

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Page 13



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



BRIEFLY TOLD



THE UNITED STATES paid \$295 an acre for the Virgin Islands, \$35.80 an acre for the Canal Zone, 27 cents for the Philippines, and 2 cents for Alaska.

DIVORCES IN RUSSIA may now be obtained in twelve minutes, due to the substitution of an American card index system for the cumbersome registry books formerly in use.

THE BIBLE is the world's best seller, 9,069,120 having been sold last year.

A CLEVELAND JUDGE declares that 75 per cent of the divorces granted by him were in cases where the wives worked outside of the home.

THE TIPPING HABITS of European tourists are indicated by hotel porters to each other by the angles at which they place luggage labels.



A WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK, man had to get an official permit before he could use a shotgun in hunting squirrels that had invaded his home.

THE SORBONNE, oldest of European universities, now permits student dances but forbids jazz.

A SHARP INCREASE in the American tariff virtually destroyed the straw hat industry in Tuscany, Italy, and threw 100,000 people out of work.

A GENUINE CHINCHILLA coat now costs \$85,000 because Peru has banned the killing of the animals to prevent their extinction. Chinchillas have been crossed with American rabbits in an effort to obtain a substitute fur.

THE BRITISH MINT has manufactured about \$8,000,000 worth of coins for the Soviet government in Russia.

EVIDENCE THAT PREHISTORIC man occupied Jacob's Cavern in Taylor's Bluff near Pineville, Missouri, between 1226 B. C. and the Christian Era, has been discovered by scientists.

INSTEAD OF PROSECUTING smoke law violators, Cleveland officials give their names to high-pressure salesmen of devices to reduce the smoke nuisance.

WESTERN PALESTINE has an area of 10,000 square miles, peopled by approximately 125,000 Moslems, 125,000 Jews, and 75,000 Christians.

THE POPULATION of Greece is about the same as that of New York City.

MONGOLIAN TRIBESMEN bob their hair in a style very similar to that of American flappers.

THE RAT TRAP USED by Lincoln to catch a rodent which had ruined his best suit was recently sold at auction.



GOLF COURSES for their own use are being laid out by farmers in the Canadian Northwest.

WHIPS ARE BEING substituted for goads for driving oxen in Portugal. The goads puncture the hides of the animals, making them useless for leather.

FINES OF \$2.50 EACH were imposed on 135 electors in Adelaide, South Australia, because of their failure to vote at a recent election.

ICE SKATES FASHIONED from the bones of cattle were used in the fifth century B. C., each bone being flattened on one side along its length and perforated to admit leather ankle thongs.

THE ANCIENT CUSTOM of firing a noon gun on top of Janiculum Hill in Rome is to be discontinued, and correct time will be furnished the inhabitants by means of electrically controlled clocks.

EBONY RAILROAD TIES so hard that it is necessary to bore holes through them before spikes can be driven are used on certain divisions of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway in Mexico.

ITALIAN ORGAN GRINDERS are being refused passports by the Fascist government on the grounds that they detract from Italy's prestige.

TWENTY THOUSAND WORKMEN labored 17 years to build the Taj Mahal, regarded by many as the most perfect structure in the world.

"THE HOME IS not the house but a woman."—Old Japanese adage.



IF A PERSON FEEDS a cat, this act in itself is accepted in English law as assuming the responsibility of ownership.

EIGHT PORTRAITS of the Calvert family, Colonial governors of Maryland two centuries ago, have been returned to this country from Italy, where they were discovered in the possession of descendants of friends of the Calverts.

AMERICAN VISITORS in London spend about \$100,000,000 each year, according to British estimates.

LEVULOSE, THE SWEETEST sugar known, is derived from dahlia roots and artichoke tubers.

LIQUOR DRINKING among the Hindus decreased 7 per cent last year.

NO AMENDMENTS HAVE been made to the French Constitution since 1884.

THE PER CAPITA consumption of meat in America last year was 154.3 pounds, the greatest ever recorded.

A MILLION GALLONS of sea water will be transported from the Atlantic coast to the new Shedd Aquarium in Chicago, to provide a home for the salt-water fish which will be on exhibition there.

THE NUMBER OF PERSONS on city, county, state and national payrolls has increased 60 per cent in the past twelve years.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM has an income of only \$3,700 a year from its permanent endowment.

AN ANNUAL HOSPITAL fee of \$15, entitling them to medical treatment, operations, and hospital room service, is paid by citizens of Longview, Washington.

AMERICAN DRIED FRUIT exports to France increased 108 per cent in 1925 because of the failure of the French prune crop.



A HALF-MILLION-DOLLAR will be penciled on a nurse's petticoat at the behest of a dying man in Los Angeles has been upheld by a jury.

THE *Tsen-Tse-Kwan-Pao*, official gazette of Peking, is believed to be the oldest newspaper in the world. It was founded more than 1,000 years ago, and many of its editors have been decapitated because of statements they printed.

ONLY TWO MARRIAGE licenses have been issued in the past four years in Owyhee County, Idaho, which has a population of 4,694 and an area larger than Rhode Island, Delaware, and Connecticut.

BERLIN POLICE are wearing a bullet-proof armor of light, flexible steel plates.

SIXTY CHICAGO PASTORS have promised to preach on the streets of that city this season, in an effort to take the Gospel to those who will not seek it in the church.



THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week deals with the question of "making men moral by legislation."

Boston is preparing for earthquakes! Absurd? Not at all. In colonial days temblors were common in New England, but the loss of life was slight because the population was small. Quakes come in cycles. Recurrence today might mean disaster. Hence, without unduly alarming the people, the Engineering-Economics Foundation is laying plans against possible emergencies. Authorities say that while quakes cannot be prevented, they may be robbed of much of their horror. (p. 3)

Taxes do not come from property. *They come from income.* Property in itself produces nothing. Wealth comes only when somebody goes to work. Property is a result, not a cause. Labor and management combine to make wealth. But somehow our lawmakers seem unable to comprehend this. Their sole object is to get money somewhere, *anywhere*, and so they impose indirect taxes and direct taxes and inheritance taxes and nuisance taxes and all the rest. (p. 7)

What's wrong with our schools? Well, for one thing, the supercilious attitude assumed by some parents. "Public schools may be all right for others, but *our* children . . ." You know the rest. Here is an article that exposes the pernicious fallacy of such a pose. It is written by a mother, whose children all attend public schools. (p. 8)

An Independence Bible? Right. The spirit of independence waxed strong among the members of the Continental Congress, so strong, in fact, that they wanted a Bible all their own. The *King James* version smacked too much of unpopular England. The task of translating a purely American Bible fell to Charles Thomson, who first read the Declaration of Independence to the populace. (p. 12)

Your trip abroad this summer—will it prove expensive? Not necessarily; except for one costly item—American passport red tape. The British subject pays his government \$2 and receives a document that entitles him to enter nearly all nations of the

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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earth without extra charge. We must pay Uncle Sam \$10 for the privilege of leaving the country, and then shell out other \$10 bills to every land we visit. (p. 4)

A clergyman writes: "I feel that having enjoyed THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT so long, I ought at least acknowledge the favor and give a word of appreciation.

"I say that I have enjoyed reading your magazine, especially your editorials and Mr. Ford's Page which deals with many subjects in simple and non-technical phraseology. For instance: some time ago it made clear to my mind as never before, the difference between stock speculation and business. I find the articles not only informing to myself but I can illustrate some point in a sermon with them."

