

It has recently been possible, even, to provide against slight over-heating of such unwatched machinery. Unless this over-heating is severe it usually will not stop the operation of the machinery. But if it goes on the machinery may be ruined. When men are in the sub-station the sign of danger is smoke. The first wisp of smoke rising from any working machine calls the attention of the operators, the machine is shut down and the damage is investigated. Scientists of the Westinghouse Companies have now devised an instrument which will report these first wisps of smoke even more accurately and infallibly than a human watchman could do. This instrument is the photo-electric cell.

A beam of light from a lamp shines across the top of the electric machinery into this cell. So long as all is well the light-beam enters the cell continually and nothing happens. But suppose a thin cloud of smoke begins to rise from the machine. The light-beam is dimmed. The photo-electric cell instantly recognizes this dimming. It rings a bell in the office of the dispatcher miles away. Also, it automatically shuts down the machine which is in danger. It can be arranged to call the fire department or even to flood the building with water if necessary.

And, like most of the automatic machinery, this little device is a watchman who works twenty-four hours a day, who needs no salary, who is not subject to brainstorm or to prejudices and who never falls asleep on the job.



Courtesy Great Western Railway of England

*Pembroke Castle, near Swansea, a Landmark of South Wales*

## What to See in Europe

### AN ANCIENT WELSH FESTIVAL

**T**HE Royal National Eisteddfod, in celebration of two thousand years of Welsh music and literature, will be held this year from August 2 to 7 at Swansea, South Wales. At these annual gatherings the ancient ceremonies and laws, based on the Gorsedd, or Druidical assembly, held many centuries before the Christian era, are still strictly adhered to, constituting a unique and picturesque festival.

Every year a procession of bards, in their quaint robes of green, blue, or white, led by the Archdruid, in snowy gown, embroidered stole, and golden collar, with a chaplet of oak leaves on his venerable locks, winds its way from the town chosen for the meeting to a Druidic circle, generally in an open field backed by the stately Welsh mountains. The meetings are opened with an impressive ceremony. After a flourish of trumpets, the Archdruid, with his hand on the huge sword of the Gorsedd, asks the traditional question, "Is it peace?" the answer coming in a great shout from the bards and spectators.

The crowning of the bard, one of the most dramatic episodes of the Eisteddfod, takes place on the first day. On subsequent days the bards deliver poetical addresses; adjudications are made; and prizes given to successful competitors for poetical, musical, and prose honors. One afternoon is given over to the reception of overseas visitors. Each evening a concert is given, of such excellence that people gather to hear them, not only from all parts of Wales, but from overseas also.

Recent years have seen an increasing movement of American visitors to Wales for this great festival. In some of the larger cities and other sections where are large groups of Welsh descent, "pilgrimages" are organized. This movement has been fostered by several of the leading steamship lines, and this year it is expected that American visitors will number several hundreds.

These pilgrimages will be featured on certain ships whose sailing dates are arranged to enable them to reach England

## WHAT TO SEE IN EUROPE

just in time for the Eisteddfod. Swansea is only four hours from Southampton, by way of Bristol.

The Eisteddfod in its present form dates from the time of Owain ap Maxen, who became the chief of the Britons on the departure of the Romans in the fourth century, but it has its origin in the Gorsedd, held in the time of Prydain, son of Aedd the Great, when the Druids were the virtual rulers of the country. With the decline of Druidical power, it lost its political significance and gradually developed its present character as the national bardic congress of Wales.

The laws of the Gorsedd were codified and remodelled during the fourth century, when it took the motto of "Y gwir yn erbyn y byd"—("The truth against the world").

The wonderful singing in the competitions and concerts; the extraordinary enthusiasm aroused in the participants and spectators; and, above all, the preservation of manners and customs of bygone ages, make these Welsh festivals of more than national interest.

Swansea is peculiarly fitted to be the scene of such a traditional ceremony, combining as it does in a unique degree glorious scenery and an intensely interesting history with the progress and luxury which follow in the train of industrial development.

The history of Swansea rivals that of the Eisteddfod itself in its antiquity. The whole neighborhood has yielded conclusive evidence of prehistoric occupation. The great road, "Via Maritima," ran close by, and the remains of a once luxurious villa and other relics prove it was known to the Romans. Unfortunately, however, the recorded history of the town does not commence until the tenth century, when the Danish leader, Sweyn, conquered the district and founded "Sweyn-seie".

From that day until the seventeenth century followed a wild and stormy history of siege, war, oppression, and pillage.

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw the foundation of Swansea's commercial wealth, which has been fostered and consolidated by the extensive dock-building carried out during the last two hundred years.

*Illustrated  
Section* XXXVIII

### A USEFUL GUIDEBOOK

**N**O other one-pound item of equipment could be more useful to the European traveler than the "Satchel Guide to Europe", by Rolfe and Crockett (Houghton Mifflin; \$5.00). In the forty-sixth edition, revised and up-to-the-minute, it is almost as standard as a Baedeker. This is the most comprehensive of guidebooks, covering the British Isles, and all of the Continent save Spain and Russia. The introductory "Hints for the Tourist" are a boon to the inexperienced traveler, hopelessly confused in a whirl of good but conflicting advice from his more traveled friends. There is a handy list of hotels and *pensions*, a really intelligent book list, and all the essential maps. Many suggestions of possible economies make the purchase of this book an investment rather than an expense.

\* \* \*

Among the outstanding events of interest in Europe this summer are:

*Deauville*: Grand Prix, August 10-17.

*Isle of Wight*: Cowes Regatta, August 3-6.

*Scotland*: Grouse shooting season begins, August 12.

*Utrecht*: International Industries Fair, September.

*Geneva*: Press Congress of the World, October.

*Paris*: Fifth Annual Radio Show, August-October.

*Malmö, Sweden*: Eighth Annual Swedish Trade Fair, August 2-8.

*Ostend*: Colonial and Maritime Exposition, August.

*Siena*: Mediaeval horse races, July 2-August 16.

*Padua*: International horse races, October 1-5.

*Bangor, Wales*: Royal Welsh Agricultural Show, August 4-6.

*Dunoon, Scotland*: Highland games, August.

*Dublin*: Horse Show, August 3-6.

*Edinburgh*: Universal Congress of Esperanto, July 31-August 7.

*Helsingfors, Finland*: World's Y.M.C.A. conference, August 1-6.

*Kandersteg, Switzerland*: International Conference of Boy Scouts, August 22.

*Leipzig*: Trade Fair, August 29-September 4.



## THE NEW KENT EDITION OF CONRAD

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"THERE is no one like him, no one remotely like him," H. L. Mencken once said of Conrad. "How I envy those who are reading him for the first time," said Gouverneur Morris. The whole literary world, indeed, advises you to read Conrad. He is easily the foremost writer of our era. Why *postpone* reading his works? Here is a chance to obtain them in a rare new edition,

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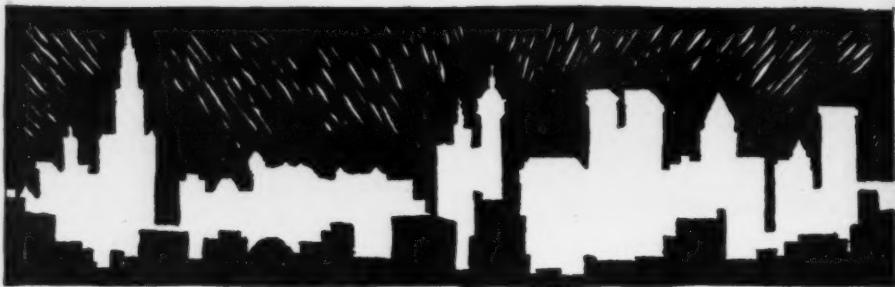
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Illustrated Section XLIII





## Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON

*Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript*

### South American Bonds

**O**F the billion dollars of foreign bonds sold in the United States in each of the past two years, in round figures, slightly less than twenty per cent comprised loans to South American Governments, States, or municipalities, or advances to corporations in various South American countries. Notwithstanding this relatively large absorption of American capital, in comparison with our total foreign financing, it is fairly evident, judging from the inquiries received from readers of THE FORUM, that investors in this country are not so familiar with affairs in Latin America as they are with conditions in Europe. Nor is this altogether surprising, for commercially and ethnically we are closer to Europe than to South America, just as we are in matters of communication and in more precise measures of distance in terms of miles. At a time when investors are faced with steadily diminishing yields on the bonds of domestic corporations, not to mention the securities of our own Government, States, and municipalities, it is but natural that the attractive returns available on foreign securities and particularly those of South American countries should interest investors in the United States. They have seen in recent years nations like Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany issuing seven and eight per cent bonds at prices at or under par; in several of these cases they have seen later issues of the same nations easily marketed with a five

and one-half or six per cent coupon rate; and they have commonly witnessed premiums of ten to twenty per cent above par for the original seven or eight per cent bond issues. Naturally it is questioned whether bonds of South American nations do not offer equally attractive possibilities at this time.

For years prior to the war American manufacturers longed to obtain a foothold in South America, realizing that the markets there offered splendid opportunities for the sale of goods produced in the United States, but English and German merchants were in the field before us, had studied their requirements, their methods of doing business, and had built up trade relationships which were extremely difficult for the Yankee to break through. When Europe went to war in 1914 many American merchants firmly believed that the European manufacturers would be forced to relinquish their hold on the South American market. Efforts were then made to establish trade relationships, but without conspicuous success, and with peace restored the foreign merchant has once more set about retrieving ground lost during the war; and with a fair degree of success. Last year, of our total export trade, aggregating \$4,909,000,000, only eight per cent was with South America; and of our total imports of \$4,228,000,000, only 12.3 per cent was from South America. It is an axiom of finance that trade follows the investment. To a great extent this accounts for the success with which European manufacturers have held their



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Section XLV

## DOWNTOWN

South American trade. The British and Germans in particular have always been heavy purchasers of South American securities. It is not at all strange that, when a South American railway places an order for locomotives or rails with British manufacturers, we find British bankers represented on the directorate of that railway. For the most part South American nations and corporations have obtained capital in the United States through bond issues, which do not so directly influence our trade with them as it would if our investment were in equities, — in control of the stock of a corporation for instance. Nevertheless, important investments of this sort have been made by Americans in the shape of copper mines in Peru and Chile, in trading organizations in Chile, in packing establishments in Argentina, in various South American banks, all of which have borne out the truth of the assertion that trade follows the investment.

It is not within the scope of an article of this nature to dwell at length on the historical background, the commercial position, and the financial prospects of each of the South American nations. Eighty-two per cent of the total volume of South American securities sold in the United States represent the issues of three nations, — Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. Seven other countries are represented in the other eighteen per cent, out of total dollar loans aggregating \$330,725,000. At the close of 1925 it was estimated on reliable authority that external loans of South American countries aggregating \$445,000,000 might be financed in 1926 alone, a portion of which may reasonably be expected to be placed in this country. Within the past few weeks several of these have materialized.

### REPUBLIC OF CHILE BONDS

Although neither the wealthiest, the largest, nor necessarily the strongest country, the bonds of the Republic of Chile may be considered first, mainly because of the fact that ever since the first external loan of this country was floated, over a hundred years ago, in London, it has never had a record of default. Chile has never been obliged to make any specific pledges or liens to guarantee loans. Before the war all the external loans of this na-

tion were floated in London, but since then Chile has come to New York for funds on several occasions. At this writing representative issues of the Chilean Republic are selling on the New York Stock Exchange at prices to net from 7 to 7½ per cent, while the issue of Chile Mortgage Bank 6½s are quoted on about a 6½ per cent basis. Known as the "Yankees of South America" the people of Chile have been noted for their aggressiveness and enterprise. The country, like all South American countries in one way or another, is endowed with rich natural resources, in this instance particularly nitrates, copper, iron ore, coal, while in the southern extremity stock-raising is the chief industry.

In this country American capital has been invested on probably a larger relative scale than in any other South American country. Recent estimates were that of the foreign capital invested in Chile, the United States controlled \$350,000,000, Great Britain \$340,000,000, and Germany \$100,000,000. In recent years, however, Chile's financial situation has not been of the best. For several years there has been difficulty in balancing the budget. For years the people there had relied on export taxes, principally on nitrates, to raise the necessary revenue, but with a decrease in these exports attempts were made to secure a broader diversification of revenue from taxation and these efforts were not attended with success. The people there were simply not used to paying taxes and new levies were unpopular. Until recently there was no central bank in Chile and the paper currency was inconvertible. Money of this sort was in circulation without any fixed valuation and fluctuated without any relation to the gold peso.

Such conditions proved an obstacle to prosperity, for it means a great deal to the people whether their income or outgo is in gold or paper currency. Recently several financial reforms have been instituted. An income tax law is in effect. During the past year an American financial mission under Professor Kemmerer organized a central bank which will hold the gold reserve and issue currency, which has now been stabilized at about twelve cents gold per paper peso. It is still a question, however, whether Chile can balance her budget, the Government facing an elaborate program of expenditures, and prospective pur-

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## DOWNTOWN

chasers of Chilean bonds might well consider the possibilities of a war between Chile and Peru. For a half century a bitter dispute has been waged over the Tacna-Arica question, and while the issue has been left to the United States as arbitrator, it is by no means certain that the findings rendered will settle the issue without bloodshed. On its record Chile is entitled to a high rating for its external bonds, however, but the uncertainties above account for the relative high yield in New York at this time. Before the war Chile's bonds sold on a 5.3 per cent basis in the London market.

### ARGENTINE PROSPERITY

Argentina is the wealthiest of the South American republics, certainly the most stable economically, with the possible exception of its neighbor Uruguay, and its securities seem entitled, with those of Uruguay, to the highest ranking for stability, of any of the South American republics. To a great extent this is reflected in current quotations for bonds of the Argentine Republic in New York, which command about a six per cent basis, or a trifle higher. However, a number of the bonds of provinces of Argentina are available at prices to net seven per cent or better. The Province of Buenos Ayres seven per cent loan maturing in 1952, which is currently quoted on about a 7.3 per cent basis, bears a sinking fund provision of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent per annum and is secured by a first lien on special taxes on water works and sanitation properties on which the proceeds of the loan were expended, and by a lien on taxes on alcohol and tobacco. Similar bonds of the provinces of Cordoba and Santa Fé are available at about the same prices.

Populated largely by Europeans, with Italians and Spaniards predominating, Argentina is essentially a stock-raising and agricultural country. Foreign investments in terms of United States dollars are estimated at about \$1,900,000,000 of British capital, \$425,000,000 of French, \$350,000,000 German, and \$250,000,000 United States, with some \$410,000,000 from other European countries. Most of the British investment is in railroads. Financially Argentina's record is not as clear as that of Chile. In 1891 a financial crisis developed there as a result of a revolution,

necessitating a suspension of interest and sinking fund payments on certain Government bonds and issues of the city of Buenos Ayres. Indirectly it was world wide in its effect, contributing to the "Baring Crisis" in London. A committee appointed by the Bank of England soon straightened matters out, however, and arrangements were made for partial payments of interest at once in cash, part in funding loan bonds, and full payments of interest by 1898. To the credit of the nation her finances were adjusted reasonably promptly; interest payments were resumed a year earlier than anticipated and sinking fund operations in 1901. More recently the Province of Buenos Ayres suspended sinking fund payments on external issues in 1915, a reflection of the World War, and while payments were resumed in 1920, the maturity of the debt may have to be extended beyond its original date. Service of the debt is now being met promptly as due.

Government finances for a number of years up to and including 1922 showed annual deficits in Argentina, but since then it has been approximately balanced. Despite the dilemmas cited above, the nation's external securities have enjoyed a high rating in recent years and its great prosperity and relative freedom from political disturbances common to many South American republics suggest that its bonds ought to work out satisfactorily in years to come.

Situated between Brazil on the North and Argentina on the South, Uruguay, the smallest of the South American republics, fully on a par with Chile or Argentina probably ranks as a place for safe investment of foreign capital. Primarily a pastoral country, its exports of wool and meat bring it into close commercial relationship with the United States. With a government not unlike that of the United States, Uruguay has had a favorable trade balance for years. With the exception of a brief interruption in 1876-78, Uruguay had a perfect record for meeting interest and sinking fund obligations up to the beginning of the World War. In 1914 sinking fund payments were interrupted, to be resumed in 1921, but interest payments were met promptly throughout that period. It was not at all unusual for sterling bonds of the Uruguay Govern-





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ment to sell on a 5½ per cent yield basis in London before the war. Its eight per cent bonds are now selling on about a 7.15 per cent basis in New York and the Montevideo 7s on a 7½ per cent basis.

#### BRAZIL BONDS UNPOPULAR

Although Brazil is the largest of the South American nations, its bonds have not been as popular with investors in the United States as those of the nations to the South. In general it appears that the closer to the equator an investment is made the more difficulties are encountered in the shape of unstable government, difficulties in balancing budgets and in exhibits of debt records. The leading coffee producer of the world and the second largest rubber producer, Brazil with a wealth of natural resources had not been able to balance its budget since 1908, until last year. Immense sums have been invested by foreigners in the country, but American capital is far down the list. Out of more than \$2,000,000,000 total, the United States has invested only \$245,000,000 against \$500,000,000 for France and \$1,220,000,000 for Great Britain. The interest charge on this capital is estimated by good authorities to require some \$125,000,000. As this surplus had not been earned for a number of years until last year currency inflation ensued, note circulation was almost quadrupled in a decade, and consequently exchange rates were decidedly weak and unstable. Lately, higher prices for coffee and rubber have resulted in an astonishing improvement in internal finances.

Its debt record, however, is far from perfect. In 1914 Brazil suspended the sinking fund on its external debt as well as internal. Interest payments at times were made in new bonds rather than in cash. Arrangements were then made to resume sinking fund payments in 1927 and present indications point to that end.

South American nations in the past have had their financial difficulties, just as the United States in its earlier days passed through some trying experiences. Its commerce and industries are expanding rapidly and it is possible that the future may be a story of greater financial stability. In general what these bonds lack in safety is compensated for in enhanced interest returns.



Underwood and Underwood

*At the University of Illinois, Professor B. S. Hopkins (on the right) has discovered a new chemical element, "number sixty-one," of the possible list of ninety-two. The bottle held by the man at the left contains a little of a compound of this element*

## Science Notes

E. E. FREE

### The New Element

**T**HE chief scientific event of the month has been, unquestionably, the discovery of the new chemical element by Professor B. S. Hopkins and his associates at the University of Illinois. The element has been named Illinium, but greater interest resides in its other common designation, "number sixty-one." Calling a new element by number implies what is a remarkable truth, the truth that we now know the whole list of elements so thoroughly that we can arrange them in order, assign a number to each, and know if any are still missing.

That we can do this is the result of the development, during the past ten years or so, of the famous Bohr theory of the atom. Thirty years ago we believed that atoms were original particles of matter. Each atom was supposed to be different. A mass of iron was composed of tiny atoms of iron, a piece of gold held tiny gold atoms, and so on. This idea has gone the way of most ideas, — it is dead. We now know

that all atoms, no matter of what substance, are composed of different numbers and arrangements of the same two kinds of fundamental particles. Both of these particles are electric in nature. One is called the electron and is familiar to radio fans as being the electric particle which operates vacuum tubes. The other kind of particle is called the proton.

We understand, too, enough about the structure of different kinds of atoms to say that the outward appearance of the atom, the properties which it shows to the world, will be determined by one group of the electrons which the atom contains, by those electrons which revolve inside the atom in orbits not unlike the orbits of the planets in our solar system. These are not all the electrons of the atom. There are others, but these others do not greatly interest the outside world. The group of those that move in orbits is what mainly concerns us.

This is why we can make a list of the elements and call the new one number sixty-one. There is one kind of atom, one

## SCIENCE NOTES

element, for each number of electrons in this orbital group. The first atom, — number one in the list, — is that of hydrogen. It has one orbital electron. Number two is helium, number three is lithium, and so on. The new one, number sixty-one, has just that number of the orbital electrons.

### How Many More?

The chemists of thirty years ago believed it possible that we might find, somewhere in the universe, an unlimited number of different chemical elements. In the recent talk about number sixty-one it has commonly been said, however, that there are only two more missing ones, that all other possible elements have been found. How can we know this? Is it possible to set limits to the complexity which the atoms of matter may take on? To a considerable extent it is, but to see why this is so we must inspect for a moment the nature of the last atoms, the most complicated ones, of the present known list.

The known atom which has the highest number of the orbital electrons and which stands, therefore, at the end of the present list is the atom of the element uranium, a metal sometimes used as a constituent in special kinds of steel. This massive and complicated atom contains ninety-two orbital electrons; it is "number ninety-two". Next below this, as number ninety-one of the list, is the atom of a rare element closely related to uranium and commonly called Uranium-X. The next one, number ninety, is the atom of thorium, another metal. A compound of thorium was once much used to make the glowing, heat-resisting mantles used on gas lamps. Number eighty-nine is the atom of an excessively rare metal named actinium. Number eighty-eight is our old friend radium.

There is one very significant thing about all these elements. It is especially significant for the question which concerns us just now, the question as to why the list of the elements has to stop with number ninety-two, with no assumption of a place for number ninety-three. This significant fact about all these elements above number eighty-seven is that they are radio-active.

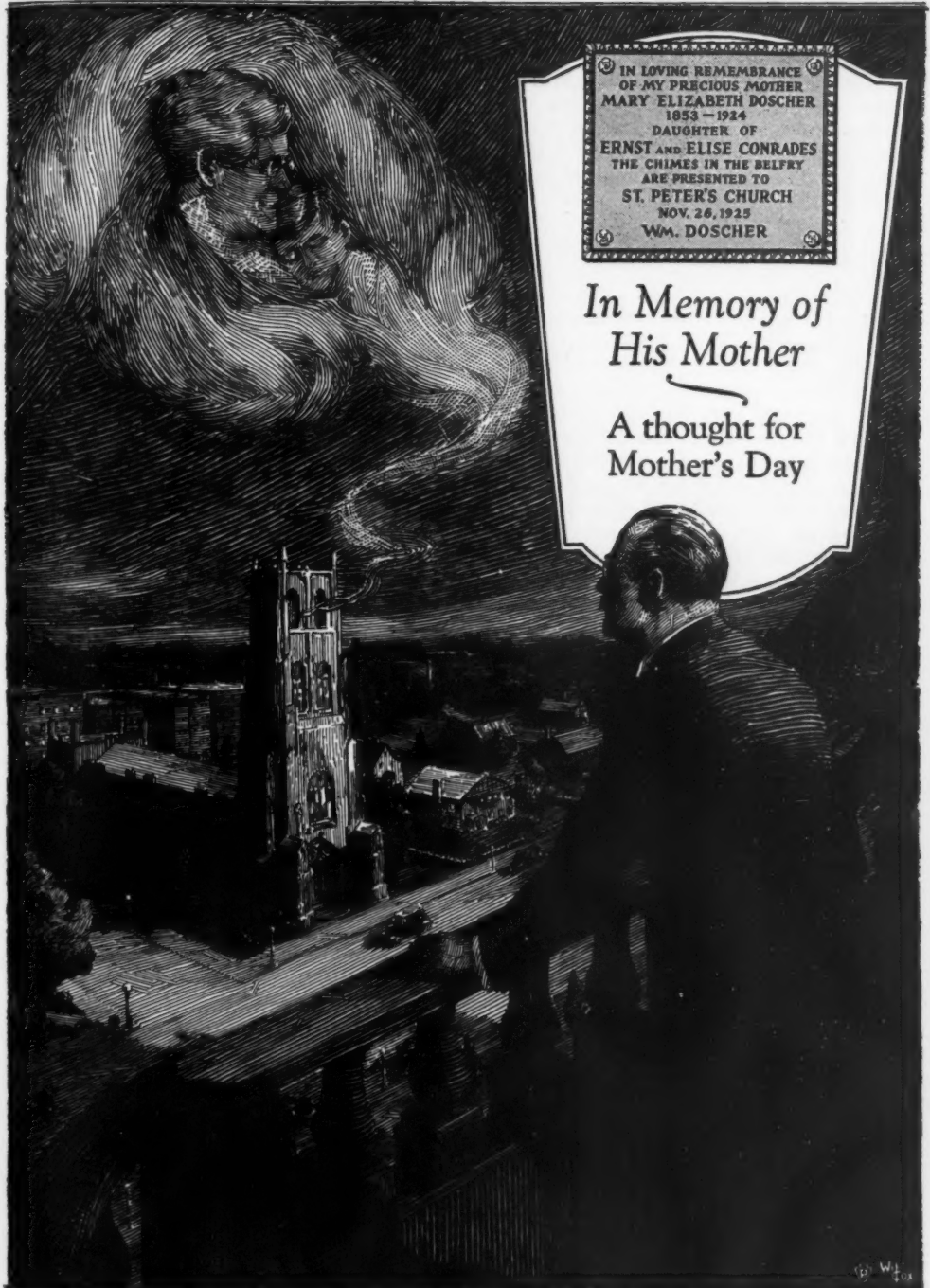
The properties of radium are well known. Its atoms explode, a few of them each second. Thus it sends out heat and solid particles and several kinds of rays. The essential thing is that its atom is unstable. The same thing is true of the atoms of uranium and of thorium and of all the others above number eighty-seven. It is a natural conclusion that these atoms have become so complicated that they cannot hang together well. They contain too many of the orbital electrons. For some reason we do not understand, a certain fraction of the atoms is always on the point of explosion. This is why we expect to find no number ninety-three, at least on earth. Its atom would be still more complicated. It probably would explode at once.

### New Theories of the Stars

Things may be quite different, however, off somewhere else in the universe. Indeed, the most recent developments of the theories of what is going on in the greater stars practically require that we imagine the presence in them of atoms far more complicated than the number ninety-two which is our terrestrial limit. It is the energy produced by the explosion of these complicated stellar atoms, or produced in some manner by the disintegration of some form of matter, to which astronomers have been driven for a plausible explanation of what it is that keeps the stars alight.

It has long been known that no ordinary physical process would provide energy enough for the stars. Taking our own sun as an example, if the energy poured out each second in the form of heat and light were provided by some such process as the slow contraction of the sun's volume, the sun would be as dead as a cinder in a very few million years. We know, on the contrary, that it has been burning, substantially as now, for at least a billion years. It must have some other source of energy for its fires. The case is still more cogent when we consider one of the really great stars, like the brilliant Dog Star, Sirius. Stars are known which send out hundreds of times as much energy as our sun. The only source which we can imagine for this tremendous energy is some disintegration of matter.

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## SCIENCE NOTES

During the past fifteen years the astronomers have been formulating an idea of stellar evolution, according to which a star is supposed to pass through a more or less uniform series of developmental stages. First, it is a great globe of shining gas, very thin and not especially hot. Gradually it grows smaller, denser, and hotter. It becomes a white star. Then it slowly cools, growing denser and yellower as it does so. The final stage, before all luminosity is lost, is one of small size, considerable density, and reddish color. The chief names in the development of this idea of stellar evolution are Hertzsprung in Germany, Eddington and Jeans in England, and Russell in America.

In working out the details of this theory Eddington has been compelled to assume that the course of evolution of a star is accompanied by a change in the source of supply of its energy. It is this change, in fact, which determines the evolution. In the beginning, Eddington imagines, the vast gas globe of the star contains a comparatively large proportion of some kind of matter which is rather easily disintegrated, with the evolution of energy. This matter may be thought of as composed of atoms still more radio-active than radium, atoms belonging, perhaps, above number ninety-two in the list of elements. The disintegration of these atoms produces the energy of the star.

As the star grows older these easily disintegrated atoms are gradually used up. The energy output of the star must come from more and more difficultly decomposable kinds of matter. Finally, nearly all of the decomposable matter is gone. The remaining kinds of atoms do not disintegrate. Then the energy output of the star must stop. It must cool off and die. This final stage is represented, perhaps, by our earth. No energy is emitted. Of the large amounts of decomposable matter once present in our parent nebula, we retain only the traces of radium, uranium and other radio-active elements which we find in the rocks.

### What Becomes of Sunlight?

This picture of a star, gradually eating up its own matter and sending out the product in the form of radiant energy, is only half of the full picture of the universe. It leaves untouched the question of what

becomes of this energy, a question which is just now one of the most puzzling and interesting in the whole field of physical science.

The obvious answer is that the energy merely goes off, in the form of sunlight and sunheat, to be lost forever in the dark depths of space. A moment's thought is sufficient, however, to show this answer inadequate. Space is thickly sprinkled with stars. A good telescope will show many millions of them. All these stars are sending out light. It is believed, on good experimental evidence, that light is not weakened by mere passage through space. Why, then, is the sky dark?

Every tiniest star is sending out light into space. The light rays which start in our direction reach us without loss of intensity. Rays from the billions of known stars ought to combine, so that we would see the sky covered with light, not black as it actually is.

There are several possible escapes from this dilemma. One is to assume that the number of the stars is not infinite or even nearly infinite. The universe may be thought of as strictly limited, a little local cloud of stars and nebulas and other objects lost in a vast void. A second idea is that space contains clouds of dark matter (as parts of it undoubtedly do) and that this matter hides from us altogether the stars beyond a certain distance. A third idea is the one of the Einstein followers, the idea that space is "warped", so that light rays are really curved and cannot travel more than a certain distance through "space" without being bent around into a circle.

All of these ideas are beset with serious difficulties. It must be admitted that we do not possess, at present, any satisfying answer to the question of what becomes of the starlight that is poured out so generously into space, apparently never to return. There has been urged, however, another idea which is extremely interesting. This is the idea that the lost starlight is converted, somehow and somewhere, into matter. The chief protagonist of this suggestion, — he is too cautious to call it a theory, — is the distinguished physicist, Sir Oliver Lodge.

If all the stars are gradually spending their substance in producing light and if this light is gone forever, it is apparent

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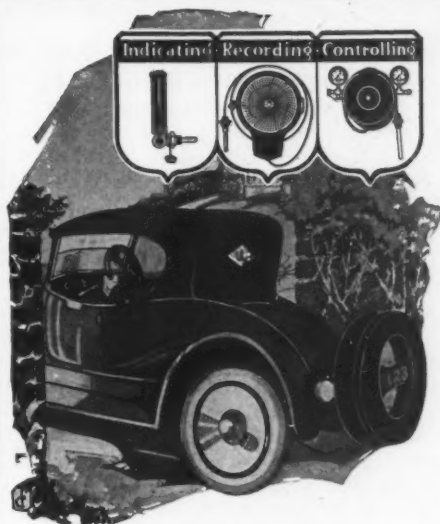
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Illustrated Section XL1

## SCIENCE NOTES

that the universe is wasting away. Matter is being converted into light. The light is lost. Nothing can start the process over again. We can never have a new star.

Perhaps this pessimistic conclusion is exact truth. It is possible that the universe is running down. Sir Oliver Lodge refuses to believe this. Admitting that we do not yet know how it can happen or even that it does happen, he prefers to imagine that in some part of space the lost starlight is changed back somehow into atoms of matter. If this change takes place in one direction in the stars, matter being there converted into energy, it ought to be possible for it to take place in the reverse direction in empty space, energy being there re-formed into matter.

This is admittedly no more than a guess. Possibly it is inspired more by the need of holding fast to hope than by any impulsion of physical facts. What the physicists need now to do is to duplicate the process which Sir Oliver Lodge imagines; the creation of matter, even of one tiny electron, out of a ray of light.

### Mysteries About the Earth

Undoubtedly we could accomplish much more in solving the mysterious problem of what becomes of starlight if we knew just what constitutes the two fundamental electric particles, the electron and the proton, which build the atoms of all the chemical elements. There is another great mystery, this time a terrestrial one, which seems to lead us back to this same fundamental matter. This is the mystery of what produces the electrification and the magnetization of the earth.

Earth magnetism is familiar to everyone. It is what causes the compass needle to point toward the north. What most people do not realize is that this magnetic property of the earth remains utterly unexplained. The superficial idea has been, and is, that the inside of the earth contains a mass of magnetic iron. This is almost certainly wrong. Probably the earth does contain a core of iron, but its temperature and other properties are probably such that we cannot imagine it to have any important degree of permanent magnetization. What does produce the considerable magnetism exhibited by the spinning ball of the earth remains a complete physical mystery.

*Illustrated  
Section* XLII

Another mystery is that of the source of earth electricity. The ground surface is nearly always electrified. Electricity continually leaks away from it, through the air, presumably to be neutralized by a reverse electrification in the clouds or in the higher levels of the atmosphere. The amount of electricity thus passing through any single cubic foot of the lower air is not large but the total for the whole earth is tremendous, enough to run all the dynamos and electric lights of several cities. Nobody knows where this earth electricity comes from, how it is generated, what source of power maintains it continually on the earth's surface in spite of its continual upward leakage to the clouds.

Many theories have been suggested both for the source of the electrification of the earth and for the earth's magnetism. In a recent paper summarizing an address before the Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia, Professor W. F. G. Swann, of Yale, a lifelong student of these matters, examines all the suggested theories and rejects them, apparently for reasons which cannot be avoided. Both problems remain mysterious.

Professor Swann does suggest, however, an interesting line of inquiry and attack. It involves this same central problem of the nature of matter, which problem is so important to the theory of chemical elements and to our hopes for the continuance of the universe.

Atoms are composed of the two kinds of electric particles, the protons and the electrons. The electrons are electrified negatively; the protons are positive. It is commonly assumed that one proton is the exact equivalent, although the opposite, of one electron.

But, says Professor Swann, is this necessarily and exactly true? It is admitted that the proton and the electron *almost* balance each other. Many facts prove this. But possibly the balance is not quite exact; the debit item may be a tiny fraction of a cent less or greater than the credit item. This would provide a tiny residual electrification. It might easily explain the mysteries both of earth electricity and of earth magnetism. More still, it might give us a clue to the nature of that greatest and most universal of mysteries, the utterly unexplained marvel of gravitation.

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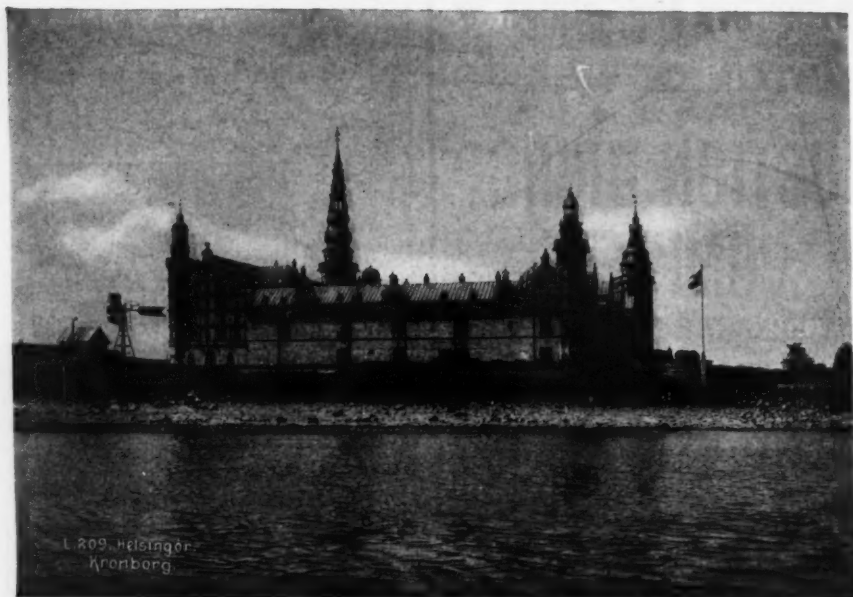
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## What to See in Europe

### CELEBRATION IN HAMLET'S TOWN

**T**HIS summer the Elsinore of *Hamlet* will celebrate its five hundredth anniversary as a market town. The celebration will begin June 2 and last into July. A feature of the occasion will be the presentation of Shakespeare's tragedy on the ramparts of Kronborg Castle. There will be elaborate festivals, with historic processions and tournaments in realistic mediæval fashion, just as in the days when knighthood was in flower. The Knights' Hall of Kronborg is being put in readiness for a great festival within the castle itself.

The fine old Castle of Kronborg stands on a promontory just outside the city of Elsinore (Helsingör), its stately rococo towers and emerald roofs seeming to rise from the sea. The red-tiled city has a magnificent setting on a shoreline of rounded hills, majestic beech woods, and whirling windmills, about twenty-five miles from Copenhagen.

It was in 1426 that the Danish King

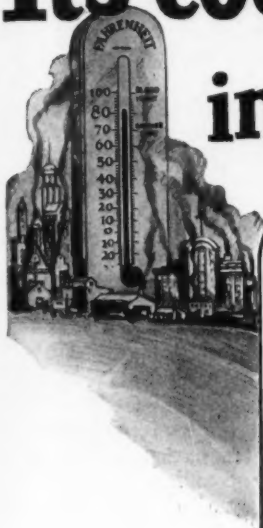
bestowed town privileges upon Elsinore, and by virtue of the Sound Tax which it was then allowed to collect, it soon acquired a considerable importance. In order to see to it that passing ships paid the toll demanded, the castle and fortress of Kronborg were erected by King Frederik II in the years 1474-83. The handsome castle has often been used as a royal fortress by the different regents. Many fine old patrician buildings from that time are still the object of admiration, and the venerable old Carmelite monastery still stands as the monks left it, being of rare value as one of the very few Danish monasteries which have been preserved in the original mediæval state.

The old cannons on the ramparts of Kronborg Castle are no longer loaded, and owing to the risk of fire the regiment of infantry which was for many years quartered in the castle has now been transferred to another garrison.

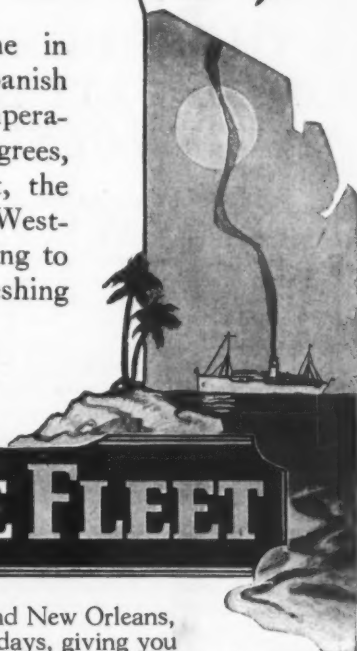
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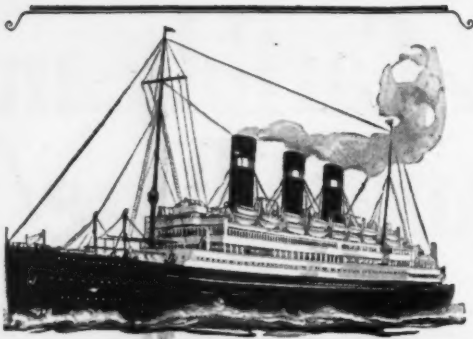
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Section XLVI

place of Saxo Grammaticus, from whose history the story of Hamlet is derived. A pile of stones surrounded by trees is shown as Hamlet's grave, and Ophelia's brook is pointed out to tourists, — but both are, of course, on a par with Juliet's tomb in Verona — imaginary.

The spirit of Hamlet, however, still hovers over the town and castle, and according to legend Holger Danske dwells in the casements below the castle, where he is sleeping until Denmark is in danger, at which time he will arise and take up his sword on her behalf.

\* \* \*

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Most European countries allow free importation of tourists' automobiles for a period of one year before collecting duty.

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\* \* \*

Among the outstanding events of interest in Europe this summer are:

**Genzano, Italy:** Feast of the Flowers, June.

**Siena:** Mediæval horse races. July 2–August 16.

**Venice:** Night Feast of the Redeemer, on Grand Canal, July 16.

**Padua:** International horse races, October 1–5.

**Bangor, Wales:** Royal Welsh Agricultural Show. August 4–6.

**Swansea, Wales:** National Welsh Eisteddfod. August 2–7.

**Dunoon, Scotland:** Highland games. August.

**Dublin:** Horse show, August 3–6.

**Edinburgh:** Universal Congress of Espartanto. July 31–August 7.

**Fano, Denmark:** International motor meet, July 5–6.

**Ghent, Belgium:** International regatta, fetes. July 18–25.

**Helsingfors, Finland:** Worlds Y.M.C.A. conference. August 1–6.

**Kandersteg, Switzerland:** International Conference of Boy Scouts. August 22.

**Leipzig:** Trade Fair. August 29–September 4.

**Magdeburg, Germany:** Theatre and Film Exposition. June 5–August 1.



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*Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript*

## Finances in France

**M**AY promises to be an interesting month in the post-war financial history of France. Next month some six billion francs of French Treasury bonds mature and it has been indicated from time to time that the holders of a large proportion of these bonds do not propose to renew them. Unless the Government can raise three billion francs at least in new bonds or provide an equivalent sum out of revenue, further inflation is probable. The French financial situation is disturbing, to state it most mildly. The quick succession of political upheavals, with at least five new cabinets formed in the past year, is sufficient indication itself of the gravity of the economic outlook. That the franc may go the way of the mark is a commonplace observation here in financial circles, as this is written; and that there may be certain repercussions on the economic situation in the United States is admitted as a possibility, although not always demonstrated clearly. There is no question but that France recognizes the gravity of the situation, but withal there exists a sublime confidence even in high political circles that all will come out right in the end. The remark attributed to ex-Premier Caillaux to an American friend not long ago indicates this. He said, "France will not go the way of Germany or the franc the way of the German mark. When the situation gets bad enough everybody will co-operate."

In a sense this is doubtless true. The

question here is: How far must things go before the situation becomes "bad enough"? It is a situation of grave interest to many American holders of French securities and to many business men who must deal with French customers in terms of francs.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the French political situation. The financial problem is enough. It is elementary finance that a nation which cannot balance its budget by making income meet the outgo must borrow to make up the deficit. And it is as true of nations as of individuals that such a program, if carried on for any length of time, leads to disaster,—in the case of nations to inflation; in the case of individuals to the bankruptcy court.

France has not balanced her budget since the war. For a few years after the armistice France went through the motions of balancing her budget by including among revenues sums that were expected to be levied from Germany in reparation, but her expenses were abnormally large due to heavy expenditures for reconstruction in the regions laid waste during the war. In this way extraordinary expenditures were balanced by extraordinary revenues. But it was a balance that was more apparent than real. Such was the situation preliminary to the crash in the franc in March, 1924. At that time American bankers came to the rescue with \$100,000,000 in the form of the famous Morgan loan. This credit was established for French account purely for the purpose

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Section LI

## DOWNTOWN

of stabilizing exchange. The mere gesture alone was sufficient to drive the franc up in this market from around 29 to the dollar to 14 to the dollar in the space of a few weeks. The credit itself was never utilized until late in 1925, when the franc was again falling in foreign markets.

### BANKERS OVER-CONFIDENT

It is greatly to be doubted whether the bankers who advanced this credit to France would ever have done so had they been able to foresee the events of the past two years. Doubtless they were confident that France would go to the root of the problem and levy taxes sufficient to stem the tide of inflation and balance the budget. Doubtless they were sanguine also that France would attempt to fund her war debt to this country, an evidence of good faith which would have gone a long way toward restoring French credit in American markets. Neither of these conditions was fulfilled, although an abortive attempt was made to fund the debt.

Last year's chronicle of the franc is sufficient indication of the way the seed of inflation took root, sprouted, and now flourishes. M. Georges Robineau, Governor of the Bank of France, related it simply in his speech before the assembly of shareholders last January. "The Government succeeded in meeting its financial obligations by means of continual loans," he remarked. These efforts failing to master the situation, "it became indispensable to raise the limit of the advances by the Bank to the State to a maximum of 22 billions and note circulation to 41 billions of francs." Actually during the year these limits were raised to "39½ billions, for advances to the Treasury, and note circulation to 58½ billions," while early this spring about 51 billions of notes were actually in circulation, 25 per cent more than at the start of 1925.

Why has the situation been permitted to endure? The answer simply is that no cabinet has yet been formed, of the many in the past five years, that has been strong enough or has been able to command support enough in the Chamber of Deputies to pass a tax bill which will provide the Treasury with sufficient revenue to balance the budget and remove this necessity of going to the Bank of France for advances to make up the deficit after

expenditures. That is at the root of the whole French fiscal problem to-day.

### THREE COURSES OPEN

Three courses are now available for the French Government to work out of its present fiscal difficulty. Two involve strong political decision and action; the third leaves matters simply to the inexorable laws of economics. First, she can increase taxes; second, levy a capital tax; third, simply proceed along the course that has been followed for the past year or two, notwithstanding efforts made by several ministries to stem the tide, — namely, continue to borrow and run along the path of slow inflation.

In theory, taxes ought to be advanced, and probably most Frenchmen will agree that they will be. Thus far every proposition to increase them has brought forth a loud political clamor and one ministry after another has succumbed. Within the past six months proposals have been made to increase income taxes, to tax Bourse operations, to raise tobacco prices (which commodity is a Government monopoly), to increase the tax on exports, to levy a form of excise tax, or sales tax, known in this instance as a stamp tax, to tax foreigners, to tax coal, and so on. Few of these have received more than scant consideration. The Finance Minister who advanced these propositions has since resigned. The people do not want any increase in taxation. They do not note that failure to increase taxation results merely in further inflation. They do not observe that as prices soar the purchasing power of a day's wage becomes diminished. They do not seem to feel this sort of indirect taxation by way of inflation, although in the final analysis it can hardly fail to be more harmful than direct taxation.

Furthermore, the French are a nation of investors, to a great extent in fixed interest-bearing obligations. Between 1903 and 1913 the French people invested 11,512,000,000 francs at home and 31,677,000,000 abroad. They have lost heavily in many of their foreign investments, especially in Russia, but these figures alone indicate their huge investment capacity. Yet by a curious twist of fate, inflation penalizes most heavily the careful investor, the one who prefers bonds or fixed interest-bearing obligations.

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Section LIII

## DOWNTOWN

It places a premium on the speculator in equities. It penalizes the peasant who hoards francs in an old stocking at home; but it rewards the reckless borrower richly. The story of Stinnes in Germany is sufficient indication of this. Borrowing marks worth two cents in American money to-day, to absorb one industry after another into his gigantic chain, he was able to repay such loans a year hence in marks worth a fraction of a cent. This, then, is the inconsistency in the position of the French peasant or investor or business man, who combats efforts to increase revenues through taxation, and unwittingly encourages inflation in doing so, which is probably far more costly to him in the long run.

### THE CAPITAL LEVY

The capital levy has not been popular in France. The Herriot cabinet fell on this issue, but it has certain points to commend it, as does any form of taxation for a nation in the position of France to-day. When it was first proposed, many in the financial world stood aghast. The scheme was rankly socialistic, they said. It proposed, briefly, a ten per cent tax on every form of property. Supposing that it could have been collected and the proceeds used for debt redemption, France would doubtless have reduced greatly the annual cost of service of the national debt. Doubtless it would have stabilized the franc. Certainly it would have been preferable for the Frenchman who owned internal bonds to have accepted a ten per cent levy on the principal of his holdings rather than risk loss of the entire principal through the process of slow inflation which is now under way. But it was visionary, impractical, or what not. And the scheme has thus far been turned down. By way of comment here, however, it may be remarked that Greece tried a capital levy when she cut the value of the drachma in half. So far as we have been able to learn, it was a success.

The mere statement of the alternatives has indicated the dangers of the third solution, namely inflation. This would simply be to repeat the experience of Germany. It would involve a drastic shifting of the country's wealth. It would efface the entire internal debt, by a form of repudiation. It would clear the board for a

new deal just as it did in Germany. But there is a grave danger of internal discord, of unemployment, of industrial collapse. The whole plan is so foreign to French tradition as a nation of investors that it is plain why financial and political leaders in France are so earnestly endeavoring to seek a way out without inflation.

### INTERNATIONAL RELIEF

Whether intervention by American or British bankers would be tolerated by France is a question. Already Governor Montagu Norman, of the Bank of England, has proposed a method by which an international loan would advance hundreds of millions for the support of the franc. He would peg the franc at about twenty to the dollar; France would sell her German reparation bonds to obtain credit and so on.

But the essence of this plan is that the French Government must quit playing politics and balance the budget; and this, up to this writing, is a requirement that they have not been able to meet. The plan received scant consideration in France. Doubtless outside control of French finances is as repugnant to French ideals as foreign dictation in American internal affairs would be to Americans.

It is customary in this country to regard stabilization of French finances as a necessary concomitant to world prosperity. Much the same thing was heard in discussions about Germany during the flight of the mark. The question may seriously be raised whether this has not been rather exaggerated. Certainly the last four years have been years of industrial and financial activity in the United States. Yet during that period Germany ran the whole gamut of inflation and France has been unable to check an incipient inflation. So far as the United States Treasury is concerned stabilization of the franc and settlement of the war debt might be construed as in our interests. So far as individual investors in this country who own French securities are concerned stabilization is desirable for obvious reasons. Nevertheless, in all the years of doubt concerning the outlook for France the opinion has almost been unanimously expressed in financial circles that, come what may, France may be expected to make good all external obligations.





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## FOREIGN REACTION

Stability in France is desired here on the general ground that a prosperous neighbor is a better neighbor to deal with than a bankrupt neighbor. When one section of a community, of a nation, or perhaps of the world is insolvent other sections are likely to feel it. When the western farmer suffered during the collapse in the grain market six years ago the whole country felt the loss of his purchasing power. When the South was hit by the collapse in the cotton market at the outbreak of the war the entire nation felt it. The parallel has not been close since the war for economic depression in Europe has not been accompanied by depression in this country.

Nevertheless the feeling is that a prosperous Europe is likely to be a better customer than a Europe with low consuming and purchasing power. But beyond this our commercial interest in Europe does not proceed very far. The large war loans and the large post-war private loans, it is recognized, must eventually be paid in goods. Many business men are already complaining of foreign competition. Our trade balance, which for years has been in our favor, has lately begun to swing against us. Some economists insist that in the long run it makes little difference whether our merchandise trade balance is in our favor or not, and that nations should concentrate on the production of those goods which they are best fitted to produce by natural advantages. Such a theory is hard on those American industries which come into direct competition with the products of cheap foreign labor and would doubtless cause considerable costly adjustment in this country. And it does not explain the fact that the greatest era of prosperity ever witnessed in this country was during the past decade when our merchandise trade balance was enormously in our favor.

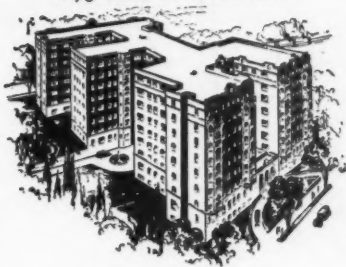
On the whole, however, there seems to be a well grounded impression in financial circles here that stabilization of the franc would have certain constructive influences on American business. Those who have given the subject extensive consideration are inclined to view this in the light of the nature of goods which France exchanges with this country. They hold that analysis



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of the export and import figures indicates that France is one European nation whose exports do not compete much with American manufactures, certainly not to the extent that the manufactures of Germany and Great Britain do. On the other hand France purchases from the United States a great many raw materials such as cotton, for instance, which would be benefited marketwise by recovery of her purchasing power. This is the mercantile view of the situation. The financial prospect obviously is that stabilization of the franc will doubtless open up opportunities for investors in French securities. This was the case when the German mark was restored to a gold basis. In the first year after the stabilization of the mark and the flotation of the initial \$100,000,000 loan to the German Government, over \$160,000,000 of German securities, mostly industrial loans, were sold in the American market. Coming at a time when good domestic bonds were available at yields of less than  $5\frac{1}{2}$  or 6 per cent, the 7 per cent and higher yields that were offered in foreign bonds proved highly attractive to American investors. Credit is available here for European nations which have put their financial house in order, especially those which have funded their debts to the United States Treasury. It is a matter of record that the ink had hardly dried on the signatures of the Italian debt funding commission when the Italian war debt was funded before a \$100,000,000 loan was negotiated through New York bankers. When and if France stabilizes the franc there is good reason to anticipate a favorable reaction on American business.

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Photograph by The United States Coast Guard

*One of the important practical uses of radio is in giving news of dangerous icebergs to nearby steamers. Boats of the International Ice Patrol stand by the bergs and broadcast warnings at frequent intervals*

## Science Notes

E. E. FREE

### Radio's Real Uses

Radio broadcasting is spectacular and amusing but virtually useless. It is difficult to make out a convincing case for the value of listening to the material now served out by the American broadcasters. Even if the quality of this material be improved, as it undoubtedly will be, one must still question whether the home amusement thus so easily provided will sufficiently raise the level of public culture to be worth what it costs in time and money and the diversion of human effort. It is quite possible to argue, indeed, that the very ease with which information or what-not reaches one by radio makes it just so much the less valuable. In educational matters, as in commerce, men usually value things by what they cost. Culture painlessly acquired is likely to be lost as painlessly, — and as promptly.

Is the whole radio excitement to result, then, in nothing but a further debauching of the American mind in the direction of still lazier cravings for sensationalism? I believe not. There are at least two directions, quite different ones, in which radio

has already proved its utility and its right to survive. One of these is its practical service as a means of communication. The other is its effect, continually growing more evident, in stimulating the revival of that exceedingly useful and desirable creature, the amateur scientist.

The practical uses of radio are typified by the photograph at the head of this page. Icebergs are perhaps the most dreaded menace among all the dangers of the sea. From the days of the Norsemen on, he who would traverse the North Atlantic in the spring has needed a venturesome spirit and a good pair of eyes in the lookout. Radio has not removed this danger but it has lessened it. Each year during the iceberg season the cutters of the United States Coast Guard patrol the steamship lanes, watching for floating hills of ice. Once found, these can sometimes be destroyed by dynamite; but, what is much more important, nearby vessels can be warned by radio. Steamers that catch sight of bergs can warn each other. The traffic lane to Europe is almost as well guarded nowadays as if it had a policeman on every corner.



## SCIENCE NOTES

### Every Man a Scientist

Important as this is, the other utility of radio is infinitely more so. It is scarcely too much to say that if radio follows its present promise it presages no less than the complete revolution of the thinking of the world. It threatens to make that thinking scientific.

It is obvious, — and deplorable, — that the world's thinking is not scientific now. "Scientific" is not too easy to define, but one approximates a definition by saying that scientific procedure implies facing the facts and judging by them alone. Very few of us do this, either in our own affairs or in formulating our opinions on public matters. Most opinions which prevail among us are the result of our hopes or our fears, of something read in books or of unscrutinized tradition. The healthy skepticism of the scientist, the demand for proof, the continual trial and testing of the engineer; these are far too rare. Like "common-sense", they are remarkable chiefly for being uncommon.

One of the best ways to learn to think scientifically, — probably, the only way, — is to practise it. It is not true, unfortunately, that scientists always think scientifically, but their average is high. There is something about continual contact with facts that teaches respect for them. The radio experimenter, fitting tubes and condensers and wires together in his attic room, soon learns that these devices will not behave as he wishes them to, merely because he greatly desires it. They must be put together right. The facts *must* be faced. That radio fan who declines to face them soon gets tired of trouble and gives up. In just the same way, if an engineer refuses to consider the real properties of his materials, if he tries to make a bridge stand up because desire or tradition requires it; that engineer will soon vanish from his profession. No man can practise science, as he might easily practise politics, and ignore the truth.

The fine and hopeful thing about radio is that it is inducing so many thousands of people, young and old, to practise science. Atoms and electrons and ether waves are now household words in America; a generation ago not even all the scientists knew them. Furthermore, an appreciation of the real basis of all science, a habit of

relentlessly facing facts, is growing simultaneously. It may easily be that the beginning of broadcasting, futile and puerile as it now is, will mark for future generations of philosophers a great turning point of history, the point at which the habit of thinking began to spread among mankind.

### Something Worth Doing

If this new infusion of scientific thinking into everybody's habits is worth having, why not encourage it? One device is immediately at hand. It is the device of the neighborhood science club. Time was, in England a generation ago (and to a lesser degree in the United States), when every community with the slightest pretensions to culture had its two organizations. the Literary Society and the Science Club. Sometimes the latter was called the Bird Club or the Natural History Society or the Microscopical Association or what-not. The purpose was always the same. It was the study, for pure amusement, of the facts and objects of nature.

For some reason that is not clear, these once ubiquitous organizations gradually died. Orations and bird's eggs lost their holds, almost simultaneously, on the public interest. When the war broke out there were probably not a dozen purely amateur science clubs in all the United States. Now they are coming back. They are coming as radio clubs. Scarcely a town but has its local organization of enthusiasts. Talk of amperes and wave-lengths and megohms has replaced the talk of rocks and plants and birds. Batteries stand on the table instead of microscopes. But the essential thing is the same. These people are studying nature. They are learning, even in spite of themselves, to face facts.

Public-spirited citizens can do no greater service to the future than to encourage these clubs to survive, and to widen their activities and interests. Radio impinges on the broader field of physics. Light and sound are subjects easy to study and interesting to demonstrate. Only a little beyond them lies the rest of the vast domain of science, much of it wide open to the effort of the amateur. It is not true that the pursuit of modern science requires great laboratories or expensive apparatus. There are dozens of problems



### "The Song of the Shirt"

WITH FINGERS weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread.  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the Song of the Shirt.

"O men with sisters dear!  
O men with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

—Thomas Hood.



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# GENERAL ELECTRIC

## SCIENCE NOTES

which need solution and which any one can solve in the way so many great scientists of fifty years ago *did* solve their problems, with a few pots and pans and glasses in a back room beyond the kitchen. If you feel like trying some of them write and tell us your special interests and we will tell you how to begin.

There is one more thing that must be said. The necessary spirit is the amateur spirit. The work must be done for its own sake, for the amusement that you find in it. Hope of gain or desire for fame have no place in the amateur's motives. If you want money go into business. If you want to see your name in the newspapers start a new cult or see what you can do with a murder. Science cannot compete with these endeavors. But if you want a pleasant avocation for your leisure, the practise of amateur science along any one of hundreds of directions has quite as much to offer as collecting postage stamps or playing on the saxophone. This our army of radio amateurs already knows.

### Radio and Deafness

Another service of radio to the community has happened almost by accident. It is the development of a long series of devices which promise to be of almost as much aid to persons who are partially deaf as are glasses to persons who are unlucky enough to have imperfect eyes. Readers of THE FORUM will remember that our survey of the street noise of New York City, which we reported in the February issue, was made by means of an apparatus developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratories for testing imperfect ears. Essentially, this is a radio apparatus. It was devised as the result of scientific work done for the perfection of telephone transmission and of radio reception. Similar devices are in daily use by radio experimenters for numerous purposes of their art.

Mere testing of his ears is not, of course, any great help to a deaf person. But it was a necessary first step. There are many kinds of deafness. To expect each person to be benefited by the same kind of ear trumpet or other sound-magnifier is almost as foolish as to expect all persons with defective sight to do nicely with duplicates of the same pair of glasses.

Devices to improve an imperfect ear must be fitted to the ear and to the type of deafness just as definitely as special glasses are now fitted to each defective eye. Not all deaf people can be cured. The devices are not so perfect yet, nor is it likely that they soon will be. But many bad ears can be fitted with amplifiers and helped to do their work. It is reasonably certain that the next generation will contain considerably fewer persons actually incapacitated by deafness than did the last one. And this, too, we must credit largely to the experimentation and interest which radio aroused.

### Fitting Men to Jobs

Even the mere testing of ears, to detect slight defects of hearing, is by no means a useless procedure. Persons who are to be employed industrially in positions where sound perception is vital should be tested in this way as universally and as rigidly as locomotive engineers are now tested for color-blindness and for good eyesight. For example, a taxicab driver who is slightly deaf, even so slightly that he himself is unconscious of his defect, will not be so safe or so economical an operator as a man who can hear street signals clearly and can detect instantly, from the noises of his machine, some incipient defect in the parts or in their adjustment.

The necessity of testing men for the exact jobs they are to fill is far broader, in fact, than the mere testing of eyes or ears. In an important address at Kansas City not long ago, the distinguished psychologist, Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, pointed out that one of the largest wastes in the world is the waste of misfit men. Square pegs in round holes not only make themselves uncomfortable, they damage the holes which they are forced to occupy. A slow-moving man working at a fast-moving machine will result in poor production. Worse still, the machine will sooner or later maim the man or the man will break the machine. How much better first to test all the men who are available and assign the quick movers to the fast machines, the slow movers to the slow machines or to tasks not involving machinery at all! Sane people do not use a sledge-hammer to drive a tack nor a knitting needle to pry off box lids. The tools are unsuitable. Men are the

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Section XLVI

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tools of humanity. Let us use the resources of science to prevent similar unsuitabilities there.

As yet the psychologists have not devised for us a complete or perfect set of human tests. Such tests as exist must be interpreted, as must everything in this world, in the light of common sense. With this saving salt of sanity human testing is well worth while. When it is fully used, by parents for their children, by employers for their staffs, by unhappy human beings for themselves; this world will be a far more cheerful place.

## Misfit Rubber

The essential of a good industrial civilization is the fitting of everything, men and materials alike, to the jobs they are to perform. Materials should suit their work as well as men. At present some of them do not. One misfit is rubber. The use of rubber has grown faster than the knowledge of how to get it or use it or replace it. A few years ago rubber was a curiosity, employed only for the novel and uncertain rubber band. Now the motorizing of transportation has blown this great industry up on a vast bubble of rubber which may burst any day. This year it very nearly did leak sufficiently to induce what would be, in the present condition of the world, one of the most fatal of possible catastrophes, a quarrel between England and the United States.

The main trouble is that the demand for rubber fluctuates much more rapidly than the supply can follow. For example, the invention of the balloon tire tremendously increased the use of rubber in the United States. It takes time to grow a rubber tree, to tap the juice from it, to harvest the crude rubber and to ship it to civilization. Rubber grows successfully only in the tropics and that is not where most of the tires are used. Correct foresight of demand is essential to a stable industry. That foresight, under present conditions, is virtually impossible.

It is extremely doubtful whether this can be cured. A rubber plant which would produce a crop of rubber in a few weeks after planting would solve the problem, but no such plant exists. One rubber-producing plant does grow in the United States and will grow more rapidly than the usual rubber tree, but its maturity



still takes several years. This plant is the guayule. Its product, although less esteemed than the standard Para rubber, is nevertheless good. Possibly a large cultivation of guayule in the southwest and in California may help to stabilize the American market, but there is no assurance of this.

The ultimate solution is, of course, to stop using rubber for tires. Rubber is one of our misfits. In an automobile tire we desire three things: First, resiliency, so that slight shocks will not be transmitted to the car. Second, an ability to flatten on the bottom, so that a considerable surface may be in contact with the road. Third, a surface which will grip the road surface tightly and will not slip. These essentials are supplied well enough by the pneumatic rubber tire but other disadvantages are introduced. For example, rubber wears easily. It is too much affected by air and sunlight. It bursts before wearing away altogether. The old tires cannot easily be salvaged and reworked.

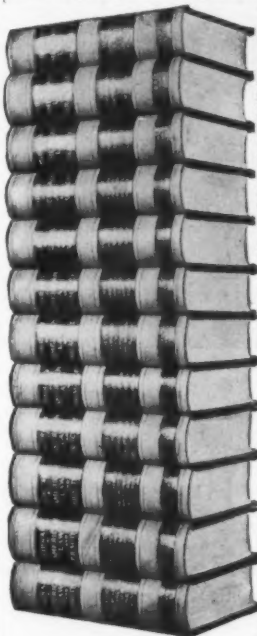
## Artificial Rubber

Many attempts have been made to produce artificial rubber. In the laboratory they are successful enough. Very good rubber can be made from turpentine. Unfortunately, the process is too costly. Perhaps it may be cheapened, but no tangible prospects are now in sight. A more reasonable line of attack seems to lie in the direction of duplicating the useful properties of rubber without attempting to produce the same material. Saccharin is not a synthetic sugar, it is merely something which makes things equally sweet. Similarly, if we can find some material or some combination of materials which will make tires absorb shocks and grip the road as well as rubber does, that is all we want. We can let rubber revert to its older uses of making rubber bands and overshoes.

The essential properties which make rubber useful are physical properties. A necessary preliminary to duplicating these properties is the accumulation of information about what rubber really is. How are the atoms in it hooked together, so that they give us the combination of properties which we prize? When this fundamental scientific information is available we may expect faster progress.

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Illustrated Section XLVII



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*The Old Fortress at Salzburg*

## What to See in Europe

### FESTIVALS IN GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

**O**UR fathers and mothers used to flock to Bayreuth in the summertime to hear the Wagner operas sung in strict accordance with the composer's wishes. That has long since ceased to be the fashion, but the idea has held over, and since the war new shrines have been making a bid for the worship of American music lovers. Of these Salzburg, the birthplace of Mozart, has become the most popular. This little Austrian city perched on hills beneath which winds a fast-flowing river, full of natural beauty and historical associations, picturesque churches and delightful little squares, is an ideal background for the festival spirit which reigns through the month of August. This year Max Reinhardt will produce plays of Hoffmansthal and Goldoni, Richard Strauss will conduct his *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Bruno Walter will lead a production of Mozart's *Die Entführung aus*

*dem Serail* and *Die Fledermaus*. Franz Schalk, with his Mozart ensemble from the Vienna State Opera House will also conduct a number of short pieces. Prices for seats range from one to seven dollars.

During the same month, from August 1 to September 5, the usual operatic festival will be held in Munich, devoted to the works of Mozart and Wagner, including two complete performances of the "Ring" cycle. The Wagner works are given at the Prince Regent Theatre, and the Mozart in the little rococo Residenz Theatre. Now that the former annoying police regulations in Bavaria have been abolished, foreign visitors require only a German visa.

A Brahms festival conducted by Furtwaengler will be held in Heidelberg from August 22 to August 24, and travelers who will be in Germany earlier in the season have another opportunity to hear

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Illustrated Section XLIX



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interesting programs in Baden-Baden, where Arthur Bodansky will conduct a festival during the last two weeks of May.

\* \* \*

Another city which is expected to draw great crowds to Germany this year is Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, where on the site of the discovery of the Neanderthal skull an International Health, Physical Culture, and Social Welfare Exhibition will be held from May 7 to October. Great preparations are being made to make this a popular and artistic, no less than a scientific exposition, and many well-known painters, architects, and sculptors have been engaged in the designs for the buildings and the exhibits.

It is impossible to do justice to the scope of this undertaking in a brief note. It will include exhibits under the following heads: housing, food, anatomy, hygiene, climate, sanitation, welfare work, physical culture, sports. One complete section will be devoted to the development of gymnastics, ball games, turf games, dancing, hiking, mountain climbing, water sports, methods of life-saving, costumes, fashions, etc. There will also be upwards of two hundred scientific conventions on the exhibition grounds.

\* \* \*

Among the events of interest in Europe this summer are:

**Zurich:** Festival arranged by International Society for Modern Music. June 15-22.

**Basle:** International Exhibition for Inland Navigation and Utilization of Hydraulic Power and World Power Conference. July 1-September 15.

**Leipzig:** Trade Fair. August 28-September 4.

**Dresden:** International Art Exhibition. April to October.

**Cologne:** German Olympic Games. July 4-11.

**Stratford-on-Avon:** Shakespeare Festival. August-September.

**London:** Royal Tournament, Olympia. May 19-June 5. International Horse Show, June 17-26.

**Swansea:** Eisteddfod. August 2-7.

**Leksand, Sweden:** Dance of the Midsummer Eve, June 23.

**Brittany and Slovakia:** Pardons and Feast Day Pilgrimage in folk costumes.



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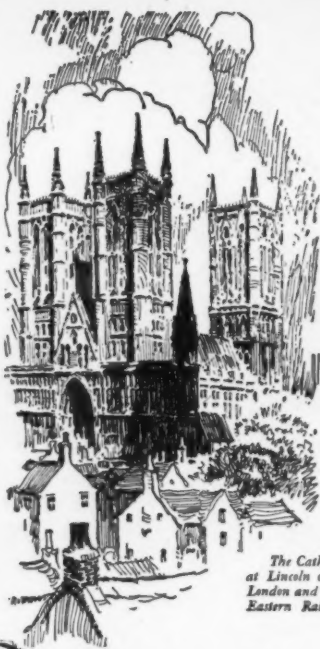
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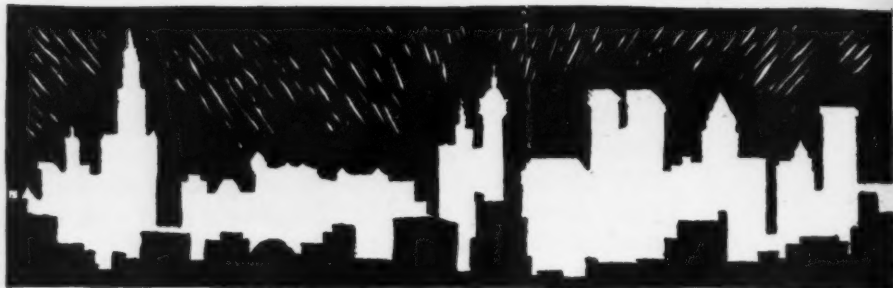
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## Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON

*Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript*

### Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

#### PART TWO

Reference was made in this section of the FORUM last month to the measures which conservative investment bankers have been adopting lately in order to meet the increasing demand from investors for real estate mortgage bonds which, like Caesar's wife, would be above suspicion. The tremendous expansion in building operations in this country in the past three or four years, it was shown, has given rise to considerable speculative building; the charge that this building boom has bred questionable methods of financing has been made by responsible authorities and apparently is in part justified. Where the time honored practise has been to provide a substantial equity in tangible assets above the amount of a first mortgage as a measure of protection for the investor, it has been charged that first mortgages have been issued upon buildings up to 90 and 100 per cent of their value. Investors have been induced by the attractive rates of interest offered to place their funds in such propositions, not realizing that in many instances they are assuming speculative risks which ought not to surround a real estate mortgage bond.

When a man seeks an investment for his money he wants first to be sure that his principal is safe; if he desires to speculate on the probable success of a building enterprise, that is his business, and that is also legitimate. Now if the

building boom is to continue indefinitely and if prices are to continue to rise indefinitely many of the speculative bond issues to-day may prove to be well secured five years from to-day by the appreciation in the value of the equity meanwhile. There is an element of doubt in many quarters whether the boom will continue; in fact many feel that there is a possibility that building costs and real estate values may decline. Nobody knows whether a loan up to 80 per cent or 70 per cent or 60 per cent will prove safe from the investor's standpoint in all cases, but it is perfectly obvious that the lower the ratio of loan to value, the greater the degree of security, and loans up to 90 per cent do not offer any material amount of security in the event of unsettlement.

First mortgages on real estate rank among the very highest class of investment securities, but it is very essential that those mortgages be prudently and intelligently negotiated. In order that investors may be afforded the maximum amount of protection, two new tendencies in real estate mortgage financing have been given considerable impetus in the past year or so, with a view to enhancing the safety of the funds of investors placed at risk in real estate mortgages. The first of these is concerned with the diversification of the actual mortgages placed on property; secondly the business of insuring mortgages, through responsible surety companies, has been greatly expanded. Both of these tendencies have operated greatly to the advantage of the investor,

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The Investment Committees of these Companies are composed of men who have had long experience in the purchase of securities and scrutinize most carefully each investment made. They have been satisfied both as to safety and return, by the outstanding advantages of these bonds.

The Individual — whether experienced or inexperienced — can wisely follow the judgment of this group and safely invest in these triply-protected mortgage bonds — secure in the safety of their principal and the adequate income of 6%.

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Section LVII

## DOWNTOWN

particularly the small investor who may be lacking in time or experience an opportunity to make a careful examination of the property back of his bond. Furthermore a demand has arisen for the guaranty by the selling house, the mortgage bond company, that it shall stand back of each of its bonds to the limit of its resources. All these factors have strengthened the position of real estate issues without materially diminishing their attractiveness from the standpoint of interest return.

### DIVERSIFICATION OF RISK

Mention has already been made in these columns of the importance of diversification as an element of security in any investment. A life insurance company underwrites its policies on the principle of diversification of risk. Although each life that is insured sooner or later must end and result in a payment of the face amount of the policy, through diversification and mathematical determination of the premium and mortality rate the company is enabled to make a profit in the long run. Common stocks as a class are ordinarily regarded as the most speculative and possessing the least of investment characteristics of any form of security, yet there have been several illuminating studies made of common stocks as long termed investments which have shown that a broad diversification would ensure even in these issues a splendid investment record.

The same has been applied to the real estate mortgage field. The tendency that has developed most rapidly in the past year in this direction is that which is represented by the mortgage company which buys a large number of mortgages, usually on small properties and for small amounts. The usual practice then is to have the individual mortgages guaranteed by a surety company. Then the mortgage company deposits the mortgages purchased with a trust company and issues its own bonds against them. These bonds are then distributed wholesale to bond houses in the leading financial centres, which re-distribute them to the public.

While diversification is the essence of the safety of this plan, the greatest care is given in the selection of mortgages for investment by the company. Some

of these companies diversify their selections of mortgages over a great many communities, as this company does, and are really national in character. Others specialize in a single state and are local. Great care is given the selection of the town or city in which the funds of the company are to be loaned. Representatives, usually officials of the company, spend a great deal of time making personal investigations of the communities under consideration. The industries in a given city are considered carefully, for a community dependent on a single industry is likely to reflect the fluctuations in business conditions very sharply, and those with a fair amount of diversification as to industries are naturally preferred. The character of the buildings, the size of the city, whether its people are industrious and progressive, its churches and schools and many other factors are carefully weighed before a decision to do business in that community is reached. And usually the approval of the surety company which is to insure the mortgages purchased is secured before any loans are made.

### RIGOROUS SELECTION

Thereupon arrangements are made for the selection of local agents who will pass upon the applications for mortgages as they are presented. In the case under consideration the practice is to give the preference in the selection of local agents to a corporation which can furnish satisfactory references with respect to financial standing and record. Furthermore, this corporation is required to pledge itself in writing on every application for a loan forwarded to the mortgage company that it will make good any loss incurred in connection with a given loan. Naturally the effect is to place a great deal of responsibility on the local agent and insure a proper selection of risks. Reports of at least two appraisers are required with each application for a loan and photographs demanded that will show the property itself and surrounding property. Then the applications go before the loan committee of the mortgage company at its home office.

This, then, is the basic security back of the bond that the investor buys. With the purchase of the mortgage by the mortgage company the instrument is then



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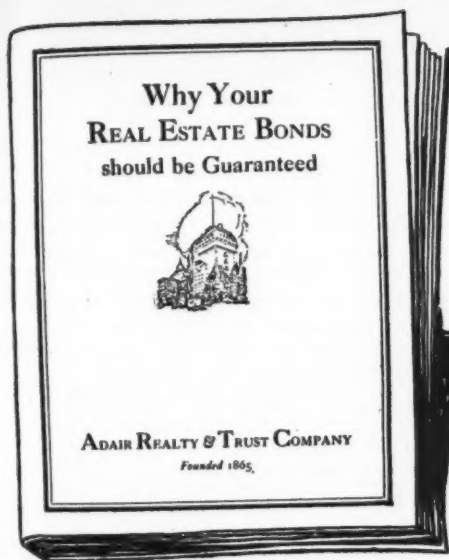
deposited with a trust company which acts as trustee for the bonds to be issued to the public. Each bond bears the guaranty of the mortgage company to pay principal and interest and the additional guaranty of the surety company, subject only to the provision that if any defect in title has impaired the individual mortgage's security, a title guaranty company shall make good any consequent loss. Furthermore proper evidence is presented that the buildings on properties mortgaged have been insured against damage by fire.

Such are the safeguards surrounding the principal of sums invested in real estate mortgage bonds of this type. Due to the relatively high mortgage interest rates obtaining in the south and west, where most of the companies of this description operate, the bonds finally sold to the investor usually command about six per cent return.

#### SECURITIES AGAINST LOSS

Now it is fairly evident that before the investor in this type of mortgage bond can suffer loss, a number of calamities must occur. In the first place the man who placed the mortgage on his home must default payments of principal and interest. In the event of default on his part the property stands as security. As loans are not made for more than 60 per cent of the appraised value of the property there is a good prospect that the property can be sold at foreclosure sale for sufficient at least to pay the principal and costs due on the mortgage. If the original maker of the mortgage fails to pay, the loss must be made good by the Mortgage Company. If the Mortgage Company's resources are in any way impaired, then the loss must be made good by the Surety Company. Then only can the investor suffer loss. However, it is fairly evident that if such a series of disasters should develop it could be only as a result of a nation-wide collapse.

At times the question is raised whether the practise of insuring these mortgages is essential. If an insurance company is doing business with a number of mortgage bond houses and the mortgages are placed in many sections of the country and in many widely scattered communities such a company would possess precisely that



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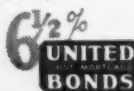
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element of diversification of its risks which renders fire insurance and life insurance possible. Ordinarily there are certain limits beyond which the mortgage insurance company will not go. One of the best known companies in the field makes a practise of maintaining a reserve equivalent to 50 per cent of the premiums received. In the case of a claim for payment against a defaulted mortgage they would set up an additional reserve equal to the full amount of the claim. Another important company in the field makes a practise of guaranteeing mortgages up to twenty times the combined capital and surplus.

**CONSERVATIVE APPRAISALS**

While this is an approximate presentation of the method under which this type of mortgage bond house operates, in actual practise there are differences in detail. One of the largest of these houses, while limiting its loans to 60 per cent of the appraised value of properties, in actual practise is lending on the average about 45 per cent of the appraisal. Others insist on a monthly amortization of the indebtedness by the borrower, which reduces the amount at risk for the investor and increases the equity of the borrower.

Some confine their operations almost wholly to homes, one company in particular reporting recently that 95 per cent of its mortgages were on homes occupied by the owner in which he has a substantial equity and is sound morally and financially. Construction loans are often avoided, but when they are made are usually guaranteed completion free of liens by some good surety company. Finally we hear of cases where appraisals are figured 10 to 15 per cent under replacement value as a matter of extreme precaution and loans only made to 60 per cent of that appraisal. It is very evident that where the business has been conducted along such conservative lines a depreciation in building values of even 25 per cent or more would not reduce the margin available for such loans. And in the opinion of many good authorities a drop of 25 per cent in prices for building materials, labor, property valuations represents probably the extreme to which things could be carried in the event of a depression.

# Forty Scientific Years

*A review of the progress of science during the life of THE FORUM  
1886 to 1926*

E. E. FREE

It is safe to say that no period in the history of the world has seen such extraordinary scientific progress as has this period of forty years since 1886. When the applications of science are under consideration, this is usually admitted. These four decades have witnessed the development of the automobile, of radio, of aircraft, of electric machinery, of the telephone (although the primary invention of this had been made a few years earlier), of internal plumbing for dwellings, of reinforced concrete construction for buildings, and of many other arts or inventions which we now consider absolutely indispensable. The generation has been, everyone admits, one of widespread and intensive application of the discovered facts of nature to the needs of man.

But this is not all of the accomplishment of these forty years. It is not, indeed, the chief part of it. Progress has been even more marked in the fundamentals of scientific knowledge, in the discovery of new and vital facts, the practical applications of which have scarcely begun. These newer facts will underlie the applications of the next four or five decades, just as the facts discovered by the great scientists of the first half of the nineteenth century underlay the applications which we have witnessed since *THE FORUM* has been on the scene.

Chief among these new discoveries, — as distinct from new applications, — stands, it cannot be questioned, our new knowledge of the nature of the atoms of matter. Next in importance is the Einstein theory of relativity; not, strictly speaking, a discovery in natural science but rather one in thinking, in what used to be called, so truly, "natural philosophy". It is probable that no single piece of intellectual effort in the history of the world will prove more important, when the final records

can be cast up, than is the achievement of this remarkable Jewish thinker.

Third in the list of important intellectual accomplishments of these forty years is, in my opinion, the new knowledge of the age of the earth. In 1885 geologists and physicists combined in the belief that the earth could not be more than a few million years old. The sun, it was believed, could not have maintained its heat at the present rate of radiation for longer than about that time. It was known that the life on earth in the past had gone through many changes and vicissitudes. Darwin's theory of evolution had attempted to account for some of these. But this theory needed time. It was obvious that evolution was a slow process; otherwise it would be going on visibly in the world of plants and animals with which we are familiar. How could there be time enough, in the few million years of earth history, which the geophysicists would grant us, for all the manifold and far-reaching evolutionary changes which the theories of Darwin and Wallace required?

Thus the question stood in 1886 when the first issue of *THE FORUM* came off the press. A bold geologist here and there asserted that the geophysicists must be wrong, that it simply had to be assumed that the earth was a hundred million years or so old, old enough to allow time for the changes of living matter, which changes were actually evident in the fossils discovered in the rocks.

Nowadays we know that the real age of the earth, much in the form it has to-day, stretches back into the past for a magnificent vista of more than a billion and a half years, many times longer than any one would have dared to dream in 1886. There is now ample time for any set of evolutionary changes which the biologists feel it necessary to contemplate. One



## THE FORUM

great, rankling contradiction in the data of science has been removed.

These new estimates of earth-age come, of course, from the application of the new knowledge of radioactivity which began with the famous discovery of radium by Professor and Madame Curie in 1898. The application is two-fold. First, direct estimates of rock age have been made by testing the partly disintegrated amounts of radioactive elements in the rocks. These lead to the figures given. Second, the new knowledge of atoms which also began with the discovery of radium has provided the theorists with a new source of energy for the sun; a source which permits us, indeed requires us, to think of the age of our familiar luminary in terms of eight or ten billions of years instead of in the paltry millions which the physicists of the last generation were willing to allow.

These three dicta, — the new knowledge of the atom, the Einstein theory of relativity, and the increased measure for the age of the earth, — are undoubtedly the chief new facts discovered by science during the past forty years. They have already modified profoundly the thought and practise of the world. They are destined, we may be sure, to modify it more profoundly still.

But they are exceeded in real importance, I believe, by a most remarkable practical accomplishment of the past forty years, an accomplishment which has gone almost unheralded in literature although it is unquestionably one of the greatest discoveries or inventions, — taking both into account, — ever made by mankind. It is the perfection of processes for canning food. If canned food had been available for Napoleon's armies it would have altered unrecognizably the present map of the world. If Egypt or Babylon had known how to can food supplies as we do, the whole course of civilization would have flowed in a different channel.

To set down a list of the world's greatest inventions is an indoor sport popularized recently by no less an authority than Mr. H. G. Wells. It is one in which every player will come out, in all probability, with a different list. Be this as it may, I am willing to take my stand on the assertion that in all of human history, recorded and unrecorded, there have been only seven discovery-inventions which take

absolutely first rank. The most important of the seven is, it cannot really be disputed, the discovery of the function of the seeds of plants. When man had learned that to plant artificially the little grains which could be gathered in the autumn meant a better crop of new grain in the spring, what we call progress and civilization became for the first time possibilities. Agriculture, — that mother and supporter of all the arts and sciences and industries, — had begun. Incidentally, this altogether basic and vital discovery was probably not made by a man but by a woman.

Next in importance, although probably first in time, was the discovery of the control of fire. When the devouring and searing flames of the forest fire, of the lightning, or of the volcano were tamed as household servants, man had taken a long step toward his goal of making the powers of nature serve instead of affright.

Third, in my opinion, was the invention of pottery. With the first bowl of baked clay in his hands man was able, for the first time, to do without eating all his food at once. He had something in which to keep a little for the morrow.

These three discovery-inventions were made far back in prehistoric times. We do not know who made them or why. We merely enjoy the benefits. Two others were made by the primitive civilizations, probably both of them in Babylonia. One was the invention of writing, so that the skilled and instructed men of one generation could leave a clear and unforgettable record for the next. The second was the idea of what we call standards; of arbitrary units of weight, of measure, of time, of money. These things are so familiar to us that we forget how important and ingenious they are. Imagine a world in which you could not order five yards of cloth because there was no such thing as a yard nor pay for it in money because no one had any idea of a dollar or of any monetary unit.

We come now to modern times. Long before the time of Christ the world had already acquired and put to use five of the seven discovery-inventions which I am urging as so fundamental. Two others have come since. One is the germ theory of disease, an achievement which has already done more to alleviate human suffering and to prolong life than all other medical

## FORTY SCIENTIFIC YEARS

accomplishments combined. It was elaborated, by Pasteur, two decades before THE FORUM was begun. It falls outside the period which we are reviewing.

The final one, the only one of the seven which lies inside THE FORUM's lifetime, is the one which I have already mentioned, the discovery of the art of canning food. The beginnings of this art go back, of course, far beyond the past forty years. Ways of conserving foods by various preservative methods have been known for ages. The Chinese have been preserving eggs, more or less successfully, although somewhat odorously, for three thousand years. It is probable that primitive hunters were drying meat strips over a smoky fire a hundred thousand years ago.

These anticipations are beside the point. The vital thing is that within the past forty years processes have been perfected by which almost any edible material can be sealed up in a tin or in a glass jar, sterilized, and made to keep, in all its original utility, for as many years as we care to let it remain unopened. Man raises all human structures, intellectual and material alike, on a foundation of food. If food cannot be stored, civilization cannot be stored either. The unlimited food storage and virtually unlimited food shipment now made possible by canning processes is likely to appear to the historian of 3000 A.D. quite equal in importance to the discovery of agriculture or the invention of ways of taming fire.

There are four things, then, which seem to me the outstanding and incomparably important achievements of our scientists and inventors during the past four decades; the new knowledge of the atom, the Einstein theory of relativity, the lengthened estimates of the age of the earth, and the perfection of canned food. To them we must add, however, a few accomplishments which are undeniably real and important. Some students might give these even first rank.

One of these is a general field of accomplishment rather than a single event. It is the tremendously increased application of chemical and physical methods of control to industry. Let us take the single instance of iron. Iron has been made by man for at least three thousand years, possibly longer. Until quite recent times all of it was made in essentially the same way. A man

learned the iron business by observing skilled workmen and by trying things for himself. Then he went on. He guessed at the kind of ore to use, he guessed at the time and temperature to heat it, he guessed at the quality of the result. It was all a game of guessing. The best guesser was the best ironmaster. Within the memory of many living men, skilled furnace men were hired solely because they were believed to be able to "sense" the nature of the ore or flux or other materials and the way in which the furnace was behaving.