A cause, especially a lost cause, will never want for adherents. So it is with pretenders. No matter how wild or preposterous a tale is told, the claimant to distinguished identity is bound to attract followers. F. L. Black, exploder of the Booth

myth, traces the history of some of the better known pretenders, and explains the secret of their claims. (p. 13)

They come, they see, and they return home, laden with American money, to criticise American ways. Small wonder British author-lecturers, since the days of Dickens, have not been overly popular in this country. But all of them are not of this hypocritical bent, and those who are not are more than welcome here. Of this number is Hugh Walpole. (p. 2)

Have you ever wondered at the seeming contradictions that made up Woodrow Wilson's character? Though he was the center of more searching publicity than any other man of his time, he yet remained an enigma to most of us. Only now are the true explanations coming. This article should help you to a better understanding of the war-time President. (p. 6)

The day of the professional humorist is nearly done. So says Tom Masson, and he should know for he served for years as editor of one of the leading humorous publications. Further than this he has compiled anthologies of humor, and he is personally and intimately acquainted with most of the wits of the generation. His analytical dissection of their work is not only interesting but authoritative. (p. 16)

The old bear of the art world. This has long been the popular conception of Joseph Pennell, famous etcher and critic. But now a friend steps up to his defense. His cynicism, his sharpness, she says, are merely defensive armor for a sensitive nature. (p. 20)

The League of Nations at last seems to be assuming its natural and destined shape; pretenses are being dropped; the cloak of hypocrisy is being stripped off by nationalistic desires. Read the editorial, "A Latin League." (p. 10)

The "Negro Problem" is one of the most important facing the American people. We are all fairly familiar with the Negro's viewpoint. Next week THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will present an analysis of the present-day attitude of the South.

The Man Without Red Hair

Hugh Walpole, Noted Writer,

Explains Why He Goes

Lecturing to America

By

HENRY ALBERT

PHILLIPS

HUGH WALPOLE is in no sense—like his most recent fiction creation—a *Man With Red Hair*.

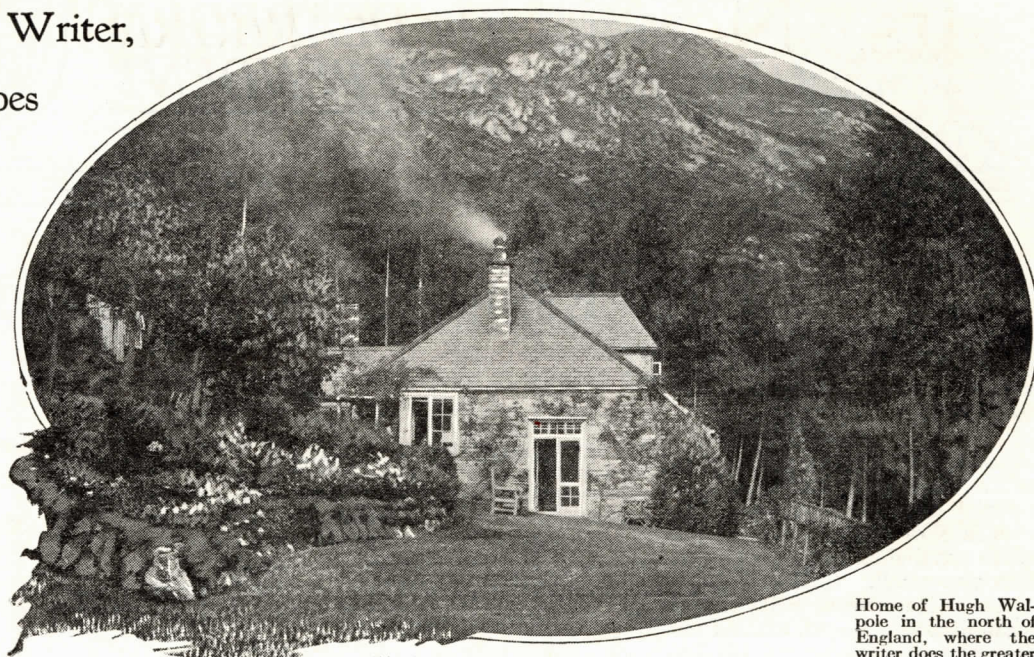
As a matter of fact, Mr. Walpole is in imminent danger of soon becoming a man with little or no hair at all, it is thinning so rapidly. But of all the gracious authors of distinction that I have met, commend me to Hugh Walpole.

He received me in his luxurious but pleasant flat—they call apartments "flats" in London—in Piccadilly, overlooking Green Park, one chilly morning in early spring. Between the warmth of his manner and the cheerful fire in the grate in his sizable drawing-room, I soon lost all sense of the unfriendly fog outside, and we fell to chatting about the things that were most disturbing to his mind and the sort that one of the wrong type would be likely to get "red-headed" over.

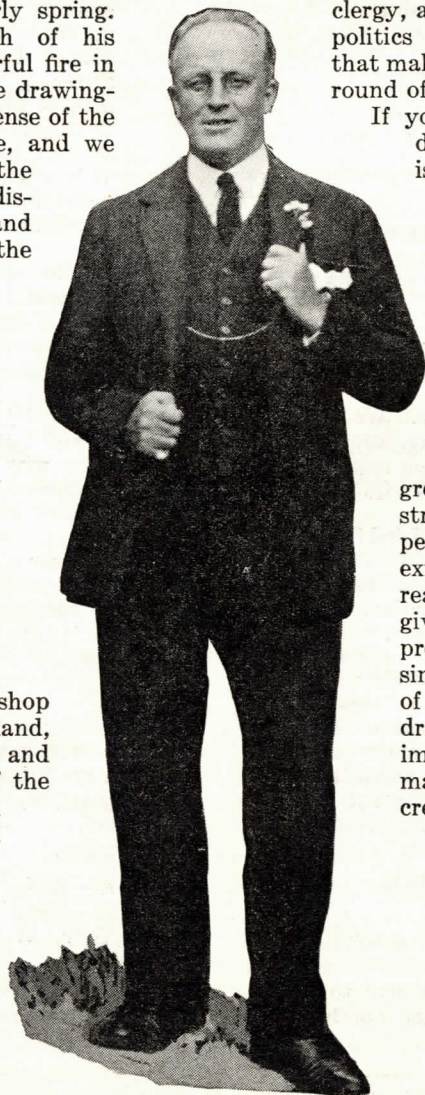
Hugh Walpole has always lived in an atmosphere that peculiarly fits a literary-minded man. Furthermore, he has been clever enough to improve the opportunities at hand, by actually using them, in many notable instances, as the background of his work.

As the son of a bishop of the Church of England, Mr. Walpole was born and brought up in four of the cathedral towns which he has so skillfully and realistically employed as the background of that revealing novel, *The Cathedral*.

Perhaps Anthony Trollope alone, in his Barchester stories, has given us 2



Home of Hugh Walpole in the north of England, where the writer does the greater part of his work.



Hugh Walpole.

more searching study of the life that goes on in an English bishop's household, the relations with his clergy, and all the ecclesiastical politics and petty bickerings that make up the really exciting round of daily life.

If you will recall, the cathedral town of Polchester is constantly referred to, and not a few readers believe that Polchester is actually on the geographical map:

"No, Polchester is a composite of all the cathedral towns in which I lived as a child," said Walpole. "It grew in my mind—its streets and houses and people—until it came to exist as something very real. I hope that I have given my readers the impression that it is real, since it is the ambition of the fiction artist so to draw the creations of his imagination that they may finally exist in concrete form. I have always had a fear that my cathedral towns stories were faulty in that I did not write them with enough sympathy, although I wrote them with the greatest feeling of sincerity, mind you."

He paused to light his pipe, and looked into space a moment,

as though to glimpse Polchester and make sure he was saying the right thing about it.

"Yes, to write about environment, one should love it. But I hated the cathedral town and all it stood for, so it was not as good a picture as it might have been. I write much better about London, because I love it."

He looked out of the window, down toward Piccadilly Circus, and I could see in the slight softening of his expression just what he meant to say.

"If you will read *The Old Ladies*, you will understand what I mean; there's the unpleasant side of it."

In addition to his many American readers, Hugh Walpole has another potential link with America. He is, I have been led to understand, the most popular—and fancy-priced—of the many English lecturers who occupy platforms throughout the length and breadth of our cultural community. There has been criticism, usually from those who did not attend or enjoy the lectures, about these Britishers coming over here and "mulcting" the American public. The American public continues to flock to hear them, however. I wanted to hear Mr. Walpole's side.

"Well, really," he began with hesitating reluctance. "So there is a feeling that we Englishmen go there to get money?"