This is now past. Guesswork has been replaced by the chemist. Ore, limestone, and other materials are analyzed. The gas that comes from the top of the furnace is analyzed. From time to time the chemist tests a sample of the liquid slag which runs out while the iron is being smelted. The result is continuous operation, less spoiled and wasted material, lower costs for the iron industry to pay. Science has its finger on the pulse of the operation. If something begins to go wrong the patient does not die.

Not only in the iron business has this been done. The flour industry, the sugar industry, the railways, the oil refineries, the makers of paper and cement and glass, all have found that it pays to keep a chemist around with his finger on the factory's pulse. This has grown habitual during the past forty years. It involves no outstanding new discoveries, although some discoveries have been made. What it does involve, and what is so potentially important to humanity, is the development of a mechanism by which what the laboratory scientist discovers and what he already knows can find its application to the improvement and cheapening of manufacture.

Similar applications of the findings of physics and chemistry have been made in other directions. Astronomy has been invaded. Atomic knowledge has been applied to the stars. By a most ingenious theory, first elaborated by the Indian physicist Dr. M. N. Saha, the temperatures and surface densities of the stellar suns have been determined from certain characteristics of the light rays which they send to us. Physics and chemistry have been applied, also, in the biological field, with prospects to which I shall return presently.

## THE FORUM

Among single discoveries not quite significant enough to rank with those in atomics, in relativity, or in earth-age, four deserve especial mention. One is the isolation and weighing of the electron, an accomplishment of Dr. R. A. Millikan, then of the University of Chicago and now President of the California Institute of Technology. The electron is, we believe, the ultimate particle of electricity. It is very tiny, so tiny that many billions of them pass through the filament of an electric lamp in a second. Electrons cause all electric currents. Dr. Millikan succeeded in isolating single electrons, tiny as they are, and in measuring the amount of electricity carried by each of them.

A second accomplishment is the geological principle known as the theory of isostasy, elaborated by Dr. John F. Hayford, formerly of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. This is a theory of the structure of the crust of the earth. It says, in effect, that the rock masses which we call continents are composed of lighter-weight material than the main part of the earth's crust. That is why the continents stick up above the sea, so that we can live on them. They are really floating in a layer of denser rock, much as icebergs float in the sea or as water-logged tree trunks float in a river.

The third of the minor, but mentionable, achievements is the discovery of the floating vegetable life of the sea, the material called the "plankton". This discovery is not the work of any one man. It had begun, indeed, even before the forty years which we are surveying. But during these four decades the labors of many workers have shown us that the surface layers of the ocean are thickly populated by myriads of tiny plants and animals, most of them so small as to be microscopic. These constitute one of the world's great food reserves. The plantlets absorb sunlight and convert it into food material, just as plants do on the shore. Fish eat the organisms of the plankton; that is how the fish live. It is by no means impossible that better knowledge of these floating pastures of the sea will permit us, before another forty years have passed, to turn them more directly to the uses of mankind.

Finally, this four-decade slice of science has contributed one instrument destined, in all probability, to rank with the bal-

ance, the telescope, and the microscope as one of the most useful tools of scientific research. This new instrument is the vacuum tube amplifier now familiar to every radio fan. This marvelous device is, in effect, an electrical microscope. Even in its present state of imperfection it permits us to amplify alternating electric currents many millions of times. The tiny currents produced by the beating of a man's heart, the still tinier electric changes caused by twisting a piece of rock crystal in the fingers, the minute energy received from a star in a single ray of star light, all these have been magnified, studied, and recorded by the useful little vacuum tubes of our radio sets.

And now we come to some discoveries that have not yet happened, but which we can clearly foresee. These deal with the subject which is most important to us of all conceivable subjects, with man himself. Within the past forty years scientists have begun, almost for the first time in history, to study the body of man with the full armament of all the sciences. Physics, chemistry, microscopy, and mathematics have been focused on human problems. The results appear slowly. The greatest of all human problems, for example, is that of heredity. By what mysterious mechanism are the characteristics of the parents passed over to the children?

As yet there is no certain answer. The discovery inside the living germ cells of both parents of tiny objects, visible under powerful microscopes and named "chromosomes", was hailed a few years ago as the beginning of the key which would unlock the mystery. These chromosomes were supposed to be the carriers of this or that personal quality from parent to offspring. Possibly they are, but it has not been proved. There is little doubt, however, that the next forty years will tell us the truth about this. Undoubtedly, we are close to the discovery of what heredity really is, with all of the practical applications, in eugenics and in other directions, which such a discovery would make possible.

There are similarly vast possibilities which appear to lie just beyond the present scientific horizon in the study of disease. Space forbids detailed discussion here, but one paragraph is possible. The germ theory of disease, great discovery as

## SHALL WE TRAIN OUR NOSES ?

it was, is not the full answer to the problem of human ills and wells. The full answer involves the receptiveness of the individual for the germ, as well as the habits and violences of the germ itself. Some bodies repel germ boarders successfully, others do not. We do not yet know why, but it seems that we soon shall know. So this, too, must be left for THE FORUM to record during its next four decades.

And now, at the end of this review, we must come to a note of questioning. So far we have been pointing with pride. Much has been accomplished; more seems close at hand. But what about the really vital thing? What about the growth of the mind of man? Have the discoveries of the past century,—for the problem now transcends the forty years of THE FORUM,—have these discoveries raised the intellectual level of mankind? Does science help man to think?

I wish that the answer could be clearly in the affirmative. There is no doubt that science *ought* to teach men to think and to think straight. Science is not a body of information; it is, in its essence, a method of work. It means that both eyes are fixed on facts and on facts only, instead of one eye on the profits and the other on the gallery. No man who has assimilated the spirit of science dare ever lie to himself.

But, unfortunately, people seem to like to learn the words of science and to leave the truths unnoticed. It is undoubtedly true that millions of people have now heard about atoms, where scores knew of them forty years ago. But the millions continue to use such words as atom and electron as magic incantations, not as coined ideas. Witness, for example, the "electronic" reactions of Abrams, which swept the United States a few years ago and about which the best that can be said is that none of their adherents and few of their practitioners had the faintest idea of what it was all about.

Knowing some words does not make a scientist. If people think any straighter to-day than they did forty years ago that fact is not insistently visible. The problem of science for the next forty years is not one of making new discoveries. It is the problem of helping the public to understand what has already been discovered. Science has displaced magic from a few of the public activities. We no longer open chickens and burn incense when we lay the foundations of a new bridge. Science must now root out magic from the public mind.

Whether this can be done in another forty years one is constrained to doubt, but there is always hope.

## Shall We Train Our Noses?

E. E. FREE

For the past eight months THE FORUM has been carrying out a study of the human sense of smell. A brief preliminary report was printed in THE FORUM for September, 1925. It is now possible, on the basis of some four hundred individual records which have been accumulated since then, to present more complete and more definite conclusions.

Perhaps the chief of these conclusions is the practical one that a conscious effort to "train" our national noses might have a distinctly worth-while effect on the comfort of living. Another conclusion is that people differ much less than was imagined in the real physiological sensitiveness of

their noses. The differences between individuals, which differences indubitably do exist, may be referred, we believe, to greater or lesser abilities in recognizing odors, not in smelling them.

Our experimental method is simplicity itself. We have a medicine case containing twelve small corked bottles. These bottles contain pure white cotton wool, each scented with a different odor. All the bottles look exactly alike. No hint of the nature of the odor can be derived through the eye. The person under test is asked to smell each bottle in turn, indicating to the observer what the bottle smells like, if any odor can be recognized at all. The whole



## THE FORUM

operation is, in fact, exactly the same as that of a familiar children's game which has been in household use for years and which is now on the toy market, under the name of "Whiff".

Everyone who has ever tried this game knows how difficult it is to recognize odors thus dissociated from their proper visual setting. It is easy to smell the odor of a cup of coffee, but extremely difficult to be sure of recognizing this same odor when it emanates from a small white bottle which has no resemblance whatsoever to the familiar brown powder or bean or to the still more familiar liquid of our breakfast cups. This difficulty of recognition has been continually evident in our tests. No person has ever made a perfect score on our twelve bottles, which contained (in the majority of our tests) the following odors:

1. A strong odor of oil of cloves.
2. A weak odor of hydrogen sulphide (rotten eggs).
3. A moderately strong odor of vanilla.
4. A moderately strong odor of acetic acid (vinegar).
5. A very weak odor of oil of cloves, the same odor as number one, differing only in intensity.
6. A strong odor of valerian, a drug which is unfamiliar to most people but which the average individual regards as unpleasant.
7. No odor. A blank inserted in the series to discover whether the individual under test is imagining the odors or is pretending to smell them when he does not.
8. A strong odor of attar of roses.
9. A strong odor of nitrobenzol, a chemical the odor of which is familiar to most people as that of shoe polish.
10. A weak odor of chocolate (produced, actually, by cocoa butter).
11. A very weak odor of valerian, the same as number six. Introduced in the series to test the effect of varied intensity on the recognition of an unpleasant, but unfamiliar, odor.
12. A moderately strong odor of sulphur dioxide, the gas given off by burning sulphur or by the burning of coal which contains sulphur. Familiar to many people as the gas smelled in railway tunnels when the train goes through.

The wrong identifications of these odors are frequently most ludicrous, although nearly always some past association with the odor can be traced. The odor strikes a responsive chord in the brain, but the exact name and nature of this chord cannot be identified. For example, bottle number eight (the attar of roses) is frequently identified by men with barber shops and by women with beauty shops; the association deriving, of course, from the fact that so many face creams, lotions, and other toilet preparations are scented with this oil. Another list of common mis-identifications for this odor is "peppermint", "cinnamon", "wintergreen", "sassafras", and the like. At first these puzzled us. The clue was found, finally, in an association with candy. Many kinds of cheap candies are scented with rose. Other kinds, equally familiar, are flavored with the peppermint and other oils mentioned. The rose odor raised the candy association. The only fault was that the wrong name, out of several equally possible names, happened to be remembered for it.

Bottle number nine, which smells like shoe polish, is another one that is very hard to identify. The odor is perfectly familiar to nearly everybody and is usually recognized as being so. But the visual and other associations are all wrong. The bottle is not black. It does not in the least resemble a shoe. The surroundings of the test are totally unlike those of the shoe-shining stand or of the barber shop. The person under test usually flounders for a while and then gives up. It is interesting, then, merely to say "shoe-polish" and to note how instantly the proper association "clicks" in the smeller's brain. "Of course," he will say, "why couldn't I think of that?"

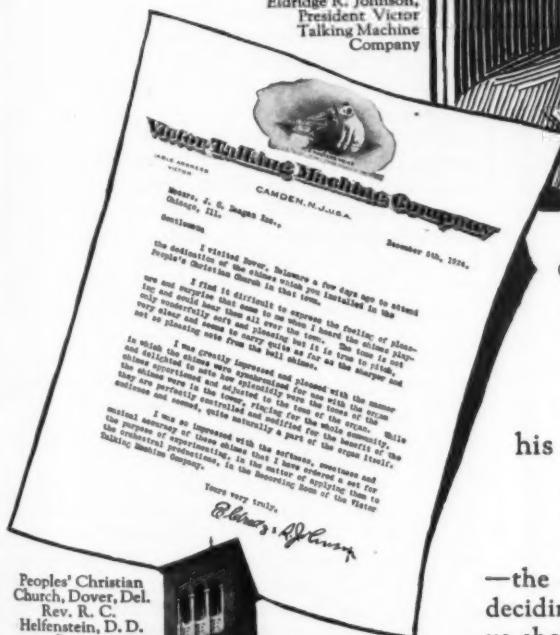
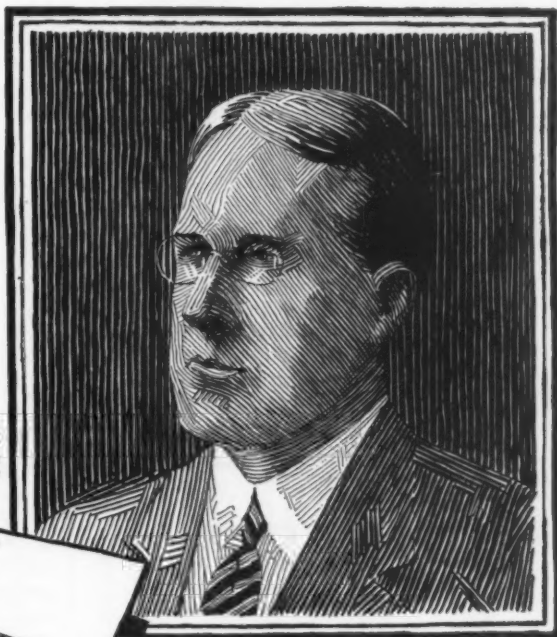
Another interesting, and very significant, fact came out in connection with this same bottle of shoe-polish odor. Among the groups of persons whom we have tested was a particularly homogeneous and satisfactory group consisting of the students in the elementary psychology classes at Dartmouth College,—a group made available to us by the kind coöperation of Professor Charles L. Stone, the head of that Department. This group averaged far higher in correct recognition of the shoe-polish bottle than did any other group, of either sex, which we have



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tested. The reason appears to be that college students are more likely to polish their own shoes than are city dwellers or members of most other social groups. They are more familiar with this odor. They recognize it more easily.

A few figures may be of interest. Taking account of all the tests made, the percentage of correct identification of the odors is only 21.2 per cent; that is, out of each five possible identifications only one, on the average, is made correctly. In the group of Dartmouth students the percentage of correctness is a little higher, being 27.4 per cent, a few obviously abnormal cases being omitted. The best record made by anyone was 92 per cent, indicating the correct identification of eleven out of the twelve bottles. This was accomplished by only one man, a professional pharmacist. Six people identified correctly ten out of the twelve bottles; a score or more identified nine out of the ten, and so on. At the other end of the series, a considerable number of the persons tested failed completely, all of their twelve identifications being wrong.

There is no appreciable difference between the sexes, the female groups averaging about the same in percentages of correct identification as do the males. Age appears, also, to be without clear effect, although no children and no very old persons have been tested. Unexpectedly, there proves to be little or no difference between smokers and non-smokers or between people with colds or other respiratory inflammations and people who are free of these. If it is permissible to judge on the basis of a relatively few strictly comparable tests (about 80) it may be said that city noses are better than country ones, for people who have lived most of their lives in cities appear to recognize these twelve odors with about 30 per cent of perfection, as against only about 19 per cent for persons who have spent their lives in the country.

Contrary to the statement made in our preliminary report in THE FORUM for last September, it has not been found that people differ greatly in the sensitivity of their smell sense. They do differ, it is obvious, in their ability to *recognize* smells; some make scores of eighty per cent or better, the average is about twenty per cent, some get only zero. But this applies to the strictly mental process of recogni-

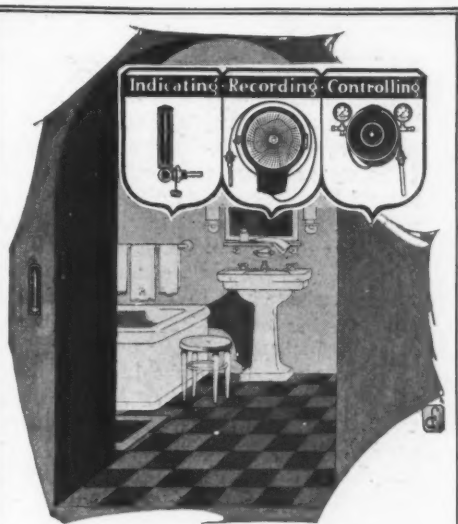
tion, not to the nasal and nervous process of smelling.

The inclusion in our set of two odors, clove and valerian, each of which was present in two concentrations, as well as the use, purposely, of some odors that are strong and some that are weak, enabled us to obtain some information concerning the sensitivity of the nasal nerves, as well as concerning the recognition of the odors. It is impossible to be dogmatic. The data are too meagre and too much open to varied interpretation. But it may be stated that so far as the data are meaningful at all on this point, they do not indicate the existence of some individuals with very sensitive noses and of other individuals with insensitive ones. Even the persons who fail to recognize correctly a single one of the odors usually smell most of them easily enough. The sensation in the nose operates perfectly. It is merely that the right memory connection fails in the brain.

The mechanism of smell is undoubtedly chemical. Particles of the odorous material enter the nose with the air that is breathed. These particles come in contact with the surface of the nasal membranes, possibly with the ends of the olfactory nerves. Some stimulus is applied to these nerves and is transmitted to the brain.

In the instance of the sense of taste, which is similarly chemical in its nature, the psychologists have concluded that there are only a limited number of "unit" tastes. One can taste separately, they say, only sweet, salt, bitter, sour, peppery, and possibly one or two others. The same theory has been applied to smell, notably by the German psychologist, Dr. Hans Henning, who devised, after many experiments on himself, a scale of six primary smell sensations: fruity, flowery, spicy, resinous, smoky, and putrid. Out of various combinations of these six all possible smell sensations were built up, he believed, much as different tints of color are built up by various mixtures of the fundamental or "primary" ones.

Other lists of primary odors have been constructed by other psychologists. Some differ quite widely from those quoted; others are substantially the same. In our tests we have not only found no evidence supporting this list, but we have found a complete absence of indication that any primary list exists at all. So far as we can



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## THE FORUM

determine from our tests each odor is smelled individually and all of them unlike each other. Such a conclusion reduces us, however, to a philosophical absurdity. It is unthinkable that one single nerve should be able to transmit to the brain so many totally different kinds of stimulus, one for each of the thousands of known odors. There must be some kind of simplification effected in the nose or in the nerve. Some kind of unit sensations must exist in smell as in other senses.

What these units are it must be the task of further research to discover. All that we can say at present is that our tests, made, it will be noticed, on many different individuals and therefore of more universal applicability, do not furnish any support at all to Henning's list.

From the practical viewpoint, the thing that stands out most clearly from our tests is the fact that the effect of any given odor on a man or woman is entirely a mental matter. It involves what the psychologists call association; smells are recognized by what they remind us of, by their associations in our memories. It follows that the same smell may remind two different people of quite different things; some may even be unpleasant, others pleasant. For example, people differ greatly in their reaction to the smell of vinegar; some say that it is unpleasant (even when it is not correctly identified), others say that it is pleasant.

Similar differences were encountered with the oil of cloves, and in some of these instances it was possible to discover the reason. To some persons this odor suggests the dentist's office, oil of cloves being an important dental medicament. To others the same odor suggests candy. Members of the first group consider the odor unpleasant; the others consider it pleasant. A still more striking instance of the power of smell associations was supplied by one man who identified all of the unpleasant odors in the test set as being the odor of honey. This was peculiar enough to deserve special inquiry, which elicited the fact that a few weeks earlier this man had been made very sick by eating too much honey. His unconscious mind remembered that experience all too well.

Many, if not most, of the smell reac-

tions seem to be similarly unconscious, and that is really the most vital thing about the whole matter. Most of us are concerned, practically, only with the pleasantness or unpleasantness of smells. If we are surrounded by unpleasant smells we wish to forget them and to be undisturbed. If we encounter pleasant ones, we wish to appreciate and enjoy them to the full. With most persons such pleasant or unpleasant reactions are not only uncontrollable, they are entirely unconscious. This follows from the low average of smell recognition shown by our tests. It appears to follow, also, from some important smell researches published recently by Professor Paul T. Young, of the University of Illinois. We can probably increase our pleasure and decrease our displeasure from odors if we can contrive to make them more conscious and recognizable.

Consider, for example, a faint unpleasant odor. It has been indicated by our tests, and it accords with general human experience, that this encounter is most annoying. The result is an unrecognized and unanalyzed feeling of irritation and ill-being. Possibly the otherwise unexplainable depressing effect of certain houses or rooms on some individuals may be explained in this way. How to cure this? As always with such vague discomforts, the cure lies in lifting the troublesome sensation into the field of consciousness, in recognizing it and in forgetting it. A mysterious, unrecognized sound is much more annoying than one which we recognize and know all about. It is undoubtedly the same with smells. It may be very much worth while to try to train our smell-recognizing abilities so that the present twenty per cent average of smell recognition rises to the eighty cent now possessed by a few individuals.

The classes of the community who have (in our tests) the best averages of smell recognition are the pharmacists and the chemists; which is quite natural, since the handling of drugs and chemicals gives continual and insistent practise to the smell-recognizing centres of the brain. Are druggists therefore happier than other folk; less bothered by bad smells, more appreciative of good ones? It is quite possible that they are. Some one ought to find out.

# California



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*Photograph by Courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Office*

*The Palio of Siena—from an Old Print*

## What to See in Europe

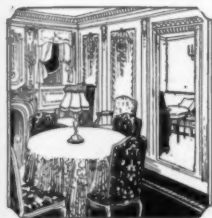
### IS EUROPE STILL EUROPEAN?

Europe is being Americanized. Under the pressure of American ideas and American economic competition the customs and sights that make the old world "old" are fast disappearing. To see Europe, — the Europe of our memories for those of us who crossed the Atlantic in pre-War days, the Europe of our dreams for those of us who have never crossed at all, — is becoming increasingly difficult. Yet it can be done. It is all a matter of knowing how and where to find Europe in Europe. For the old Europe, picturesque, romantic, glamorous, lingers on in a hundred and one inviting backwaters off the main streams of travel. Or, again, it crops out from month to month in festivals and celebrations, redolent of the traditions of a vanishing civilization,—events which the traveler might easily miss unless

specifically directed to them. THE FORUM believes it can render its readers valuable service as a guide to such events. Hence this new department.

Of the many hundreds of festivals held each year in Italy, — the land of *feste*, — the most remarkable of all is, perhaps, the Palio at Siena. Many elements contribute to its perennial fascination. First of all, it is exciting, for it includes horse racing of a unique sort; second, it is gorgeous in color, for it includes pageantry on a colossal scale. Third, it takes you straight into the Middle Ages. Fourth, it lasts two weeks, but the first race is run on July second, the second on August sixteenth. Fifth, the city itself, a jumble of beautiful old buildings, set on three lovely hills, is one of the most romantic spots in a romantic land. Sixth, it brings together

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a highly picturesque assortment of people, from Royalty, which is always represented, to peasants in holiday attire.

It is hard for Anglo-Saxons to grasp the religious significance of leading a string of horses into the Cathedral to be blessed before entering on a race, but the Sienese see nothing incongruous in such a rite. The races are run three times around the great public square, against a background of ancient palaces, of which the finest is the Palazzo Pubblico, with its famous tower. The riders carry sticks bound with white ox skin, with which they are allowed to belabor not only their steeds, but to make whatever other use they can of these weapons at the expense of their rivals. To add to the pandemonium, the populace, divided into seventeen keenly partisan factions, displaying the insignia of the historical wards of Siena, uses all its lung power, which in Italy is prodigious, to the utmost. The result cannot be described, nor, once experienced, can it ever be forgotten.

\* \* \*

Among other events of interest in Europe this summer are:

*Baden-Baden:* Festival (Bodansky). May 25 to June 1.

*Salzburg:* Festival (Muck, Reinhardt, Strauss, Walther). August 1 to 31.

*Leksand, Sweden:* Dance of the Midsummer Eve, June 23.

*Munich:* Wagner and Mozart Festival. August 1 to September 5.

*Heidelberg:* Brahms Festival. August 22-24.

*Leipzig:* Trade Fair. February 28, March 3; August 28, September 4.

*Dresden:* Garden and Landscape Exposition. April 23 to October —.

*London:* Royal Tournament, Olympia, May 19, June 5.  
International Horse Show, Olympia, June 17 to 26.

*Stratford-on-Avon:* Shakespeare Festival. August-September.

*Dublin:* Horse Show. August 3-6.

*Brussels:* Grand Carnival. May.

*Copenhagen:* International Regatta. June 23-27.

*Basle:* World Power Conference. August 31-September 12.

*Brittany and Slovakia:* Pardons and Feast Day Pilgrimages in full folk costumes.

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## Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON

*Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript*

### Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

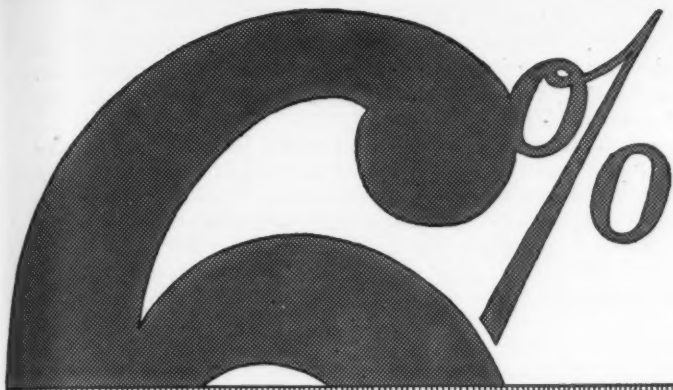
For the best part of the seven and a half years since the armistice was signed the building industry in this country has been active. During the war new building was curtailed, except for what were deemed purposes essential to carrying on the war, and the sudden ending of the war found a housing shortage and a shortage of office and other buildings for industrial and commercial purposes. Most of the time since the war has been spent in endeavoring to make up the shortage then incurred. As a matter of fact, the industrial expansion in this country and the period of prosperity which descended upon the United States as a result of both the war, the rise in standards of living, and the revolution in transportation wrought by the development of the automobile created a demand for new buildings which, if the facts could be ascertained, would probably show that the deferred building during the war was a relatively small factor in the subsequent building boom. Whatever the causes were, the facts are plain that the country has passed through the greatest period of new building ever witnessed.

To finance this boom has required capital in large amounts. This capital has been forthcoming in the desired quantities with great facility. To a great extent it has been expedited by the development of the real estate mortgage bond. Where it might have been impossible to find a single wealthy investor who would be

willing to take a first mortgage of \$5,000,000 on a new office building in New York it was comparatively simple to find, say, 5000 investors who would be willing to buy a \$1000 real estate bond secured by the same first mortgage, substantially a subdivision of the mortgage. The development of this form of mortgage bond has been previously discussed in these columns, and it is sufficient to say here that this form of financing has tapped a new source of capital, reaching down into the savings of the people who, if not rich, are well to do, and thrifty. It has served a constructive purpose in providing an attractive means of investment, in the majority of cases, and at the same time providing the requisite amount of new construction that is needed in most of our growing cities.

We say that the country has "passed through" a great period of new building. There are indications that the peak of the building boom has been reached, if not actually passed. Unfortunately, like many other booms, it has been attended with certain excesses. On the one hand there have been excesses in the shape of oversupply of certain types of buildings. In some cities there is more office space than is currently demanded. Rents are beginning to decline. In some quarters it is charged that there has been more residential building than is currently demanded, although as a general proposition residential building does not appear to have been carried so far in the direction of overproduction, if at all, as commercial





# National Union Mortgage Bonds



## Insured

The following Surety Companies severally insure irrevocably, in varying percentages the payment of 100% of principal and interest of the first mortgages protecting National Union Mortgage Company Bonds:

U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co.  
Maryland Casualty Company  
Fidelity & Deposit Company  
National Surety Company

## Protected

The "Standardized Requirements" of the National Union Mortgage Co., in themselves fully protect the principal and interest of these bonds. A copy of these requirements will be sent on request and should convince any investor that every possible protective measure is employed to safeguard National Union Bonds.

## Guaranteed

In addition to the insurance against loss by the Surety Companies mentioned above, all mortgages are unconditionally guaranteed by the issuing mortgage companies. Furthermore, every bond is the direct obligation of the National Union Mortgage Co.

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Illustrated Section LIX

## DOWNTOWN

buildings, unless it is in the direction of apartment houses designed for the occupancy of the wealthier classes. This situation, however, has been made possible by too easy access to the source of fresh capital. The real estate mortgage bond business has grown by leaps and bounds in the past few years. It has attracted investors with offers of somewhat higher interest rates than could be obtained on investments in industrial, public utility, or railroad bonds. It has been developed by trained salesmen of aggressiveness, and in some directions with "high-pressure" methods. The competition has become keen both in selling and in securing new bond issues to offer customers. The effect has been in some instances to lower the standards which should govern a well-conducted mortgage bond business. It has been charged that in some cities appraisals of property have been inflated; that loans have been arranged by irresponsible houses up to the full value, — 100 per cent, — of the property erected.

### THE MARGIN OF SAFETY

It is elementary that a first mortgage on a property should be protected by a substantial equity over and above the amount of the mortgage. Conservative bankers prefer not to lend more than 60, 70, or 75 per cent of the value of a building and the property on which it is situated. Of course, the percentage lent is not an absolute indication of safety. Very often it happens that the amount of dollars is of more significance than the proportion of the loan to the value of the property. Take, for example, a typical loan, legal for savings banks in New York State, — a \$6000 mortgage on a \$10,000 property. This is a 60 per cent loan, with a margin of safety of \$4000. Such a property is very likely to be an inferior one because \$10,000 will not buy very much real estate as New York values go. In all probability, this property is a frame residence in a third or fourth rate neighborhood.

Contrast this with a first mortgage real estate bond issue of \$750,000 secured by a first-class apartment house property valued at one million dollars and located, say, on West End Avenue or Riverside Drive in one of the city's best residential

districts. Here we have a 75 per cent loan. The margin of safety, however, is now \$250,000.

Contrast the two loans. Which equity would be more quickly dissipated by adverse circumstances, a depression in the real estate market, a change for the worse in the neighborhood, or the like, — the \$250,000 equity or the \$4000 equity? There are few who would deny that the 75 per cent loan is the better and safer one, although the percentage loaned is the larger of the two.

In some cases loans can be made up to 80 per cent of the value with a reasonable degree of safety by insisting that the mortgage shall be reduced by payments of the principal from year to year. Then if a decline in values arises, either from a general reaction in building and other commodity values, or because of a change in realty values in that particular neighborhood, the mortgagee has a reasonable chance of protecting his equity. It is conceivable that mortgages made up to a full 100 per cent of the value of a property might work out satisfactorily. Were building values to rise in the next few years as they have in the past decade a loan of 100 per cent of the value to-day might be only 60 per cent in five years. But the best opinion now is that prices will not rise materially from current levels; on the contrary the opinion is more generally held that some decline in price is eventually to be expected.

All in all conditions have arisen which render it important that the investor who desires a real estate mortgage bond for investment should exercise great care in making his selection to-day. It is not the purpose of this article to discredit real estate mortgage bonds as investments, for outside of Liberty bonds there are few, if any, better types of investment available to-day than the real estate mortgage bond. For years they have been most popular with the large life insurance companies, whose investment committees are familiar with all types of securities. The facts simply are that conditions have arisen and practises have been adopted in certain instances which are not altogether sound, and in the event of a decline in building values the safeguards which should exist for the protection of the investor may be found in some cases not

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## DOWNTOWN

to have been applied. The effect of course cannot be other than disastrous to the *emptor* who paid no attention to the *caveat*.

### THE LAND BASIS OF WEALTH

It is almost unnecessary to dwell at length on the advantages of the real estate bond. Land and buildings are the basis of all wealth, and any security issued against them is basic, is secured by an essential of life, of a utility that does not need to be proved. But it is up to the investor to make sure that the utility of the property securing his investment is practical, and the exercise of common sense and discrimination is necessary. Land is substantially indestructible, and buildings can be insured. And of most attraction to the investor is the fact that ordinarily a somewhat better interest return can be obtained from a first mortgage real estate bond than from a first mortgage public utility or railroad bond. The reasons for the higher yields on real estate bonds are not always clear and vary with circumstances. To some extent the fact that most of the well-known public utility and railroad bonds are readily marketable may account for this. It is a reasonable expectation, however, that in time the better class of real estate bonds will sell on a parity with corporation bonds, a circumstance which may give rise to some moderate enhancement of the prices of real estate issues.

In some cases there is good and sufficient explanation for the higher yields on real estate bonds. There is no reason why a carefully selected first mortgage on a farm or home in the South or West should not be just as well secured as one on similar property in the North or East. The values may be just as permanent and just as capable of being sustained in one section of the country as in the other. The integrity of the mortgagor may be just as good. Honesty is not common to any one section of the country any more than is dishonesty. The simple facts are that in the North and East capital is more abundant, and investors, either individually or through their savings banks, prefer to lend at home at five or six per cent, instead of lending on property some thousands of miles away with which they are not familiar. As a general proposition

capital in the south or west is not so plentiful as in the older sections of the country, and seven and eight per cent on small first mortgages is not unusual nor necessarily an indication of unsoundness of the mortgage. Rather it indicates that there is less competition to lend money on mortgages in those sections. The mortgage bond house which undertakes to bring the Eastern investor and the Western farmer, or the Southern home builder in an industrial community together is performing a useful function for both parties.

### BANKERS AND REAL ESTATE

As the building boom has progressed it has attracted more and more bankers into the field. If it has brought bankers into it who have only a thought of the immediate profit that shall accrue to them and who have been tempted to accept big risks, it has at the same time attracted bankers of the highest type who regard the funds entrusted to them by their clients as scrupulously and with as much discretion as they would exercise in the investment of their own funds. The business has grown, and at the same time conservative banking principles have been applied with the result that many more safeguards are now available for the protection of the investor than existed a few years ago.

It is a common practise for bond houses to issue construction mortgages on office buildings, apartment houses, hotels, and so on, and sell what are in effect participation certificates in such mortgages to the public in small denominations. As a rule these bonds or certificates are secured simply by the specific piece of property named in the mortgage. They do not constitute an obligation of the issuing house nor are they guaranteed either by the house or by a surety company. Nevertheless these bonds have enjoyed a favorable record, on the whole. In recent years, presumably in response to a demand from investors for additional security, many of these houses have guaranteed the bonds they offered their clients, or have made arrangements to have them insured by the investor at an expense of one-half per cent a year.

Another method of financing is practised by various mortgage companies,



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*appears on every bond*

"In consideration of the purchase of this bond, the Adair Realty & Trust Company does hereby guarantee the payment of the within bond, both principal and interest, according to the tenor and effect thereof."

*(Signed)*

Adair Realty & Trust Co.

# Does Your Money Earn 6½%?

*Are your investments unconditionally guaranteed?  
Can they be insured against loss?*

**Y**OUR money is precious. You can not afford to take any chances with it—yet you should receive a good return.

Does your money earn 6½%? Are your investments guaranteed? Can they be insured against loss if you wish? Ask these vital questions about any investment offered you. Analyze your present holdings. Will they stand the test of these searching questions?

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Adair Bonds are unconditionally guaranteed by Adair Realty & Trust Company, with capital and surplus exceeding \$2,500,000. They are backed by a record of 60 years' continuous service to investors without a single loss or delayed interest payment.

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Bonds of any issue have been approved and can be insured against loss (at the investor's option) by one of the strongest Surety Companies in the country.

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Mail the coupon today for full information.

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## DOWNTOWN

which specialize in issuing obligations of their own, secured by first mortgages on specific pieces of property. Such mortgages are issued against certain types of property and up to a definite percentage of the appraised value. The guaranty has value only to the extent that the resources of the house are available. This assurance is certainly not as valuable as it would be were the mortgages to be guaranteed by a third party, a surety company of recognized financial standing.

Lately there has been a tendency to meet the latter requirement, and it is becoming more common every day to read advertisements of conservative banking houses offering obligations of the mortgage bond houses, secured by first mortgages on a wide diversification of small properties, guaranteed independently by a responsible surety company. Some of these mortgage bond companies confine their operations to a single city or State; others operate in a number of States and may be considered national in character.

Great care is used in the selection first of the city in which loans are to be made.

A thorough scrutiny of the individual property is of course examined along with the capacity and character of the borrower. Instead of lending for a specific term of years, a portion of the principal must be repaid each year, which operates to reduce the risk on each individual property. But the main point is that such bonds are not only secured by a low ratio of loans against a specific piece of property, but by the entire assets of the mortgage bond house and by the entire assets of the surety company. All in all the effect has been to throw ample safeguards about such issues and has rightly won the confidence of investors.

It must be remembered, however, that every loan should be examined on its own merits, whether guaranteed or unguaranteed. It is much better to make sound loans than to depend on the guarantee to pull one out of the hole if the mortgage should get into trouble. The investor should recognize clearly that the guarantee is in the nature of an insurance policy rather than a strictly investment feature.

EVERY DOLLAR THAT HAS BECOME DUE ON  
FIRST MORTGAGE BUILDING BONDS SOLD  
BY US HAS BEEN PAID TO EVERY INVESTOR

### Safe First Mortgage Bonds

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# How Noisy is New York?

E. E. FREE

*For the past several months, THE FORUM, under the direction of the Science Editor, has been conducting a scientific investigation of city noise, the first investigation of its kind ever undertaken anywhere. In this paper we present a preliminary report of the results. Other reports will follow in later issues.*

Among the many problems presented to the sociologists by the fact that an ever increasing proportion of our citizens are city dwellers is the problem of permitting city people to think. It may be taken, we suppose, as a truism that thinking, indulged in by at least some fraction of the community, is essential to the survival and progress of our particular form of civilization, probably to all forms of civilization. In the very nature of the case some of this necessary thinking must be done by people who are compelled to live in cities. Indeed, at the present moment in America nearly all the effective thinking, in politics and business alike, gets done under the smoke domes of six or eight of our greater metropolises. This may be wrong. We may regret it. We cannot alter it.

There is, however, a real question whether thorough-going thinking about difficult problems is possible in a city at all. Great men of many different turns of mind have maintained that it is impossible. They have felt it necessary, — they still do feel it necessary, — to seek seclusion and quiet when real mental concentration is demanded. We know, in reality, very little about how and why and when man's best thinking is done, but it is possible to argue that it is not done among crowds. Which is serious, if true, and demands to be altered if possible.

What are the obstacles to city thinking? Doubtless there are many, but one among them bulks large. It is noise. There is apparently no indubitable proof that quiet and good thinking are concomitants. It may be possible to erect a durable structure of original thought in the environment of a boiler factory. But most philosophers have believed not. Certainly

it is easier to think straight, to reflect, to summon each tiniest resource of memory and logic, if one is free from the continual annoyance and distraction of noise.

That is why THE FORUM has made a survey of the actual noise conditions in the city of New York. It is generally agreed that city noise is not conducive to the health, — mental or physical, — of the citizens. It is not agreed that the damage is serious. Possibly it is so small as to be negligible. It is not even agreed just how noisy the city (or any city) really is.

When we set out to accumulate information on this subject we discovered that practically none was in existence. No one had determined, by unquestionable physical tests, just how much noise there is on a city street. No one knew how different parts of a city differ in noisiness. No one knew how silent or how noisy a city is at night. People had impressions on these points. We had some ourselves. But these were rough ear-impressions only; they had not been checked and corrected by data which exact physical science could respect.

Accordingly we set out to get this data. As a first step in the study of the effects of city noise on unfortunate humanity we decided to find out just how much city noise there is, just where this noise occurs, just how it is distributed over the average twenty-four-hour day. Enough information on these points is now available to permit a first report. The broad outlines of the noise problem of New York City are clear.

The investigation has been carried out by the most modern of physical methods; a method so modern, indeed, that it has not previously been applied to this kind

## HOW NOISY IS NEW YORK?

of problem at all. For several years the telephone industry of the United States has supported a great laboratory of scientific research in New York City, the laboratory now known as the Bell Telephone Laboratories. In this institution some of the ablest physicists of to-day have been engaged in attacking the problems of transmitting speech sounds over long lengths of telephone wire and through the manifold pieces of electrical apparatus which the modern telephone system employs. There have been many scientific by-products of this telephone research; one of them is an instrument called an audiometer which physicians are now using to test the degree of hearing retained by persons who are partially deaf.

By a simple modification, this instrument can be adapted to the measurement of noise. Connected with the instrument is a telephone receiver especially designed for the purpose. One holds this receiver to one's ear, listening at the same time to a tone produced in the receiver and to the surrounding noise. The tone in the receiver is adjusted to match the noise. That tells you the intensity of the noise.

We have taken this apparatus about over New York, from street corner to street corner. We have measured the noise intensity at each of the places thus tested. The result is a set of data indicating the average noise intensity, — what physicists call the "noise level", — for some hundreds of places on Manhattan Island and in a few of the suburban districts.

The most remarkable thing about the "noise map" thus produced is that its features are astonishingly local. A certain street corner is found, for example, to be extremely noisy. The noise there is practically continuous. Nevertheless, a spot even a half block away may be unusually quiet; far quieter than the average of the city. Scores of these noise contrasts between points which are geographically close together have been located in the course of our survey.

One instance of this sort is important practically. It is the difference between the front rooms and the back rooms of a city house. If you live on a noisy street the rooms which face this street will be noisy. In the present state of our knowledge about how to sound-proof buildings,

that is practically inevitable. But you have an escape. The back rooms of the same house, facing on a court or other inner space, will be almost inaccessible to the street noise.

This fact has been well-known, of course, to experienced city dwellers, but the immensity of the difference has not been so familiar. Our quantitative measurements show that a difference of forty "sensation units" between the front and the back of a house is not unusual. These sensation units are arbitrary measures used by the physicists and the physiologists to record the apparent loudness of different sounds. Under the conditions of our tests, the forty units mentioned means that the noise in the front of the house may be ten to thirty times louder than the noise in the back of the house.

This word "louder" corresponds, let us hasten to add, to ear sensation, not to the physical strength of the sound. On the latter basis, the basis of the energy carried by a square foot of the front of the sound wave, the discrepancy is far wider. Some places may be many thousands of times noisier, in physical terms, than are others. Both, of course, are within the city, our series of tests having included, as yet, no measurements in rural localities. For human purposes what is important, of course, is the sensation, the effect of the noise on the ear. The "sensation unit" is the proper measure to use, not the more strictly physical measure of the energy carried by the wave of sound.

In the statement that city noise varies so greatly between places not far apart there already is implicit what we regard as the second most important conclusion from this work. This is that practically all the noise of New York City originates in street traffic.

This, too, came to us as a surprise. New York has inherited from earlier generations of transportation the institution of the Elevated Railroad. Running north and south on four of the city's chief avenues, these steel structures seem to vibrate with the intensest noise energy whenever they are traversed by trains. Most New Yorkers would probably say, as we did before we knew, that the elevated trains make more noise than anything else from which the city suffers.

This is not true. Numerous tests have



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*Illustrated Section XXIII*

## HOW NOISY IS NEW YORK?

proved that a train passing by on an elevated structure directly overhead makes less noise on the street level than does a heavy automobile truck, especially a truck which is chain-driven and which is a little out of adjustment. When the total contribution to the noise of the city is estimated by taking into account both the number of elevated trains and the number of automobiles, the latter are still farther ahead. There can be no doubt at all that by far the largest contribution to the noise of New York City comes from the automobile traffic on its streets.

Does this condemn the automobile? Not at all. What one must take into account is the amount of noise produced by the moving of a given amount of traffic. It is not easy, nowadays, to find long lines of horse-drawn traffic, but our investigators accomplished it. Comparative measurements were made. The result was another surprise. Horse-drawn vehicles are actually noisier, wagon for wagon, than are automobiles. When the comparison is made ton for ton of material being transported, the comparative noiselessness of the automobile is still more apparent. The increased noisiness of our city streets is not due, as one might too hastily conclude, to the substitution of the automobile for the horse. That change alone would have made the streets quieter. The increase is due to the greater amount of traffic. The city is larger. More supplies are being hauled through it. It is noisier in consequence.

The conclusion that most of the city noise comes from the traffic on the streets enables, at once, the solution of many practical problems of noise. For example, a noise map of any city can be constructed, approximately, without making even one noise measurement. It may be built up from the traffic map. Where traffic is thickest and most constant, there the noise level will be most uniformly high.

Instances from New York City are the corner of Thirty-Fourth Street and Sixth Avenue and the corner of Forty-Second Street and Fifth Avenue. With a few exceptions, where conditions are greatly abnormal, the first-named of these corners is the noisiest place which we have found in New York. Its noise intensity is fifty-five sensation units above quiet, which

means that when you talk to a person at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street you must shout as loudly as you do to a person who is more than half deaf.

The Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street corner is somewhat less noisy although it has a slightly greater traffic.

The discrepancy is due, we believe, to the different character of the traffic. At Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street the traffic consists largely of passenger automobiles. There is only one street car line, with two tracks. At Sixth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street, on the other hand, there is much commercial traffic. The automobile truck makes much more noise, on the average, than does the passenger car. Also, the Sixth Avenue corner has three lines of street cars, each with two tracks, and street cars are second only to automobile trucks as noise breeders, especially where they cross the tracks of other lines.

The noisiest street in New York, so far as our studies have found it, is First Avenue. This, again, can be correlated with the traffic. The total volume of traffic on First Avenue is heavy, and a large proportion of it is commercial traffic, in trucks. This avenue is one of the city's great arteries of haulage. The high noise level is inevitable. There is, in this instance, another factor. The street is paved with stone block, instead of smoother asphalt. The trucks are shaken more violently. They give out more noise, for at least as much of the noise of trucks comes from rattles and chatters of the chains and bodies as from the engine or the gears.

The variation of the city noise with the hour shows, once more, a complete correspondence with the amount of street traffic. On streets where there is no continual traffic the noise will drop to almost nothing when no vehicles happen to be passing. On the main avenues the noise is lowest at about two a. m., when the street traffic is least. The later morning hours are relatively noisy, as the delivery trucks, ice wagons, and milk wagons begin to make their rounds.

City noise is street noise. Keep away from the street and, with rare exceptions such as the riveters on new buildings or the excursions of the fire department, you can be as quiet as you will.



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From Bulletin 57, Bureau of American Ethnology

*An example of the mysterious sacred calendar of 260 days, used by the ancient Mayas. Reproduced from one of the three surviving Mayan books, the Codex Tro-Cortesiano*

## Science Notes

E. E. FREE

### Romans in Arizona?

In the fall of 1924, there were discovered near the city of Tucson, in southern Arizona, some curious leaden objects which promise to constitute one of the most celebrated finds of American archeological science. It is by no means certain, as yet, whether these objects are real or are forgeries. If real, they are comparable in importance with the Egyptian relics of North Africa or the Roman remains of Britain and of Gaul. If forgeries, they are as painstaking, — and apparently as purposeless, — as the unforgotten Cardiff Giant. Archeologists have been studying the Tucson finds for over a year. They have been unable to agree about them. Newspaper publicity has now begun. Controversies promise to spread among the interested fraction of the general public.

The objects found consist of crosses, sword hilts, and other artifacts, made of a metal which is apparently an impure,

cast lead. Several of the objects are inscribed with translatable messages in rather bad Latin. Hebrew letters and symbols are also reported. The Latin inscriptions apparently record some kind of journey to a place called "Calalus". Names of leaders are mentioned; a James and a Theodore and others less familiar. Dates are inscribed and have been read as indicating the century and a half between 750 A. D. and 900 A. D. The obvious conclusion, if one accepts the genuineness of the objects, is that a Latin-speaking expedition came over from Europe into our southwest in the eighth century and maintained there some kind of outpost, settlements, or independent kingdom. In fact, this conclusion has been reached by some of the experts who have studied the objects.

The conclusion is not unanimous. Some of the experts refuse to regard the leaden swords and crucifixes as genuine at all. The Latin inscriptions, they point out, are more like schoolboy productions of

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modern times than they are like the Latin of the eighth century church in Rome. They suspect quite modern forgeries. Other experts take a middle ground. They doubt that the objects are actual forgeries, but they also doubt the dates as far back as 900 A. D. It is more probable, they urge, that the objects were made and buried during the Spanish occupation of Arizona a century or two ago.

It will undoubtedly be possible to decide between these possible opinions by a sufficient amount of expert examination of the objects themselves. This examination is reported to be now in progress. Within a year or two we shall know, beyond reasonable doubt, whether someone has staged an ingenious hoax or whether we must really reckon with a Roman invasion of America more than eleven centuries ago.

Meanwhile, little credence can be given to the argument, urged by the finders of the objects, that immense antiquity is proved by the fact that these were underneath a five-foot layer of "limestone". What is meant by limestone is, in reality, a kind of cemented soil or subsoil which is very common in the desert areas of the southwest and which is known locally as "caliche". This caliche is sometimes quite hard and seems very ancient. Unfortunately the antiquity is not certain. When the soil and the soil water are of characters favorable to its production, a thick and hard layer of caliche can form in a very few years, certainly in less than a century.

## The American Mystery

There are historical difficulties, also, in accepting the authenticity of the Tucson finds. Pre-Columbian America is by no means a country without a history. As early as the second century after Christ there was a substantial civilization under way in Central America. By 400 A.D. this civilization had grown into the powerful and competent and essentially civilized Empire of the Mayas. Civilizations no less advanced existed at the same time in Peru. About 600 A.D. the Maya power suffered a temporary eclipse. It revived later, in Yucatan, but at the time of the supposed Arizona dates the American civilizations were in the grip of their



Dark Ages, a temporary eclipse which has remarkable similarities to the decline of European civilization at about the same time.

Nevertheless, there was almost as much continuity of civilization in America from the time of Christ onward as there was in Europe. Records were kept, events were remembered. Visitors from Europe would have been well received. Any Roman Columbus, arriving about 750 A.D. with enough companions to have occupied Arizona, ought to have left traces of his visit in the Mayan stories as well as among the European savants and politicians whom he had left behind. There are great mysteries about the ancient and civilized Mayas,—one mystery in particular,—but they do not involve anything that could be identified as an arrival of Latin-speaking Europeans.

The one particular mystery is that of the Mayan calendar. Thanks to the admirable popular articles of Dr. Herbert J. Spinden and of Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley, the American public now knows that the Maya scientists had developed, certainly as early as 300 A.D. and possibly much earlier, a method of reckoning time which is quite as accurate and convenient as our own. The problem of adjusting the length of the year to the uneven number of days which it contains had been solved. The motions of the moon, of Venus, and possibly of other planets had been determined and reconciled to the year and the day. The complete Maya calendar is capable of fixing any given date exactly and uniquely in a period of over five million years.

This calendar, and the mass of astronomical knowledge which must lie back of it, appeared in Central America suddenly. No history has been traced for its origins. One century it is not there; the next century it is there. Apparently it was invented over night.

That is the greatest mystery of American archeology. Where did the Maya calendar come from? Who invented it? Where and when and how did patient astronomers make the centuries of laborious observations which must have been at hand before the final calendar could have been formulated? No one knows. Some experts believe that the Maya culture was imported, possibly

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from India or from Egypt. Others believe that it originated in America, at sites not yet discovered, or that its relics, being perishable, have disappeared.

In any event, it was no Roman invasion that brought the Mayas their knowledge of the true length of the year. For one thing, the Mayas knew all this four centuries before even the doubtful dates of the Tucson lead swords. For another thing, the Mayas themselves knew more about astronomy and calendars than anybody did in Europe until the days of modern astronomy.

## Our Imperfect Units of Time

Even to-day, our calendar is far from giving universal satisfaction. Not only is there constant annoyance over the unequal lengths of the months and over the failure of the months and the weeks to coincide with each other, but the scientists, with their increasing need of extreme accuracy, are finding even our fundamental time-clock to be less perfect than necessary.

This fundamental clock is, of course, the rotation of the earth. The time of this rotation is taken as twenty-four hours. From this, by division, we obtain the lengths of the minute and the second. The year is a secondary unit. Also determined astronomically, it contains, scientists have agreed, an average of 365.2422 days or 31,556,926 seconds.

This is enough for ordinary purposes, but for the purposes of precise science there is a difficulty. It is that the speed of rotation of the earth is not absolutely uniform. The days, and consequently the seconds, vary slightly from year to year. The earth-clock is sometimes a little fast, sometimes a little slow. Long suspected by the astronomers, this fact has recently been proved by a series of observations and computations completed by Dr. K. J. A. Innes, Director of the Union Observatory, at Johannesburg, South Africa.

There arise two scientific problems of great interest. The first is the problem of what causes the variation in the earth's speed of spin. The second is the problem of providing a new unit of time, a unit which will not be affected by the accidental circumstance that we are riding on

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a slightly erratic planet which also serves us as our clock.

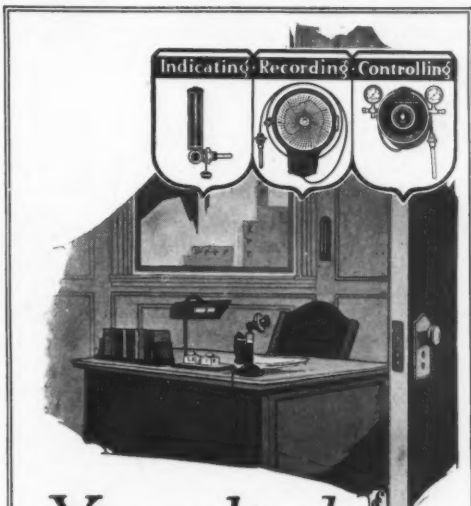
Concerning the cause of the earth's untimeliness the astronomers are still silent, although there are some guesses. In the provision of a new time unit the physicists are more helpful. They propose to use the speed of light. There is good reason to believe that the speed of light through a vacuum is everywhere and always the same; that it is, in fact, the most fundamental and unchanging of all the "constants of nature". For the past three years, Professor Albert A. Michelson, the acknowledged dean of American physicists, has been engaged on careful experiments between two mountain tops in California. He is measuring the exact speed of light. Even now, the remaining possibility of inexactness is slight. Professor Michelson hopes to reduce this still more. When we know exactly enough the time taken by a light ray to cross a given distance in space, that will probably replace the spinning earth as the scientist's standard measure of the length of a second of time.

## The Millikan Rays

This speed of light, which Professor Michelson is determining so carefully, is expected to apply to all kinds of radiations in the ether; to X rays and the rays from radium and the waves of radio, as well as to visible light. All these radiations are believed to be fundamentally alike. In the Science Notes last month we described these radiations and listed them. Those which vibrate fastest were, we said, the gamma rays from radium.

It is indicative of the rapid progress of physical science nowadays that this statement was made untrue before it could get off the press. At the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, at Madison, Wisconsin, Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the distinguished head of the California Institute of Technology and a former associate of Professor Michelson, announced that he had proved the existence of a kind of ether waves still faster (in number of vibrations a second) than are those given off by radium.

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Section XXXI

## SCIENCE NOTES

space. In order to prove their reality Dr. Millikan and his assistant, Mr. Harvey Cameron, had to go high up in the California mountains and sink their apparatus deep in the water of snow-fed lakes, thus avoiding all radiations of local origin produced by the traces of radioactive materials sometimes found in ordinary waters or in the soil. The elevation above sea level thinned the air, so that the new rays from space were not so completely absorbed by it as they are at the very bottom of the air-ocean, where we commonly live.

The fastest of the new rays vibrate, Dr. Millikan reports, about fifty times faster than the gamma rays of radium, formerly the fastest known. Our note last month requires correction to that effect.

The source of these Millikan rays is the problem which now interests the physicists most. It evidently is not the sun, for Dr. Millikan finds that the intensity of the rays received in the waters of his lake is about equal by day and by night. Apparently the rays come in, almost if not quite uniformly, from all directions in space. Dr. Millikan suggests a possible origin from profound atomic changes occurring in space; for example, from the transmutation of four atoms of hydrogen into one atom of helium.

Sir Oliver Lodge has been urging the probability that matter itself is being created continually out somewhere in the depths of space. Possibly some such creation is accompanied by the production of the Millikan rays, much as chemical changes of matter, like the explosion of gunpowder, may be accompanied by flashes of ordinary light. Matter is believed to be continually destroyed in the stars; to be wasting away into space in the form of light and heat. Perhaps new matter is being formed simultaneously somewhere else. If so, the universe becomes self-perpetuating. Creation is an unnecessary hypothesis.

### Ray Work Wins Nobel Prize

The full series of ether waves, of which series the new Millikan ray forms the most rapidly vibrating member, contains two groups of rays which have not yet been studied very thoroughly. One of these includes the very short radio waves,

with which the more progressive radio engineers are now so much concerned. The other lies in the bordering region between the X rays and light.

X rays, as every dental patient knows, are capable of penetrating matter. They go through the softer tissues of the face without affecting it or being themselves affected. The denser matter of the tooth stops them partially, much as a piece of translucent glass will cast a partial shadow. This tooth-shadow made by the X rays is what the dentist wants to see.

Some kinds of X rays are more penetrating than others. They go through soft matter with greater ease. They cast fewer shadows. Other kinds of X rays are less penetrating. They are more like light. Many things are opaque to them. Indeed, when one comes to the bordering region between rays which are clearly X rays and other rays which are clearly light, there are some intermediate rays which no one can be very sure about naming.

These intermediate rays, between X rays and light, have been much studied by the brilliant Swedish physicist, Professor Karl Manne Georg Siegbahn, of the University of Upsala. His work has just been recognized by the award of the Nobel Prize, in Physics, for the year 1924.

The rays which Professor Siegbahn has made so especially his own have not yet been applied to important practical use. They are insufficiently penetrating to replace the ordinary X rays. Indeed, the air itself is dense enough to absorb a considerable fraction of them.

It is probable, however, that they will be far from useless. There is one field of scientific inquiry where they seem to be especially at home. This is in the study of the nature of matter. All matter is composed of atoms. In solid things, like crystals of salt or sugar, these atoms are arranged in regular and more or less fixed positions, like the individual lamp globes on the framework of an electric sign.

During the past few years great progress has been made in investigating the exact positions of the atoms inside crystals by examining the crystals with X rays. For this purpose, the slower and less penetrating rays, which lie between X rays and light and with which Professor Siegbahn has worked, have proved to be especially useful.



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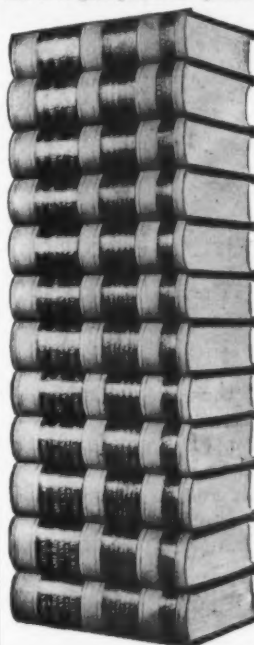
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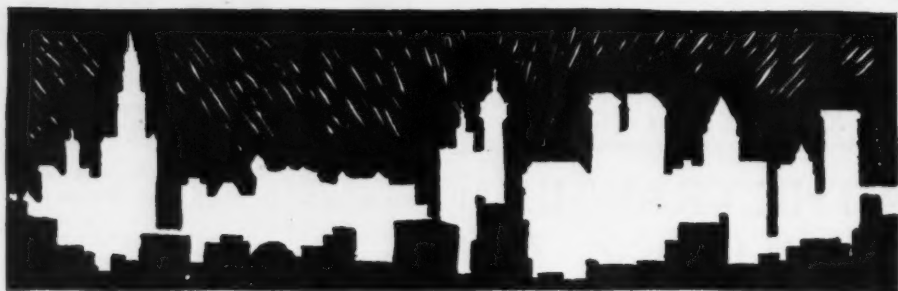
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## Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON

*Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript*

### Queries of Forum Readers

Some of the letters received from subscribers of THE FORUM have raised questions of investment policy which appear to have more or less general interest. It is noticeable from the queries received that some investors, who have tied up a considerable portion of their funds in stocks, are disposed to question whether or not it is advisable at this time to take advantage of the substantial appreciation in stock market prices, and to shift some of their holdings into securities which might be immunized to a certain extent from any possible reaction in stock market values. There are also the usual queries concerning the advisability of exchanges from one type of bond now yielding a low return at current prices to bonds of higher yields. Most often questions of this sort deal with exchanges from bonds of domestic corporations into some of the foreign government bonds which are now yielding six and seven per cent or more. The period of prosperity through which we have been passing is reflected in queries concerning suitable means of investing small sums, which presumably represent the initial investment of some individuals. Because of the general interest in such questions it is worth while this month to discuss in our financial section some of the points that have been raised.

One of the most perplexing questions an investment editor has to consider is that concerning the investment of a small sum. More often than not details that

have an important bearing on the case of the individual are omitted. A reader in the agricultural section of the middle west has asked for an opinion on a suitable means of investing \$1000. In this case no mention was made as to whether this represented an additional \$1000 to be invested over and above a number of other securities held or whether it was the first investment representing the total savings. A detail of this sort has an important bearing on the case. If it represents an addition to a list of bonds held the answer given should take into consideration other securities held, with a view to supplementing such issues, and securing the benefit possible from broader diversification. If it represents the only investment of the individual, as often as not a small sum of this sort might just as well be deposited in a local savings bank where it may draw about four per cent interest.

#### BOND FOR SMALL INVESTORS

For the investor with but \$1000 to invest very little diversification is possible. Many of the large bond issues in the market to-day are available in denominations of \$500 and \$100, but these are the exception rather than the rule. When Liberty loans were floated during the war bonds of small denominations became popular. Investment bankers were amazed at the possibilities for marketing bonds of small denominations to investors who ordinarily were not in a position to set aside \$1000 in a lump sum. For a few years after the war it was the usual thing to issue bonds



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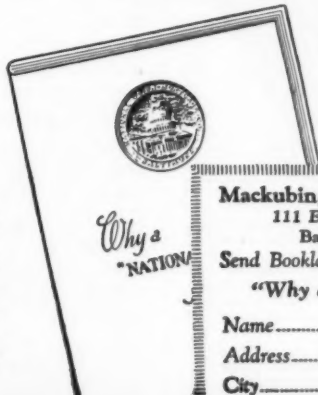
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in small denominations, but they are not so common to-day. Nevertheless, an investor faced with this problem can still find room for ample diversification among bonds that are currently contained in bankers' lists or on the stock exchange. Among such bonds that might be recommended there are:

Consumers Power 1st lien & Unified 5s, 1952  
Illinois Bell Telephone 1st & refunding 5s, 1956  
Southwestern Bell Telephone 1st & refunding 5s,

1954

Pacific Telephone refunding mortgage 5s, 1952  
Pacific Gas & Electric 1st & refunding 6s, 1941  
Great Northern general mortgage 7s, 1936  
St Louis & San Francisco prior lien 4s, 1950  
Tennessee Electric Power 1st & refunding 6s, 1947  
New York Edison 1st & refunding 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, 1941

In addition consideration might be given some of the current offerings of real estate mortgage bonds, which are usually available in small denominations. Yields available in this group are somewhat larger than those from listed bonds, and if selected with due regard to the equity above the real estate mortgage, location of property, and prospective rentals ought to round out even a small investment list.

One of the disadvantages of investment in a large number of bonds of \$100 denomination is, however, that often a close market cannot be obtained in the event that it becomes desirable to convert such an issue into cash. In other words the price quoted on the stock exchange for bonds of \$1000 denomination is not necessarily the price that can be obtained for the purchase or sale of a single bond of \$100 denomination. Often a spread of a point or more, or \$1 per \$100 bond, occurs, and instances are known where the spread has been much wider. In some cases a small investor of this sort might fare better with high grade preferred stocks. Where such issues are listed on the stock exchange a single share may be purchased at the prevailing market, less only the usual quarter or eighth point deduction for odd lots and the commission. Such preferred stocks as those of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, United States Steel Corporation, American Sugar Refining, American & Foreign Power, and American Smelting Company, all of which pay seven per cent per annum, can be currently obtained at prices which will yield six per cent or more. All represent stable industries supplying necessities.

## AN INGENIOUS PLAN

One ingenious plan that has been devised by one large and well known eastern investment banking organization to meet the requirements of the small investor has been the creation of an investment trust. This plan was devised in order to provide the widest possible benefit from diversification. This trust was organized to invest in the bonds of industrial and public utility and other corporations, in notes and in bankers' acceptances.

Five trustees were appointed from the leaders in the business community, and certificates of the trust were offered to investors in denominations of \$100 each. As the list of bonds held by the trust included at latest reports securities of some seventy different corporations, each \$100 certificate derived as much benefit from diversification of this trust's investments as would an investment of \$70,000 in seventy different \$1000 bonds. Naturally the interest rate paid on these certificates will depend on the return derived from investment in these bonds, but at present five per cent is being paid, and there is every indication that for some years to come, at least, this rate will continue to be paid. There is no intention on the part of the trustees in this particular case of placing the funds in any security of less than the highest type available in order to enhance the yield, and they are specifically barred from investing in any stocks.

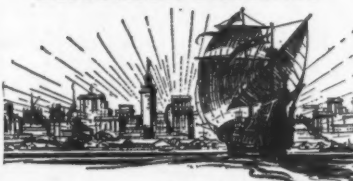
The plan has been so popular that it is not unlikely that other trusts of the same nature will eventually be organized. So far as the investor is concerned the important thing is the character of the men administering the trust, a matter which should not be difficult to check up.

## SOUTH AMERICAN BONDS

A somewhat different investment problem is raised by a subscriber from the Pacific Coast who proposes investing in some high yielding bonds of South American governments and railways. Among those specifically mentioned are the Bolivia 8s of 1947, Brazil 8s of 1941, Rio Grande do Sul 8s, and Rio de Janeiro 8s of 1946, which are selling to yield some eight per cent or better.

In this case the position of the individual is most important. The high yields

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themselves indicate the somewhat speculative nature of these bonds. For one who cannot accept a certain amount of speculative risk these bonds cannot be recommended, and the chances are that some good domestic railroad stocks would in the long run prove of equally good investment merit. Brazil has been obliged to suspend sinking funds and to fund its interest payments twice within the past thirty years and only recently has suspended all sinking funds on many of the external loans. This has naturally created some prejudice against Brazilian bonds. Bolivia has a somewhat better record. Forty years ago Bolivia defaulted on some interest and sinking fund payments, but her record since then has been clear, although she has had difficulty in balancing her budget in recent years. Perhaps too much emphasis should not be laid on the past in a speculation; but in making an investment there is no method of determining what one may anticipate with reason in the future, except on the basis of the past.

### OTHER FOREIGN BONDS

This naturally has raised a question about other foreign bonds which have appeared in great numbers on the stock exchange. A few years ago even the strongest European government bonds sold at prices which produced exceptionally high yields. At that time, however, United States Liberty bonds were below par, and world credit conditions were such that capital demanded and obtained a high price. Moreover, American investment markets were new to foreign securities, and prices here were often much lower than on identical bonds in foreign markets. But those nations with the best investment record have found their bonds commanding a good market price lately, as American investors have become more familiar with such issues. Bonds of the Scandinavian countries have proved exceptionally attractive, and it goes without saying that those of the British and Dutch governments and their dominions have worked out satisfactorily to purchasers who bought them a few years ago. At this writing bonds of the Republic of France are under a cloud, owing to the internal financial problem, but the record of this country has been good, its difficulties in



the past decade have been tremendous, and there is a high degree of confidence in this country that, whatever happens to French internal issues, her external obligations will be paid principal and interest if it is humanly possible to do so. The German and Italian Government external loans have proved popular with investors here, and both nations appear to be on the way to a sound financial basis.

#### EXCHANGING STOCKS FOR BONDS

A New England investor questions whether the time is not now at hand when advantage should be taken of the substantial appreciation in industrial and railroad stocks for exchanges into bonds. This involves a matter of opinion as to the present state of the stock market cycle which the writer hesitates to express. Mention has been made previously in these columns of the growth of a new school of investment theory in the past two years, namely that diversified investments in common stocks have worked out in the past better than those in bonds. It is perfectly obvious that one who attempted to carry this into effect by purchases of common stocks at prices that have lately prevailed stands a much smaller chance of success than he would have had, had the investment been made when times were hard, money rates high, and the general level of stock market prices low. Furthermore, the time that it would take for such an investment scheme to work out successfully would doubtless be much longer if embarked upon now than three or four years ago. There is no positive assurance that some stocks will ever sell below current market prices, but the fact remains that there has always been a clearly recognized tendency for stocks to rise and fall, and the chances are that they will continue to do so in the future.

Altogether it would appear that the outlook for further appreciation in the stock market in general is not assured, although possible, while there is little doubt that investment in well secured bonds at current prices is an attractive proposition, with the probable trend of the purchasing power of the dollar taken into consideration. For it is probable that eventually the 1913 purchasing power of the dollar will be restored.



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# -Here are Ugly Facts- about Our Country

## *Why the Blackjack Triumphs and the Nightstick Fails*

THE murderer's hand is 9 times as likely to strike you down in the United States as it is in England. A New Yorker's home is 36 times as likely to be robbed as the home of a Londoner. More than twice as many people are murdered in Chicago in a year as in all England and Wales.

WE live in a criminal's paradise. Our courts are inefficient, often almost powerless, always paralyzed by technicalities. Our public is mush-minded; it sympathizes with a spectacular criminal. Our police are frequently corrupt, our juries too kindly, and the pardoning authorities too lenient with criminals. Bail is too easy and legal tricks too often win immunity for the criminal. In one year in Chicago 426 defendants jumped \$1,500,000 worth of bail.

There is no crime wave here. There is a *permanent crime business*, organized like any other, and comparable in extent and resources to our major industries. Seventy-five years ago England was the most lawless

nation on earth. England conquered the criminal. Must we fail where Britain has succeeded?

In the hope of arousing and shocking the American public out of its good-natured apathy, the *WORLD'S WORK* is publishing a series of articles on the Crime Situation. The author is Lawrence Veiller, president of the Criminal Courts Committee of the Charity Organization of New York. He is the first to present the subject from a really international point of view, for he has just returned from England where he investigated the sharply contrasting conditions for us. He does not treat his subject with kid gloves. He spares no one's feelings. He reveals much that is startling, much that is exasperating, much that is revolting. Do not miss his extraordinary articles.

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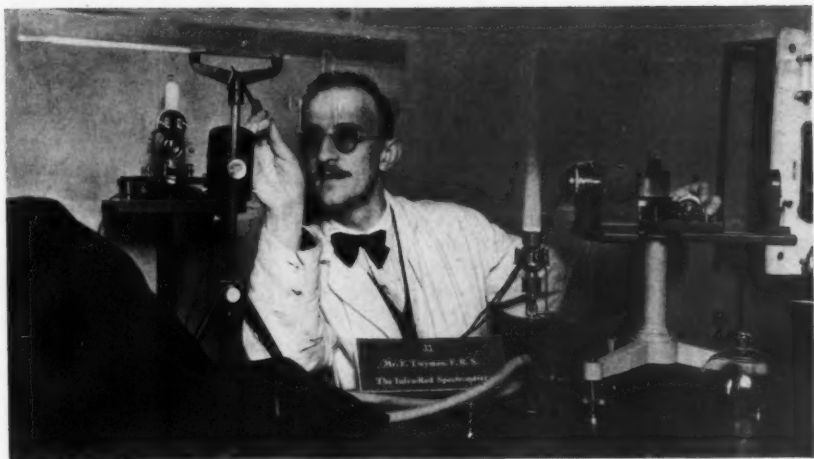
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*At the right is an instrument which analyzes the invisible "black light" from the hot core of the gas flame. The instrument uses a prism of crystal rock salt. The intensity of the black rays is measured electrically and is indicated by a moving spot of light on the scale to which the operator points*

## Science Notes

E. E. FREE

### Black Light

To speak of "black light" sounds like a contradiction. How can light be black? The very essence of blackness is that no light is there. Nevertheless, there really is such a thing as black light, and that name for it is a quite correct and reasonable one. Scientists are studying actively the remarkable rays thus called. Practical applications of them seem not far ahead. The photograph at the head of this page is published by permission of the British Empire Exhibition Committee of the Royal Society and shows an instrument with which the rays of black light can be detected and measured. During all of last summer this instrument was on view in the Science Exhibition at Wembley, near London.

Black light is the newer name for rays described in the textbooks of physics as the "infra-red" rays. This does not mean that they are red or that there is any hint of redness about them. It refers, merely, to the physical fact of their place in the

familiar rainbow-colored strip, or "spectrum", which you see when you spread out a beam of ordinary white light through a glass prism. At one end of this strip is the violet light; at its other end is the red. In between lie the blue, the green, the yellow, and the orange.

At the two ends of the spectrum, beyond the red and the violet respectively, the human eye sees nothing. The background is left "black". But that does not mean that there is no light there. If you place a delicate light-detecting instrument just outside the red end of the spectral strip, the instrument will indicate at once the existence of a strong radiation. This radiation falls quite outside the visible spectrum, at the "nearer" or red end. Hence its name of "infra-red". At the other end of the spectrum, beyond the last visible rays of violet light, we find other invisible rays, those which have been named the "ultra-violet".

All these invisible rays are merely light rays which our eye happens not to be able to see. Marvelous as it is, the human eye

## SCIENCE NOTES

is not an instrument of any great universality. It cannot see all the kinds of light that exist in the universe, but only a very tiny fraction of them.

All kinds of light, including the new "black light", are believed to consist of vibrations in the ether. They are not unlike the waves on the surface of the ocean, but incomparably faster and more pervasive. Different kinds of light are distinguished by their wave lengths, or, what is the same thing, by the number of complete waves, or "vibrations" which pass a given point each second. Violet light consists, for example, of waves which vibrate some 800 trillions of times each second. Red light vibrates more slowly; its vibrations number only some 400 trillions a second. Between these two limits lie all the known kinds of vibrations which affect the human eye.

But other speeds of vibration exist; a great many of them. The black light of the infra-red rays consists of vibrations which are merely a little slower than those of red light. Slower still are the vibrations of the waves of heat. Slowest of all are the vibrations of the radio waves; for radio, too, is carried by a variety of light the vibrations of which differ from visible light only in that they are too slow to be perceived by human senses. The slowest and "longest" radio waves may vibrate as slowly as ten or fifteen thousand times a second.

There are waves, too, still faster than light. The fastest which we know about at present are those given off by radium; the so-called gamma rays. These vibrate with the astounding rapidity of more than 150 quintillion times a second. For the pendulum of an ordinary clock to make as many back-and-forth vibrations as these fastest waves make in one second, the clock would have to run continuously for more than a billion years.

### Making Mysteries of Vibrations

Almost all these different kinds of light vibrations have now been put to work. The fastest rays of radium are saving cancer patients in the hospitals. The X-rays are helping physicians to set broken bones or helping plumbers to find

concealed pipes in the walls. The ultra-violet rays are being used in chemistry and to grow hair on bald heads. The relatively slow vibrations of radio are carrying messages around the earth and are taking broadcast entertainment to the loneliest miner in the remotest mountains. The rays of the black light, just slower than the red rays, have been the last to be put to use, but even this is beginning. There is a black-light burglar alarm, and Dr. Co-blentz, he who wrote so entertainingly in *THE FORUM* about possible life on other planets, has devised apparatus for the use of the black light for secret signalling in war.

This growing use of kinds of vibratory rays which were unknown two generations ago has stimulated the public imagination. When so many new vibrations are real, some more mysterious variety of vibration is likely to be postulated for anything that seems to need explaining. Just as the famous "auras" served to satisfy the mystery-hunters of a generation or so ago, so everything from war to fishbites is likely to be put down, nowadays, to some equally mysterious kind of vibration.

Late in last October a gentleman of Troy, New York, was drowned in a lake. The body did not immediately appear, and so some local pundit applied the ancient magic of quicksilver and a loaf of bread. Thirty loaves were properly inoculated with the quicksilver and thrown into the lake. It was expected that the "vibrations" from the sunken body would draw one of these quicksilver-filled loaves into position directly above the fatal spot. A curious phenomenon, this, in a country which likes to believe itself intelligent and "scientific". We will be hearing next that a company of Roman augurs has arrived to predict elections by recourse to chicken livers!

Vibrating quicksilver in a trembling lake is, of course, an extreme example of the lure of words misunderstood, but there are other examples of nonsense about vibrations and not always are these to be found in the haunts of ignorance. People speak of perceiving the "vibrations" of each other, of "catching the vibrations" of a room or a house or a crowd. Nothing could be more complete nonsense. Such ancient formulas as *abracadabra* or *eeny*

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Illustrated Section XXVII



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meeny miney moh are models of intelligence in comparison. If your companion is suffering from a chill it frequently is not difficult to "sense" his vibrations; but that, one gathers, is not usually what is meant.

## Vibrations of Matter

In truth, the kinds of vibrations which exist in nature are quite simple and unmysterious. There are two kinds of them; the vibrations of light and the vibrations of sound. The light vibrations include light itself, the X-rays and radium rays, the rays of radiant heat, radio waves and a few others like the black light. The series is now completely known from the fastest radium waves down to the slowest radio ones. Still faster or still slower ones may be discovered, but it is unlikely that they will be of surprising nature. There is no longer any room for mystery in this series.

The vibrations of sound differ from light vibrations chiefly in that the sound waves move through matter instead of through the ether. Ordinarily, sound reaches your ear through the air. It will reach it equally well through a solid or liquid. It will not pass through a vacuum. Matter is necessary. Light, on the other hand, will pass perfectly through a vacuum; as it does, in fact, whenever it comes to us from distant stars across the vast void of space.

The reason why sound is tied so indissolubly to matter is that sound consists, in fact, of vibrations of the particles of the matter. A sound wave travels through the air much as a light wave travels through the ether, although far slower. The vibrations of sound are also much fewer to the second. Instead of the billions or trillions of vibrations a second which characterize the rays of light, ordinary sounds have from about 100 to about 20,000 vibrations a second. Below about 40 vibrations a second our ear does not hear sounds, we merely feel a kind of tremble as we do when a building is shaken by a passing railway train. And above some 20,000 or 30,000 vibrations a second the ear also ceases to hear anything. Sounds occur but our aural sound-detector will not catch them.

This is the same kind of restriction, you observe, which limits our appreciation of light. The known ether waves cover the



tremendous range between vibrations of many quintillions a second and vastly slower vibrations of some thousands a second. Out of all these the human eye can detect only those few which lie within the proper limits. Faster and slower ones are alike ignored. Just so, the ear hears air vibrations between about 40 a second and about 30,000 a second. It is well known that many sound vibrations faster than 30,000 a second exist in nature but our ears fail altogether to perceive them.

## Inaudible Sounds

It is in this range of rapidly vibrating, unheard sound waves that some of the greatest advances in scientific knowledge of vibrations are now being made. Instruments have been built which supplement the ear and extend its range, just as light-detecting instruments will extend the range of the eye and will pick up the vibrations of the black light or of the ultra-violet rays. With these detectors of ultra-sounds it has been found that a considerable amount of such high-rapidity vibration is going on about us much of the time. In cities, in particular, there is reason to believe that a good deal of what might be called inaudible noise is beating continually against the human eardrums. Apparently we do not perceive it at all. Certainly we do not recognize it. Yet it is not impossible that it has significant effects on the human organism.

Every psychologist knows that noise may tend to upset the nervous stability of many people. Especially shrill noises often have such effects. It is conceivable that noises so shrill that the ear seems not to hear them at all may be disturbing in some such way. Modern city life is notoriously over-stimulating and exciting. There are many possible reasons for this, and we must not over-emphasize one of them. Nevertheless it seems worth finding out whether the prevalence of high-rapidity sound vibrations, too shrill to be consciously audible, may not be an unrestful factor which needs attention. City noise may be more than a nuisance; we may find that it is a psychological assault.

If this does prove to be the truth, either for the sounds which vibrate too rapidly to be audible or for the slower sounds

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which the ear perceives, the scientists who believe in making science useful will have a new problem to solve. This is the problem of eliminating the noise-making things which now fill our cities or, perhaps, the alternative of making buildings sound-proof so that all noises can be kept out. Fortunately, there appear to be good possibilities of doing both of these things.

## Do Cities Ruin Health?

Nor is noise the only unsuspected danger which mankind may be encountering as a result of the increasing urbanization of the world's population during the past century. There is every reason to believe that a certain daily or weekly dosage of ultra-violet light, of the rays which lie just beyond the visible spectrum at its violet end just as the black-light rays do at the red end, is essential for the health of the human body. Animals or babies deprived of sunlight sicken and die.

Now one of the dangerous things about city life is that it tends to be sunless. Roofs are convenient but opaque. Even the glass panes of windows do not admit the invisible, ultra-violet rays which seem to be so efficacious in keeping the human body at its most vigorous best. Furthermore, all modern cities clothe themselves with a canopy of smoke and dust. Smoke and dust absorb the larger part of the ultra-violet rays from the sun. Even if one does seek, religiously, a daily dose of city sunlight, the dose obtained is rather wan.

It is fortunate that side by side with this diminution of the health-giving sunlight for the city-dweller there has gone on, especially during the past two decades, a process which has tended in the reverse direction. This is the growing perfection of city sanitation. There can be no doubt that the health of the city population is better now than it was forty years ago. It is probable, although not quite so unquestionable, that the city-dweller has better average health than his present-day cousin in the country. He has gained more by good sanitation than he has lost by keeping in the dark. But it is worth thinking about whether it may not now be necessary to clean the city atmosphere and let in some ultra-violet rays, just as we have already cleaned the city sewers and let out a lot of germs.

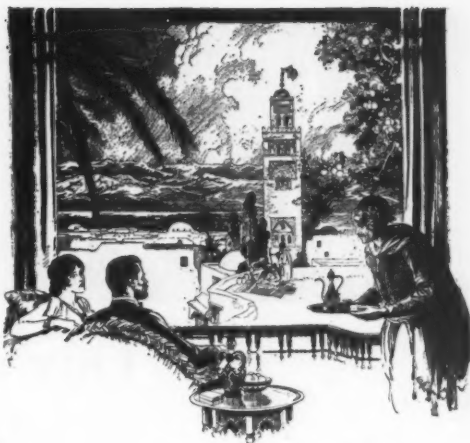
## Cancer Is Increasing

As one result of the successful war against germs, in which the cities, of course, have been the natural leaders, there can be no doubt that the world is much less scourged with disease than ever before in recorded history. Nearly all of the really dangerous diseases have fallen off in injuriousness, both in the degree to which they damage health and in the age at which (on the average) they result in death. There are two notable exceptions; heart disease and cancer.

There is apparently some doubt about the real truth of this conclusion in the case of the various forms of heart disease. Some physicians urge that heart disease is now much better known than formerly and that it probably is more often recognized. This would operate to show an increase of the *recorded* cases without any increase in the *actual* cases. Also, it is true that people now live longer than formerly. Since heart troubles are likely to become troublesome rather late in life, it may be that the greater average age of the population operates, again, to show a false apparent increase in the virulence of this class of illnesses.

In the case of cancer, however, there can now be no doubt that this disease is actually on the increase. Many students of the subject, including the writer of these notes, have urged that the apparent increase of cancer shown by the statistics was false; that it was due, as may be true for heart troubles, to the fact that people now live longer. There are more of them left alive to come to the time of life when cancer is at its worst. But we have been wrong. This view is no longer tenable, in the light of an important study of the subject reported recently by Dr. J. W. Schereschewsky, in the "Journal of the American Medical Association".

Dr. Schereschewsky has taken all the statistical factors into account. He has allowed for the increasing average age of the population and for the greater tendency of cancer to attack the old rather than the young. After all such allowances have been made, there remains the unmistakable conclusion that cancer actually is increasing, at least in the ten States which Dr. Schereschewsky chose, for statistical reasons, as his material.



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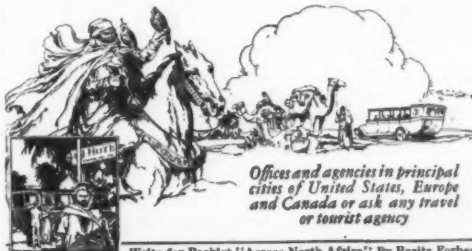
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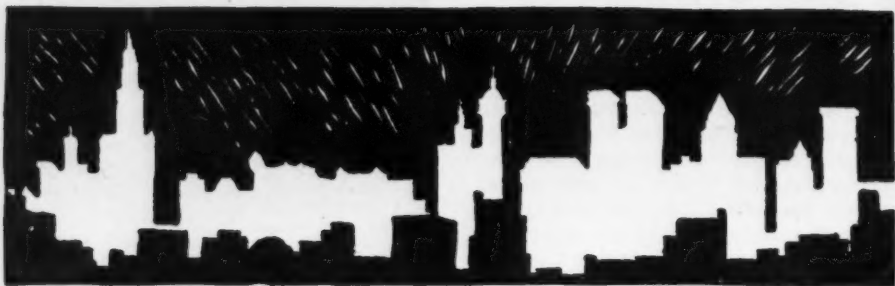


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Illustrated Section XXXI



## Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON

*Financial Editor Boston Evening Transcript*

### The Economy of Capital

Eight years ago last May the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation sold at what was then the highest price on record, — 136 5/8. The steel business was operating at feverish rate under the dual stimulus of exceptionally high prices for steel and the patriotic endeavor to supply the armies and navies of the United States and her allies with the steel required to carry on the war. At that time the Steel Corporation was earning four times as much as it seems likely to earn in the fiscal year now closing. The directors had just placed the common stock on a dividend basis that promised a return of 16 per cent per annum, as against present annual dividend requirements of 7 per cent. Yet the bull market of the year now drawing to a close has seen Steel common quoted on the New York Stock Exchange at prices fully up to the 1917 level and at times higher. By any measure of comparison mathematically, conditions favored a higher price for Steel in 1917 than this year, yet the post-war market in this issue has seen relatively far more favorable prices.