He was neither annoyed, nor ill-natured. I would be inclined to say, rather, that he was good-natured about it.

"Well, it would be futile for me to say that I am not aware of that. Any Englishman—or American, or Hottentot—would be an imbecile to go through with one of your lecture tours and not consider (Concluded on page 19)

When May Boston Expect Its Next Earthquake?

Engineers Lay Plans for Averting Disaster if Temblors Again Rock New England Region

By

JANET MABIE

WHILE earthquakes cannot be prevented in any section, the problems they occasion, of property damage and loss of life, are solvable. For the orderly solution of such problems the Engineering-Economics Foundation—of which Dr. Hollis Godfrey is president and many eminent scientists are members—has appointed notable civilian committees in the New York-New England-Quebec area which has reached the highest degree of earthquake expectancy of any year in its history.

These committees will cooperate with official boards on municipal emergencies to make efficient contact between the people and the officers charged with their protection in time of emergency. The function of the official boards is twofold: action in event of great disaster and education. It is by means of education that the public will be afforded protection, through organized activity on the part of the agencies intrusted with the multiple tasks of quelling panic in time of emergency with the measured means of safety and relief.

Just as the problems of health and sanitation have been solved to a great extent by medical men and sanitary engineers, the "problems of emergency," such as earthquake hazard, conflagrations and tornadoes, can be successfully solved by engineering economists. From 75 to 90 per cent of protection from the whole field of "emergency hazard" can be made available to the populace by research.

The Engineering-Economics Foundation has devoted exhaustive research to the effects of emergency upon crowded centers, particularly such sections as are inhabited by non-English-speaking peoples.

In a day when such vital appurtenances of material life as water, gas, and electricity function largely underground, it is the duty of every responsible citizen, in all areas which may be affected by shock, to examine the problem of earthquake expectancy and hazard, and to secure education in

available means of protection against loss and destruction by shock in the same intelligent spirit with which it is customary to examine the necessity and to obtain the protection of insurance.

In an earlier day it did not matter so much that the well and the pump were upset for a space. No floods resulted from broken water mains and there never was a sufficient quantity of whale oil on hand to cause conflagration. But today the whole pattern of modern life makes the effect of earthquake complex, and it is the part of sheer wisdom to prepare for conditions it precipitates in advance of emergency.

There are amenities of public conduct in modern times regarding earthquake concerning which there should be general education, and which if observed afford a means of dissipating alarm. Education enables the men of

THE CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES

Gradual movement of the solid earth is taking place constantly though very slowly in many lands. This is due to the constant shrinkage of the earth's interior, to the transfer of lead when the mountains are worn down and cast into the sea, and to other causes of a more complicated nature. For a time the elastic crust yields to such stresses, but in so doing it accumulates strain. Finally the last straw breaks the camel's back; somewhere the earth's crust violently ruptures. The cracks thus made extend for many miles across the earth's surface and are known as faults.

relief organizations to plan wise and useful preparedness for the specific necessities arising in time of earthquake. Construction, engineering, the functions of protection vested in all public and private economic services, of commerce and industry, public health, public security and the prevention of panic are all the inevitable result of education.

Before the World War the Engineering-Economics Foundation was conducting assiduous researches in the conduct of man under conditions of emergency.

The Foundation—Dr. Godfrey points out—never conducted researches merely to advance knowledge concern-



Dr. Hollis Godfrey, president Engineering-Economics Foundation.

ing the causes of disaster. It never undertook the experiment of predicting either time or geographic location of the occurrence of disaster. As Dr. Osler, of Johns Hopkins University—thus changing the whole trend of post-graduate study—was pioneer in the field of studying, not disease, but man under conditions of disease, and as Professor William T. Sedgwick, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was a pioneer in the study of man as endangered by unsanitary conditions, so Dr. Godfrey and the Engineering-Economics Foundation were pioneers in conducting organized research of man under conditions of emergency with the further purpose of placing their important findings at the educational disposal of the public.

The World War came and the work of the Foundation had become well organized and was functioning explicitly according to its survey of peace-time problems of emergency. This made it possible for its first great natural achievement to be performed. Immediately its entire body was placed at the country's disposal, to serve throughout the remainder of the war as the staff of its president, who became Federal Commissioner of Education of the United States Council of National Defense, by appointment of President Wilson. Its entire resources of records, based on the various observations of men under conditions of conflagration, flood, famine, tornado and earthquake, were placed, the sole existing, complete records of civilian emergency, at the disposal of Federal agencies to which were allotted the trying and imperative problems arising out of summary conditions incident to war.

The war-time record of the Foundation is another story. In the afternoon of Armistice Day Dr. (Continued on page 26)



Nations Would End Passport Nuisance

By **A. R. PINCI** Visa Regulations Impose Hardships on American Travelers

ON MAY 12 of this year, the League of Nations Passport Conference, to which the United States has been invited, will be held at Geneva. The conference has been called under an Assembly resolution, which is in part as follows:

The attention of all Governments is drawn to the special importance of the Conference on Passports. Steps will be taken for the elimination, insofar as is possible, of the passport system, and the mitigation of the disadvantages and the expense which the system entails for relations between peoples and for international trade facilities.

What the agenda proposes is the abolition of the passport system, but conceding that this is a remote possibility, a series of alternative proposals—chainwise—are suggested, in the hope that some relief will be afforded both in the use and cost of that technically simple but officially complicated adjunct of the traveler. By strange coincidence, although the passport is a Continental discovery, it remained for the United States to turn it into an economic nuisance.

The present passport system is condemned by the Foreign Commerce Department Advisory Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the Merchants Association of New York, Frank C. Clark (said to be the dean of American tourist agents), Professor W. H. Shephard, of Minnesota (speaking for a group of professional Americans), many other important

bodies, and thousands of travelers.

The present administration favors some sort of relief, which has the backing of the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Commerce. A year ago a favorable report on the Fish Bill, to permit the lowering or the abolition of passport visa fees under certain conditions, was ordered by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, but it failed to pass. Under the provisions of the Fish Bill, the President would be empowered to take similar action in the case of non-immigrants coming

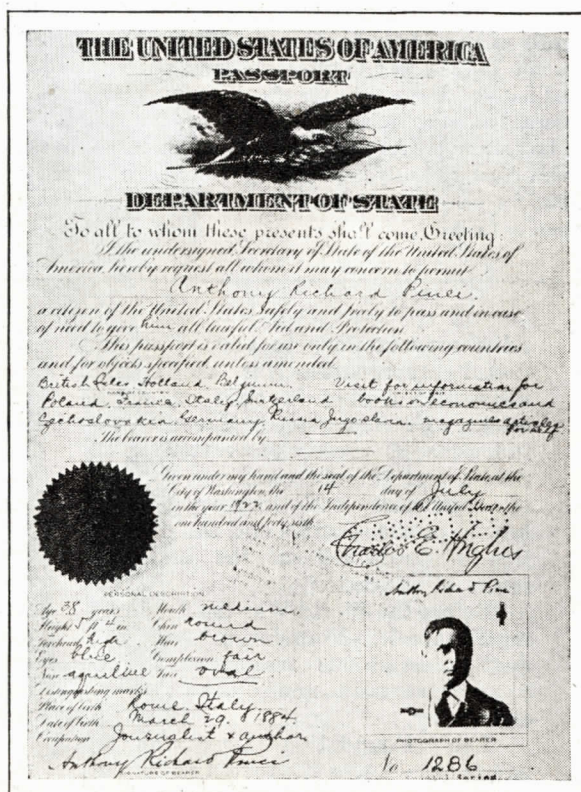
to the United States from countries of which they are citizens and which are granting reciprocal rights to American citizens of a like class. Several governments have gone so far as to announce their intentions to change their passport regulations as soon as the United States is ready to reciprocate.

I have had much experience with passports, from the holder's standpoint as well as from that of visasing them. I have used them at the three periods most commonly used for the purpose of comparison—ante-war, post-war, and recent. The best description of the passport is this: Before the war the passport was not a point for discussion any more than the traveling ticket proper, whereas now it is the alpha and omega of travelers, foreign and American, who have anything to do with the American system, and is cursed in as many ways as language permits.

Members of Congress, especially those responsible for the present state of affairs, explain the motive for existing legislation in many ways. The fact is that Congress has red-taped a function which is in reality extremely simple, and has transformed an inexpensive credential into a revenue-bearing source.

A passport and a visa are two different things. A passport without visa is serviceable in certain places, but a visa cannot be said to exist without the passport, as the latter is the document which is rubber-stamped, numbered, and signed by a foreign consular officer.

Passports are issued to foreign nationals by their respective governments for a nominal sum.



Front of the passport assigned to the writer of this article.

The average European can travel all over the Continent and a goodly part of the remaining world at little passport cost. Were it not for the fear of the unemployed traveler migrating, foreign passport conditions would be even easier and simpler.

An American passport costs \$10. An American visa on any foreign passport costs \$10. Important nations charge \$10 for their visas on American passports. A lower American fee would be immediately reciprocated by foreign authorities. As to why Congress should decree a \$10 charge for an American's privilege to travel away from the United States is a conundrum of the kind with which Washington abounds.

In 1919 it cost me \$2 to obtain my American passport. Foreign visas likewise totaled altogether a similar sum. In 1922 a new passport cost me \$10; a few visas raised the cost to about \$100. In 1925 a new passport was required; visas pyramided the cost on a straight \$10 ratio. Thus the American Government, on the plea of making passport control self-supporting, has created a marvelous addition to our invisible exports. It is unofficially estimated that in 1925 Americans paid about \$30,000,000 to foreign governments for their visas.

Certain authorities claim that foreign countries would have been within their rights to charge \$18 plus \$5 to American visitors, the calculation being, in the first case, the equivalent of the visa fee of \$10 and the head tax of \$8, and the second corresponding to our war tax of \$5 a head upon travelers leaving the country. That they have not done so is proof of knowing how to govern well, and not to kill the goose that is laying this new golden egg for them, for authorities abroad understand that the growing tide of American travelers abroad originates with people of moderate means.

The proposal to remove the visa fee of \$10 is of no practical advantage, because the American idea is to bar immigrants from the non-paying privilege. The number of non-immigrant foreigners coming to the United States is insignificant in a fee-producing sense. It would seem that our present immigration laws have, or are supposed to have, eliminated some of the objections connected with the original quota law; hence it seems to me that a coefficient of the new immigration act



Another page of the passport used by Mr. Pinci.

is a substantially lower visa fee and the abolition of the head tax.

No foreign government should take seriously any American proposal which, in simplifying passport control, did not take into consideration abolishing the export war tax—for such it is—and readjustment of the head tax; but I am informed that on either of these points neither the Geneva passport conference nor its participants will offer obstruction on a tooth-for-tooth basis. Yet it is clear that the abolition of the \$10 American visa would be a straight saving of that sum to Americans without in any way saving foreigners coming over here. It would reduce the foreign visa charges paid by Americans on their passports,

but would mean no corresponding saving to the emigrant bound for the United States. Non-immigrant foreign visitors would be obliged to pay \$13, \$8 head tax and \$5 war tax; immigrants would pay \$18, visa and head tax.

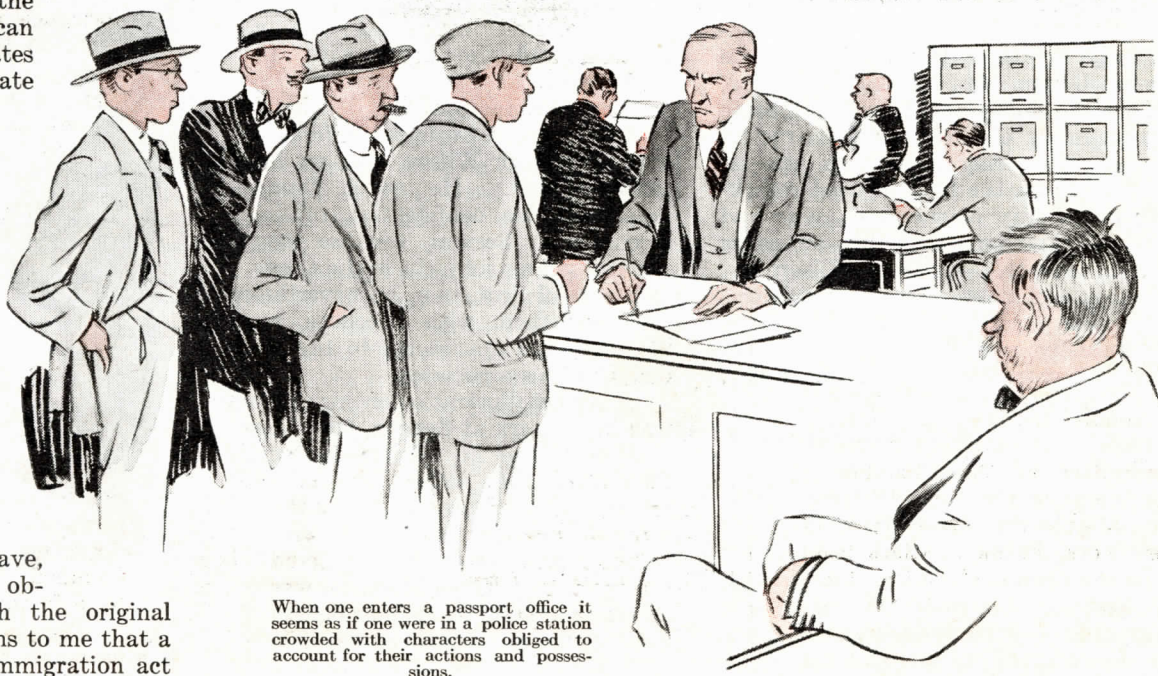
In general, passports are used chiefly by two classes, commercial and tourist. American firms conducting an over-sea business are countless; they are sufficiently taxed at home without adding the cost of passports and their visa fees. It is true that a passport is good for two years through extensions, that some visas are good for one year, and that two, three or four voyages in one year would cut the cost pro rata.

Certain foreign governments have granted free visas to responsible American business men attending trade and other meetings within their borders. Not only should the American Government devise a special passport for the use of business and professional men going abroad in connection with their work, but

the International Chamber of Commerce should sponsor universal passport controlled by, say, annual renewal on a semi-automatic basis.

Apart from the excessive cost and retaliatory penalties which the now unbusinesslike American passport has imposed on its users, there is the ritual which attaches to obtaining the document. The law does not specify many inhibitions, but these have been provided by State Department regulations, and where these fail the officious passport personnel volunteers. When one enters a passport office it seems as if one were in a police station crowded with characters under suspicion and obliged to account for their actions and possessions.

My decision to (Continued on page 23)



When one enters a passport office it seems as if one were in a police station crowded with characters obliged to account for their actions and possessions.

Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good and Not Too Wise



President Wilson, at Columbus, Ohio, combines a straw hat and an overcoat.

President's Scoto-Irish Ancestry Explains Various Apparently Contradictory Personal Characteristics

By HUSTON THOMPSON

Copyright, 1926, Huston Thompson.

"Well," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm like the Irishman who was eating soup with a fork, I'm gaining on it."

When Mr. Wilson was president of Princeton University he was interviewed by a representative of a Chicago newspaper who had come from that city to Princeton to get Mr. Wilson's views on the subject of cutting down the time of a college course from four to three years. This was a very serious question in the university world and was being actively agitated. Pointing to a group of juniors who looked somewhat verdant, meas- (Continued on page 31)

PART VI



ONE of the strangest phenomena in contemporary American history is the fact that, although Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States for eight years under the white light of criticism and analysis, his real personality is still a mystery to the country. People speculate as to what manner of man he was, in speech, address, conversation, mannerism, habits, and so forth. Roosevelt is an open book; Wilson unknown. What did he say and do? How did he speak to friends in personal contacts? Was he really austere, reserved, forbidding and cold or was he warm-hearted, friendly, outspoken and cordial?