The explanation of this phenomenon is to a large extent the explanation of the basic motive for the bull market in stocks this year, which has eclipsed all its predecessors in breadth, activity, and in the remarkable heights to which prices have risen. During the war capital was scarce. It commanded a premium. Bank credit was diverted to purposes essential for

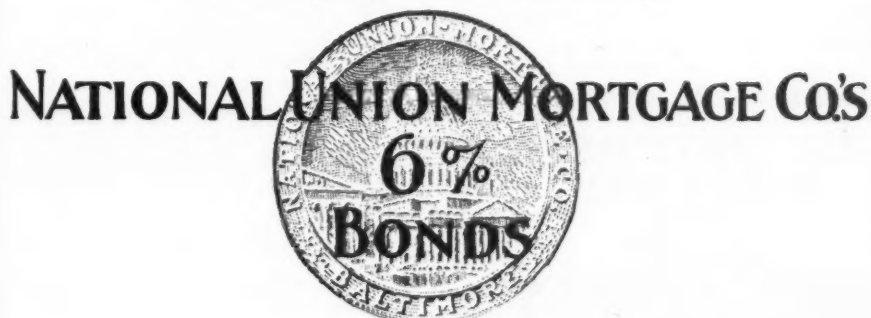
carrying on the war. It was plunged into business, into manufacturing, into commerce, into war loans, and into foreign credits on a scale never witnessed before. Since the war, with the possible exception of the brief period of inflation that swept over the entire world, capital has become increasingly plentiful. Instead of a premium on capital in the shape of high rates of interest the price of capital, namely interest rates, has gradually declined. Bank credit is available for industry in far greater quantities than it can be used. Instead of a demand for capital for industrial purposes the market has been glutted for the better part of two years and has only lately begun to show signs of restoration of a reasonable equilibrium between supply and demand. Under the circumstances it is not the least surprising that idle capital found its way into speculation. The boom in Wall Street and the boom in land values in various sections of the country, most notably in Florida, have been mainly the outward manifestation of this surplus of capital. A higher value can be placed on a security yielding a given return than in 1917. Accordingly Steel common as a 7 per cent stock has sold this year higher than it did in 1917 as a 16 per cent stock.

Standing at the threshold of the New Year, when thoughts naturally turn to what is ahead, this contrast between the factors governing the market for capital in war time and in peace time is one of the most important considerations of the moment. What is true of United States

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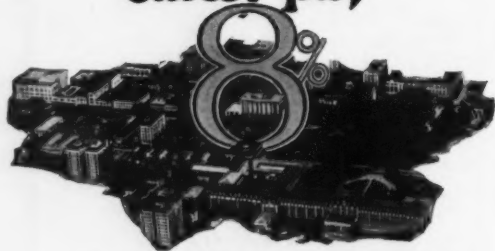
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Steel common is broadly true of all standard dividend paying stocks and high grade interest bearing obligations. The price that must be paid for a security that will yield sixty dollars on every thousand dollars invested seems likely to be materially higher under peace time conditions than during the stress of war. During the war capital was destroyed. It was shot away in cannons and it was sunk in huge quantities at sea. It was levied for unproductive purposes. To-day capital is being conserved. It is being diverted to productive ends. The past year has seen a number of changes in economic affairs which have tended to augment this supply of capital. It has seen very few developments that have tended to diminish it. The situation now is one that the conservative investor should carefully appraise. The investor who places firm reliance in bonds as contrasted with common stocks for investment has seen some pretty convincing arguments in favor of common stocks lately, but the situation with respect to bonds is not as disheartening as it is often painted, for if the cost of purchasing an income is to advance as capital competes for media for investment, bond values ought to possess considerable merit from the standpoint of possible appreciation.

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Illustrated XXXIV  
Section

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## Lower Surtaxes

Foremost among the developments that seem likely to add to the supply of capital is the prospect that Congress will enact a new Federal income tax law that will materially reduce the surtax rates. It was only five years ago that the maximum surtax rate on large incomes was 65 per cent; two years ago it was brought down to 40 per cent; the incomes of the past year will probably be taxed on the basis of 20 per cent for maximum surtax. The effect of high surtaxes was to encourage the investment of funds in tax-exempt securities, particularly those of wealthy individuals. Low tax rates should operate to broaden the market for taxable securities. Some investors are of the opinion, however, that this may have an unfavorable bearing on the market for tax-exempt securities; but if it does lower the demand for tax-exempts, sight should not be lost of factors which are tending to reduce the supply of tax-exempt securities. There are relatively

few United States Government securities which are wholly tax-exempt in the hands of individual investors. Liberty bonds are largely tax-exempt in the hands of corporations, but they have also gravitated into the hands of institutions. The most common form of tax-exempt security otherwise is the municipal bond. But even here we find that there has been a distinct contraction in the volume of new municipal issues during 1925. Present indications are that between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000 fewer municipals will be placed on the market in 1925 than a year ago. To the extent that a reduction in heavy surtax rates switches capital accruals more into industry and less into the Federal Treasury or into tax-exempt securities the market for capital should be that much increased.

Another factor bearing on the market for capital is the progress that has been made in funding the allied debt payments to the United States Treasury. An authority on the subject recently stated, "If all the foreign allies should pay their obligations in accordance with schedules and agreements now in effect, they would total \$166,965,134 for the calendar year 1926 and gradually increase thereafter, unless Congress at some future date recognizes the advantage to us of cancelling the balances then due." The latter reference is to the possible adverse effect on our trade that repayment of these debts in goods may have and bears upon this subject only to the extent that foreign competition may make for dullness in business here. Periods of quiet business conditions may be expected to further the glut in bank credit. These foreign debt payments will be applied mainly to the reduction of our own national debt. Already this debt has shrunk from above \$26,000,000,000 in 1919 to less than \$21,000,000,000, a cut of over \$5,000,000,000 in the Government securities available for investment.

Those who may be inclined to minimize the effect of the retirement of the national debt on the market for capital would do well to bear in mind the experience in this country in the thirty-five years of peace that followed the Civil War. During the war of the rebellion the Treasury floated bonds at an interest rate of 7.3 per cent per annum, the odd figure being used in order to facilitate the computation of interest

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Apart from the bearing that national  
finances have on the capital market, how-  
ever, there is the more fascinating influ-  
ence of increasing economy of the use of  
capital by borrowers. The past year or  
two has seen some striking indications of  
this. Of most importance is the change in  
business methods in the past five years.  
Discussing this phase of the situation, one  
of Wall Street's best known authorities  
stated not long ago, "The curb on over-  
stocking in merchandise, which was  
brought about by the troubles of 1920,  
has had the effect of developing gradually  
a condition of things which makes at least  
for more safety in business. Forward buy-  
ing, such as used to exist, is very little in  
evidence now and consequently overex-  
tended inventories are rare. Concurrently  
with the desire on the part of merchants to  
limit their purchases to immediate needs,  
has developed the noteworthy improve-  
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promptness and orders are filled as speed-  
ily as they formerly were by special ex-  
press. This has released immense amounts  
of capital, of both manufacturers and mer-  
chants, which in former years were em-  
ployed in carrying merchandise."

One effect of this piecemeal buying  
policy has been to maintain prices of com-  
modities at more stable levels. Probably  
as great a physical volume of business has  
been transacted in this country this year  
as in any year in history. Reliable meas-  
ures to this effect are not available in such  
form as to present conclusive evidence.  
Nevertheless, the volume of freight carried  
by the railroads is a fair measure of the  
volume of the nation's business. Almost  
everything that is produced or sold in this  
country sooner or later is handled by the  
carriers. This year the car loadings of the  
railroads have surpassed all previous  
records. Considering also that probably  
never before has so much freight traffic

been moved by motor truck, the chances are that the volume of business this year has exceeded anything before witnessed. Yet bank credit has not been expanded. The total loans of 725 banks of large cities, — which represent more than half of the country's banking resources, exclusive of loans on stocks and bonds, — have been fully a billion dollars less than they were in 1920. So relatively light have commercial borrowings been that the same banks are now investing in the security markets nearly two billions for their own account and lending over two billions more on stocks and bonds as collateral than they did in 1920. Apparently, then, this combination of hand to mouth buying and efficient railroad service has greatly expanded the supply of capital available for investment.

## Effect of Standardization

Another factor that appears to have had a tendency materially to enhance the supply of capital is the economy of capital that has resulted from standardization of manufacturing processes in various industries. One of the most valuable achievements of the present Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, has been the simplification of sizes and styles in various industries. Discussing this work in a recent bulletin, the Irving Bank-Columbia Trust Company of New York stated not long ago, "Producers, distributors, and users have come together in the manufacture of paving bricks, minimizing the excess varieties in shape, size, quality, process, composition, and other characteristics. There were formerly 66 varieties of paving brick. Now it is found that only five are necessary to meet all demands. The styles of woven wire fencing have been reduced from 552 to 69. Where 78 sizes of bedsteads, springs, and mattresses were formerly manufactured, only 4 are turned out now. Bolts and nuts for farm machinery have been reduced from 1500 varieties to 840. Hotel chinaware has declined similarly from 700 to 160 kinds. Nine types of milk bottles now do the work of 49. Householders have learned to get along with 24 kinds of metal lath as against 125 formerly. The lumber industry taught itself to economize by standardization to the extent of nearly \$200,000,000 last

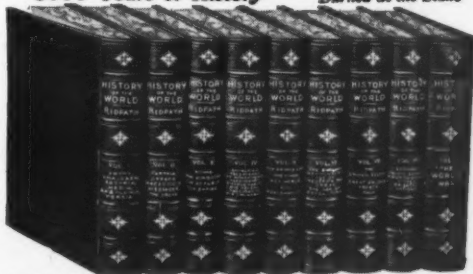
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year." The bulletin lists 16 or more different trades where highly practical innovations have been made in the direction of simplicity and the work has only begun. Merchants are thus in a position to carry smaller stocks of goods on their shelves.

These are among the chief factors contributing to the ample supply of capital in this country, and most of them represent progress in the direction of conservation of capital that is more or less permanent. They are factors that sooner or later will have a direct bearing on the market for investment securities. It will not do to overlook, however, some tendencies which are working in the opposite direction. Not the least important is the pronounced broadening of sales methods based on instalment buying. Sales on the "instalment plan" a decade ago were largely confined to pianos and the few other items of the average household which involved a substantial outlay. Now this method is being adopted in many other lines. It has come to be the common practise in the purchase of luxuries, in the purchase of radios, automobiles, or furniture, and there is a tendency in some circles to question

whether an important part of the community has not obligated itself heavily on such purchases; whether the capacity to purchase has not been gauged by prosperity wages; and whether such credit extended may not be in danger of default in the event of a slowing down in industry and increase in unemployment.

Much capital has been diverted into speculation. In time it may develop that much of that which now appears to be excessive speculation is merely an adjustment of capital values to the new scheme of things under an augmented capital régime. Europe is taking large quantities of capital, but the efforts of many of the leading nations of Europe now appear to be turning more to the problem of returning that which they have borrowed and the peak in this direction may be near or passed. Temporary shortages of capital in the market may develop from time to time, but at the start of the New Year the outlook would seem to favor an abundance of capital in this country for some years to come, a downward trend for yields on good securities, and a somewhat higher basis of security values than has obtained in the past decade.





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This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph reproduced here was taken a month ago) is sixty-five years old!

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine a half-inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.*

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a full-length spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade — and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation," or cartilage, wears down and flattens out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged — and there is trouble on the line.

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Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. Incidentally, the late Elbert Hubbard and he were great pals; he was often the "Fra's" guest in times past. But



HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DECLINES TO GROW OLD

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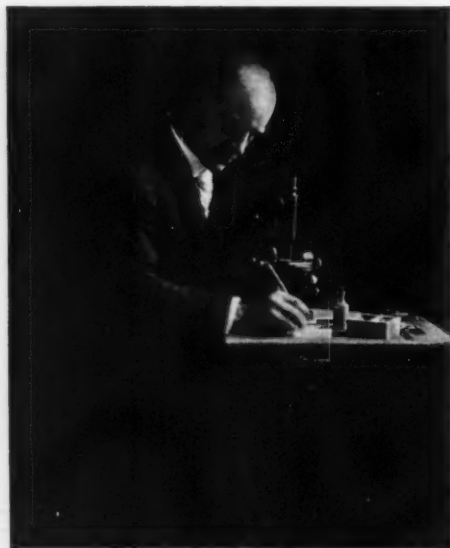
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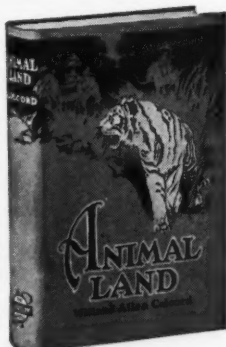
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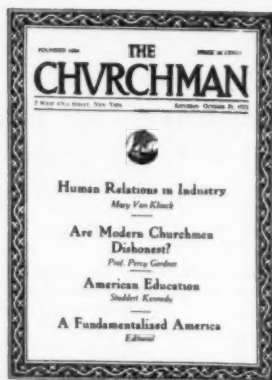
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# TOASTS

**N**EXT to Mr. Bernard Shaw he is probably the most brilliant and stimulating journalist in England," — says Mr. C. F. G. Masterman of the Very Reverend WILLIAM RALPH INGE, since 1911 Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. In a character sketch written some time ago for the "Churchman" Mr. Masterman continues, "His arguments are always informed by thought and distinguished by a style which may well be the envy of his competitors. Few who have indulged in definite controversy with him have not retired, bruised and battered, from the stricken field. He possesses a flexible, distinguished, and triumphant method of writing, and hates more than most things (and the list of his hatreds is lengthy) sloppiness or exaggeration or weakness disguised in rhetorical expression. (The perfect definition of an ideal FORUM contributor, — writers please note!).

"He lives in two worlds: the one a life of mystical religious devotion, sincere, almost ascetic, devout, saintly; the other, the life of perpetual controversy in which he seems never to see a head without the desire to give it a resounding blow. It is only fair to say that for the most part these combats are not personal."

Last spring Dean Inge made a memorable visit of three weeks to the United States, to deliver a series of lectures at the Yale Divinity School, and was hailed by the press by such epithets as "the greatest living Platonist" and "the world's most provoking mystic." Before his departure he was the guest of the Editor of THE FORUM at a luncheon which was attended by men prominent in the religious, business, and editorial world. A detailed account of his remarks on that occasion can be found in the Toast section of THE FORUM for May 1925. In connection with THE FORUM's Catholic-Protestant discussion, and Mr. Chesterton's essay in the present number, it is of interest to note what Dean Inge is reported to have

said in reply to one intrepid interviewer: "There is only one thing against Catholicism, — it is an imposture; and there is only one thing in its favor, — it works."

The reading public is more familiar with the epigrammatic Dean than with the scholar and mystic. The picture can best be corrected by quoting again from Mr. Masterman's sketch: "A year ago, after the death of a little daughter whom he adored, he published a little book of devotion, which had an enormous circulation, revealing at the end, in two chapters difficult to read unmoved, the relationship between father and child. Here was the man, both too proud and too shy to exhibit to the world a personal religion, driven by a smashing blow of loss and sorrow to write out the heart of it, the interpretation of a condition, for the help of others, in which all the surface noises counted less than a cricket's chirp. And those who did not personally enjoy his friendship found a difficulty in reconciling so sincere a work of human affection and personal religion with the normal published proclamations of the man whom the cheap papers have branded as 'the gloomy dean.'

"But he is divorced from the modern world as much as a Carlyle or a Ruskin, for whom he possesses such profound admiration. Like a prophet, he is continually prepared to 'cry aloud and spare not.' Only in his prophesying against the false gods which surround him, he uses not only the appeal of an Isaiah but the mockery and invective of Elijah against the prophets of Baal. And this the Baal-worshippers find hard to bear.

"He generally is associated with the 'Modernists', and is at one with them in fighting for freedom amid the shackles of dead dogmas and creeds; and whenever they are attacked he rushes chivalrously to their defense. But at heart he is divorced from them. They are 'realists'; he is 'mystical.' In essence he lives solitary, alone."

## TOASTS

Dean Inge has published several volumes on mystics and mysticism, and, in recent years, the widely read *Outspoken Essays* and *Religion and Life*.

**V**ILHJALMUR STEFANSSON's career as an explorer and a writer is a long series of record-breaking. He has spent more winters in the Arctic than any other explorer,—more even than Admiral Peary, who, on his last public appearance said of him: "Stefansson has evolved a way to make himself absolutely self-sustaining. He could have lived in the Arctic fifteen years. . . . By combining great natural physical and mental ability with hard, practical common sense, he has made an absolute record."

Stefansson also holds the record for the longest Arctic expedition. There have been something like half a dozen expeditions lasting four years each; his of 1913-1918, under the auspices of the Canadian Government, was five and a half years. That expedition also excelled all others in the number of ships and scientific men on the staff.

Through a series of books beginning with *My Life with the Eskimo* and including *The Friendly Arctic*, *The Northward Course of Empire*, *Hunters of the Great North*, and *The Adventure of Wrangel Island* (Macmillan, 1925), the explorer has not only given descriptions of new races and new territories, but he has gradually worked out a conception and philosophy of the Far North, which puts it in an entirely new light. Many of his suggestions have been followed up by other scientists, and most of his views as to the true nature of the Arctic have already been adopted by university teachers and the writers of text books. It is, in fact, difficult to do justice to the manifold accomplishments of this unassuming but fervent young scientist and prophet. Colonel House referred to him as "one of the foremost citizens of the

world, one who has played a great part worthily . . . no one who knows him, or who has read his stories of the Far North, can doubt the vision of the man or his sincerity."

In December 1924 Mr. Stefansson contributed to THE FORUM an article on "Arctic Air Routes to the Orient."

**D**ON SEITZ is not afraid of ticklish subjects. He seems to act on the principle that to grasp a thistle boldly robs it of its sting. Last month he debated the question of Prohibition enforcement. This month he makes advances to "Our Lady of the Snows" which only the rashest of suitors would hazard. The United States, he believes is "willin'", like Barkis. But is Peggotty? There's the rub.



ARTHUR HAMILTON GIBBS

**A**RTHUR HAMILTON GIBBS, who endeared himself to FORUM subscribers by the serialized version of his novel *Soundings*, which has since, in book form, taken a high place in the list of best-sellers, proves himself an able protector of the young lady who, according to Mr. Seitz, is ready to sit on Uncle Sam's lap and be fondled. As nothing further need be said of Mr.

Gibbs in the way of a toast, we are publishing his most recent photograph. On the back of this snapshot occurred the following legend in pencil: "Portrait of a pacifist fighting desperately in a losing battle against par. In the words of the immortal Florian (something illegible), 'this is the fondest thing I is of.'"

**W**ILLIAM THOMAS MANNING, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., the tenth Bishop of New York, and formerly the tenth Rector of the historic Parish of Trinity Church, has for many years advocated the cause of Christian reunion, and is taking an active part in bringing about



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Section IX

## TOASTS



*Young ovibos cow in New York Zoölogical Gardens (See "Polar Pastures")*

the World Conference on Faith and Order which is to be held at Lausanne in August, 1927, — a conference which will bring together representatives of all Churches throughout the world, both Catholics and Protestants.

Bishop Manning's part in connection with the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is widely known. Perhaps to no other individual can so much credit be given for the success of the campaign for completing the construction. To this task Bishop Manning brought all his talents and fervor, working unceasingly until the success of the project was assured and more than \$10,000,000 pledged for the erection of this civic centre of worship, "an house of prayer for all people" which shall stand as a monument to religious faith and unity.

**G**ILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON shares with Mr. Shaw, Mr. O'Connor, and a very few other highly-charged mortals the distinction of having given an electrical personality even to his initials. Recently, when a new periodical called "G. K.'s Weekly" appeared on the London newsstands, no one was in a moment's doubt as to the identity of its editor. If any benighted soul *had* been in doubt, a brief glance at the leading article of any number would have given him the clue, for there is only one man living who can so perversely put the cart before the horse and make it *go*. At first sight Mr. Chesterton's typical paradoxes seem a falsification of thought; once you are accustomed to them, they seem

*Illustrated X  
Section*

perfectly normal, — just as your reflection in a mirror seems normal, though you are aware that north and east and right-hand-side for you are south and west and left-hand-side in the mirror. In other words, after you've got used to him, Mr. Chesterton, you find, has been saying a lot of things you knew perfectly well; it was only his reversed way of thinking that put you off. The explanation is simple; G. K. lives in a mirror, and to him the world naturally seems to be the other way round.

All which is by way of a toast to Mr. Chesterton in general, — not necessarily to the author of the paper which leads off *THE FORUM's* new series of religious confessions. For nobody who reads it will fail to catch the tone of sincerity which informs it, the originality of thought which, in this case, lends strength to spiritual conviction.

Apart from numerous contributions to numerous magazines and papers, Mr. Chesterton has published numerous volumes, critical essays, impressions, novels, biographies, ditties, and diatribes. Perhaps, to mention only a few, his best-liked books are *Dickens*, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, *Tremendous Trifles*, *Heretics*, *The Wisdom of Father Brown*.

The second paper in the "Confessions of Faith" series will be published in the February number, — "Why I am an Episcopalian", by Dr. Charles Lewis Slattery, Bishop Coadjutor of Massachusetts, formerly Rector of Grace Church, New York.

**A**MERICA's past is rich in picturesque personalities; and as Emerson said, "There is properly no history, only biography." PHILIP GUEDALLA's essay on Benjamin Franklin is the first portrait in a gallery of intimate studies of famous men, — personalities which are rapidly becoming legendary and are warp and woof of our national tradition. Others will follow in subsequent issues.

Philip Guedalla, after a brilliant record at Rugby and at Balliol College, Oxford, turned to the law, that "true embodiment of everything that's excellent", and took his place as a Barrister of the Inner Temple in 1913, at the age of twenty-five. During the war he was legal advisor in the War Office and the Ministry

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## TOASTS

of Munitions. Since then he has devoted a good deal of time to writing, despite an active interest in politics and public affairs. He has stood for Parliament, and he has been prominent in the Zion movement. His racial antecedents, his literary brilliancy, and his ambitions are reminiscent of Disraeli. His best known recent book is the series of essays published under the title *Masters and Men*.

**E**. H. SUYDAM, though born on a twenty-second of February, was not christened in accordance with the national custom; though an artist of increasing renown, he has no recollections of "wild student days". He has never been married nor had "any other harrowing experiences." One would therefore expect him to draw badly, but he doesn't. He came into THE FORUM through a back door: his sketches for FORUM circulation folders aroused covetousness in the breast of the editors. The latter placed Mr. Guedalla's manuscript in his hands, — with the pleasant result shown in this issue.

**E**RNEST GRUENING has for some years been a special student of Latin-American affairs. In August, 1924, he wrote for THE FORUM a character study of the man whose election as President he had correctly predicted, at the same time giving a record of Calles's past achievements and an outline of the reforms he might be counted upon to bring into effect. It is interesting to see what use Calles has made of his opportunity in the year that has elapsed since his inauguration. Mr. Gruening sends his account from Mexico, where he is again stationed and where he has had access to the most authentic sources of information.

**R**ICHARD MOTT GUMMERE believes that variety is the secret of mental happiness. His own mind, he was once heard to confess, is like Montaigne's Danaid sieve, and needs to be continually filled and refilled. Himself trained in a delightfully haphazard way, he sees in this informal and intimate manner of learning, the hope of the future. It is more important, in his judgment, to aim at offering mental happiness to the

American boy at an early age, than to aim at packing his mind tight with stereotyped bundles of fact and run the risk of giving him an enduring mental indigestion. Learning should be a game rather than a task, and an educator should be able to arouse a zest for it without neglecting the old-style subjects and without any sacrifice of thoroughness in studying them. For seven years Dr. Gummere has been Headmaster of the William Penn Charter School of Philadelphia. He is also a trustee of Haverford and Bryn Mawr Colleges.

**L**AURENCE ADLER will be remembered by FORUM readers as the author of "At Vefour's" in the July (1925) number. This month he writes upon a subject which he has very much at heart, for apart from his own attainments as a musician, he has had a good deal of experience in the teaching of music in schools and colleges. Formerly Professor at the University of Montana, he is now Director of the Academic Department of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. Mr. Adler is a son of Dr. Felix Adler, the distinguished philosopher and founder of the Ethical Culture Society.



RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE

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*Illustrated Section* **XIII**

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## TOASTS

**G**EORGE RENTON MALLOCH describes the short stories he has written as "bread-and-butter affairs." His cake must therefore be the plays he has written for the Scottish National Theatre and the poems which have earned him a reputation as "a Georgian to be reckoned with among the most suggestive of his time." That is the opinion of an English critic. A French critic, Denis Saurat, describes him as an "*artiste délicat*" and a Dutch critic, Roel Houwinck, credits him with the germ of originality "which appears so extraordinarily seldom in literature."

Mr. Malloch must have a considerable capacity for bread and butter, for there is scarcely an English magazine to which he has not contributed in recent years, aside from his critical and journalistic activities as correspondent of the "Scottish Nation" and a formidable list of daily and weekly papers. His literary output was the subject of a critical study in the "Scottish Educational Journal" for September 18, last.

The editors of THE FORUM are at present holding out the bread-and-butter inducement before Mr. Malloch's nose, as the cabbages were dangled before Lily and Rose, in the hope of obtaining another story as good as "The Roundheads", which, on its arrival in manuscript form, put the entire staff into a good humor, — a noteworthy feat.

**P**AUL GAULOIS, who has illustrated Mr. Malloch's story in the manner of one of the Roundheads themselves, began to paint about seven years ago, at the age of eighteen, and is entirely self-taught. Though some of his work has already been exhibited, his formal début will be made in a one-man show which is now being arranged by Katherine Dreier, President of the Société Anonyme of New York.

*Illustrated Section* XIV



ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE

"**I**T'S odd, in a way," says ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE in a letter to the editor, written from her farm in Vermont, "that I should be writing anything about the sea; for though I spent six or seven years of my life passionately painting harbors and dunes and sea-going marshes (which I love), I've generally written about the land, during 'lone winters' on a mountain farm while supervising the necessarily landlocked hoppings of a herd of Shetland ponies. I have plenty of ideas on the edge of the

sea, I find, and never a one when I'm on it. Shipboard, to me, is a witless place, — whatever its charms, — where one's mind is in a state of passive receptivity only; and that is why books are so fearfully welcome there. So when I was taken, by London friends, aboard various ships and shown their plan for the literary entertainment of the sailor, I was so delighted with it that, whether it was 'my line' or not, I just had to write something about it. . . . For there is no mental vacuousness like the vacuousness of the sea; the

men's minds are in a singularly docile state, and so what they read most beautifully sinks in.

"I've a new mountain farm book coming out, *Dipper Hill* (since published by the Century Co.); and another *Grey-light* book is in the works, — the white pony journeying into the hills, this time, and his adventures with farm life and a growing herd of his fellows. Grey is a darling and still decorates our pastures here, silver-white against the green, and the other Shetlands follow him fanatically, — as they always do a rare white specimen of their kind. His mane and tail float like an Arab as he leads them, dashing up and down the steep hillsides, — a charming sight; we get it from the terrace beautifully, while we're having



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Splint  
Formerly Editor Today's Housewife and Chief of Division of Home Conservation, U.S. Food Administration, says:

"Every woman cherishes the image of the woman she would like to be. I believe the realization of that ideal is contained in PELMANISM."

# The World Sweep of 650,000 Pelmanists

## The Spread of Pelmanism

The Story of a Great Movement that Compels the Interest of Forward Looking Men and Women

PELMANISM has made a record of 650,000 successes, both in England and in America. No new idea has ever had such a thorough testing.

Pelmanism is not a theory but a practice. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to develop and strengthen their known powers and how to discover and train their latent mental abilities.

Pelmanism develops individual (mark that) mentality to its highest power. It recognizes the interdependence of all mental faculties and trains them together. It corrects bad habits and emphasizes the importance of personality and character in the development of mental activity.

Pelmanism gives the mind a gymnasium to work in. It prescribes the training scientifically and skilled educators superintend the work.

## The Art of "Get There"

Science is the knowledge of truth. Pelmanism, the science, teaches the art of "Getting there" quickly, surely, finely, not just for men, but for women.

Woman in the home as well as in business has her ambitions and her perplexities. Followed honestly, Pelmanism will help solve woman's problems and aid her to realize her ambitions.

America needs Pelmanism as much as England needed it. There are too many men who are "old at forty"; too many people who complain about their "luck" when they fail; too many people without ambition or who have "lost their nerve"; too many "job cowards" living under the daily fear of being "fired."

## Increased Incomes

Talk of quick and large salary increases suggests quackery, but in London, at Pelman House, I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacity from 20 to 200 per cent. And why not? Increased efficiency is worth more money.

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. After all life is for living. Money is merely an aid to that end. Money without capacity for enjoyment is worthless. Pelmanism makes for a richer, more wholesome and more interesting life.

Too many people are mentally lopsided, knowing just one thing, or taking interest in only one thing. Of all living creatures they are the most deadly. The emphasis of Pelmanism is on a complete personality. It does away with lopsided developments. It points the way to cultural values as well as to material success. It opens the window of the mind to the voices of the world; it puts the stored wealth of memory at the service of the tongue; it burns away the stupid diffidences by developing self-realization and self-expression.

## Your Unsuspected Self

How Pelmanism Brings the Hidden, Sleeping Qualities Into Full Development and Dynamic Action

ARE you the man or woman you ought to be? Beneath the Self of which you are conscious there is hidden an unsuspected Self, a thing of sleeping strength and infinite possibilities. That Self is the man or woman you ought to be.

It is this unsuspected Self that occasionally rises uppermost in some crisis of life and makes you go in and win. And then you say, wonderingly: "How strange! I didn't think I had it in me."

Let that Self be always uppermost. Resolve to be always the man you ought to be!

## Clearing the Fog

The minds of many men are veiled by a fog of misunderstanding. They think in a circle, haphazardly — vaguely. They wander in the twilight of doubt. Pelmanism clears the fog. It changes doubt to certainty, misdirection to direction, guessing to knowledge.

Whether you measure Pelmanism by the standards of practical cash-bringing results, increased mental and moral strength, or every day happiness, it cannot fail to satisfy you.

## How to Become a Pelmanist

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. In its pages will be found the comment and experience of men and women of every trade, profession and calling, telling how Pelmanism works — the observations of scientists with respect to such vital questions as age, sex and circumstance in their bearing on success — "stories from the life" and brilliant little essays on personality, opportunity, etc. — all drawn from facts. So great has been the demand that "Scientific Mind Training" has already gone into a third edition of 100,000.

Your copy is ready for you. Immediately upon receipt of your request it will be mailed to you absolutely free of charge and free of any obligation. No salesman will call upon you. Send for "Scientific Mind Training" now. Don't "put off." Fill in this coupon at once and mail it to

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Illustrated  
Section XV



## TOASTS

tea. I'd like to paint it; but on a farm somehow the paraphernalia of painting is just too much! Writing needs less mental margin, I find; also, at the same time it covers more ground (mentally, again). I think that is why I have gradually stopped trying to paint, up here, and drifted into writing,—which has now fastened its hold on me, as is the way of the consuming thing, and refuses to let go." Despite her devotion to the farm and her ponies, Mrs. Greene has again answered the call of the deep, and is now on the coast of the Adriatic.

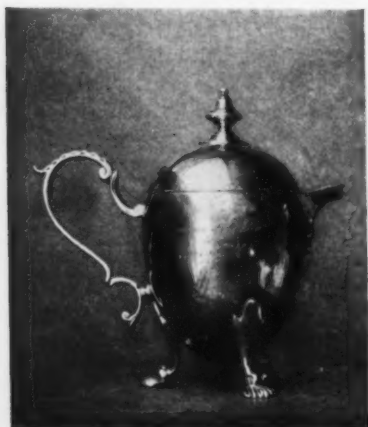
**S**AMUEL SCOVILLE, JR. has already added many FORUM readers to his following,—a following made up of "nature fans" from coast to coast. To "White Ibis at Cape May" (August, 1924), "Ong's Hat" (January, 1925), and "Rescue, Robbery, and Escapes" (July, 1925) he now adds "Fox Folk", and it is safe to say that the unpopular Renard has never had a kindlier biographer. Mr. Scoville is a lawyer in active practise in Philadelphia and New York, as well as the author of nine books and several hundred short stories, essays, poems, and articles. His office and his house are filled with books and his out-of-doors is filled to the brim with flora and fauna that most of us have heard about but very few of us have seen, even while looking at them! For you can't see what he sees unless you have a particular sort of vision. The chances are, for example, that you don't make a pilgrimage every year to

(a) a bog in New Jersey which is full of orchids; (b) a rattlesnake den in Connecticut; (c) a mountain in the Poconos full of rare birds; (d) a trout brook in the Berkshires,—not to proceed further in the alphabet. Nor do you, when you penetrate to the depths of the pine barrens, find your own cabinful of books beside "the brownest, sweetest, crookedest stream in the world." Mr. Scoville does. And the object of it all? To get acquainted with himself and his children, and,—despite the fact that we're well into the twentieth century,—to meditate!

**E**TIENNE B. RENAUD, while born and educated in France, came to this country as a young man and holds degrees from several American universities. He has been a teacher of languages, history, literature, and archaeology, and is at present Professor of Anthropology at the University of Denver.

**R**OSE MACAULAY, whose refusal to look up the friends of the Browns sounds like a *cri du coeur*, once lectured on English literature at Cambridge University. Nowadays she writes it instead. *Potterism* brought her first into international repute; since then she has written several novels, including *Told By An Idiot*.

**A**DELAIDE WILSON makes her first appearance in THE FORUM with "Winds" and "Kildeer." "I am a Westerner," she writes, "and have lived the greater part of my life here in the



*Cream Jug made by Smith & Sharp, London, 1765. Presented by Dr. John Fothergill to Benjamin Franklin on his departure from England. Left in his will to his executor, Henry Hill, 1790. Bequeathed by H. Hill to his sister Milca Martha, wife of Dr. Charles Moore, 1798. Presented to Hannah B. Smith, 1824 on her marriage to Robt. F. Mott of N. Y. Now in the possession of her granddaughter Mrs. Francis B. Gummere, of Haverford, Pennsylvania.*



## TOASTS

San Jacinto Valley. The desert is just east of us, and going down to the desert is our passion. It was on this desert we were camped when we heard the kildeer crying at dawn."

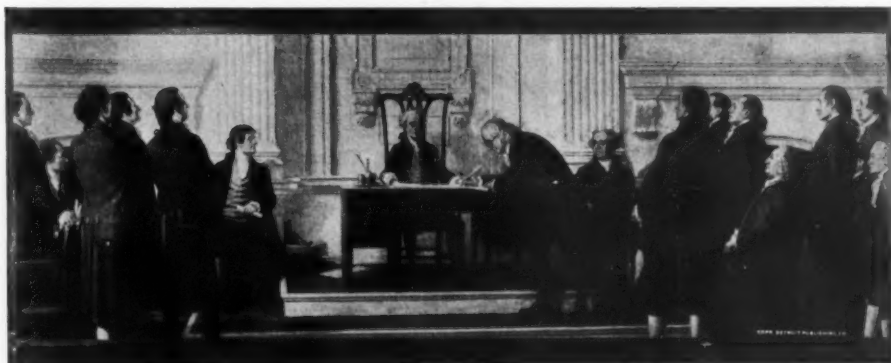
EVA WARNER, who also makes her first appearance in the FORUM, writes from Oklahoma: "In 'The Tree of Life' I am speaking about Truth. . . . We contend 'with partisan bias' for every theory of government, of religion, art, biology, etc., but the Eternal Truth does not contend—Truth is. We 'cast lots' for the garments of Truth, while she indifferently clothes herself ever anew."

PROFESSOR A. E. JOHNSON was born in London, but came to Canada as a boy. After service in France with the Canadian Army, he taught at the University of Saskatchewan and then at the University of Manitoba. Last year he joined the faculty of the University of Syracuse. A novel of his is shortly to appear in London, and a volume of poems, "At the Sign of the Star", is now in the press. In addition, he has had three one-act plays produced. He says justly of his poem "Love is a Loiterer" "that it would make

a good rollicking baritone song." Perhaps some FORUM reader will write the music.

The other poets in this issue, HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON, VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY, and CHARLES WHARTON STORK, are well known to our readers.

**M**ARGARETTA S. HINCHMAN, who drew the design for the colored frontispiece of the January FORUM, had the good luck to study under Howard Pyle. She is as versatile in her work as in her private interests, and can do you a portrait, a panoramic mural, or an illumined manuscript, — even decorations on wood, of which she has made a special study. She is, incidentally, a good Philadelphian, a good horsewoman, and a resourceful and enthusiastic camper. During the war she drove an ambulance at the front, in Miss Anne Morgan's unit. In this issue Miss Hinchman collaborates with her sister-in-law, the author of "Glad Tidings." In April, 1925, she provided decorations for Mary Dixon Thayer's "April", a poem, which, by the way is now reprinted in Miss Thayer's new volume *New York*.



*Franklin signing the Declaration of Independence, one hundred and fifty years ago. In the chair, John Hancock; on his right, Thomas Jefferson; on his left, John Adams. From the mural painting by Charles E. Mills in the Franklin Union, Boston. (Copyright by Detroit Publishing Co.)*



Reproduced from a Cochin engraving (1777) in the Editor's collection

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790)**

*Typefounder, ink maker, bookbinder, copperplate engraver, printer, stationer, merchant, bookseller, author, editor, publisher, inventor, scientist, philosopher, diplomat, philanthropist, statesman, and "first American"*

*See page 37*

# JOSEPH CONRAD

The new Kent Edition of his works, 26 volumes, is now published at a saving of \$140.75 over the limited Autographed Sun Dial Edition

MOST bookish people have heard of the famous Sun Dial Edition of Conrad. The great novelist autographed it, and wrote a special preface to each one of the twenty-four volumes. The sets sold for \$175.75 each, and 735 wealthy book-collectors paid a total sum of \$129,176.25 for this edition.

The new Kent Edition, offered here, is printed from the same style and size of type as the Sun Dial Edition. It contains the same fascinating special prefaces by Conrad. It includes two additional volumes by Conrad, *Suspense* and *Tales of Hearsay*. But, instead of selling for \$175.75 cash, like the autographed Sun Dial Edition, its price is only \$35.00, and even this sum may be paid in convenient small amounts, if desired.

For those who want to own Conrad complete—and what intelligent book-lover does not?—this is the best opportunity ever presented.

## "Romance Is Dead—Not Conrad"

The story of Conrad is one of the most amazing in the annals of literature. For thirty years he traveled up and down the Seven Seas. He did not speak English until past twenty. He had never written a line before he was forty. Yet, the world's most famous authors ultimately paid homage to him as the greatest of them all; his original manuscripts, at an auction before his death, sold for \$110,998 (probably no such tribute had ever been paid to an author while he was still alive).

Doubleday, Page & Co., Dept. C-1152 Garden City, New York

## The Secret of Conrad

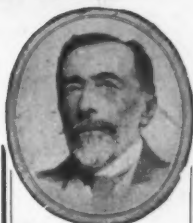
The secret of Conrad's fascination lies above all in the exciting narratives he had to tell. No one could ever tell a story like Conrad, and no one has ever had such tales to tell. He himself had met these men he wrote about—the riff-raff of the world thrown up in the mysterious East—outcasts, adventurers, sailors, rough traders, thieves, murderers.

He had met, too, these strange and everbewitching women who move through his pages. They were real people, all of them; he knew their lives, their "stories." And what breathless narratives they are! "Such tales as men tell under the haunting stars"—that, in a phrase, typifies them.

## Sent for Examination

One of the truest things ever said of Conrad was the comment of Gouverneur Morris. (It is among those in the panel at the right.) No one who professes to appreciate good literature can afford not to be familiar with every one of his great novels.

If you do not as yet have Conrad among your books at home, this is an exceptional opportunity. The new Kent Edition—twenty-six volumes—will be sent to you for examination. Read some of Conrad's own prefaces and some of his stories. You will realize quickly why the world's greatest writers acclaimed him as Master of them all. The publishers advise immediate acceptance of this offer, for at this popular price this edition is fast being exhausted.



## What Other Writers Think of Conrad:

Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read.

—Gouverneur Morris

Here, surely, if ever, is genius.

—Hugh Walpole

The only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent.

—Galsworthy

Here, at last, is a novelist who understands as the poets do.

—Christopher Morley

There is no one like him; there is no one remotely like him.

—H. L. Mencken

To stand in a summer-stilled, man-smelling city street and to feel suddenly a fresh salt wind from the far-off pastures of the sea—this is a sensation when one comes upon a book by Joseph Conrad.

—Mary Austin

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Please send for my inspection the New Kent Edition of Joseph Conrad in 26 volumes that includes the complete works and also the specially written prefaces. Within a week I agree to return the set, or else to send you \$2.00 first payment and ONLY \$3.00 A MONTH until the special price of \$35.00 is paid. Cash discount 5%.

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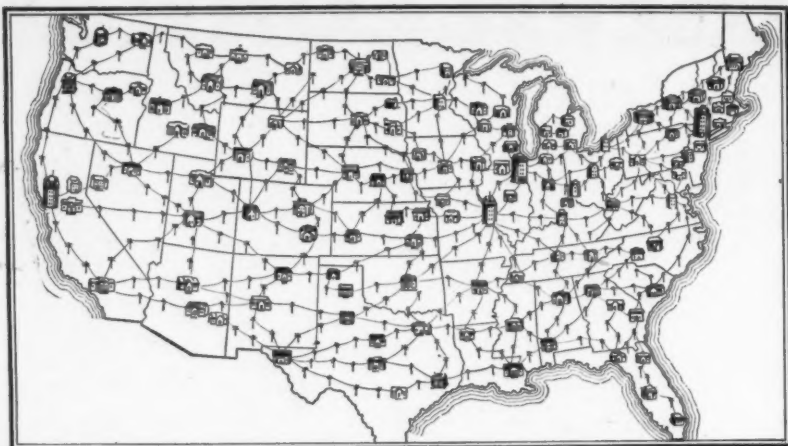
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Illustrated Section 1



## *The Future of the Telephone*

IT WAS fifty years ago that Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, and yet this anniversary is but a milestone in the progress of telephone development. As the giant oak with its complicated structure grows from the acorn, so a nation-wide system has grown out of Bell's single telephone instrument.

The interconnection of millions of telephones throughout the land, regardless of distance, has not come about easily. It has resulted from a series of scientific discoveries and technical achievements embodied in a telephone

plant of vast extent and intricacy. Great economies have already been gained by such technical improvements and more are sure to follow for the benefit of telephone users everywhere.

There are still to come many other discoveries and achievements, not only in transmission of speech, but also in the material and construction details of every part of the network of plant.

The future of the telephone holds forth the promise of a service growing always greater and better, and of a progress—the end of which no one can foresee.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



**IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD  
TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION**

# FORUM

A Magazine of Discussion — Founded 1886 by Isaac L. Rice

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*  
 FRANK C. DAVISON / WASHINGTON PEZET / EUNICE CHAPIN  
 RONALD TREE / GEORGE HENRY PAYNE / E. E. FREE

VOL. LXXV—NO. 2

FEBRUARY, 1926

## C O N T E N T S

LINCOLN AS A STRATEGIST . . . . .	SIR FREDERICK MAURICE	161
WHO SHOULD CONTROL AIR POWER?—A DEBATE		
I—The Third War Arm . . . . .		170
II—Air Service Versus Air Force . . . . .	WILLIAM ADGER MOFFETT	179
Our Imaginary Isolation . . . . .	EDGAR ANSELL MOWRER	186
The Alphabet of Life . . . . .	COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING	196
ALSO THE FRIENDLY TROPICS . . . . .	HERBERT JOSEPH SPINDEN	204
Sixth Paper in the "War or Peace?" Series		
WHY I AM AN EPISCOPALIAN . . . . .	CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY	212
Confessions of Faith—II*		
Joggings in Jugo-Slavia— <i>Part II</i> . . . . .	VIOLA PARADISE	221
<i>Original woodcuts by Howard N. Cook</i>		
Free Speech in the Pulpit . . . . .	G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY	232
Two Poems . . . . .	MARY DIXON THAYER	236
<i>Pen and ink drawings by Venette Willard Shearer</i>		
These Too, Too Solid Ghosts . . . . .	CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN	238
Fancies of the Evolutionists . . . . .	JOHN ROACH STRATON	245
Sancta. <i>A Poem</i> . . . . .	HERBERT H. LONGFELLOW	251
THE NEW RELIGIONS OF AMERICA . . . . .	JULES BOIS	252
IV—Ethical Culture—A Second Reformation		
An Ancient Mariner. <i>A Story</i> . . . . .	GRACE WAITH WAGNER	264
<i>Pen and ink drawings by Muriel Hannah</i>		
I Read THE FORUM in Schule . . . . .	GEORGE HENRY PAYNE	278
Ashes. <i>A Poem</i> . . . . .	ROSEMARY THOMAS	281
FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY . . . . .		
Dust and Ashes . . . . .	THE PEDESTRIAN	282
POETRY SECTION . . . . .		286
<i>A Narrative Poem by T. Morris Longstreth</i>		
CHIMES—IV. <i>A Novel</i> . . . . .	ROBERT HERRICK	290
Our Rostrum . . . . .		305
Opinions About Books . . . . .		313
HOW NOISY IS NEW YORK? . . . . .	E. E. FREE	XXI
<i>Report of The Forum's Scientific Investigation</i>		
Science Notes . . . . .	E. E. FREE	XXVI
Downtown . . . . .	DONALD REA HANSON	XXXIV

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## AN INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

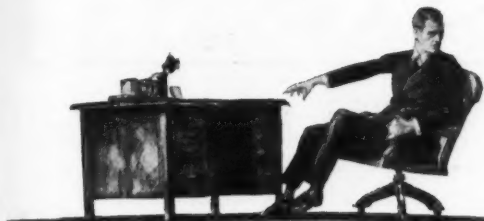
**W**HETHER we are indeed isolated from European politics or whether we are attached to Europe by a halter which we are too proud to acknowledge, the fact remains that we do an inordinate amount of talking about it. Doth Uncle Sam, perhaps, protest too much? His chivalry in 1917 let him in for more than he bargained for, as chivalry has a way of doing. Having rushed overseas to the aid of the beleaguered damsel, he had great difficulty in eluding the designs of matchmaking Geneva, and settled down to the work of peace not only disenchanted but badly scared. So scared that he keeps repeating, — like a stanch bachelor in a company of hopelessly entangled nations, — “No wedding bells for me!”

**H**IS friend the Frenchman, who has a proverb for every contingency, knows the dangers of saying, “Fountain, I will never drink of thy waters!” For thirst plays treacherous tricks. One contributor to the present number of the FORUM avers that Uncle Sam is virtually quenching his typically material thirsts by tapping the waters on the sly, to save his face, or perhaps without realizing that it's the very fountain he abjured. And in the same number two other contributors discuss the future of one of our great weapons of defense and offense, quite as though there were every likelihood of our being drawn into the next war, isolation or no isolation. The FORUM offers no opinion as to whether these three gentlemen are right or wrong; it wouldn't be a “forum” if it did.

**A** LIST to port in one month, perhaps, a list to starboard in another,—but every reader who follows the FORUM through three or four issues, finds us riding on an even keel. Conversely, the steady and remarkable growth of the magazine can now be said to establish the fact that there are many people in America to-day who are tired of being *told* what is right and what is wrong, who are in a mood for drawing up their own Declarations of Independence, and who are grateful for a varied offering of opinion from which they may pick and choose ideas and form their own conclusions. Perhaps, after all, our alleged national addiction to conformity is as imaginary as our alleged imaginary “isolation”! We wonder.

# You may be slipping, too—

and you may  
not know it



AMONG THE MEN who have enrolled for the Alexander Hamilton Institute are 32,000 presidents and business heads. Here is the story of one of them which is rather unusual.

He is 49 years old and had been head of his own business since 1910. It was at his special request that a representative of the Institute called at his office, and he plunged into the subject without a wasted word.

"I don't think you need to tell me anything about your Modern Business Course and Service," he said. "A number of my friends have taken it. They are enthusiastic. I trust their judgment. Let me have an enrolment blank."

The Institute man laid it before him. He picked up his pen and then paused for a moment, looking out of the window. Abruptly he swung around again and wrote his name.

"I have been slipping," he exclaimed. "For some months I have been conscious of it. Conditions have changed in business since I began; problems come up that need something more than merely rule-of-thumb experience. I've got to have someone helping me here, and the easiest way to get really reliable help, I guess, is to take on your experts as my private guides and advisors."

We say this story is unusual. Why? Because he was slipping and knew it. Thousands are slip-

ping and don't. Every man in business is either lifting himself steadily, hand over hand, or he is slipping. *There is no such thing as standing still.*

There are four signs of slipping; four separate groups of men who ought today to send for "Forging Ahead in Business," the book which gives all the facts about the Institute's training.

## Are you in one of these four groups?

1. The man who sees opportunities for bigger undertakings, but who lacks the self-confidence to go ahead; who is afraid to reach out and assume responsibility; who knows that he lacks the knowledge on which to base large decisions. *The Institute can help that man.*

2. The man who has worked for many months without a salary increase. He has slipped; he may not know it, but he has. He needs some definite addition to his business knowledge, something to set him apart from his competitors, to make the men higher up take a new interest in him. *The Institute can help that man.*

3. The man who has stayed in the same position and sees no future. He may have had petty routine increases, but he has slipped. He is every day nearer to old age. He has been content with slow progress when the progress

might have been rapid and sure. *The Institute can help that man.*

4. The man who knows only one department of business. He may be a good salesman, but if he knows nothing of accounting, banking, costs, factory and office management, and corporation finance, he will be a salesman always. He may be a good accountant, and never reach beyond the accounting department. The man at the top must know *something about everything*. *The Institute can help that man.*

You will find the descriptive book published by the Institute, "Forging Ahead in Business," different from any piece of business literature you have ever seen. It is so practical, so directly related to your problem, so clear in its analysis of the reasons why some men rapidly go forward while other men slip back. We should like to put a copy of it into the hands of every thoughtful reader of this magazine. It will richly repay you for an evening of your time. Fill in your name below; your copy will come by mail, without the slightest obligation, at once.

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Illustrated Section

# TOASTS

**T**o contribute anything new to the portrait of so well established an historic personality as Abraham Lincoln is a rare achievement. It is conceded that the best biography of the martyred President is by an Englishman; that the best play built around his character and the dramatic events of his life is by an Englishman; and now, here is another Englishman adding a new facet to the many-sided Lincoln by revealing him to us as a notably able Commander-in-Chief.

**M**AJOR GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE, who makes the signal contribution in his paper in this number,

the second in *THE FORUM Americana Series*, is one of the best known British soldiers. General Maurice has had a long and active career in the British Army. He served with distinction in the Boer War, — he was a Major in those days. In the Great War, from 1915 to 1918, he was Director of Military Operations of the Imperial General Staff. The story of his war-time services is known to every one. But it is not only as a strategist and executive of exceptional ability that Sir Frederick is known. As his numerous forceful writings clearly show, he also possesses the literary skill to make matters military not only comprehensible,



*Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve*

## THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN LOG CABIN

*This Log Cabin was built by Abraham Lincoln and his Father on Goose Nest Prairie, near Farmington, Illinois, in 1861*

# WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM- *By Judge Ben B. Lindsey*

**P**ELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.]

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanising* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic, and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems, and ambitions.

In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure*, I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

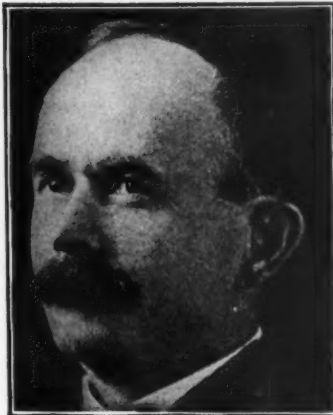
## Pelmanism the Answer

If I were asked to set down the principal cause of the average failure, I would have to put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that trouble begins—trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life.

What wonder that our boys and girls come forth into the world with something less than firm purpose, full confidence and leaping courage? What wonder that mind wandering and wool gathering are common, and that so many individuals are shackled by indecisions, doubts, and fears?

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its working, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with the "citizens of to-morrow."

out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

## Pelmanism's Large Returns

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will-power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided, and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(Signed) Ben B. Lindsey.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 550,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for you.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness, or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side, it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

## How to Become a Pelmanist

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library

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Section VII

## TOASTS

but graphic and entertaining to the layman. Since his retirement from military life, Sir Frederick has been Principal of the Workingmen's College, St Pancras, a position which attests to the wide range of his interests.

**I**T is obviously impossible to give a toast to the "high army officer" whose personal views are expressed in "The Third War Arm", much as we should like to. In as much as for military reasons he felt constrained to withdraw his signature and to refuse permission to the publication of his views as such, we have no alternative but to maintain a regretful and discreet silence. But it is possible to make a passing gesture of gratitude toward STANLEY FROST through whose industry, energy, and tact this valuable point of view was obtained.

**R**EAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM ADGER MOFFETT, spokesman of orthodoxy in the debate on "Who Should Control Air Power?" is under no necessity to hide his identity. His point of view is substantially that of the Staff in both services. Naval Aviation as it exists to-day is almost wholly the creation of Admiral Moffett. It was under his guidance that it first began to rise to prominence as an integral and coördinated part of the fleet. He has had a vital part in shaping the policies which called it into being. And to a large extent it has been his energy that has kept these policies alive. He has fought for them in season and out, not only in administration circles and before Congress, but with the general public, and with business men in particular. Nor has his concentration upon Naval Aviation kept him from lively interest in, and co-operation with, the promotion of commercial aviation. He has seen the picture whole. Indeed there are few men who have had such intimate touch with the developments of aviation since the World War; there is none more qualified to discuss the airplane's place, powers, and limitations from the naval point of view than Admiral Moffett, the father of our Naval Aviation Service. To Stanley Frost we are indebted for the following impression of the Admiral: "Lithe, lean faced, and grizzled, he is unmistakably the sailor, even in civilian clothes,—the

traditional 'sea-dog'. His incisive speech and manner indicate a man to whom command is natural, as well as habitual." Born in Charleston, South Carolina; graduated from the Naval Academy in 1890; under Dewey at Manila Bay; in command at Vera Cruz in 1914; and in command of the Naval Training Station at Great Lakes during the World War, he is still ten years from the official age of retirement,—one of the youngest of the admirals.

**E**DGAR ANSELL MOWRER challenges our politicians to tell us the truth about our foreign relations from the vantage ground of a genuine first-hand knowledge of European affairs. He is not an expatriate American, but an American who has made it his business to know and understand Europe. Born in Bloomington, Illinois, in 1892, Mr. Mowrer is one of the youngest men notable enough to be included in *Who's Who in America*. He was educated in Chicago schools, at the Universities of Chicago and Michigan, and at the Sorbonne in Paris. At the outbreak of the Great War he joined the "Chicago Daily News" staff as a war correspondent. He saw much of the early fighting on the western front. Later he went to Rome, and afterwards was assigned to service with the Italian Army. He was an eye witness of the great retreat from Caporetto and the hasty assembling of the army on the Piave. In January, 1924, "The Daily News" transferred Mr. Mowrer from Rome to Berlin, where he is now in charge of that newspaper's office. He has written for many publications, and he is the author of a history of Italy from the War for Independence and Unity to the rise of the Fascisti.

**I**N Darmstadt, Germany, stands an unpretentious, three-story building with mansard roof. It is the home of an institution, unique in our chaotic, workaday, materialistic world,—the Society for Free Philosophy and The School of Wisdom. Founded and protected by His Royal Highness Granduke Ernst Ludwig von Hessen und Bei Rhein, its presiding genius is the philosopher COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING, one of the most original thinkers of our age. The School of Wisdom at Darmstadt is not just another group, another movement, another *ism* centre; it is





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biggest step forward in their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not in yours? Then mail the coupon at once.



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Illustrated  
Section 1X

## TOASTS

no meaningless flutter of spiritual aspiration. It is the objective aspect of the thought of one of the most penetrating intellects of the day. To understand the full import of Keyserling's philosophy one must go to his published works, among which are *Creative Perception*, *What We Most Need*, and *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*. But something of its essence and of the significance of the school may be distilled from the following brief phrases: "There is today no question of creating a new belief, but rather of a deeper understanding of the existing ones." "Take from none, give something to each," — that is Keyserling's motto. The School of Wisdom is a paradox because "Wisdom is essentially not to be taught." The whole organization of the school is just to see that "originality remains original, that life keeps alive." "The spirit is essentially non-extensive." "The chaos of the civilized world . . . springs from the fact that the life of mankind in its present form has lost all meaning. So it has developed a suicidal inclination. For life and the meaning of life are one." The task this school inspired by Keyserling has set itself is, "To give a new significance to life." To its meetings and exercises come men of many faiths and widely divergent views, — Catholic, Protestant, Russian Orthodox, Buddhist, and Hindu. For the society is open "to everyone, regardless of name, position, nation, confession, or views." The great philosopher who furnishes the energy and inspiration for this movement was born in Koenow, Livland, in 1880. He studied at the Universities of Geneva, Dorpat, Heidelberg, and Vienna. In 1919 he married the only granddaughter of Bismarck. He has traveled almost everywhere. His present paper in *THE FORUM* is perhaps not easy reading, but it will pay anyone who really cares to orient himself in the chaos of this world to read it and to reread it.

A review of Keyserling's *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* will be found on page 313 of this number.

**I**N his able contribution to the "War or Peace?" Series in the November, 1925, *FORUM*, Edward M. East argued that a rapidly increasing population must soon overtake an almost stationary food supply, bringing in its train war, famine,

*Illustrated x  
Section*



CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY  
*Bishop Coadjutor of Massachusetts*

and catastrophe. In the course of his argument he had the temerity to say, "Some see the possibility of rapid conquest of the tropics. Perhaps. But those who know the tropics are not among the number." "This is the sort of challenge that *FORUM* papers are made of," we said to ourselves as we tactfully placed this statement between HERBERT JOSEPH SPINDEN and the lunch he was about to eat. Mr. Spinden, who knows the tropics, who has lived in them months at a time, excavating Maya ruins, and deciphering Maya hieroglyphics, — our readers will recall his brilliant papers on "Ancient America" in the "What is Civilization?" Series, — Mr. Spinden, who is a colleague of Mr. East's at Harvard University, rose to the challenge almost visibly, with what result readers of his paper in the present number may see for themselves. And, by the way, Mr. Spinden says a few things in this essay which will certainly impair Mr. Ellsworth Huntington's appetite and probably lead to another interrupted luncheon and (we hope) *FORUM* paper.

**T**HE REVEREND CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, Bishop Coadjutor of Massachusetts, contributes the second paper to *THE FORUM's Confessions of*

# The Eternal Mystery of WOMAN

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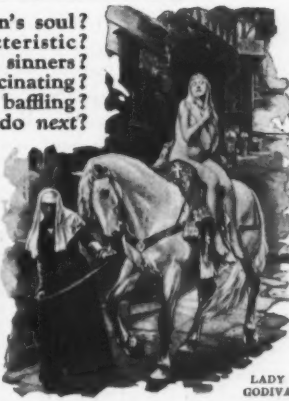
What, in your mind, is the essence of Woman's soul? Which is the outstanding feminine characteristic? Why are some women saints and others such sinners? Must a woman be beautiful in order to be fascinating? Why is the nature of Woman so complex—so baffling? Is there any way you can tell what she will do next?

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You know that Woman today occupies a first place in all minds. A glance at your newspapers, magazines and books shows you how powerful is her influence for good or evil in life. Yet this great subject has only *now* been treated *adequately*. You may know something of the women you see in the little sketches above, but there is much more for you to know about them and others—truths which will entertain, amuse, then thrill—or astonish—and enlighten you.

The authors have not hesitated to tell you the whole truth. If, while concealing nothing, they tell you of the faults of women, it is to accentuate their virtues; if they tell you how a Russian Countess in winter had water slowly poured over nude girls to provide new statues for her gardens, they also tell you how Joan of Arc inspired the people of France and how Lady Godiva helped those of Coventry. Love, marriage and divorce among people in all circumstances of life are subjects of many interesting chapters. A whole volume is devoted to discussions of Oriental women.

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Illustrated Section XI

## TOASTS

*Faith*, a series which will be continued throughout the year. Bishop Slattery began his ministry in Groton School; at twenty-eight he was Dean of the Cathedral of Minnesota, associated with Bishop Whipple; for twelve years he was rector of Grace Church in New York City, having succeeded Dr. W. R. Huntington. He has been a Bishop for three years. As Chairman of the Church Congress in the United States, and as Chairman of the Commission on the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer, he has been interested in the promotion of scholarship in the Church. Bishop Slattery is also deeply interested in Church unity.

**W**HEN we appealed to VIOLA PARADISE for something "new" to tell FORUM readers about her we got the following response: "Your request for facts, especially interesting, new facts, puts the fear of decomposition into me. For, alas, there aren't any. Moons have waxed and waned since your last blurb, and I haven't produced the least exciting new fact. Surely I ought to be able to create one, on demand. In panic I cast my eye about for a world to conquer, a crime or kind act to commit. Nothing. It's a peaceful, sweet-smelling scene, — pine woods, and the sea, and a meadow sloping down to the water, and an orchard, and a cow cropping grass greedily, and lovely blue hills in the distance, and a fog bank, just outside, waiting to pounce upon me if I should make any attempt to counterfeit a fact or two. Otherwise I might start, 'Miss Paradise, with her well-known acrobatic skill, tossed off an earthquake with one hand, while with the other she darned a stocking and ate an apple.' But under the circumstances what can I do? No, there is nothing but beauty to be enjoyed, and a swim to be

swum, and words, words, words, to be written!"

**H**OWARD N. COOK, whose woodcuts adorn the pages of *Miss Paradise's* travels in Jugo-Slavia, protests against that remark we made about him in a recent issue, that he was in Europe looking at the places he had been drawing pictures of; Mr. Cook insists that these woodcuts were made *after* he had looked.



VIOLA PARADISE

**T**HE REVEREND G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, "Woodbine Willie", is vicar of St Edmonds, London, and Chaplain to His Majesty, George V. FORUM readers will recall his previous paper in the November, 1924, FORUM.

**M**ARY DIXON THAYER has just published a book of verse entitled *New York and Other Poems* (Dorrance).

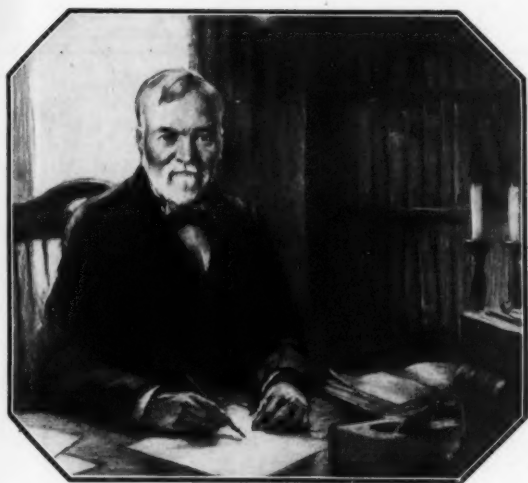
**V**ENNETTE WIL-LAR SHEARER, whose pen drawings frame Miss Dixon's

two poems, confesses that like all "would-be" artists she began her career at the age of eleven with a beautiful Picture Diary. Several years of study intervene, and now we find her, twenty-five years old, with a home, husband, and heir, still drawing pictures between "bottles, baths, and airings."

**C**HARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN is a frequent contributor to THE FORUM. A toast to Mrs. Gilman will be found in the July number.

**M**ONSIEUR JULES BOIS in this number resumes his essays on *The New Religions of America*. Previous papers were "The Holy Rollers" in February, 1925, "The Theosophists" in May, 1925, and "Babism and Bahaim" in July, 1925. The series will be continued during the coming year.





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*said Andrew Carnegie*

for all the millions  
that were ever  
amassed by man"

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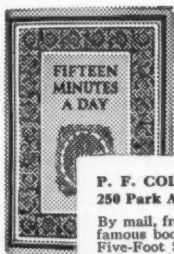
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# FORUM

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### *Special Features*

#### A PRONOUNCEMENT FROM ROME

The Editor of THE FORUM on a recent visit to Rome obtained an important manuscript "The Catholic Church and Politics" from the leading authority on the relations between the Roman Catholic Church and the State. It interprets the attitude of the Vatican today towards government and civil affairs.

#### SOCIOLOGY:

"The Pedigree of the Jews." The first article in a new series on the causes of anti-Semitism.

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"Should All Aliens Be Registered?"

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"Universal Service" by The Secretary of War.

#### FORUM DEFINITIONS:

What, for example, do you mean by "Americanism"?

#### EDITORIAL:

"Forty Years of THE FORUM" by Henry Goddard Leach.

# Can You Guess This Man's Age?

**See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; The Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young**

**I** USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient — and at times feel it to be the truth — he knows why. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it — in five minutes — and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph reproduced here was taken a month ago) is sixty-five years old!

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine a half-inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.*

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a full-length spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles," day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade — and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation," or cartilage, wears down and flattens out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged — and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that subluxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine — "shake it out" — and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in *ten minutes*. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; one is never chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down a bit firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet had evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable SPINE MOTION series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

I asked about constipation. He gave me another motion — a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement — and fifteen minutes later came a complete evacuation!

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. Incidentally, the late Elbert Hubbard and he were great pals; he was often the "Fra's" guest in times past. But



HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DECLINES TO GROW OLD

Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available.

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five cases. With all sincerity I say nothing in the whole realm of medicine or specialism can quicker re-make, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours' sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's power can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

Would you like to try this remarkable method of "coming back"? Or, if young, and apparently normal in your action and feelings, do you want to see your energies just about doubled? It is easy. No "apparatus" is required. Just Bradstreet's few, simple instructions, made doubly clear by his photographic poses of the five positions. Results come amazingly quick. In less than a week you'll have new health, new appetite, new desire, and new capacities; you'll feel years lifted off mind and body. This miracle-man's method can be tested without any advance risk. If you feel enormously benefited, everything is yours to keep and you have paid for it all the enormous sum of \$3.00! Knowing something of the fees this man has been accustomed to receiving, I hope his naming \$3.00 to the general public will have full appreciation.

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Section XV*

## TOASTS

**S**TRUGGLING and aspiring authors often ask us if there is any possible chance for a totally unsolicited manuscript by an utterly unknown author to be accepted and published. What they mean by such redundancies as "totally" and "utterly" is a manuscript which just happens along without a letter of introduction of any sort, with nothing to stand on but its own merits. So far as THE FORUM is concerned, GRACE WAITH WAGNER is the answer. Her story "An Ancient Mariner" just "happened" in the mail. She was quite unknown to the editors; furthermore this is her first story to be accepted; indeed, it is the first she has ever submitted to a publisher.

**M**URIEL HANNAH was told to draw her own name, as illustrator, into the headpiece of "An Ancient Mariner", but her excessive modesty caused her to forget it. Miss Hannah will be remembered for her charming decorations for Walter de la Mare's "Visitors" and H. G. Wells's "Pearl of Love" in previous numbers.

**T**HE first debate in the "new" FORUM, which came into being when the present editor and management took on its publication in July, 1923, was between Newell Dwight Hillis and the late William Jennings Bryan on the subject of Fundamentalism *versus* Modernism. Since then THE FORUM has devoted much space to the discussion of fundamentalism, modernism, and evolution. The great interest aroused by the Scopes trial warranted the allotment of so much space to one subject. Following its policy of giving "both sides" a fair hearing, regardless of the personal views of the Editor and his associates, we published in July the last essay by Mr. Bryan, written only shortly before his death, in answer to the paper by Henry Fairfield Osborn in the June number, entitled "The Earth Speaks to Mr. Bryan". We had felt that the able reply of the Great Commoner closed the debate, and were not prepared to reopen it except under compulsion of some *force majeure*. But DOCTOR JOHN ROACH STRATON recently convinced us that, although Dr. Osborn's paper had been addressed primarily to Mr. Bryan, he too had been singled out for attack by the scientist, and that, therefore,

it was only consistent with the FORUM's avowed policy to give him space in which to reply. Dr. Straton is at present, and for many years has been the pastor of the Baptist Calvary Church of New York City. He is not only the official leader of the fundamentalists (he is President of the Fundamentalist League), but upon him has fallen the mantle of actual leadership so long worn by the Great Commoner. Dr. Straton's fame as a forceful preacher and lecturer is nation-wide. He is the author of many books on religious and social subjects. He is the winner of the Carnegie Hall debate on Evolution. We believe that we interpret Dr. Straton's views correctly when we say that he believes in the literal truth of the Bible as the revealed Word of God, that there is no truth but revealed truth, and that Science, in so far as it is founded upon Evolution, can never be reconciled with Christianity.

**H**ERBERT H. LONGFELLOW, who contributes "Sancta", a poem, to this number, is a native of Maine and an adopted son of Massachusetts. Besides being a belated poet (all of his writing has been done since his fiftieth year) Mr. Longfellow admits that he is a business man and a manufacturer. And, we insist that he is also a humorist. So that readers may judge for themselves we produce the evidence. When in our editorial nervousness, fearing an avalanche of inquiries, "Is Mr. Longfellow related to the Longfellow?" we asked Mr. Longfellow to enlighten us on this point, he replied by wire as follows: "Relationship to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow not at all immediate remote but authentic."

**R**OSEMARY THOMAS was born, she says, "under the brow of Mount Ranier" and since then her life has been a "nomadic sequence." She has pitched her tent in California, England, Canada, and back again, "drawn like a magnet to the steely structure of New York." Miss Thomas is a graduate of Smith College; at present she is teaching music and English in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

**T** MORRIS LONGSTRETH's last appearance as a FORUM poet was in July, 1925; a toast to Mr. Longstreth will be found in that number.

# FORUM

*A Magazine of Controversy — Founded 1886 by Isaac L. Rice*

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*  
 FRANK C. DAVISON     WASHINGTON PEZET     EUNICE CHAPIN  
 RONALD TREE     GEORGE HENRY PAYNE     E. E. FREE

VOL. LXXV—NO. 3

MARCH, 1926

## C O N T E N T S

THE PEDIGREE OF JUDAH	LOTHROP STODDARD	321
<i>Portraits in A Gallery of Jewish Types by Lionel S. Reiss</i> XXXV		
SHALL WE REGISTER OUR ALIENS?—A DEBATE		
I—Individualizing the Immigrant	HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD	334
II—Tyrannizing the Immigrant	OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD	341
The Catholic Church and Politics	GIUSEPPE DALLA TORRE	346
The Veiled Feminists of Atlantis	BOOTH TARKINGTON	358
WHY I AM A PRESBYTERIAN	HENRY SLOANE COFFIN	366
Confessions of Faith—III		
Universal Service	DWIGHT FILLEY DAVIS	375
Devon the Delectable	ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN	378
<i>Pen and ink drawings by the Author</i>		
Those Who Run May Read	CARL VAN DOREN	390
WASHINGTON IRVING	GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM	397
FORUM Americana Series—III		
<i>Pen and ink drawings by E. H. Suydam</i>		
FORUM Definitions—An Editorial Announcement		410
The Next Forty Years	HENRY GODDARD LEACH	414
Big Music—A Story	MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE	420
<i>Original Woodcuts by Allen Lewis</i>		
FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY		
Our Magnificent Gesture	THE PEDESTRIAN	434
POETRY SECTION		438
<i>Poems by Helen McGregor Noyes, Joseph Auslander, Gustav Davidson, Anne Hinchman, Julia Boynton Green</i>		
Forty Years of Education—A Symposium		442
CHIMES—V. A Novel	ROBERT HERRICK	452
Our Rostrum		465
Opinions About Books		473
Forty Scientific Years	E. E. FREE	XLI
Shall We Train Our Noses?	E. E. FREE	XLV
What to See in Europe		LII
Downtown	DONALD REA HANSON	LVIII

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# Forty Years of Forum

WASHINGTON PEZET

**T**HE FORUM came into being through the happy association of an ideal and an idea. The ideal evolved from the yearning of a great liberal to make his liberalism effective in the service of the people. The idea was that of a magazine which should be dynamic rather than static. ISAAC L. RICE provided the ideal; LORETTUS SUTTON METCALF, the idea. These two gentlemen had never met. They were brought together by Mr. Nathan Bijur, now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, at that time the law partner of Mr. Rice. The partners and a small group of associates provided the money which translated the ideal and idea into THE FORUM.

**I**SAAC L. RICE was born in Wachenheim, Germany, on February 22, 1850. He came to this country at the age of six; before his death he had become one of the leading American figures of his epoch. Lawyer, business man, inventor, educator, author, and philanthropist are in themselves insufficient terms to describe his extraordinary versatility. In each one of these very different fields he did work of distinction and significance. Even in his hobbies he rose above mediocrity, being an accomplished musician and a chess player of international renown. But, above all things, he was that bright product of the nineteenth century, a liberal gentleman.

In the "Definition of Liberty", one of the most significant of his politico-philosophical essays, we find the words: "Civil liberty results from the restraint of private rights. That liberty requires popular sovereignty." In this sentence, we believe, is the genesis of THE FORUM ideal.

Rice saw clearly that to make the sovereign people effective they must be fortified with something more than legal sanctions: they must possess the real power

that can only be derived from enlightened information. The fine flower of democracy that had bloomed in the New England town hall must somehow be adapted to the vast wind-swept soil of a nation of over sixty millions. How? The people must have a forum, a mart for the exchange of ideas, a place where truth might emerge out of free discussion and controversy. Obviously no forum of stone, no meeting place of people in the flesh would answer the needs of so colossal a nation. In an age ruled by the printed word, a publication was the inevitable answer. And so it was that for several years there germinated in the mind of Isaac Rice the ideal of a "public magazine for the discussion, sanely and seriously, of all vital questions."



ISAAC L. RICE

**T**HE "Definition of Liberty" had appeared in 1883 in the "North American Review", of which Loretus Sutton Metcalf was then the editor. Mr. Metcalf was born in Monmouth, Maine, in October, 1837. Before the beginning of his ten-year connection with the "North American", Mr. Metcalf had had wide experience in journalism as the editor of a group of five weekly newspapers in Massachusetts. On the "North American" he was experimenting with a new idea in editing. He had conceived of a magazine as a dynamic force, and an editor as one who should direct that force. He considered the old static idea of a magazine as a mere channel for the expression of contributors' views as no longer adapted to the age. His idea was to accept only a few of the most striking unsolicited contributions, to determine what subjects were timely and of wide interest, and then to invite qualified experts to write upon them. He wanted a new magazine in which he could give this novel editorial policy freer rein,



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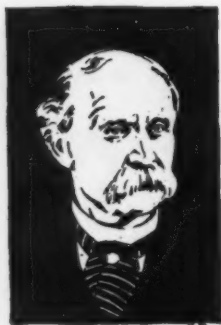
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## THE FORUM

and having hit upon the ideal name, "The Forum", he resigned from the "North American" in 1885, and took his plans to Nathan Bijur.

### THE FIRST EDITOR



LORETTUS  
SUTTON  
METCALF  
1886-1891

Shortly after his meeting with Rice, in March, 1886, THE FORUM was born.

**F**OR nearly two years Metcalf tried to be both Editor and business manager of THE FORUM, but he found the dual task too arduous. In November, 1887, scanning the field for someone to take his place as business manager, he discovered a young man of unusual promise

on the staff of the "New York Evening Post". Thirty-two years before, this young man had been born in Cary, North Carolina. Because of his unusual ability he had been chosen as one of the twenty selected students to be admitted to the new university in Baltimore which the wealth of Johns Hopkins and the genius of Daniel Coit Gilman had just called into being. Later he was to become editor of THE FORUM, then of "The Atlantic Monthly", founder of a great publishing house, and eventually our war-time Ambassador to the Court of St James. The name of this extraordinary young man was WALTER HINES PAGE.

**F**ROM 1887 to 1891, Page served THE FORUM as business manager, and his executive genius, seconding the editorial policies of Metcalf, raised THE FORUM's circulation beyond any review of the times. In 1891 Metcalf resigned, designating Page to be his successor. And for the next four years Page carried on the dynamic editorial policy with consummate brilliance. In 1895 Page resigned to become editor of "The Atlantic Monthly". In the meanwhile, in the decade from 1886 to 1896, by which time the absence of

these two remarkable men was being felt, THE FORUM had lived through its first golden age.

**O**F the magazine's political influence in this period, George Henry Payne has written: "If THE FORUM had done nothing else, it would still deserve a high place in the history of American journalism for the part that it played in arousing interest in the Australian ballot, in more stringent Corrupt Practises Acts, and in that very 'purity in politics' that Senator Ingalls was describing as merely 'an iridescent dream'."

In the broader field of general sociology, THE FORUM's part in crystallizing the thought of the nation was no less important. Andrew Carnegie, a frequent FORUM writer, in "An Employer's View of the Labor Question", David Dudley Field in "The Child and the State", Frances E. Willard who wrote on "Women and the Temperance Question", Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner of New York City, writing of "The Enforcement of the Law",—each sounded the first notes of the call to arms in many movements which have since those days altered the face of the nation.

It was, perhaps, in the field of scholarship and science that THE FORUM made its most lasting contribution. Henry Adams, one of the keenest thinkers America has produced, a man whose work has directly inspired many present-day scientists and philosophers, was in those days a frequent FORUM contributor; likewise W. E. H. Lecky, one of the most distinguished critical historians of the nineteenth century. John Tyndall, who did more than anyone to popularize science, even including Huxley, used the pages of THE FORUM as one of his chief avenues of

### THE SECOND EDITOR



WALTER  
HINES  
PAGE  
1891-1895

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*Illustrated Section VII*

## THE FORUM

expression. Max Müller, the father of modern philology; Alphonse Bertillon, the French anthropologist, inventor of finger printing; Sir William Crookes, the physicist whose notable work led directly to the discovery of the X-rays; Cesare Lombroso, the Italian criminologist; Fridtjof Nansen, greatest of all Arctic explorers, were all of them expressing their significant views through *FORUM* pages in those early days when science was struggling for its place in the sun.

Among pioneer American scientists we find two eminent names which appeared many times in *THE FORUM*: J. W. Powell, the geologist-anthropologist, whose monumental work on the Mound Builders is still unsurpassed, published portions of it for the first time in *THE FORUM*; and W J ("No Stop") McGee, geologist, the first advocate of the conservation of our natural resources, the inspirer of Theodore Roosevelt along these lines, contributed much of his most important work to the pages of *THE FORUM*. Alas, it must also be recorded that he was frequently at loggerheads with the editors, proof-readers, and printers. This strange genius was a founding; he had never had any name but W J McGee. The initials, standing for nothing at all, were, he insisted, his name, and they should therefore not be followed by periods. But try to explain that to a proof-reader or a printer, — or to an editor, for that matter. Poor McGee spent much energy for years trying to get the offending periods left off. Dying of cancer, this unique *FORUM* contributor kept a minutely detailed record of his symptoms up to the last day. Needless to say, in so doing he performed an inestimable service to science and to mankind.

A contributor who bridged the gap between science and letters was Jules Verne, most of whose prophecies, except that trip to the moon, *THE FORUM* has lived to see realized.

Though *THE FORUM* of forty years ago published no fiction, *belles lettres* were not absent from its pages, as the names of Anatole France, Thomas Hardy, Pierre Loti, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Björnsterne Björnson, and Mark Twain attest. For a decade *THE FORUM* was one of the finest periodicals not only in America, but in the English-speaking world. Its greatness was due to three factors: the ideals

and ideas of Isaac L. Rice; the plans, policies, and practical experience of Loretta S. Metcalf; and the editorial and executive genius of Walter H. Page.

**D**URING the two years that followed the resignation of Walter Page, when Mr. Rice, unable to find a successor, was trying to run the magazine himself with the handicap of his multifarious extraneous interests, *THE FORUM*'s circulation slumped badly. In May, 1897, Mr. Rice made his brother, Dr. JOSEPH M. RICE, a distinguished physician and psychologist, Editor. In July, 1902, Dr. Rice changed the magazine to a quarterly, made up of regular departments edited and written by members of a permanent staff. As this scheme did not attract a sufficient number of readers, *THE FORUM*, in July, 1908, became a monthly again. And toward the end of 1909 the other features of this system were finally abandoned. In the meanwhile a new Editor, FREDERIC T. COOPER, had taken charge.

THE THIRD  
EDITOR

JOSEPH  
M.  
RICE  
1897-1907

**M**R. COOPER'S first number, issued on April 1, 1907, had new features, including literary essays, book reviews, and the first *FORUM* poem, Brian Hooker's "Lilacs in the City". In July 1908 appeared the first instalment of *THE FORUM*'s first serial, *The Point of Honor* by Joseph Conrad. This was followed in later issues by J. C. Snaith's *Araminta*. Thereafter changes follow thick and fast. Among the first, if not the first, poems of Elsie Singmaster and William Rose Benét are published. Henry Seidel Canby appears with a short story (another new departure). Zona Gale, Stark Young, Herman Hagedorn, William Lyon Phelps, Sir Oliver Lodge, Percy MacKaye, Lee Wilson Dodd, Walter Pritchard Eaton, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Alfred Noyes contribute essays, stories,

THE FOURTH  
EDITOR

FREDERIC  
T.  
COOPER  
1907-1909

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Illustrated IX  
Section



## THE FORUM

and poems. Brander Matthews returns to *THE FORUM*, and therein Clayton Hamilton begins the upbuilding of his reputation as a dramatic critic.

**T**HE emergence of *THE FORUM* as a literary magazine began under Mr. Cooper, continued during the few months of the editorship of Dr. B. RUSSELL HIRTS, and reached a brilliant climax in the six years of Mr. MITCHELL KENNERLEY's régime. Like S. S. McClure and Frank Harris, Mr. Kennerley possesses an extraordinary gift for perceiving, appreciating,

and encouraging genius in unknown authors. Under him *THE FORUM* became the aviary in which the new American literature, about which Mr. Carl Van Doren writes in this number, was hatched and tried out its wings. "Renaissance", the first poem of Edna St. Vincent Millay, is published, and all her early work appears exclusively in *THE FORUM*. After fourteen years of un-

successful peddling, Joseph Hergesheimer lands a story (copies of that *FORUM* have sold as high as fifteen dollars apiece to Hergesheimer collectors). Among other authors whose early work appears in *THE FORUM* are Zöe Akins, Sherwood Anderson, Edwin Björkman, Van Wyck Brooks, Witter Bynner, Floyd Dell, Max Eastman, Harry Kemp, D. H. Lawrence, Walter Lippman, Vachel Lindsay, and H. L. Mencken. Among names then already well known we find those of Granville Barker, Bliss Carman, G. K. Chesterton, Frank Harris, Archibald Henderson, James Huneker, Havelock Ellis and his wife, Edith Ellis, Maurice Hewlett, Richard LeGallienne, Jack London, Maurice Maeterlinck, George Meredith, Ezra Pound, Arthur Stringer, Arthur Symons, Leo Tolstoy, and André Tridon. Mr. Kennerley continued the policy, inau-

gurated by Mr. Cooper, of publishing a serialized novel. He gave *FORUM* readers of those days a chance to be the first to read *The New Machiavelli*, the most significant and by some considered the greatest novel of H. G. Wells.

**O**N November 2, 1915, Isaac L. Rice died. The June, 1916 number was the last edited and published by Mr. Kennerley. The period which follows is one of profound difficulties which, though they threatened to overwhelm *THE FORUM*, were in the end overcome. It is to the lasting credit of Mr. Rice's widow and daughter, who now took active charge of the magazine, that they were able to keep it alive. There were grave financial and editorial adjustments to be made, and into the midst of this reorganization came our entrance into the World War, with its complete *bouleversement* of all established standards, with its inevitable war-time hysteria. Such a situation might well have wrecked an enterprise founded upon a less imperishable idea. Two Editors served the estate in this period, Mr. H. THOMAS RICH who resigned to enter the army, and Mr. EDWIN WILDMAN under whose editorship a complete financial reorganization was effected, which resulted in bringing Mr. GEORGE HENRY PAYNE to the presidency of the corporation and the editorship of the magazine.

**T**HE brilliance of Mr. Payne was foreshadowed by his amazing precociousness in youth. Later in life he became one of New York's leading dramatic critics. Always interested, and at times active, in politics, in 1912 Mr. Payne became Theodore Roosevelt's campaign manager and remained intimately associated with the ex-President until his death. At present Mr. Payne is Tax Com-

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## THE FORUM

missioner of New York City. And while he has abandoned editorship in favor of public service, he has retained his interests in the magazine and a place on its staff as associate editor.

During Mr. Payne's three years' tenure he brought THE FORUM back to its historic policies and paved the way for the renaissance that was soon to follow.

**T**HE tenth and present Editor of THE FORUM was born in Philadelphia on July 3, 1880. He was educated at Princeton and Harvard, receiving degrees from both universities. By inheritance he is a hard-headed New Englander; by temperament an explorer. Among his friends are

THE TENTH  
EDITOR

HENRY  
GODDARD  
LEACH

1923-

the Norwegian explorers, Nansen and Amundsen; and his favorite authors are the explorers of mind and matter. Though he has never been either to the arctic or into

tropic jungles he has sent his mind adventuring in the lands of the ardent explorers, — the Scandinavian countries. This quest led him to produce several books and numerous articles, and to give many lectures on the mental processes of the peoples whom he regards highest in the intellectual plane, the peoples of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. It carried him to the presidency of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The same curiosity turned his mind to the exploration of the contemporary religious problem, drew him into the presidency of the Church Club of New York, and at the end of the Holy Year, on a voyage of exploration of the mind of the Vatican, to Rome.

His exploration of the Nordic mind made him every year more curious about his own country. Curiosity about America caused him, on May 23, 1923, to assume the editorship of THE FORUM, through which he hopes to do his part toward spreading understanding of America among Americans.

**A**SSOCIATED with him from the beginning of his editorship, and even before, has been Frank C. Davison, a Canadian author with three novels to his

credit, and a wide experience as a journalist in this country and Europe to prepare him for his work as managing editor of THE FORUM. Another associate since Mr. Leach became Editor is Ronald Tree, a young man of wide culture, who has taken an active part in American politics as a member of the Democratic Party. On July 1, 1924, Miss Eunice Spalding Chapin joined THE FORUM staff as associate editor and liaison between the editorial and promotion departments. On August 1, 1924, the writer of this history was added to the staff as literary editor. On July 1, 1925, Dr. E. E. Free became Science editor.

**T**HE new-old FORUM which now celebrates its Fortieth Birthday was not reborn in a trice. It evolved gradually but cumulatively. It began to function in July, 1923. In November, 1924, we donned our present cover, — the most American of all covers, — adapted by the architect, Alfred Bossom, from the beautiful designs created by those real Americans who lived two thousand years ago.