Woodrow Wilson was Scottish—awfully Scottish. His forebears were from Ulster, in Northern Ireland, where the transplanted Scottish people retain many of their racial characteristics. The Irish strain was associational. From the light-hearted rollicking personality of the Irish, who had rubbed shoulders with his ancestors for a century, Woodrow Wilson got his Celtic characteristics. It was this to which he referred when he once whimsically remarked: "I am glad that I have something in me which, at times, relieves my Scottish conscience and gives me moments of delightful irresponsibility."

Like all people he had two distinct personalities, only he was fully aware of both. He was, in fact, almost two different persons. One was serious, reserved, almost cold. The other was free and easy, fun-loving, frankly cordial, warm-hearted. One made him

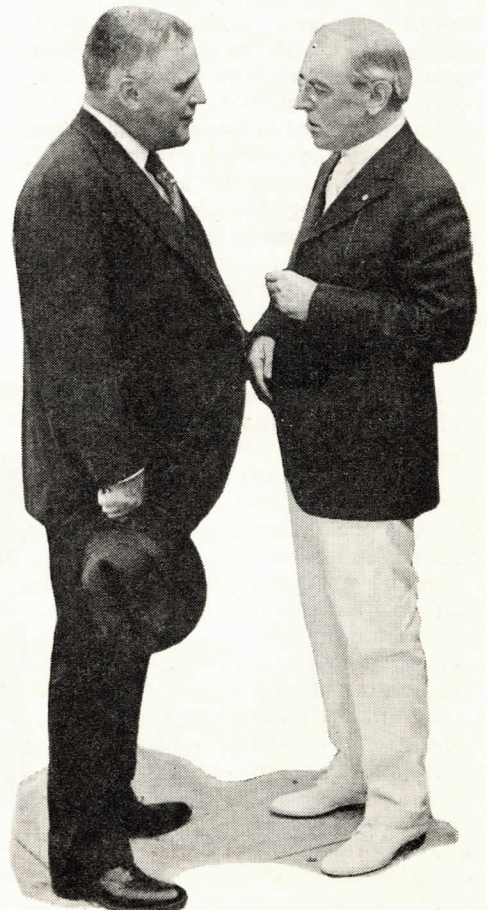
a recluse. The other made him gregarious, happy to a point of hilarity in a crowd, thirsting for companionship.

This double personality explains the mystery about Woodrow Wilson. All the time that he was President the man in the street heard contradictory reports concerning him. One day he would hear of a funny story of a warm-hearted, impulsive action. The next day he would hear that Mr. Wilson had appeared very serious and solemn on some occasion. He could not reconcile these attitudes. He was accustomed to having his President reveal one definite character and always remain in it. Therefore, Wilson became a mystery. The average man did not know that he had two Presidents—one with a Scottish and the other with an Irish flavor.

The combination was delightful in its results. A business conference with President Wilson was an intellectual joy. He never "hung crape" on his confidential, official discussions. Serious, because they were on serious subjects, in the hands of a careful Scotsman, he nevertheless sprinkled them with anecdote, reminiscence, and apt story, to the great delight of his associates.

A perfect illustration of this attitude was his remark at Seagirt, New Jersey, two days after he was nominated for President, when letters and telegrams had piled up on him by the thousands. At a conference with two or three others who had offered to organize an office force, he was asked, as a preliminary, how he was getting along with the great pile of communications on his desk.

(C) International.



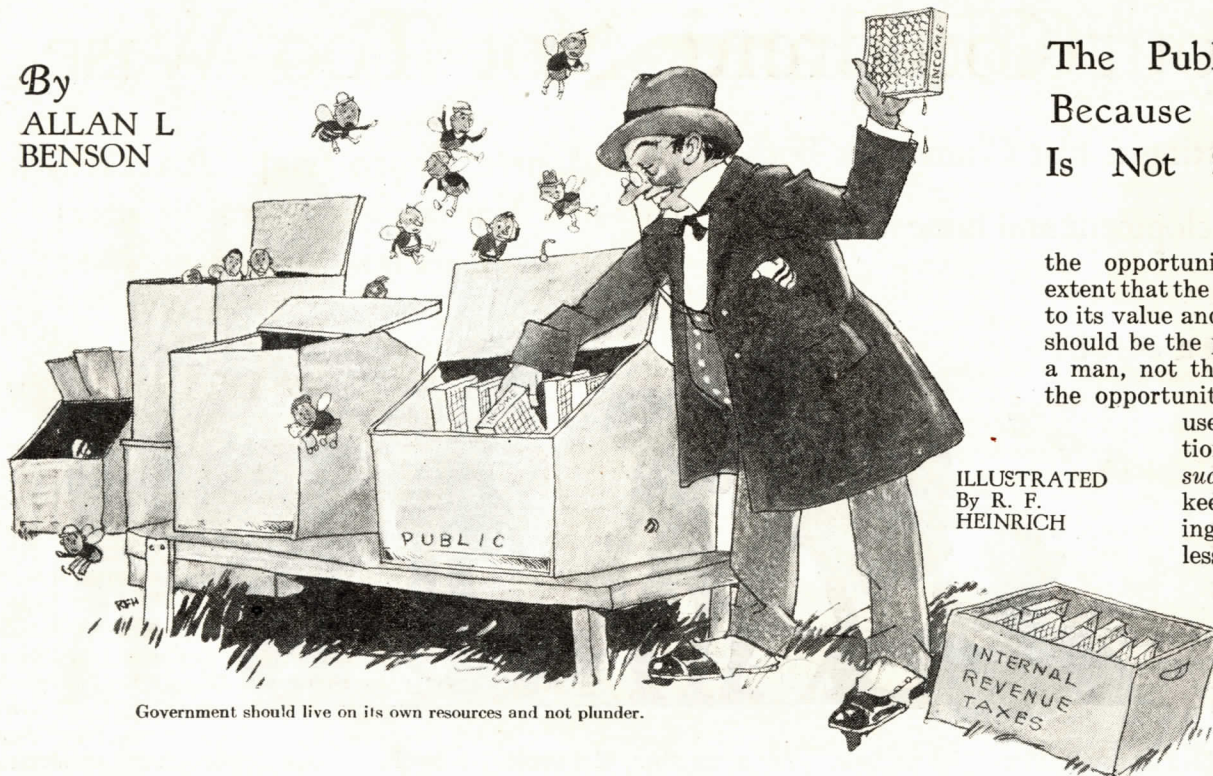
(C) Harrts & Ewing

A more serious aspect of President Wilson. He is seen discussing the high cost of living with Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania.

One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light

By
ALLAN L
BENSON

The Public Must Pay
Because Government
Is Not Self-Supporting



Government should live on its own resources and not plunder.

ILLUSTRATED
By R. F.
HEINRICH

the opportunity—and to the extent that the public contributes to its value and no more—which should be the pretext for taxing a man, not that he has turned the opportunity successfully to use. I consider taxation, on the ground of success in doing what keeps civilization going, a basic and needless and hence intolerable evil.

A little reflection will reveal the truth of these statements. An unskilled worker's wage is due to the use of his opportunity

to work. So is the income of the most highly skilled worker and of everybody between these two. Each individual, however, is indebted to everybody else for the opportunity to work; indebted because we are all one another's customers; indebted because we are all indebted to one another for the peace and order without which we could not work and for what education has done and is doing to raise the level of the whole community. Each of us is indebted to government for what all of us, through government, do for ourselves and one another. The Government has a right to charge for services rendered, but it has no right to collect from a man merely because he has an income or because he is dead. Or to put it as Louis J. Post did: "Government should live upon its own earnings and not upon plunder."

A single short sentence used by E. W. Doty, of Cleveland, starts a long train of thought. Mr. Doty said: "Property doesn't pay taxes nor does it have an income."

In view of the fact that property is everywhere taxed and the taxes are paid, this seems to be nonsense. Yet it is true. Taxes are paid from the labor of human beings. Property produces nothing, neither the largest industrial enterprise nor the smallest farm. *Wealth is produced only when somebody goes to work.* Moreover, if his work is to produce anything of value, it must be planned with more or less skill, either by himself or by others. In large enterprises, this means business management of a high order; in smaller enterprises, management perhaps of a different

(Continued on page 29)

STATESMEN are always at their worst in matters of taxation. What a stupid thing to tax windows and thus drive the people to do without them, as was long ago done in France. How cruel to lay a tax upon salt, the active ingredient behind the heart's ability to beat. Windows and salt were taxed because they were believed to constitute quick, sure routes to people's pockets, though the politicians were in error about the windows because people did without them and took the tubercular route to the grave.

But easy, quick, sure money is what the gentlemen who govern are always after, while taking care to avoid methods so transparent and so harsh that they may lead to revolution. A tax that can be easily collected and yields a large sum is the ideal tax. Next to it is the tax that yields a large sum and is paid indirectly. The indirect tax is the great intellectual product of statesmanship. To get the money without the victim realizing who got it is the art of tax-craft. A few are taxed directly. The great multitude are taxed indirectly, don't know it, and are difficult to interest in taxation. They are interested in spending money, but uninterested in one of the reasons why they have no more money to spend. But that is all a matter of education and understanding; and the world is young.

As an example of the tax that yields a large return upon the effort expended to collect it, nothing can compare with the inheritance tax. The best that can be said about this tax is that nobody has ever complained about it after he has paid it—because nobody pays it until he is dead.

James R. Brown, a New York economist, says that inheritance taxes are "but an admission that it is easier to rob the dead than the living." Nobody can successfully defend the tax upon any other ground than that the Government believes it needs the money and takes this way of getting it.

One rule should be applied both to great and small fortunes. If by reason of the way the fortune is used it is a public menace the Government should proceed against it at the earliest possible moment, which means proceeding against the owner while he is still alive. He and his fortune should be compelled to cease to be menaces. If a small body of working capital, used to a good purpose, is taxed out of existence, correspondingly small harm is done to the public, while it would be a public calamity to have the Government drive a large body of working capital, used to serve the public, into hostile or incompetent hands.

A special committee of the National Economic League recently considered the inheritance tax and voted against it 15 to 5. The same committee voted against the income tax, 10 to 9.

Some of these gentlemen, in the discussion of the general subject of taxation, made some very interesting points. Lewis J. Johnson, professor of civil engineering at Harvard, made several. Here is one that is worthy of consideration:

Income of any kind is but the evidence of success in the use of an opportunity. And it is *having*

*Income Is But
the Evidence
of Success*

Which School Is Best For Your Children?

Are They Getting a Fair Chance for Both Character Development and Education?

By

MARY WILLIS SHUEY

BUT you must admit, my dear, that few of our representative families now send their children to the public schools."

This is an inflammatory remark, to a mother who has a child in the second grade, another in kindergarten, and a third who will enter three years later, all in a public school.

But in certain radical cliques the public school is regarded as a "bourgeois ideology." A most impressive term, and the users (being mostly evolved public school products themselves) probably know what it means. They talk as if the public school were an institution on about the same plane as a charity hospital. Worthy, of course, but not a place we would think of sending *our* children.

In some communities the school question seems to be regarded solely as a matter of income, and as soon as a family reaches the given amount they announce it by automatically entering their children in private schools. This is partly because the fad just now is not to believe in anything established—except perhaps one *may* believe in Mr. Mencken. All things solid are regarded by the advanced with suspicion, in this day when transparency rules. Many of the people who talk of the public-school-for-other-people's-children are perfectly harmless, but if we admit the idea that our public schools are merely institutions for those who cannot afford private ones, we have dealt the public school the worst blow possible.

Private schools are decidedly advisable in many cases, and it is fortunate, considering the crowded condition of most pub-

DRAWINGS
By
BETTY
KIDD



lic schools, that a number of people prefer them for their children. There is a place for the private school and the public school both, but there is *not* a place for the idea that the public school is not suitable for *our* children, or that public schools are filled with "objectionable" children.

Perhaps this is a small-town viewpoint—and provincialism is now the one unforgivable sin. In our childhood we took the public school as a matter of course, and we never knew that there were "objectionable" children there. We knew that there were children who did not have the advantages that we had, children of unfortunate parentage, under-privileged children, and we came to know that there were children who were not our mental equals, and children we did not care to invite to our parties. Unconsciously we were drawn

together by those same instincts which in later life were to guide us. Without a single visible line drawn as to playmates, we naturally fell into groups of our own kind, and certainly it did not hurt us to be on friendly terms with all the children in school.

The agnostics say that a city isn't a small town, and that a city school is much more doubtful. But a city, to those of us who have children, hastily narrows itself to a small town attached to a larger one. Babies make us move to a "neighborhood" where we have our own homes, yards, markets, churches, clubs, movies and

schools. Long before our children reach school age we have become a definite part of a community. That is what having children does even to extreme individualists.

We join the Ancient Order of Associated Fathers and Mothers, the oldest and closest lodge on earth, and the password that we learn is a belief in, and sympathy for, all childhood. We are interested to learn that the vegetable man has a son in high school, and we talk schools and children with the barber. By the time we have two or three children, and have tried adjusting their problems and dispositions, we know that nothing else in the world matters as much as that children have a fair chance, not only *our* children, but *all* children.

That is what the public school is offering—an equal opportunity for all. But the public school, like any going concern, depends on the people who are backing it, and when too large a part of our educated parents adopt that notion of the "bourgeois ideology" the public school will feel the effects.

Of course the choice of school depends on what we want for our children. If the three R's are still the standard in a public school the child probably learns long division later, and most of the six unprintable Anglo-Saxon monosyllables sooner, than in a private school.

We can't deny that there is more rough-and-ready contact, more torn suits and lost buttons, on a public school ground than on a small private school ground. But if the three H's of Head, Hand and Heart are considered part of education, if independence, ability to adapt to the group, and a democratic sympathy (Concluded on page 24)





MR. FORD'S PAGE

IT IS perfectly true that men cannot be legislated into righteousness. All the laws that were ever passed could not change human nature. It seems necessary to say this, because so many persons are now engaged in repeating it as a new thing, and are challenging the rest of the world to agree or disprove it.

When this is admitted, what remains? The fact of the law. Men cannot be made moral by legislation; yet there is the law; how is it to be accounted for? Who makes the law? From what source is law? What is its purpose?

If a man says of certain laws that "man cannot be made moral by legislation," what does he indicate? First, that there is a law whose requirements are higher than is convenient for lower moral planes. Second, that the law must therefore have proceeded from higher moral planes. Third, that there must have been something more than the moral issue to have moved the higher to put the law on the lower. Fourth, that the lower plane, in whose behalf the futility of law is being urged, must have been greatly in the minority not to have been able to prevent the law being made in the first place.

So that law is presumably the act of the majority moved thereto by what the majority deemed to be a condition of necessity. It is simply nonsense to say that there has arisen among our people a desire to regulate the morality of others. If that were so, there have always been plenty of opportunities for the exercise of that unlovely proclivity. We are perhaps the most easy-going people in the world, but we have our standards, we have our degree of taste and propriety, and we have strong and accurate ideas of social rights. When we as a people are moved to pass a law which interferes in any way with the activities of our fellow-citizens, there is something more behind it than a desire to interfere. How can that be styled interference with another by which a man also binds himself? The law applies to all.

When prohibition came in, it was through the vote of the people who used liquor; there were not enough total abstainers in the United States to pass such a law. They were moved to act to amend conditions which had appealed to them, as drinkers, as crying for control. Anyone who says that the prohibition law was invented by total abstainers for the oppression of those who enjoyed a drink, does not know the first facts of the matter. Pro-

hibition was a condition voluntarily assumed by the majority of drinking men for the sake of the minority; it was the majority's action in behalf of the minority's need. That is why every trial of the law before the bar of public opinion becomes so great a surprise to the "wets"; they cannot understand why, when there are more "wets" than "drys," the country still keeps dry. It is the moral sense of the majority that keeps it so. Every time you put up that question to the conscience of the American people you get the response of their conscience, and in conscience they cannot support with Government consent a practice that has proved ruinous to the weak.