In contents the magazine has outstripped its most brilliant past. Subjects taboo in American journalism from time immemorial, religion and race, have been fearlessly discussed. The result has not been the débâcle prophesied, but an ever increasing public approval and respect. The best seller of 1924 and the only 1924 novel to survive as a best seller in 1925 and the best seller of 1925 were both FORUM serials. Two of our short stories have been listed in established anthologies as among the best of the year; and one of our articles has been accorded a corresponding honor as the best political paper of 1924. By July, 1924, our circulation had doubled; by July, 1925, it had increased 1000 per cent. To-day it is 2000 per cent greater than when Mr. Leach took the helm in July, 1923. But let us confess that, so far, we have but made a beginning. Whether we can attain the goal of our ambitions, who can say? But this much is certain; though "downs" may follow "ups" in the future, THE FORUM, so long as it remains a "forum", the stock exchange of American ideas, the town hall of the printed word, cannot perish short of some national calamity that overwhelms us all.

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*Illustrated Section XVII*

# TOASTS

**M**OST of us are creatures of accident; we set out to become engineers and become editors, to become actors and we become Congressmen; the careers of most of us are ruled by opportunity and fortuity, twin handmaidens of the fates. It is a rare thing when the youngster with a yearning to be a policeman grows up to become a uniformed guardian of the law. **LOTHROP STODDARD** is almost unique. At an early age he aspired to become a publicist in the fullest sense of the term, — an interpreter to the reading public of the facts of science in politics, history, and sociology. It was his aim to play the rôle of Greek Chorus in the drama of contemporary events. And for this task he prepared himself with intelligent deliberation. The studies he pursued at Harvard University, from which he received his M.A. in 1910, were selected with this end in view. In preparing his thesis for his Ph.D., from the same institution, Mr. Stoddard broke with all the traditions. Instead of writing the usual futility compounded of erudition and pedantry, he wrote a thesis which, without alteration, was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1914. After the lapse of twelve years, *The French Revolution in San Domingo* is still selling. It is still one of this author's best works, a mine of information for everyone desiring an intelligent understanding of the Negro Republic of Haiti.

Lothrop Stoddard is known for his sins. It is easy enough to accuse him of sensa-

tionalism and superficiality in such a book as *The Rising Tide of Color*, which his enemies insist is the bible of the Ku Klux Klan; or of too facile tendency toward generalization in *The Revolt Against Civilization*. But the main theme of the

latter, — that the uneducated but literate masses are barbarians within the civilized organism of society, — is unimpugnable, however much the unthinking propagandists of eighteenth century equalitarian democracy may inveigh against it. *The New World of Islam* is a solid achievement of sound scholarship. It has been translated into Arabic and is widely known among educated Mohammedans. Mr. Stoddard relates with gusto the story of an American woman with missionary impulses, who, upon returning from North Africa and the Near East, started a

fund to buy books for Mohammedans. It was outrageous, she said, that those poor people had nothing to read but the Koran and that dreadful Stoddard's book. This brings us to the subject of Mr. Stoddard's salient characteristic, — his sense of humor. No man writing for the American public has been attacked more viciously or devastatingly. Recently at the Harvard Club in New York City, the writer of this toast found Mr. Stoddard reading aloud to some friends that scathing personal attack upon him which was quoted in the review entitled "The Scientific Fig Leaf" in the February **FORUM**. Mr. Stoddard fairly chortled with delight at the wit of



**LOTHROP STODDARD**

# "His Tail Between His Legs"

*What most men would see if they could see themselves*

**M**OST men are being whipped every day in the battle of life. Many have already reached the stage where they have **THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS.**

They are afraid of everything and everybody. They live in a constant fear of being deprived of the pitiful existence they are leading. Vaguely they hope for **SOMETHING TO TURN UP** that will make them unafraid, courageous, independent.

While they hope vainly, they drift along, with no definite purpose, no definite plan, nothing ahead of them but old age. The scourings of life do not help such men. In fact, the more lashes they receive at the hands of fate, the more **COWED** they become.

What becomes of these men? They are the wage slaves. They are the "little-business" slaves, the millions of clerks, storekeepers, bookkeepers, laborers, assistants, secretaries, salesmen. They are the millions who work and sweat and—**MAKE OTHERS RICH AND HAPPY!**

The pity of it is, nothing can **SHAKE THEM** out of their complacency. Nothing can stir them out of the mental rut into which they have sunk.

Their wives, too, quickly lose ambition and become slaves—slaves to their kitchens, slaves to their children, slaves to their husbands—slaves to their homes. And with such examples before them, what hope is there for their children **BUT TO GROW UP INTO SLAVERY.**

Some men, however, after years of cringing, turn on life. They **CHALLENGE** the whipper. They discover, perhaps to their own surprise, that it isn't so difficult as they imagined, **TO SET A HIGH GOAL**—and reach it! Only a few try—it is true—but that makes it easier for those who **DO** try.

The rest quit. They show a yellow streak as broad as their backs. They are through—and in their hearts they know it. Not that they are beyond help, but that they have acknowledged defeat: laid down their arms, stopped using their heads, and have simply said to life, "Now do with me as you will."

What about **YOU?** Are you ready to admit that you are through? Are you content to sit back and wait for something to turn up? Have you shown a yellow streak in **YOUR** Battle of Life? Are you satisfied to keep your wife and children—and yourself—enslaved? **ARE YOU AFRAID OF LIFE?**

Success is a simple thing to acquire when you know its formula. The first ingredient is a grain of **COURAGE.** The second is a dash of **AMBITION.** The third is an ounce of **MENTAL EFFORT.** Mix the whole with your God-given faculties and no power on earth can keep you from your desires, be they what they may.

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General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.  
Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.  
Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.  
W. L. George, Author.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.  
Admiral Lord Beresford, G. C. B., G. C. V. O.  
Baroness Orczy, Author.  
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But if they use their **HEADS** they will realize that people cannot be **HELPED** by tommyrot and that there **MUST** be something in **Pelmanism**, when it has such a record behind it, and when it is endorsed by the kind of people listed above.

If you are made of the stuff that isn't content to remain a slave—if you have taken your last whipping from life,—if you have a spark of **INDEPENDENCE** left in your soul, write for this free book. It tells you what **Pelmanism** is, **WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR OTHERS**, and what it can do for you.

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Illustrated Section XIX



## TOASTS

the attack. "I love my enemies," he explained to a surprised inquiry, "not for Christian reasons, but because they keep a man on his toes, and they are the measure of his achievement. Imagine the stuff one would write if everyone thought it was good!"

A typical Yankee in speech, born and bred in New England, Mr. Stoddard lived for a short time in New York, only to flee back to his beloved Brookline, Massachusetts. But unlike most Yankees, who refuse to speak anything but American, Mr. Stoddard is an extraordinary linguist, speaking fluently all the leading languages of the West. His interest and amazing aptitude for linguistics enable him to mimic any accent with scientific fidelity and to tell immediately from what part of the country any speaker derives. And now comes the great secret. Mr. Stoddard is not a pure Nordic. He likes hot weather, there is a tell-tale trace of brown in his blue eyes, and he confesses in the words of a witty young woman friend that he is only a "camouflaged Mediterranean".

**T**HE real interest and importance of the six portraits in *The Gallery of Jewish Types* which precedes Mr. Stoddard's article on "The Pedigree of Judah" lies in the fact that they were *not* drawn to illustrate Mr. Stoddard's article. But as Mr. LIONEL S. REISS explains in his own words, "They are part of a work undertaken in 1920 designed to be a graphic record of the most important features of the Ghettos in the countries where the Jew has lived during the Diaspora." Of this work Mr. Benjamin De Casseres wrote recently: "Here is a veritable *Comédie Humaine* of Judaism, — a *Comédie Humaine* that is, alas! more tragical than comical. I should call Mr. Reiss the Balzac of the Ghettos. These paintings and drawings unquestionably belong among the great documents of Jewish History, — more vital and informative than anything done on the subject to-day in books, — for the memory of the eye outlasts the memory of the written word.

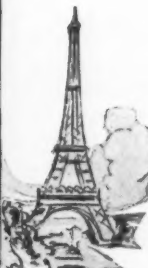
"Mr. Reiss is not only an artist but an historian as well. His work should be seen by every Jew, — and by every artist," and, we add, by every Gentile, too.

Illustrated XX  
Section

"My earliest beginnings in art were with a piece of chalk on the walls and sidewalks of the lower East Side of New York," says Mr. Reiss in a letter to the editor. "Had I lived in the prehistoric caves of Southern France, I might have produced then, as I have now, work that was natively inherent within me. The idea of graphically recording Ghetto places and Ghetto types came to me as a natural consequence of my earliest and most familiar impressions. I simply felt myself an agent of a natural manifestation, in my special branch of the human family, to leave a geologic record of itself on the art-rocks of the world. I had foreseen that Ghettos would soon disappear and, in picturing them, I hoped to interest some future historian of my people. In following this natural instinct, I was acting in the same spirit that moved my artistic ancestors, in caves or in palaces of all time; and that, in spite of an orthodox background where the second commandment was in literal force.

"For two years I lived and worked in many of the principal cities where Ghettos were by law officially instituted. In many of them the life moves almost identically in the same setting as it did in mediaeval times. When one walks through the ancient streets, or steps into hallways and then into courtyards, one suddenly steps back about three to five hundred years. When one goes into an old synagogue and sits in with Talmud students, one is going through the mental life of the Ghetto period. But here and there you see signs where the native energy of the Jew has risen above these dreadful surroundings. One reads signs above shop windows that make one remember the towering structures built in New York by cousins or distant relatives with the same names. The younger generation is developing along modern lines. The older generation, alike all the world over, clings to its customs and its traditions. I lived with my models and spoke their different Yiddish idioms. I got behind the scenes and felt the after-the-war desperation prevalent in Central and Eastern Europe. The conditions in Poland are especially to be deplored. Aside from this natural racial strain within me which has expressed itself in the form of picturizing Ghetto types and places, I am a son of New York. To

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Illustrated  
Section XXI

## TOASTS

this city I owe a great deal, and to it I shall devote my best years in attempting to interpret, in form and color, my reactions to its astounding complexities. In the particular drawings shown, each individual portrayed is of the orthodox persuasion. I have faithfully attempted to portray each as I have found him, and I leave these records to the anthropologist to check up with his own observations."

**H**ENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, who takes the affirmative in the debate in this issue, "Shall We Register Our Aliens?", contributed the first paper in THE FORUM's "War or Peace?" series. Although a toast to Mr. Fairchild appeared in the September, 1925 FORUM a few additional facts concerning his eminent fitness to discuss the problems of the immigrant are not out of place. Mr. Fairchild has devoted a major portion of his time in recent years to a scientific study of immigration. In 1923 he was an investigator for the National Research Council, and special immigration agent in Europe for the United States Department of Labor. At present he is Director of the Bureau of Community Service and Research of New York University. The new Johnson Bill (for the Registration of Aliens) is in part based upon the findings of Mr. Fairchild's researches. Too late for a review of it to be included in this month's "Opinion About Books", his *The Melting Pot Mistake* (Little, Brown, \$2.50) appeared upon the Literary Editor's desk. In this timely and important and very readable book, Mr. Fairchild strikes a new note in the perennial discussion of immigration problems. It is the note of nationalism. The melting pot is a fallacy, it does not boil up and exude the essence of super-

Americanism, not for racial reasons, but for national reasons. Nationality is a form of group consciousness which cannot be maintained if we are constantly modifying it by alien forms of group consciousness, different, virile, and self-perpetuating even when uprooted from their native soils. By placing the problem upon a sound basis of nationality, rather than upon the highly controversial grounds of race, Mr. Fairchild has made a most important contribution to the literature of the subject.



COUNT GIUSEPPE DALLA TORRE

**O**SWALD GARRISON VILLARD is one of the outstanding leaders of that small but effective group of liberal-minded men who have contributed so much to the political and economic progress and idealism of the United States. He is the son of an immigrant who came to this country as the result of the Republican Revolution of 1848 in South Germany, arriving in New York with only twenty-five dollars in his pocket. This immigrant, by his foresight and his financial following, subsequently completed the Northern Pacific Railroad,

the first line to the Pacific Ocean through the Northwest, and thus opened for development a vast empire years before it might otherwise have been made available for settlers. Oswald Villard for many years has been a journalist, like his father, his grandfather, and other members of his family, and is at present owner and editor of the New York "Nation", a periodical whose leavening liberalism works in the nation, arousing it to salutary self-criticism.

**C**OUNT GIUSEPPE DALLA TORRE is one of the most prominent figures of the Italian Catholic world. He was born in Padua in 1885 and received his Doctorate from the famous University of that city.

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## TOASTS

From 1910 to 1914 he was the editor of the daily paper "*La Libertà*". By Pope Pius X he was appointed President of the "*Unione Popolare fra i Cattolici d'Italia*" which is the central organization for catholic social movement in Italy. Pope Benedict XV appointed him Chairman of the Executive Committee of the "*Azione Cattolica Italiana*" that is the coördinating body comprising all Catholic associations made up of men, women, and young people. In 1920 Count Dalla Torre was, by the same Pope, Benedict XV, appointed chief editor of the daily paper "*Osservatore Romano*", the only paper in the world which is directly dependent from the Holy See. Besides editing this paper, Count Dalla Torre is President of the Italian Association of Catholic writers, an organization founded by him last year.

**T**HE first time that an author produces a best seller, it may be said of him in a popular sense, that he has arrived. When the author of many best sellers finally achieves the distinction of a uniformly bound edition, it may be said that he has "arrived to stay" in the literature of his epoch. BOOTH TARKINGTON, novelist and playwright, has arrived in both senses. In the quarter century since 1900 Mr. Tarkington has published twenty-three novels and has had sixteen plays produced, — an average of nearly a novel a year, and more than one play in every two years, — nor does this take into account the innumerable short stories and essays he has written in the same period. When one considers the general high level of his output, such prolificacy (if we may coin a useful word) is little short of amazing. Mr. Tarkington is an indefatigable, rather than a facile, worker. His achievements are a monument to his industry; when

engaged upon a specific literary task he works all day, every day, often eighteen hours a day.

A real Hoosier, born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1869, Mr. Tarkington "began to dictate stories to a long-suffering sister before he could write himself." But because of this precociousness it must not be supposed that he suddenly burst upon the world the successful author of *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *The Gentleman from Indiana*. Between happy college days at



BOOTH TARKINGTON

Purdue and Princeton and his "arrival", there intervened years of groping and apprenticeship. Like many youths with an artistic impulse he did not know in just what direction his talents lay. He liked to write, he also liked to draw, he couldn't make up his mind which to do. "Life" decided the matter for him by rejecting thirty-one of his drawings after having accepted one of them. For eight years everything he wrote was rejected, and in the whole period of his painful apprenticeship he earned just \$22.50. How much he has earned since we will leave to the sort of

statistician who likes to measure the distance to the moon in dollar bills placed end to end. Once upon a time Mr. Tarkington took a flyer in politics. We are indebted to Asa Don Dickinson for the following account of why enough people voted for Tarkington to elect him to the legislature:

"Going to vote for Tarkington?" asks one Hoosier of another.

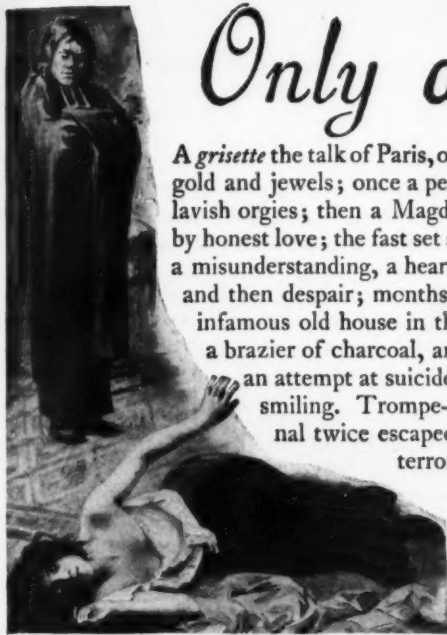
"That actor fellow?"

"Yes, that acrobat."

"Sure, I'm goin' to vote fer him. Jes' wanter see what the darn fool'll do!"

A delightful story of Tarkington wit, in Paris days before the war, has now become legendary. He was with a friend in Maxim's. They wanted to talk, but the terrible cacophony of merriment in a





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Illustrated Section XXV

## TOASTS

hundred and one languages added to the clatter of dishes and the popping of corks made intelligent speech impossible. Tarkington, ever resourceful, rose and went from table to table whispering something confidentially to its occupants. One by one the tables emptied. In a trice Maxim's was deserted. "How did you do it?" asked his friend. "Oh," replied Tarkington, "I just told them a murder had been committed upstairs, that the police were coming, and if they wished to avoid being drawn into the affair. . . ."

As an American author Booth Tarkington is preëminent as the interpreter of youth. *Seventeen* and *Clarence* are still unsurpassed in the literature of adolescence. If so, it is because Mr. Tarkington growing older in years and richer in experience has remained ever youthful in understanding and in enthusiasm.

**A**S this number goes to press DOCTOR HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, who contributes "Why I Am a Presbyterian" to the FORUM's "Confessions of Faith" series, is in Scotland, where he has gone to give the Warrack Lectures on Preaching at the three Theological Seminaries in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen. Dr. Coffin is minister in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City and Associate Professor in the Union Theological Seminary. He is one of the most prominent Presbyterian clergymen in America, a scholar, author of several books, and, as anyone who has read his works, or has heard him preach must know, a liberal force in the camp of present-day Protestantism.

**D**WIGHT FILLEY DAVIS, Secretary of War, is a native of St Louis, Missouri, and a Harvard graduate (1900). He has held many important positions in banking, philanthropic institutions, and in the public service. In 1923 he resigned as director of the War Finance Corporation to become Assistant Secretary of War. On October 13, 1925, he succeeded John Wingate Weeks as Secretary of War.

**R**OBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is what might be termed an "habitual" FORUM contributor. His charming drawings and equally pictorial sentences have enhanced the beauty of many FORUM

pages during the past two years. Since our last toast to Mr. Coffin he has published his *Book of Crowns and Cottages* (Yale University Press \$2.50), a collection of essays illustrated by the author, one of which appeared first in THE FORUM. A review of this unusually attractive gift-book may be found on page 480.

**A**MONG leading American literary critics the place of CARL VAN DOREN is secure. During the years that Mr. Glenn Frank was editor of "The Century", Mr. Van Doren was its Literary Editor, responsible for its fiction. The significance and value of the "Century" fiction during the period attests to Mr. Van Doren's good taste and discrimination. Because he is just the same age as THE FORUM, the Editor considered it particularly fitting that he should be the one to review the forty years of American letters for this anniversary number. In a letter to the Editor Mr. Van Doren says, "I spent rather more than the first half of my life in Illinois, devoting most of it to reading and sports,— particularly football. I have spent rather less than the second half in New York, England, and Connecticut, with a turn in Florida to be married." (At this point we will intrude long enough to hail the success of the Florida turn, as all will agree who know Irita Bradford Van Doren and the three lovely children who grace the Van Doren, home. Irita Van Doren is also a literary critic, associated with Mr. Stuart Sherman on the "Herald-Tribune", and a member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD.) "Most of the time," continues Mr. Van Doren after our parenthesis, "I have spent writing, largely literary history and criticism, with some teaching and editing. Now I have happily retired, since my fortieth birthday, to do what I like. My favorite among my books is *Other Provinces* recently published by Knopf. It's a kind of short stories. I'm just finishing another book, which is a kind of novel. I'm not sure yet what I shall call it. My principal sports now are lecturing, swimming, and building stone walls in my Connecticut farm. I wish I were there to-day."

**G**EORGE HAVEN PUTNAM is the dean of American publishers. Born in London, England, in 1844, he has been for



MR. DOOLEY once remarked that in his youth he wrote a book about women, but that when in maturer years he came to publish it he added at the end what the scientists call Errata, in which he requested his readers whenever they found "is" to substitute "is not," and whenever they found "is not" to substitute "maybe," "perhaps," and "God knows."

Now BOOTH TARKINGTON, that kind-hearted, sharp-penned analyst of the ridiculous, has written a novel about women . . . but the only comments that need be added to it are those made by a few well-known ladies, who speak as follows:

EDNA FERBER, author of *SO BIG*: "It gives me the shivers, it was so uncannily wise. No man has any right to know that much about women."

KATHARINE BEMENT DAVIS, General Secretary of the Bureau of Social Hygiene: "I wish very much some woman would write a book called 'MEN,' and present some of these same (cattish) aspects."

PROFESSOR KATHARINE LEE BATES, of Wellesley College, says: "He has caught the young girl, at the 'peach bloom age,' to a marvel. The book is delightful throughout."

BAIRD LEONARD, the Mrs. *Pep of Life*, was so curious about

it that she actually bought a copy (and she a reviewer!) And considering the money well spent, she wrote an enthusiastic review.

ELEANORE VAN SWERINGEN, the famous artist, says: "Mr. Tarkington knows the type of woman—and especially the type of young girl—he describes astoundingly well—when one thinks of his portrayal of the young girl in the throes of—what is the feminine of calf-love?—it is delicious."

DR. BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS, acting head of the English department of Hunter College, says: "He knows, oh, how he knows women!"

MEN and WOMEN all over the country are chuckling over the revelations in this, the author's keenest, meanest novel.

# W O M E N

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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*Illustrated  
Section* XXVII

## TOASTS

many years the head of the house of G. P. Putnam, founded by his father. Mr. Putnam's great services to American letters are threefold. As director of the policy of Putnam's he has enriched American letters with his editorial discrimination; as the reorganizer in 1887 of The American Copyright League (founded by his father in 1851), Mr. Putnam led the fight which resulted in the copyright bill of 1891; and as an author he has made the most personal and certainly not the least of his contributions. His latest, which appears in this number of THE FORUM, as the third paper in our "Americana Series", takes on especial significance when we realize that Mr. Putnam was the personal friend of Washington Irving, the subject of the biographical essay.

"I am (for my sins)," writes Mr. Putnam, "chairman of a committee which is charged with the construction of a memorial to Irving. The work is in the hands of the sculptor, Daniel C. French, and the bust of Irving that he has designed is a beautiful piece of work. In connection with this work for the memorial, and with my own affectionate regard for a man who was a friend of my father and of myself, I wish to bring into print, for the information of a later generation who are not familiar with Irving, or with his work, a paper which shall describe both. The memorial will probably be brought into place during the spring of the coming year.

"It is to be erected on the Post Road at the point where the lane leaves the road for Sunnyside."

Mr. Putnam wished to close his paper with the lines of appreciation written to Irving by that other fine-natured American author, Lowell. Unfortunately limitations of space made this impossible, so we reproduce the lines here:

"What! Irving? thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain,

You bring back the happiest spirit from Spain,  
And the gravest sweet humor, that ever were there  
Since Cervantes met death in his gentle despair;  
Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look so beseeching,—  
I shan't run directly against my own preaching,  
And having just laughed at their Raphaels and Dantes,

Go to setting you up beside matchless Cervantes;  
But allow me to speak what I honestly feel;  
To a true poet-heart and the fun of Dick Steele,  
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,  
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will.



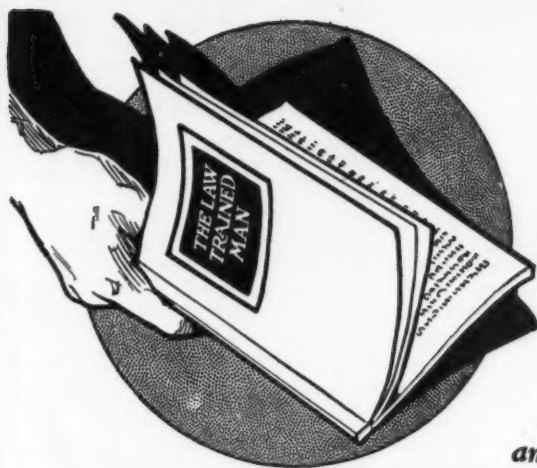
CARL VAN DOREN

Mix well, and while stirring,  
hum o'er, as a spell,  
The fine old English Gentleman,  
simmer it well,  
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain  
That only the finest and clearest remain;  
Let it stand out-of-doors till a soul it receives  
From the warm lazy sun loitering down  
through green leaves  
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving  
A name either English or Yankee, — just Irving."

**E**. H. SUYDAM, whose drawings illustrate Mr. Putnam's "Washington Irving", was toasted in the January number in connection with his sketches for Philip

Guedalla's "Dr. Ben Franklin", but we cannot refrain from quoting the letter which came with Mr. Suydam's drawings. "I had a very enjoyable time sketching Sunnyside from the top of a fence, not being able to gain admission to the grounds to do so, and then was followed by two very savage looking police dogs, but I looked fiercely at them and frightened them away, so I did not go to jail, and was not eaten up, and lived to finish the drawings. I had a much better reception at the cemetery!"

**M**ARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE, whose story "Big Music" appears in this number, writes to the editor that she is "a granddaughter of Massachusetts,



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Section XXIX*



## TOASTS

a daughter of West Virginia, and an adopted daughter of Virginia. Until I began spending my winters in Richmond about eight years ago, I divided my time between the backwoods of West Virginia and the Back Bay of Boston, which are very different places but both interesting. I started out as a novelist, and the scenes of all my early books were laid in this locality, as was also the novel *Deep Channel* which The Atlantic Monthly Co. published two years ago. Of late I have done more short work, stories, essays, and verse.

"The first year the O. Henry Memorial Prize was offered my story 'England to America' won it. (We vividly recall Miss Montague's "England to America" as one of the most charming literary productions of war days.) Another story of mine, 'Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge', caused a good deal of a stir when it was published in the Spring of 1920, and played some part in the political campaign of that year. As it was commended by President Wilson it was of course damned by all his enemies, and as it voiced a little of my extreme disgust with the country for the disgrace of not entering The League of Nations, it was screeched at and lied about by the League's enemies. It was screened and made its debut in New York in two theatres at once, under the auspices of many distinguished people who were supporters of the League. I was told by the owner of the 'Louisville Courier Journal' that when the story was shown in Louisville it 'helped to hold Kentucky for the League.' I wish I might believe that this was so, but as I was sent into New Hampshire to speak to 'help hold New Hampshire' just before the campaign closed, and as even after Dr. Crothers and I had 'helped to hold it' New Hampshire broke away from our embrace, and went more strongly Republican than it had done for many years, I find it hard to think that anything I did had much weight.

"However, I did have, for a few weeks, a good deal of publicity, and encountered for the first time the awe with which the limelight is regarded. It amused me greatly. I was then first introduced to the phrases 'You have the publicity' and 'he has lost his publicity.' I also discovered that many people prefer to lose their

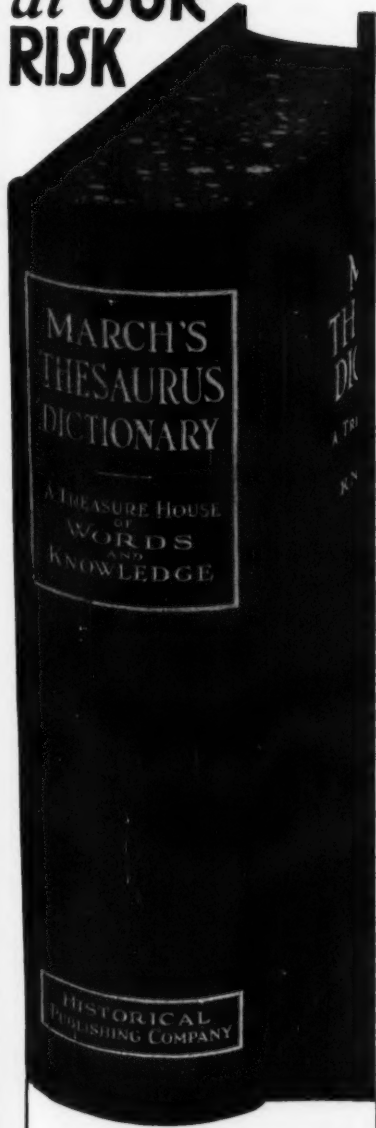
character rather than their publicity, and in fact that by losing the former they frequently gain the latter. Needless to say I lost my publicity very soon, and though I have advertised for it since the finder of it has never restored it.

"This was my most public appearance in the field, but perhaps the two things of mine which will last the longest are a little book giving a metaphysical experience that I had and called *Twenty Minutes of Reality* (E. P. Dutton), and a book of short stories about deaf and blind children *Closed Doors* (Houghton Mifflin). This book is used by Dr. Richard Cabot as a text in his class at Harvard, and is considered a good study of the subject of deafness and blindness by those who know. My brother was at one time superintendent of one of our State schools for the deaf and blind, and I made a close study of the children under his care, and wrote the stories while staying with him. The deaf had almost never been written about understandingly before, and I received many compliments on the stories from the teachers of the deaf.

"As to my diversions they are chiefly gardening and metaphysics. I am convinced that the real adventure of life, and also the most exciting and interesting one, is the spiritual adventure, and that all other things should be added unto it."

**T**HE two original woodcuts which accompany Miss Montague's "Big Music" were cut especially for THE FORUM by Allen Lewis, one of the best known present-day American etchers. Mr. Lewis, who is a Southerner by birth (Mobile, Alabama), began his art studies at the Art Students League of Buffalo under George B. Bridgman in 1891-93. From Buffalo he went to Paris, where he studied at the *Beaux Arts* under Gérôme. Mr. Lewis was one of the three American etchers represented in the Paris Exposition of 1900. In 1902 he returned to America. He was awarded the bronze medal at the St Louis Exposition, the gold medal at the San Francisco Exposition; and he was the first president of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers. At present Mr. Lewis conducts a class in wood cutting at the Art Students League of New York. His own woodcuts have appeared as illustrations in many books.

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Illustrated  
Section XXXI

## TOASTS

**O**F the poets in the present number only HELEN MCGREGOR NOYES is a newcomer to FORUM readers. Miss Noyes, whose home is in South Byfield, Massachusetts, confesses that after "several years of teaching at Smith and earlier at Bryn Mawr" she is "one of those unaccountable to the 'contrary-minded', who have an undiminished ardor for teaching Freshman composition!" Her poem in this month's Poetry Section "To the Poet, That He Sing" is the first one that she has had published.

**A**LTHOUGH GUSTAV DAVIDSON and JOSEPH AUSLANDER have both appeared in THE FORUM before, we wish to toast their *Professional Guest*, the play which they wrote together in Havana, and which at this writing is in the hands of Mr. Horace Liveright. Mr. Auslander is hailed as one of our most promising poets. Mr. Davidson has in recent years almost abandoned poetry for the drama. He has written several original plays and the English versions of plays from the Hungarian and Spanish. In a recent letter to the editor he says, "I am about to do the book and lyrics of my first musical comedy (from the Bohemian, music by d' Albert). In five years (or less) I expect to own a villa in Monte Carlo or turn to selling shoe laces on Fourth Avenue." Mr. Davidson's next book *Twenty Sonnets* (Blue Faun) is to appear in the spring.

**A**GNES DE LIMA, who kindly undertook the task of editing and writing the introduction to our "Educational Symposium", is the author of the widely-read and challenging *Our Enemy the Child* (New Republic Publishing Company).

**T**HE author of the amusing skit on the airplane flight of manners in the four decades since 1886, HELEN WALKER, is a former managing editor of THE FORUM, at present assistant editor of our good friend "The Commonweal". Asked for a few confessions to tell our readers, Miss Walker responded with the following letter: "Do you think it is fair to ask me to tell you the story of my life, when you haven't told me yours? Don't you think that for every confession that a contributor to THE FORUM has to make, a

confession to match should be made by an editor of THE FORUM? (Now, really Miss Walker, there are over fifteen contributors to every FORUM, and there are twelve FORUMS per annum, and only six FORUM editors, — just how much do you think we have to confess, — are we as bad as all that?) It would make biographies such as mine so much more interesting. As it is, I am sure you will only have one 'interested reader' for the tale of me — myself. It is a simple tale hung against a background of violent juxtapositions. I was born in Helena, Montana, yet have lived most of my life in New York. My education began in a convent in Baltimore (Notre Dame of Maryland) from whence it jumped to a quite non-cloistral European finishing school in Lausanne, and hurtled unexpectedly thence to the New York University Law School, where I took an L.L.B., and the New York State Bar examinations. Expectant and ready to practise law with this somewhat heterogeneous training, I surprisingly found myself being introduced to journalism instead, as the editor of the 'Pelham Sun'.

"As far as my New York journalistic experience goes, I think I can say that THE FORUM 'made me (for better or worse) what I am to-day, — I hope it's satisfied!' For it was during the days when THE FORUM was owned and edited by George Henry Payne that I intimately associated with Manhattan galley proofs, printer's ink, and magazine make-up, and eventually came to see 'managing editor' typed under my signature to the letters that went out from THE FORUM at that time. I did all I could under the circumstances to show my appreciation of my connection with one of America's most distinguished magazines, christening my small black kitten, 'Forum'. (Don't brag, Miss Walker, we have a parrot, and its name is "Forum" too!) That was in 1921 and 1922. Later I was introduced to the mysteries of a weekly at the editorial offices of 'The New Republic'; and when Michael Williams started 'The Commonweal' in 1924, I found myself sitting next to Thomas Walsh on the masthead of that publication as an assistant editor, where, — I see by the last number of 'The Commonweal', — I still remain. During these years, writing has been a more or less secret vice."

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**Louis Bromfield:**

Author of "Possession"

❧ "As great as anything produced in English during the past twenty-five years."

**Boston Evening Transcript:**

❧ "Could be compassed only by the pen of a genius."

**Cleveland Plain Dealer:**

❧ "One of the greatest pieces of fiction of its time."

**Chicago Daily Tribune:**

❧ "One of the great works of art."

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# TOASTS

**S**HAW DESMOND, a Southern Irishman, with an English mother of French Huguenot extraction, has come honestly by his resources of energy and imagination. He writes novels and plays with one hand and stirs up the newspaper and magazine world with the other. In between whiles he darts from Moscow to Los Angeles, from Toronto to Copenhagen, lecturing in whatever language seems appropriate. Since the war he has traveled some eighty thousand miles in the United States alone and has spoken from Canada to the Mexican border. The impressions accumulated during this undertaking will soon be incorporated in a book on America. Among the most widely read of Mr. Desmond's novels are *Gods, Democracy, Passion*. *The Isle of Ghosts*, an Irish story, was recently brought out in London, and a new novel, *Ragnarok*, which predicts the passing of white civilization in the next world war, is now on the press. That all Europe is preparing for such a war Mr. Desmond is firmly convinced, as is plain to be seen from his article on Fascism.



SELMA LAGERLÖF

**L**IKE many another student of politics convinced that the old order is far from perfect, WILLIAM Y. ELLIOTT approached the study of Fascism with a favorable bias toward it. A considerable acquaintance with its membership in action somewhat altered his view, although he is convinced that many Fascists, including Mussolini himself, are

intensely patriotic idealists, however curious their methods may seem to Americans. Mr. Elliott, who has recently been promoted to a professorship in Govern-

ment at Harvard University, was introduced to Fascism through his activities as a Rhodes Scholar at Balliol College, Oxford. As one of the earlier Presidents of the Students' International Assembly he shared in the work of a group who were trying to bring about a world federation of students, and it was on one of these propaganda trips to France and to Italy that he first made the actual acquaintance of the new political phenomenon, although at Oxford he had been preparing a doctor's thesis on the syndicalistic origins of Fascism. Mr.

Elliott has studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, and has taught in the University of California. He is a Southerner and naturally glories in it. "In spite of the recent monkeyshines of my native State," he writes, "I own with pride to being a Tennessean, with a great affection for that State, and for old Sawney Webb's school at Bell Buckle, as well as for Vanderbilt University."

**M**ÅRBACKA, SELMA LAGERLÖF's home in Värmland, Sweden, has become what travel agencies describe as a "mecca". In a way Miss Lagerlöf called the tourists down on her own head, for in an unguarded moment she wrote a very beautiful autobiographical volume which nearly everybody in the world read. The chief "character" was her home, or rather





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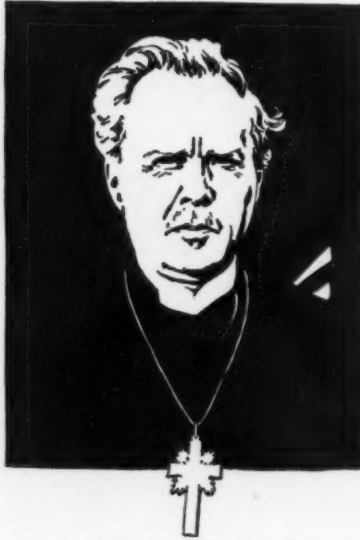
## TOASTS

her home-life, and as her peculiar gift is one of drawing her readers to her characters, the result was inevitable,—if dire. Perhaps in her latest volume *Charlotte Löwensköld* she has the magic goose of *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils* with which to "shoo" these readers to other parts of Sweden,—though it is difficult to imagine such a gracious lady doing anything of the sort even in self protection. At any rate *Charlotte Löwensköld* is acclaimed the book of the year in that country. The facts about Miss,—or as her publishers say,—Doctor Lagerlöf are familiar to most readers. "Lagerlöf" is, in English, "laurel leaf", and it was meet and fitting that the bearer of such a name should be the first, and so far only woman to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. The quality of her work may be summed up in a quotation from the introduction written by the Editor of *THE FORUM* for an English version of *Jerusalem*: "The average mind, whether Swedish or Anglo-Saxon, soon wearies of heartless preciseness in literature and welcomes an idealism as wholesome as that of Miss Lagerlöf. . . . It is by intuition that she works rather than by experience. . . . Selma Lagerlöf takes her delight in developing, not the psychology of the unusual but in analyzing the motives and emotions of the normal mind." Among her most popular books are *The Story of Gösta Berling*, *The Girl from the Marshcroft*, and *The Emperor of Portugallia*.

**G**USTAF TENGGREN began to paint in Sweden at the age of sixteen and his early work attracted almost immediate attention, bringing recognition from Prince Eugen, himself a painter of talent, and from the Swedish master, Andreas Zorn. Coming to the United States in 1920, at the age of twenty-three, Mr. Tenggren gave an exhibition of pictures

showing a surprising range and great resources of imagination and technical skill. During the last few years he has attained an enviable position as illustrator and painter of portraits.

**S**AMUEL F. DARWIN FOX, who contributes the second article to *THE FORUM*'s discussion of the Jewish problem, is at present living in Germany. Professor Fox is the author of many articles on sociological, religious, and metaphysical subjects.



ARCHBISHOP SÖDERBLÖM

**S**ELDOM has a more world-wide homage been accorded an individual, not wearing a crown, than that which found expression in deputations and messages from far and near on the occasion of Archbishop NATHAN SÖDERBLÖM's sixtieth birthday on January fifteenth. He has been Sweden's Primate since 1914, and during this time much of his interest and energy have gone into the work for Christian unity. It was directly owing to his initiative that the Universal Christian Conference on Life and

Work was held in Stockholm last year, the first Ecumenical Council since that at Nicea in 325 A.D. Probably no gift pleased the Archbishop more than the 70,000 kronor collected in Sweden for continuation of the work of the Ecumenical Council.

On September 24, 1926 it will be twenty-five years since the Archbishop was installed as professor of Theology at Upsala. "In addressing his students for the first time," writes one of his earliest pupils, "he began: 'Gentlemen, you are accustomed to being pitied; I congratulate you.'" These words marked a characteristic change of attitude; formerly the Church was on the defensive; the new professor brought a spirit of optimism and conquest. Archbishop Söderblöm visited the United States in September 1923, and

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## TOASTS

made thousands of friends in many parts of the country.

**R**OY FLOYD DIBBLE, who shows up the seamy side of the Puritan era, admits cheerfully to a depraved interest in scamps and scoundrels. Although he has written mostly about contemporary, or at any rate recently defunct Americans, he particularly delights in the exhumation of long forgotten rogues. For the time being he has abandoned local scenes in favor of Mohammed, Prophet of Allah, whose career he finds to be quite delectably checkered. Let it be added, with bated breath, that Mr. Dibble is by profession a teacher of the young!

**A**RTHUR PONSONBY, who was Parliamentary Secretary of Foreign Affairs in Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's short-lived Labor Ministry, began his career as Page of Honor to Queen Victoria. After some years of diplomatic service he entered the parliamentary world as principal private secretary to the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman during the latter's office as Prime Minister. Mr. Ponsonby's first book, *The Camel and the Needle's Eye* was published in 1909. Other volumes from his pen include *The Decline of Aristocracy*, *Democracy and Diplomacy*, *Religion in Politics*, and *English Diaries*.

**W**ILLIAM McDougall, since 1920 Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, was born in Lancashire, England. He studied at the universities of Manchester, London, Cambridge, Oxford, and Göttingen. Before coming to America he was reader in Mental Philosophy in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and active as a member of the British Society for Psychical Research. The investigation of supernormal phenomena has long been one of Dr. McDougall's major interests.



VIRGINIA WOOLF

As a member of the scientific committee in the now famous "Margery" case, he became involved in that deplorable controversy, in which accusations of fraud were hurled by both sides. Because in that case he sided with those members of the committee who believed that the medium had failed to give satisfactory scientific evidence of supernormal powers, Dr. McDougall has been accused of having a closed mind on the subject. His paper in the present number of *THE FORUM*, in which he makes an earnest plea against

closed minds and for continuing psychical research in a spirit of scientific fairness, is perhaps the best possible refutation of that charge. But psychical research is not his sole interest in the ever broadening psychological field. Dr. McDougall made the first study (to our knowledge) of the basic psychological differences between the various European races,—Nordic, Alpine, and Mediterranean. Ever since he came to this country he has been working on the supremely important scientific problem of the inheritance

of acquired characters; he hopes soon to announce significant results. His *Is America Safe for Democracy?* was a challenging discussion of the racial aspects of political problems in the United States. His *Outline of Psychology*, published in 1923 by Scribners, was the most important summary of general psychology printed in this country since the death of William James. Dr. McDougall's most recent book, *Ethics and Some Modern World Problems*, appeared in 1924.

**S**INCE the far-off days when FRIDTJOF NANSSEN thrilled the world with his intrepid jaunts into the unexplored Arctic, a great body of scientific fact has been added to our knowledge of the polar regions. The same dauntless spirit which sent Nansen exploring manifests itself

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## TOASTS

nowadays in great humanitarian missions. In recent years his genius for organization and his unpartisan strength of purpose have ensured the success of vast plans for the economic rehabilitation of peoples in Eastern Europe who were deprived of the power of self-support as a result of the war and of political revolution. One of the great international figures of the day, Nansen has been tendered honors and distinctions too numerous for mention. Recently he accepted the position as head of the Division of Arctic Exploration of the Institute of Comparative Research and Human Culture in Oslo. There have been reports that he would soon be invited to head a new Ministry in the Norwegian Government.

**W**ILLIAM POWER is an American who is at the present time living in France. His paper "When I Married a Catholic" is sufficiently autobiographical in nature to make a detailed toast superfluous.