It is not the moral aspect of the question, so much as the human and economic aspects that appeal to the average American. It is the nature of our people to make the way of life as happy for the young as possible, to open up the promising ways of usefulness, to make it natural for a young man or woman to attain his or her best opportunity. Our people increasingly found that the saloons were trapdoors along the young people's way of life.

Our people are also persuaded that prevention is the proper course to follow in dealing with questions of harm. We had a sodden population in certain quarters of every city where poverty and abuses abode, where little children were deprived of care and distraught women found all their

power as nothing against the corner saloon that was stealing away their homes. This was a situation that found its way back to the general public by many avenues, through churches, poor commissions, courts and hospitals, until the general public searched out the preventable cause, and prevented it. Prohibition is a part of the American program of *disease and poverty prevention*. And it works.

The so-called abuses of prohibition are negligible in comparison with the conditions in the old saloon days. Many misinformed persons, both "dry" and "wet," talk of the inroads which the bootleggers have made among high school children and college youth. Nothing whatever to compare with the drinking done by the same classes prior to 1917. And wherever the "smart" element existed, and their disregard of the law was admired, a great change has come. Even youngsters come to their senses, if they are American youngsters. The stories told of youth and liquor today are 99 per cent false and out-of-date.

PROHIBITION became the law of America through the vote of the people who used liquor. There were not enough total abstainers to pass such a law; it was a condition voluntarily assumed by the majority of drinking men for the benefit of the minority. The saloons were more responsible for prohibition than any other agency. They were trapdoors along the way of life for young people. It is the nature of Americans to make life as happy for the young as possible, to open up promising ways of usefulness for them, to place opportunities in their path, not pitfalls. Abolition of the saloon through prohibition was a natural development.

EDITORIALS

The Omniscient Dr. Crane

NO MAN can talk or write incessantly without sometime slipping up. Dr. Frank Crane, America's greatest Apostle of the Obvious, is no exception to this rule. On a recent day his professional optimism must have been suffering from the daily strain that is put upon it, for he let loose a little preachment against Luther Burbank, Thomas A. Edison and THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, taking for his text, "Shoemaker, stick to your last." It was a very poor sermon he preached because it was negative, but it left no doubt that Dr. Frank Crane (after the manner of pulpiteers half a century ago) regards Dr. Frank Crane as the equal of any of the famous gentlemen he named. But there they were supposed to sit, meekly, under the Doctor's pastoral castigation. Luther Burbank was scolded for having a theology. Thomas A. Edison for having said something about his soul. And THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for having discussed the Jews. And the text was repeated: Let the shoemaker stick to his last.

Still, Mr. Edison is probably as reliable an authority upon the soul as Dr. Crane, or anyone else. It is assumed that if Dr. Frank Crane has a soul, so has Mr. Edison. Doubtless men are created equal in that respect. And if Mr. Edison cares to discuss his soul or its future, it is no more than Dr. Crane and millions of others have done with no more, perhaps with much less, competency. And as for Mr. Burbank, he had the right of every man to make his own theology. Theology is the arrangement of ideas about the Ultimate Energy, its Nature and Purpose. Even Dr. Frank Crane has a theology, though probably a tenuous one. Every man who thinks has a theology, and no two theologies are alike; everyone does his own tinkering with them, shades them according to his personality. It may be admitted, however, that in knowledge of the soul and in finality of theology, no living man can pose as an authority.

But THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT boldly challenges Dr. Crane to defend his reference to the Jewish Studies in this paper. Here is a case where the "shoemaker" did stick to his last. This paper *studied* the Jewish Question. This paper *can* set up as full-fledged cobbler in that respect. *And Dr. Frank Crane cannot.* He has never studied the Jewish Question—he would not dare write his findings if he had. Until he has studied that Question he cannot—according to his own doctrine—discuss it.

Not being as qualified as THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, he cannot discuss this paper's work on that subject.

So we turn the text on the preacher: "Stick to your subject, Dr. Crane—if you want to attack the cobbler, study shoemaking."

A Latin League?

WHAT happened at Geneva is gradually becoming known. The first fact established was that Sir Austen Chamberlain, hero of Locarno, had privately agreed with France that Germany's entrance into the League should be offset by giving Poland the status of a great power. This was a concession to the suspicion of France that the League was being packed against her. It was outspoken acknowledgment of what everyone really knows, that the League is, and is intended to be, not a democracy of nations, but a group of the stronger dominating the weaker in association.

Gilbert Murray, a great friend of the League, put this very clearly: "When the Covenant was drawn up the Great Powers were understood to be Britain, France, Italy, Japan, United States of America, Germany and Russia. To take suddenly a number of other States—not outstandingly strong or stable or progressive or populous or otherwise different from their neighbors—and erect them into permanent, irremovable, irresponsible guides and leaders of the world because, forsooth, they happen at the moment to be agreeable to France or Great Britain or Italy, is a proposal whose lack of elementary common sense I find it hard to characterize."

The Council of the League is therefore accepted as a group of the Great Powers, the Assembly as a group of the lesser nations. For the sake of the completion of the higher group, Chamberlain was willing to admit a member of the lower. It was an error of the first magnitude though not necessarily vicious.

But another element is looming out of the trouble. It is vaguely referred to as the Latin League. Those who are studying its appearance regard it not so much as an attempt to gain a balance of political as of racial power. The disturbing element at Geneva was not Germany nor France; the bomb came from a direction least expected—from Brazil. The speech of Señor Mello Franco's was so reminiscent of other recent utterances that he was nicknamed Mellolini, to indicate that he strongly reminded the League members of Mussolini. The feeling—which may be some-

what more than a feeling—is that the known combination of France, Spain and Brazil in the recent breakdown may have received its inspiration from Italy, Mussolini's contempt for the League being well known. Put Italy, France, Spain and Brazil together in a bloc, and they constitute a Latin League. It was an entirely new and unexpected development, but not difficult to understand. From artificial divisions and alliances, the world seems slowly finding its way to the real ones.

A Promise

IT IS SPRING. Buds are bursting into leaves. Birds are singing. The road winds like a ribbon up hill and down dale. Soon the country air will be fragrant with the breath of apple blossoms. A tractor drawing gang plows is turning the rich, brown earth. Nature, suppressed all winter, is bursting her bonds. The very air is vitalizing. The family motors along country roads to catch the first balmy breath, the first vernal view. They return in the cool of the evening, flushed with health and vigor. The ability to get about, to feel the touch of nature, has increased the healthfulness and sanity of the American people. Soon will come the long, hot days of summer, but a generation of outdoor lovers will welcome it. The old porch swing and palm-leaf fan are *passé*. The pleasure of riding through tree-fringed country roads has wrought this change.

The President

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S speeches to the Pan-American journalists were largely what the boys call "applesauce," and not fresh at that, until he came to his own subject. He made it clear beyond a doubt that the United States had rejected the League because it has no business in the internal politics of other nations. He also said that we had gone into the World Court because, while we were not interested in international politics, we were deeply interested in international justice.

Then he went on to say that "this has been done under reservations which adequately safeguard American rights and *tend to strengthen the independence of the court.*" The reservations were intended to safeguard American interests all right, because they make the United States less than a member, and the Court less than a Court. But the reference to the "independence of the Court" is not so clear. And the expression "tend to strengthen" that independence is less clear. Wherein is the Court not independent? Of course, we, with our reservations, are independent of the Court, but of whom or of what is the Court not independent?

The President cannot mean that the Court is independent of the League of Nations and that our refusal to obey the Court, as a Court,

will "tend to strengthen the independence of the Court." He cannot mean that. Does he mean that such measure of independence as the Court enjoys is being threatened, and that our distant, tenuous adherence will tend to strengthen its hold on such independence as it has? If so, who is threatening the Court's independence? And is this one of the arguments which led the Senate to vote an unpolled, unconvinced nation into official adherence?