**F**OR fifteen years JOHN TREADWELL NICHOLS has been naming and classifying fishes for the American Museum of Natural History, as Assistant Curator of "Recent" Fishes (whatever they may be). "The study of pickled fishes," he avers, "owes its charm to the insight which it gives concerning the living fish in nature." The lure of such a life Mr. Nichols has summed up in the following lines:

Observe the ichthyosoplist,  
He holds a minnow in his fist,  
The whole big sea, where fishes swim,  
Is just a story book to him,  
Where lovely stories he can find,—  
Or else he makes them with his mind!

**N**O one who had arrived at years of discretion in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the Great War will forget the wave of intellectual surprise that went, literally, around the world on

the appearance of a book called *The Great Illusion*. In this volume NORMAN ANGELL developed with penetration, fervor, good humor, devastating logic, and a great deal of diligently compiled evidence, the thesis that warfare, as a solution of international problems, is outmoded, that the victor in present-day warfare is bound to lose; and he predicted in some detail the probable results of the war which everybody at that time was vaguely dreading. Ardent young

spirits hailed Angell as an inspired prophet; the reactionary regarded him as a clever madman; history has already confirmed the verdict of the former, for Angell's predictions, almost without exception, have come true. *The Great Illusion* provoked one of the greatest controversies of our generation, yet nobody, alas, took the hint. So much by way of toast to the author of the infinitely less momentous "hint" published in this number. A hint, none the less, which bears in it the seeds of an educational reform. The American public

does far too much listening. Some years ago certain advocates of musical reform encouraged recital audiences to take part in the performance; as a result the community chorus idea sprang into being and people who had considered themselves musically dumb were thrilled to find themselves *making* music. On an analogous principle men and women who expose themselves to thought, year in and year out, without any appreciable gain in culture, may suddenly, if Angell's suggestion is widely adopted, find themselves *thinking*, and contributing to the vast pool of thought instead of dipping out little cupfuls for their own consumption.

**C**HARLES WILIMOVSKY obtained his first training at the Chicago Art Institute, where he won a traveling scholarship which took him first to Paris, then



NANCY BYRD TURNER

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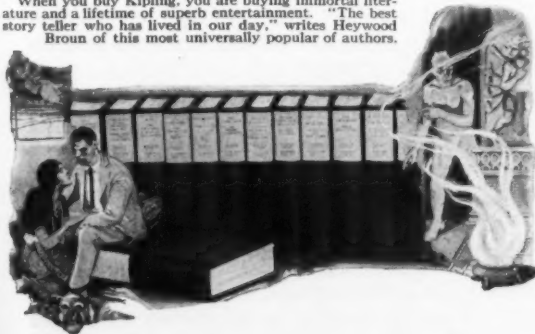


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Illustrated Section XXXI

## TOASTS

to Italy. There he studied for four years under William M. Chase, and after exhibiting in various cities he returned to this country to teach,—an occupation which he has since abandoned. His home is in Chicago.

**K**EN NAKAZAWA is a scholar, a poet, and a philosopher. His father was a savant in Japan and his mother a poet. His articles on the opium bandits is by way of being a departure from his usual field of interest, which is oriental (and particularly Chinese) art, literature, and culture. On various phases of these subjects he has lectured extensively in the western states. In a letter to the editor explaining the sources of the information contained in his article, Mr. Nakazawa adds a picturesque paragraph describing life in the regions of opium production. "Trade there," he says, "is usually conducted on an opium basis just as it was conducted in California on a nugget basis during the gold rush period. During the opium season one notices strange signs of prosperity. Business booms, the streets are crowded with fat-walleted people, and entertainers come from far cities."

**V**IRGINIA WOOLF is a daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen whose clear head and forceful style served as beacon and pilot through a long stretch of the turbid Victorian era. With her husband Leonard Woolf, himself a writer of distinction, she founded the Hogarth Press, and their publications have had increasing success. From the appearance of her first book, *The Voyage Out*, in 1915, Mrs. Woolf has been the centre of great literary interest. That book, like everything she has since written, manifested an individuality of style and thought, an instinct for experiment combined with a technical resourcefulness which were of special interest to writers and critics. Gradually the public has followed the lead of the critics, and her latest novel *Mrs. Dalloway*, published in this country last year by Harcourt Brace, was widely acclaimed. Mrs. Woolf's fiction has developed side by side with her critical essays, which equally reveal the originality and penetration of her mind. The little essay with which she makes her debut in *THE FORUM* reveals her in a quietly contemplative mood.

**N**ANCY BYRD TURNER made her way to Boston via Virginia and Maryland. For over five years she was on the staff of "The Youth's Companion" and she is now associated with "The Independent". Her poems have appeared in many magazines, including *THE FORUM*, and several have been set to music.

**D**ECIE C. MERWIN, who collaborates so successfully with Miss Turner, is also a Southerner, to whom New York "became inevitable" soon after she found to her surprise that "the more kindly editors would send real cheques in exchange for the children and puppies that romped across the pages" of her sketch book.

**M**ARGUERITE WILKINSON has made a name for herself not only as a poet but as a critic of poetry, and in at least three volumes,—*Contemporary Poetry* (1924), *The Way of the Makers* (1925), and *Yule Fire* (1925),—she has shown skill in the delicate art of making anthologies. In the autumn she will publish a collection of her latest verse under the title of *Citadels*, (Macmillan).

**M**URIEL HANNAH, who made the decorative drawings for "Cathedral Lyrics" needs no introduction to *FORUM* subscribers. Nor do the other contributors to the present number,—with the single exception of EARLE MCGEE, author of "April", who is a freshman at Southwestern University.

**C**HIMES, Robert Herrick's novel of university life which has been appearing serially in *THE FORUM* for the past six months, reaches its conclusion in this issue. Although Mr. Herrick has been connected with American universities for forty years and had written many novels about American life, not one, until *Chimes*, had made use of this author's wealth of first-hand experience. Then, to quote Mr. Herrick himself, he "wrote a story of American university life where the institution itself is both hero and heroine, and in which there are no students nor student activities." Mr. Herrick has been in France since December, hard at work on another novel. *Chimes* is one of Macmillan's spring publications.



Mr. Samuel Hubbard

## Some Ancient Pictographs

*A selection from examples reported by readers who have assisted our investigation*

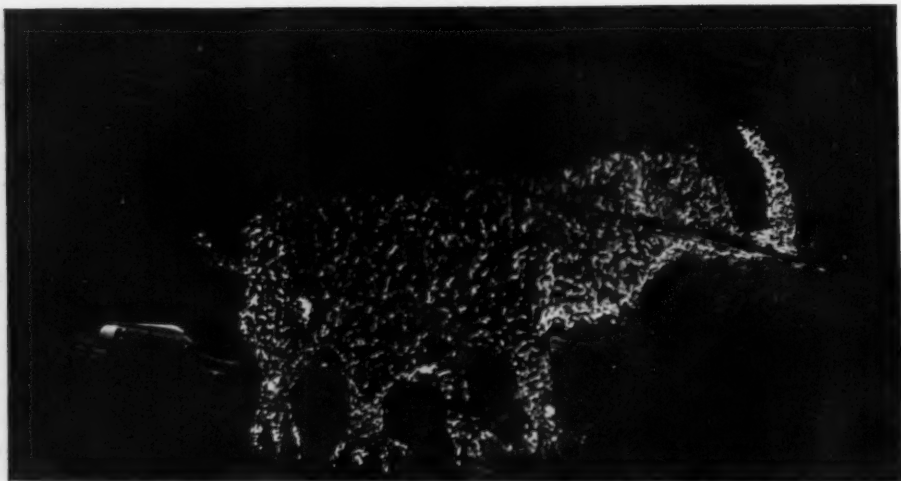
**I**N the issue of THE FORUM for November, 1925, we commented on the remarkable series of ancient rock paintings, technically called pictographs, discovered some months ago in Hava Supai Canyon, Arizona, by the Doheny Scientific Expedition, headed by Mr. Samuel Hubbard, of Oakland, California. Also, we asked our readers to inform us of any similar examples of ancient rock paintings or carvings known to them which might throw light on the customs or on the racial make-up of the prehistoric inhabitants of our continent.

Our friends, both within and without the family of regular FORUM readers, have responded most generously. We have received a large number of photographs and drawings of pictograph occurrences, many of which are new to science and are now recorded for the first time. In addition, we have been supplied with exact localities and "sailing directions" for many other occurrences, the investigation of which we hope to arrange for as opportunity offers. Thanks to the interest and response of these friendly collaborators, we have been able to increase con-

siderably the examples of this ancient and mysterious art available for examination.

On the following pages we reproduce some of the more striking examples which have been sent in to us, none of which, so far as we know, has been published before. The photograph on this page is one of the group discovered by Mr. Hubbard, as referred to above.

None of the pictographs now known to science, our own included, displays any clear evidence of the use of an alphabet or of any other form of conventional writing. They are merely pictures; possibly with some forgotten meaning or meanings, possibly with none. Their detailed study will yield, doubtless, many inferences concerning the habits and natures of the men who made them. Two such studies are now in progress, one by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, the distinguished head of the Bureau of American Ethnology, in Washington; the other by Colonel M. L. Crimmins, of Fort Bliss, Texas. Three of Colonel Crimmins' photographs appear on the following pages. THE FORUM hopes to present, later on, a more complete account of this investigator's work.



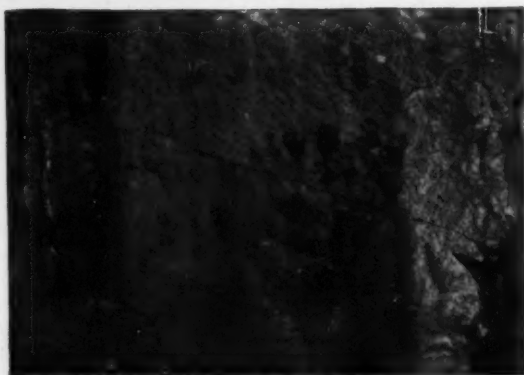
*The photograph above was taken by Mr. George W. Kelly, of Grand Junction, Colorado, and represents a scratched figure on a rock near Moab, Utah. It reaches us through Mr.*

*Samuel Hubbard. It certainly resembles a rhinoceros. Whether it really is this animal or not, whether it is ancient or recent, only further examination on the ground will decide.*



*The designs reproduced at the left are on a rock near Bishop, California, and reach us from Mr. Paul E. Ritch. Such scratched circles and crosses are very common among the pictographs.*

*The rock shown at the right is one of the few American examples of the "hand print" style of decoration, very common among the ancient cave paintings in France and among the pictographs of Australia. This example is from Lac La Croix, Minnesota, where other rocks bear an excellent depiction of a buffalo hunt. The photograph, by the United States Forest Service, reaches us through the kindness of Mr. Sigurd F. Olson, of Ely, Minnesota.*





Both the photographs on this page are from the collection of Colonel M. L. Crimmins, of Fort Bliss, Texas, and were discovered by him near the hamlet of Three Rivers, New Mexico, north of the city of El Paso. The one reproduced at the right is regarded by Colonel Crimmins as representing a dancing man, evidently engaged in one of the ceremonial dances of which the prehistoric Americans were so fond. It is conceivable, however, that the intention was to represent a cat, probably the southwestern wildcat. This suggestion, which we make very tentatively indeed as against an authority so competent as Colonel Crimmins, is reinforced, perhaps, by the fact that very similar representations of unmistakable cats are known from prehistoric South America.

The photograph below reproduces what is probably a priest or "medicine man" wearing a ceremonial mask. Many of these masks, the use of which was widespread in ancient America, were related to the "totem" or sacred animal of the tribe. In this instance, the mask appears to be the head of an antelope.





*The photograph above represents an inscribed rock in the lake-bed of the ancient Lake Lahontan, in Nevada, now almost entirely dried up. The rock lies near the Carson River, between Fort Churchill and Fallon. The photograph reaches us through the kindness of Mr. O. J. Skinner, of San Francisco, and of Mr. Samuel Hubbard. The carvings which it contains are typical of designs frequently found, the "unit characters" of which are the wavy line, the linked*

*row of circles, the cross-hatched rectangle and the spiral, all of which are repeated thousands of times.*

*The photograph below is remarkable chiefly for the proof it supplies that rock pictographs were still made after the arrival of the whites. The pre-Columbian Indians did not possess or know the horse. This pictograph occurs on Rock Creek, near Monte Vista, Colorado, and is sent us by Mr. William M. Darley, of that place.*



The remarkable group at the right is from Hava Supai Canyon, Arizona, and contains (at the lower, left-hand corner) the famous dinosaur-like figure which attracted so much attention last year when it was first published by Mr. Hubbard. This photograph was made, however, in 1903, by Mr. G. H. Marshall, now of Augusta, Kansas, who kindly supplies it to THE FORUM. As in several other instances on preceding pages, the figures were outlined in chalk in order to make photography possible.

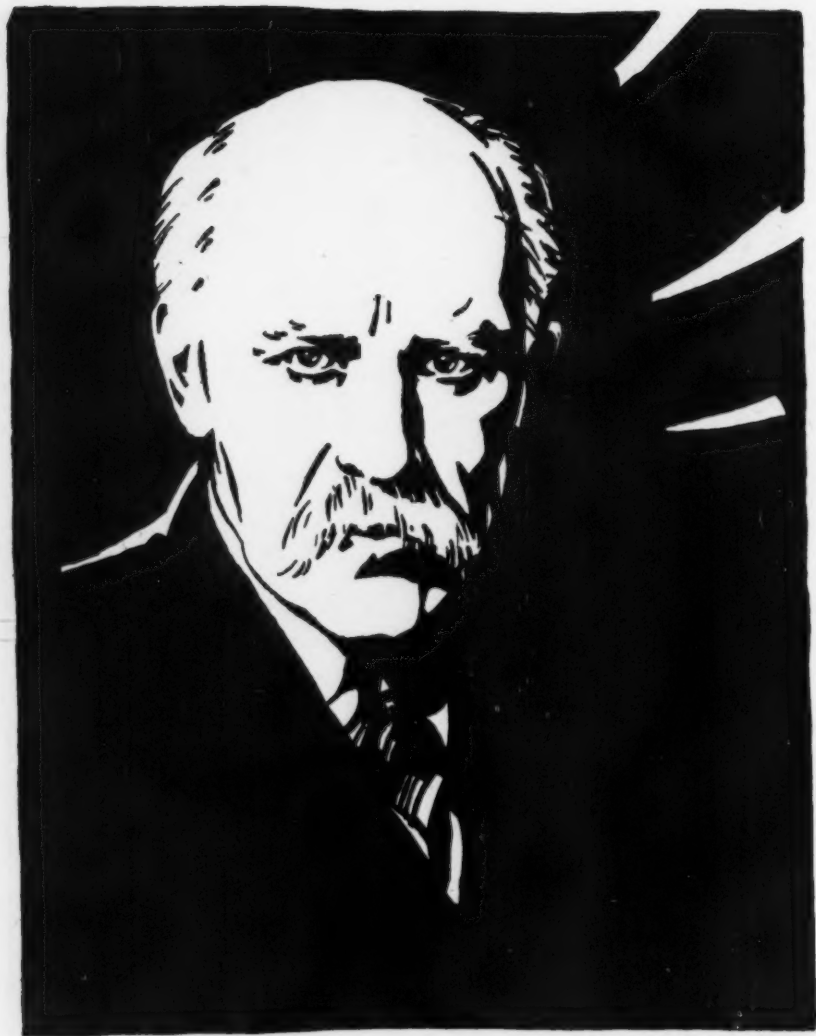
Mr. Marshall does not believe that this figure really represents a dinosaur or any other reptile. It is more probable, he imagines, that both it and the other figures, including some which we do not reproduce, were crude representations of the ceremonial masks and costumes worn by the Indians of the Southwest in their religious dances.

The final photograph of our present series, reproduced below, is from the collection of Colonel Crimmins, as were the two reproduced on a preceding page. Like those, this one occurs near Three Rivers, New Mexico.



It is of quite unusual character, being, for all its crudeness, much more competently drawn than are most of the representations of the human face met with in the pictographs. This characteristic of better draftsmanship seems to mark many examples in the Three Rivers locality.





From a drawing by Johan Bull

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

*Veteran explorer, who outlines a new plan for charting the unknown  
Polar seas from an airship*

*See page 538*

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# TOASTS

**A**NTHONY RICHARDSON, who at the age of twenty-six is the author of three novels, is very definitely of the generation which is popularly supposed to be "in revolt". Those who follow his new story in *THE FORUM* will, however, find his hero rebelling against conditions which good men and true have resisted since the world itself was — well, Christian, if not young. "We want to get away from the past and the past won't let us," Mr. Richardson complains in a letter to the Editor. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick and hope is our secret bread. Now that *High Silver* is finished, one wonders if it's cynical, and I'd like to know, because I'm the least cynical of people . . . In a sense it was a reaction from *Ransom* and its over-confident optimism."

When asked how he came to write *High Silver*, Mr. Richardson replied as follows: "There are all sorts of questions I could have answered better. I could have drawn you a decentish pig with my eyes shut, told you three dates in English history, or what I like for dinner. I suppose I wrote the book to find out something for myself . . . but what it set out to find was never found, nor perhaps can be."

"I was in the war just enough to catch the real spirit of it, and not enough to become biased or confused with too actual unforgettable details. I don't know (I wish I did!) what reactions that tragic farce had on young Americans, but over here (in England) one sees two sets of men, — those that were in it and those

that were not. The former will never forget and the latter . . . one doesn't wish to be unfair but they can't remember and they don't seem to know where they stand. One sees constantly a kind of desperate attempt to apply old standards to new conditions. One hopes, like Tristram, for so much in these days, a freer, less selfish outlook, a comradeship, a forgiveness, a pitiful hope that so dreadful a thing would never come about again. . . . It must have been very comfortable in the old days with God in his heaven and not in our laboratory. Then one just was or was not. Now, if one faces facts, one is neither. There isn't any black and there isn't any white, and gray is devilish dis-comforting. Truth is, we are uncomfortable. The staff has snapped here at our hand. There's an enormous temptation, I think, to

call 'spoof' very loudly and like Stuart Rivington to take a stand in no man's land if only to make sure we're not being tricked."

Mr. Richardson began free-lancing last year on a capital, he tells us, of seventy-five pounds sterling. Leaving Marlborough College in 1917, he "tried to look like a soldier" and got himself into the King's Own Scottish Borderers "through a distorted sense of what was right". Two years later he left the army, as "aged advisors recommended the pursuit of engineering". He entered Manchester University with the object of becoming an electrical engineer, played football, wrote lampoons on academical



ANTHONY RICHARDSON

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(Photo by  
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"In 1919 I was able to resume my pre-war occupation (retail), but owing to my health, could not take on any responsible position. I was then in receipt of a salary of \$1,150 per annum. I persevered with

the Course and gradually gained confidence in myself.

"I obtained a better position as a manager at a salary of \$2,000 per annum, and within nine months I organized a sale on a scale which was considered stupendous in comparison with anything attempted by the firm before.

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"After six months' services with my new employers I had my salary raised to \$5,000, and my age is thirty-three years, so I have a little way to go yet."

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Section XXXIII

## TOASTS

gentlemen and a mass of "very bad and saccharine verse," tried to do mathematics, "behaved like a young ass and got shot out." This exploit was followed by six jobless months during which he was "as miserable as a salamander in an ice box". Ultimately he found editorial work and excellent literary friends and mentors. The story has a triumphant termination, for now his work "is beginning to pay" and he has a brand new daughter.

**C**. J. GOLDEN is, according to report, "the most intelligent man in the miners' union" and he has other qualifications to lend authority to the argument in behalf of the nationalization of the coal industry. He is a born miner, his father having come from Ireland some time before the Civil War to become one of the pioneer anthracite miners. Like Schwab he was a breaker-boy, beginning work when he was ten, and becoming a licensed miner when he was eighteen. He has been active in union affairs ever since, has held almost every office in the union,

and is now its head for the anthracite field, and a member of the Scale Committee which conducts all important negotiations between the national union and the coal operators. Finally, he was a member of the committee of nationalization of the union, which formulated the plan that now is part of its official policy.

Tall, lean, grizzled, keen, quiet-mannered, astoundingly quick on his mental feet, he has none of the usual hallmarks of either the mine laborer or the union politician. He seems more like a cross between a college professor and a business executive. Though in his early forties he is still an athlete, — he might have been a professional ball player but for an accident which nearly killed him the day after he had signed a contract to play with one of the second-rate league teams. He has the manner, diction, and habits of thought of a well-educated man, yet his education never went beyond the grammar grade, and most of it was acquired at night. For the rest he is indebted only to his own ability, and to his reading, which must have been tremendous.



Ewing Galloway

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## TOASTS

**S**EVERAL factors combine to make CHARLES EDWIN BOCKUS, who presents the case against coal nationalization, as nearly "America's leading coal operator" as it is possible for any one man to be, and an extremely competent spokesman on the subject. This is true in spite of the fact that he is comparatively a new man in the coal business, having gone into it only in 1914. In that short time he has been generally recognized as an outstanding figure because of his success, his abilities, his sound and steady judgment and character, his vision, and his immense fund of information about the industry. In 1922 Secretary Hoover made him Chairman of the Advisory Committee on Coal which was formed to care for the country during the great bituminous strike. Previous to that he served under the National Fuel Administration as a "dollar-a-year" man, but never got his dollar! At present he is Treasurer of the National Fuel Association and President of the Clinchfield Coal Corporation. It is worth noting that his corporation is not only prosperous, but has successfully solved several of the problems about which there is so much bitter complaint.

Mr. Bockus looks all these things; big, graying, ruddy, in perfect health and perfect self-possession, genial and frank, he is typical of the best American business men. He was born in Boston in 1868, went through the public schools, and the School of Mechanic Arts at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but his athletic interests drew him into newspaper work, and he was with the Boston Herald from 1888 till 1906, first as sport reporter, then as special feature writer and correspondent, finally as editorial writer. In 1907 he went to Helena, Montana, first as Vice-President and then as Receiver for the Helena Water Works Company. In

1912 he was back in Boston as assistant secretary of the Old Colony Trust Company, and in 1914 went to the Clinchfield. He is still a sportsman, with the emphasis on yachting, and is probably the only extant coal-operator whose office clock strikes ship's time.

**N** POLOTSVOFF lived for over ten years in Russian Turkestan and made a wide study of the tribes and dialects of that little known region. He is an authority on the culture of the part of the world described in his present essay. During the war he was head of the Red Cross in Petrograd and represented Russia at two Inter-Allied conferences in Paris. After the Bolshevik revolution he remained two years in Russia and was instrumental in the movement to conserve the art treasures of his country and collect them at the Hermitage. An account of this work is contained in his book, *Trésors d'Art en Russie sous le Régime Bolchéviste*.



MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

**H**ECTOR C. BYWATER, born in America, has lived for many years in England, where he is recognized as an expert on naval affairs. He has been associated with various journals and is now with the London "Daily News". Ships are his hobby and he is credited with a capacity for remembering the rig and tonnage of every vessel since the Ark. Mr. Bywater is best known in this country as the author of the recently published novel *The Great Pacific War* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

**E**LLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, geographer of renown, should be able to say the last word as to where man can best live. As a member of innumerable scientific expeditions he has tried quite a few remote corners of the globe himself, — for



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## TOASTS

example, Siberia, China, Persia, Syria, Central America. He has discussed weather and topography and race and civilization in several books and magazine articles and has been appointed an honorary member of many learned and otherwise impressive societies and institutions. His anchor is the department of geological science at Yale University. "I have not been in the far North," writes Professor Huntington, "but in tropical countries I find myself greatly fascinated by the wonderful natural beauty. Few experiences in all my travels have been more delightful than a sail up a narrow tropical river, hemmed in by huge forests. But that sail was typical of the way a large part of mankind feels in tropical countries. I was filled with the desire to enjoy the beauty of life, but had no inclination to do hard work." Much hard work, it may be added, has been accomplished by the same gentleman in the anything-but-languorous atmosphere of New Haven.

**L** B. S. HALDANE first attracted wide attention in this country on the publication of *Daedalus*, the most provocative book so far in the interesting "To-day and To-morrow" series undertaken by Messrs. Dutton. *Callinicus*, in the same series, upheld his growing reputation as a scientist who "knows how to write". Mr. Haldane, nephew of Lord Haldane, the former Lord Chancellor, is a reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge University. Although still very young he is listened to with great respect in the academic world as well as by the public. He is a man of wide interests and great enthusiasms. His war record, of the utmost daring, provides a clue to his exuberant personality.

Mr. Haldane has promised to contribute other articles to forthcoming issues of *THE FORUM*.

*Illustrated Section* XXVIII



ROBERT HILLYER

**E**DGAR YOUNG MULLINS, an outstanding figure in the Baptist community, has devoted much thought to the many points discussed in present-day religious controversies. As a profound student both of religion and science, his views are of special interest, and his recent book *Christianity at the Crossroads* deals in expert fashion with the relationship between the two fields. Dr. Mullins walks on the ridge that divides "modernism" from "fundamentalism", as these terms are generally understood.

Though born in Missouri in 1860, Dr. Mullins was brought up in Texas. He was ordained in 1885 and held pastorates in Kentucky, in Baltimore, and in Newton Centre, Mass. Since 1899 he has been President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which has achieved remarkable growth under his guidance. Last year Dr. Mullins was appointed President of the Baptist World's Alliance, which numbers twelve million autonomous constituents.

**D**ON SEITZ needs no introduction to steady readers of *THE FORUM*. Indeed what "magazine of controversy" could fail to recruit such a disputatious pen! In recent issues Mr. Seitz has debated against prohibition enforcement and in favor of political overtures to Canada. He is on the editorial staff of the "Outlook", and has written a number of books, including a life of Pulitzer and, — his latest, — *Uncommon Americans*.

**K**ATE MULLEN will be remembered by *FORUM* readers as the author of "A Poor Folks' Child" in the July, 1924 number, and, more recently, "Interval" and "Ditto Marks", all of which showed signs of the freshness, sincerity, and endearing humor that characterize her contribution to the present number. Miss Mullen, a New Englander by birth,

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**T**HOSE sight-seeing days in Paris! How much more thrilling they will be if you can ask for information in the native tongue! The best time to visit the Louvre. The quaintest restaurants of Montmartre. How to see the Bois de Boulogne—the Champs Élysées. How to go to the Opéra—the Comédie Française.

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Illustrated Section XXIX

## TOASTS

formerly taught in the New Haven Normal School. She now lives in Seattle and has for some years been actively engaged in political and journalistic work.

**J**OHN BOYNTON PRIESTLEY, the son of a Yorkshire schoolmaster, was educated at Cambridge and served throughout the war in the infantry, being wounded three times. He has contributed essays and reviews to many English periodicals but is best known for his connection with the "London Mercury". Mr. Priestley is also literary adviser to the John Lane publishing house.

**T**HORNTON OAKLEY has been writing and illustrating articles since 1904 and is represented by paintings and drawings in some of the most important art galleries of the world, including the British Museum and the Luxembourg, Paris. His home is in Philadelphia where he is identified with the leading art committees and institutions. Among the many books for which he has provided illustrations is one which was produced in collaboration with his wife, Amy Oakley, *The Hill-Towns of the Pyrenees*, which has had a brilliant success. They are at present pre-

paring a new volume. Mr. Oakley was at one time a student of Howard Pyle.

**T**HE poets represented in this number of THE FORUM are all old friends. A few items of information will suffice to bring their biographies up to date. MARY BRENT WHITESIDE is preparing a second volume of verse for the press. It will contain her Palestine sonnets and "A Ballad of Tiberias" which won an international prize in London last year. Her first volume *The Eternal Quest* has been very favorably reviewed, both here and in England. R. R. GREENWOOD teaches English literature and gives lectures on modern poetry in Worcester, Mass. Most of his verse is written during summer vacations in Maine. ROBERT HILLYER has been giving the late Dean Briggs's course at Harvard on the history and principles of English versification, but has just received an appointment as Assistant Professor of English at Trinity College, Hartford. A new volume of his poems, *The Halt in the Garden*, has been published by Elkin Mathews, London.

The other contributors to this number of THE FORUM have been toasted in previous months.



*As an addition to the series of ancient pictographs reproduced in the April issue of THE FORUM, we reproduce the above remarkable group of drawings found on a rock near Moab, Utah, by Mr. George W. Kelly, and photographed by him. The nature of the animal in the upper left-hand corner is a mystery*



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Section XIX



# TOASTS

**M**AJOR GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE was director of military operations of the imperial general staff of Great Britain from 1915 to 1918, this post being the culmination of a long and active military career. Through his writings he has thrown much light on strategic problems. As a student of long experience and broad vision, his opinions on the international situation on the Pacific carry weight. It is of especial interest to place his views side by side with those of HECTOR C. BYWATER, who, although he is neither an army nor a navy man, has long been recognized as an expert on naval affairs and has given concentrated study to the problems of the Far East. The points made in his present article are developed imaginatively in his recent novel, *The Great Pacific War*. Both writers have contributed to recent numbers of THE FORUM: Sir Frederick on "Lincoln as a Strategist" in February, and Mr. Bywater on "The Singapore Naval Base" in May. The United States Naval Institute at Annapolis has recently awarded its prize to Mr. Bywater's essay on "The Battleship and Its Uses" which has been issued in pamphlet form.

**S.** MILES BOUTON was born and brought up on a farm, and having heard that farms were the inevitable starting point of most great men, he faced the future with confidence, although there have been moments, he confesses, when he has wondered whether there could have been anything wrong with his particular farm. After a bout of school-teaching and the practice of law at Jamestown, N. Y., Mr. Bouton became a journalist and in 1911 was sent to Germany by the Associated Press. He spent the first two years of the War as correspondent with the German armies, being transferred to Sweden in August, 1916. He spent the summer of 1917 in Russia, returned then to Sweden, and was in Copenhagen at the time of the "glorious

revolution", — the sarcastic quotations being his own wilful addition to the phrase. Nine days later he was back in Germany, the first enemy correspondent to enter the country after the armistice. Except for one year in this country, he has been there ever since. Mr. Bouton's favorite occupation is "writing articles about international politics which interest nobody"; his favorite diversions are talking and music; his pet aversions are German Socialists, Democrats, Pacifists, and the American Department of State. He regards his history of the German revolution, *And the Kaiser Abdicates*, as the best thing he has done so far. Last but not least he is *not* a prohibitionist, and lays special stress on having this generally known. That he is none the less a sober and an upright man the anxious editors feel in duty bound to add.

**T**HERE is no record of the brand of cigarettes smoked by HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY; and offhand we can't think of an American brand that would provide the happy alliteration that characterizes his brother's popular sobriquet. "Helmar Hugh," for example, lacks the raciness that clings to "Woodbine Willie", when one remembers that the lowly woodbine is the fag you smoke when you're so broke you can't afford more than a twopenny pack. If he had remained in England he might have affected the princely Abdullah and challenged the family following as "Habdullah 'Ugh", but America proved more alluring, and after acting for some time as London correspondent of the "Christian Science Monitor" he proceeded to Boston and became associated with that journal as foreign editor and editorial writer. He has since gone to California and plans to make his home in San Francisco. Mr. Kennedy has maintained contact with statesmen and leading figures in many countries and has a wide knowledge of international affairs, which in no way precludes his

# Up Against A Stone Wall

—and with no idea what he can do!  
Do you see yourself in this picture?

**T**HIS is a talk to men and women who are UP AGAINST A STONE WALL in life, and who want to cut their way out.

It is a talk to men and women who have the courage to search their souls for their defects, ADMIT THEM, and start at once to lick the things that UP TO NOW have licked them.

Take stock of yourself—where are you? Once upon a time you dreamed of great things. You were going to DO SOMETHING worth while. You were going to BE somebody. You entered upon your career with burning hopes. Everybody thought highly of you. Your friends, your family, figuratively patted you on the back. You felt you were destined for great things.

Then—what happened? Your youthful enthusiasm cooled away. Your purpose for some reason became clouded. Instead of going forward, you found yourself UP AGAINST A STONE WALL.

Other men, aiming for the same goal as you, came up alongside of you and passed you. And now, here at last you are—discouraged, lost, PURPOSELESS.

When you think of the men and women whom you have seen succeed, you know that you are every bit AS GOOD AS THEY. You know you possess the same—possibly more knowledge, more ability, more intelligence. You believe that, if given the chance, you could PROVE that you're a better man.

Right here is the bitterest pill of self-confession, if you have the MANHOOD to swallow it. You must admit that those successful men and women were willing to make a real struggle for what they wanted, WHILE YOU GAVE UP THE FIGHT TOO EASILY—or else DIDN'T KNOW what weapons to use!

If there is any pride left in you, if you still possess a glimmer of your fine early ambition, YOU WON'T FOOL YOURSELF WITH EXCUSES. Nor will you admit that YOU ARE LICKED; or that you are too OLD now or too TIRED, to win out.

You will take a new grip on yourself. YOU WILL PLAN YOUR LIFE. You will acquire a new clear-cut purpose, instead of drifting. You will analyze the WEAKNESS IN YOURSELF that held you back, and you will STRENGTHEN IT BY TRAINING.

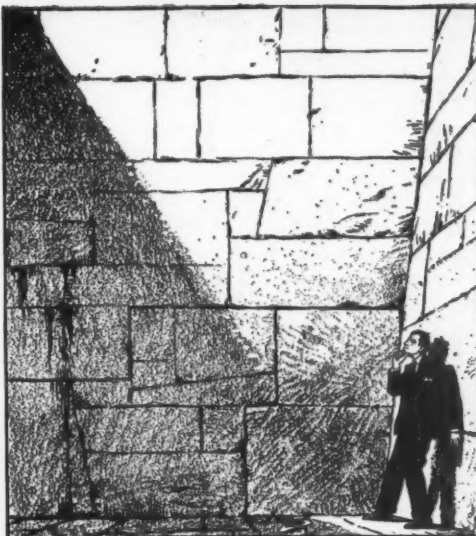
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Pelmanism awakens UNSUSPECTED POWERS in you. Time and again it has performed seeming miracles. Instances of quick promotions among its students are countless. Cases of doubled salary in a few months, and trebled salary in a year are NOT AT ALL UNUSUAL. But Pelmanism is not only adopted by those who want to EARN more, but by those who want to DO more.

If you are dubious, if you think you are too old or too young or KNOW TOO MUCH, to be helped by Pelmanism, CONSIDER the kind of people who advocate this training. Among them are men like:

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General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.  
The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.  
Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist.



Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.

T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."

Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.

W. L. George, Author.

Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.

Admiral Lord Berosford, G.C.B., G.C., V.O.

Baroness Orczy, Author.

Prince Charles of Sweden.

—to mention only a few out of THOUSANDS of men and women of distinction.

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Illustrated Section XXI

## TOASTS

interest in the homely social problems arising out of such apparent trifles as the prevailing brevity of skirts. He has also maintained a strong intellectual companionship with the aforementioned Woodbine Willie, whom FORUM readers know as the Reverend G. A. Studdert Kennedy, and is at present working on a book dealing with his brother's life and work.

**RUFUS M. JONES** has been for over thirty years a teacher of philosophy and ethics at Haverford College, during which time he has been actively interested in religious work in the colleges and universities of the country and is generally recognized in Europe as the outstanding American "mystic". This year he is undertaking a journey around the world in response to an invitation to interpret his views in China and other countries of the Orient. He has been Chairman of the American Friends Service Committee since its foundation during the war and has helped to direct its relief work in Europe.

**PHILIP GREGORY NORDELL** has been in business in New York since graduating from Dartmouth in 1916. Aside from two hobbies,—playing chess and carving reproductions of Gothic stools and chests,—he devotes most of his leisure time to the study of philosophical and religious questions, his sympathies so far seeming to lie on the side of "the harmless but bedeviled religious agnostic", though he finds it hard to down an impression prevailing among his friends that, sooner or later, he will fall into at least one of the religious traps set for the earnest-minded.

**BÖRJE H. BRILIOTH**, who for the past five years has been head of the American-Swedish News Exchange in New York, began his career as a student of modern

languages. After taking his doctor's degree at the University of Upsala, Sweden, he published a treatise on "intensive and iterative verbs in the English language" and later went to England and did research work in old English dialects. He spent some time at Oxford and ultimately founded the Anglo-Swedish Institute in London which provides training in English for Swedish students. During the last two years of the war Dr. Brilioth acted as head of the foreign news service of the Swedish press, which he completely re-

organized. He has written many articles on Swedish subjects and has been delegated to accompany the Crown Prince of Sweden on his trip through the United States.



GERTRUDE ROBINSON

**GERTRUDE ROBINSON** varies the monotony of teaching calculus and the binomial theorem by writing short stories. The daughter of a clergyman, a descendant of Elder Brewster of the Mayflower, a Master of Arts, a confirmed migrant, she has ventured into several occupations which suggest stories she can't find time to write. "Occasionally," she

says, "a character refuses to be ignored, and the story gets written. That was the case with Sarah of 'The Blooming'. I can remember as a child being allowed to go one winter evening to an isolated country house to see a lily open. It was a crimson lily, not a century plant or a night blooming cereus. There is nothing definite in my memory of that evening, but out of the subconscious welter of this and other experiences of my childhood in the country came the insistent vision of the meaning of beauty to a soul starved for it."

**BOOKS** are a vital factor in the household of **MAUDE DUTTON LYNCH**. "I think there isn't a room in the house (except the kitchen)," she says, "that



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## TOASTS

hasn't at least one bookcase. They are rather untidy cases too, for our library is a restless one; books seemed just naturally to gather about and cling to us, — barnacles on the keel of a ship. We tuck them under our pillows to read if we wake early, we load one suitcase with them for the shortest journey, we put ourselves to sleep with them, and, perhaps I ought to confess it, I even read them aloud to the younger children in their baths, until I am sure my smallest boy will always associate *When we Were Very Young* with an undercurrent of "Don't forget your knees," and "You haven't done your left ear yet". Mrs. Lynch is a graduate of Smith College, and her children are all pupils in Lincoln School, Teachers' College.

**W**HEN the editor was discussing the possibility of obtaining an article on Protestantism in France he consulted the late Vance Thompson, who was about to sail for France. Mr. Thompson recommended ANDRÉ MONOD, the well known Protestant preacher, as the greatest Protestant force in France with the exception of M. Doumergue, the President of the Republic, and M. Steeg, who had just entered the Cabinet. As Secretary of the Protestant Federation of France, M. Monod is in the closest possible touch with his subject.

**J**OHAN ANTHONY MILLER has been professor of astronomy and director of the Sproul Observatory at Swarthmore College since 1906. He is an old hand at scientific observation of the sun's antics. In 1905 he was chief of the expedition sent by Indiana University to Spain, to observe the total eclipse of the sun, and he has headed other expeditions in 1918 and 1923.

Professor Miller is the author of works

*Illustrated Section* XXIV

on mathematics which include *Analytic Mechanics* and *Trigonometry for Beginners*.

**R**OSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY has made many translations of Horace which are astonishingly accurate and yet catch the Horatian "tune" with rare felicity. "I am anxious," she writes, "to give Horace unadulterated, 'unimproved', and unparodied. Any variations I make from the text are intended only to clarify the meaning of Horace, or to keep his singing quality, as nearly as I can get it."



S. MILES BOUTON

**F**ISKE KIMBALL has had a varied experience in practising architecture, in university teaching, and in writing. He is at present Director of the Pennsylvania Museum, a post which he assumed on leaving the New York University where he had been head of the Department of Fine Arts. "Unlike Casanova's theological heroine," he says in a letter to the editor, "I don't believe nature surpasses art. Quite the contrary. The romanticism of the nineteenth century left us with a great love of nature and little understanding of

art. We thought a picture good when 'true to nature' in particulars; 'truth' and beauty were one. Somehow I always rebelled against this, even at college. In studying architecture at Harvard and abroad, I couldn't see that buildings had to wear their skeletons on the outside. Truth is a matter of intellect; beauty, of perception and emotion. I have been interested in both, but have tried not to mix them up. It won't do to be swayed by emotion in writing about history or considering questions of genuineness; whereas in designing or judging works artistically, it is better not to be too cerebral. Trying to direct a museum of art makes plenty of demands on both poor faculties."

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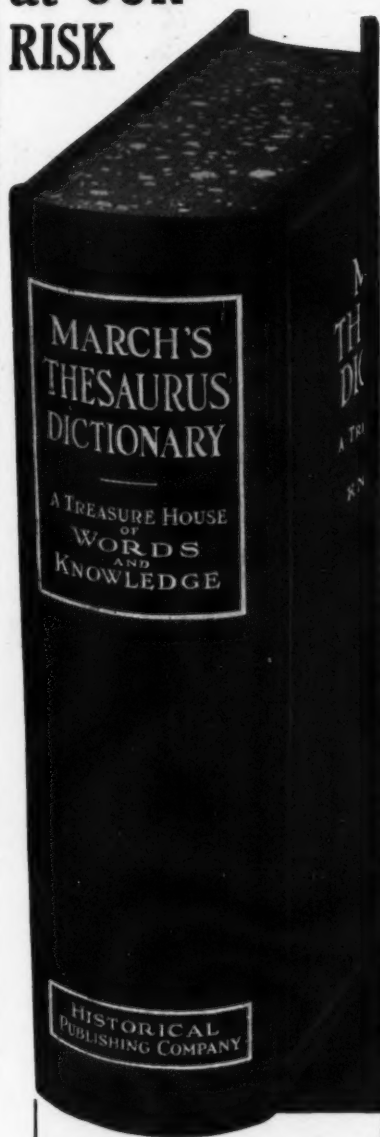
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## TOASTS



### ONE FOR EACH MILE

*Maude Dutton Lynch, who believes that five miles is a wiser limit than five feet for the family book shelf, is the mother of the children snapped under this tree with their tutor*

favorite study for Mr. Kimball. He not only devoted a book to him (*Thomas Jefferson*), but has had charge of the restoration of Monticello for the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association. That he has been faithful in deed as well as in word to the artistic principles of Jefferson is evidenced in the buildings which he added to "The University". The Greek Theatre there is also one of his major works.

**J**OSEPH HUDNUT, who collaborates with Mr. Fiske in this issue of *THE FORUM*,

is also an architect, with eighteen churches and numerous other buildings to his credit. Since 1923 he has been head of the School of Fine Arts in the University of Virginia, which he is leaving this year for a chair as Professor of the History of Architecture at Columbia. Mr. Hudnut has also contributed both prose and illustrations to many journals and served on various art commissions.

**O**THER contributors to this issue of *THE FORUM*, writers as well as illustrators, are already well known to our readers.

**R**EADERS are invited to vote for the best definition of "Americanism" published in the present issue (See pages 801-807). For the convenience of subscribers a coupon is supplied at the foot of this page which may be torn off. In cases where more than one member of a household wishes to record a vote, the reader's preference may be indicated in a letter or on a postal card, the editors relying upon the good faith of the readers to observe the condition that no person is entitled to more than one vote. For this reason it will be impossible to list any vote which is not accompanied by the handwritten signature of the voter.

### FORUM DEFINITION CONTEST—June

Definition Editor, *THE FORUM*, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In my opinion the most satisfactory definition of the term "Americanism" published in the June number of *THE FORUM* is that numbered

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