The President was clearly mistaken in referring to race and country as "artificial" differences. If night and day be not real but artificial, if the continental divisions of the world be not real but artificial, if the difference between the tribes of Africa and the Anglo-Saxon be not real but artificial, then the President speaks truth. But such differences are written deep in the deepest natural we know, which is Nature. It may be a pleasant thing to say at a banquet, but no man taking thought would repeat it seriously that these deepest of natural divisions are artificial. What the wise man does when confronted by the fact of race is not to deny it but interpret it.

What Is the News?

WHAT'S the news? The paper is full of print, and the headlines call alluringly. Beneath each item on the local page is deep personal significance—of gladness, shame or anxiety. Who can know the ceaseless life of the city; the continuous change of psychic states which make up the life of the multitude—who is fit to know it? And because no one is fit we have the endless patter of events, the accidents and crimes of life, the view which hospital record and police register give.

Then what *is* the news? What's happened? Nothing has happened save what is happening, and what is happening no one sees; the great happenings are without observation. By the time it breaks in events, it is all over—like a blown blossom.

The news is that tendencies are developing which in time shall become driving forces, that minorities are forming which in time shall rule the world, that thoughts are a-borning which in a few years shall be the commonplace of the streets, that old stabilities are coming back because the people have discovered the deception of instabilities, that things are out of control of the captains and mighty men but Nature still functions and will fulfill her end. That is the news. In the personal life everything that ever was new becomes new once more, and is often several times renewed in the course of a single life's experience. In the social life more things are new, but the seed of society and the sap of society are very old, and determine the nature of the tree.

There is great news, but it is not printed.

The Independence Bible of America

The Founders of the Republic
Wanted Their Own Translation

By A. G. WALKER

INDEPENDENCE BIBLE? That is a new one on me." In talking with a literary friend I had casually dropped this phrase and he at once interrupted with the remark, half a question, half skeptical. Independence Hall and Liberty Bell were names as familiar as his own. Also he had heard of the *Wyclif Bible* and the *Breeches Bible* and the *Treacle Bible* and the *Coverdale Bible*; and the *King James* and the *American Standard Bibles*. But he had not heard of *Independence Bible*. But I could not lay that up as a reproach against him for it was only a comparatively recent attainment of my own.

On a certain day, tired of the routine of reading the calligraphy of Civil War soldiers and Civil War newspaper editors, including one undecipherable Horace Greeley, I followed my instinct and came upon shelves and drawers of dusty, faded, ancient books. It was in this way that I stumbled upon *Independence Bible*. This I may tell you at once is not the name printed on the work itself, it is a name I have given it. The story will reveal my reasons for taking this liberty with a dead man's work, and the reader can then agree or disagree with me as he sees fit.

I found two volumes belonging to a four octavo edition of the Bible. The other two volumes I could not find and the librarian could give me no help. I am still in search of them. The title-page of the first volume read,

"The Holy Bible containing the Old and New Covenant commonly called the Old and New Testament translated from the Greek.

By Charles Thomson, late secretary of the Congress of the United States, Philadelphia.

Printed by Jane Aitken, No 71, North Third St, 1808, 4. vol." Probably I ought to have known all about this as every well-instructed American ought to know such an important fact but I didn't and although historic information is accessible I have not found in my region of the United States anybody less ignorant than myself on this point. Even some Philadelphians, and this we know amounts almost to a miracle, have admitted their ignorance without the least suggestion of a blush.

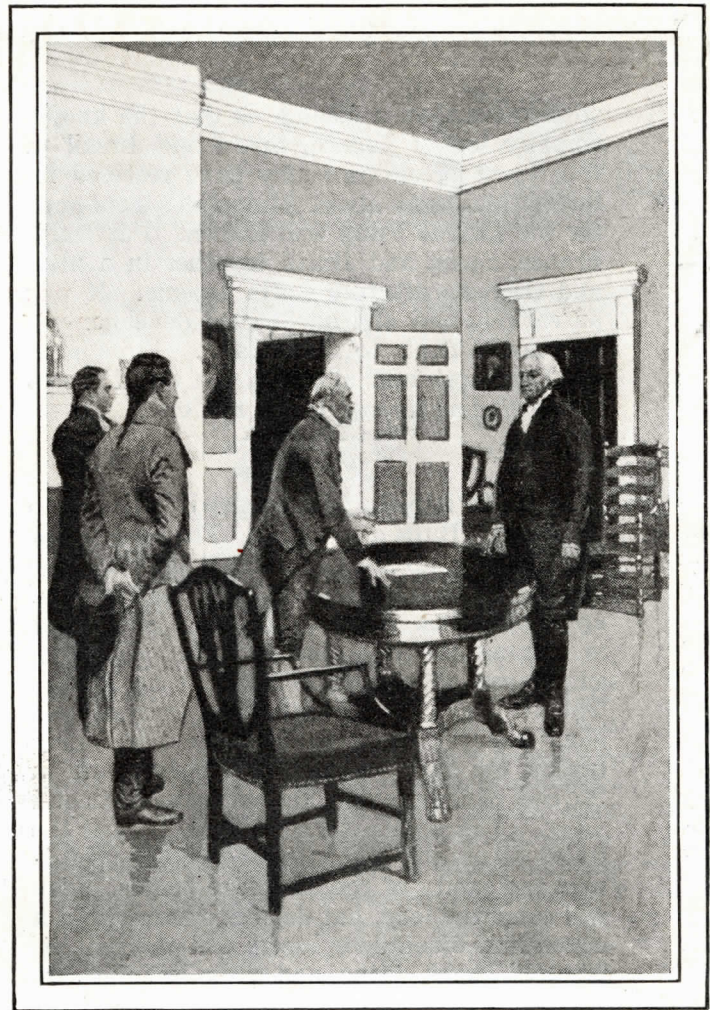
Ask one man in a million and he cannot tell you the name of the secretary of the Continental Congress. He supposes they had a secretary if they had a Continental Congress.

Well, Charles Thomson was secretary of the Continental Congress throughout its existence. His scholarship and patriotism, ardent and unwaning from first to last, were on the side of Independence. In a letter of 1765 to Franklin then in London, he wrote, "Be assured the Americans will light lamps of a different sort from those you contemplate." Franklin had suggested that though the Stamp Act had brought night upon them they might light candles and make "as good a night of it as we can."

It was Thomson who took the Declaration of Independence after it had been signed, and stood boldly forth on the steps of the State House and read it to the world. According to contemporary accounts just a handful of the ordinary citizens stood around.

It was Thomson who carried the word to Washington at Mount Vernon that he had been elected President. He was commissioned to bring the President-elect back for the inauguration.

Thomson regarded the Bible as at once the supreme charter and regulator of human liberty. No man was better able to appreciate the full worth of the *King James* version than he, but he had had more than enough of kings. Even his Bible, he felt, should be independent. To him at any rate remains the outstanding honor that he made the first translation of the whole Bible from the Greek made on this continent and gave it to the young nation in 1808. He had translated the *Old Testament* from the Septuagint into the English language. This was the first translation of the Septuagint into English. He had translated the *New Testament*



Thomson, clerk of Congress, announcing to Washington, at Mount Vernon, his election to the Presidency.
From Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People*, published by Harper and Brothers.

from the Greek and in addition had made a scholarly synopsis of the Gospels. The work took him 25 years.

Thomson's translation was entirely independent. Five times and more with his own hand he traced out word by word from *Genesis* to *Revelation*. Living quietly at Harriton he divided his energies between this work and the improvement of his six-hundred-acre farm. An English authority wrote of it in 1824, "This trans-Atlantic work is creditable to America and to the learned author. It is the only English version of the Septuagint and is therefore worthy of attention, as well as for the fidelity with which it is executed. The *New Testament* contains many improved renderings and improvements."

Money was scarce in those days for buying a four-volume edition of the Bible, and it was commercially a failure. It was stored in Ebenezer Hazard's garret for years and after his death sold to Dr. Earles at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets. The MSS. have been preserved in the library of Allegheny College and of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

It is a fact worth recording, I think, and worth reminding ourselves of at times, that the first Bible translator in America was also secretary of the Continental Congress, Proclaimer of the Declaration and notifier and escort of the first President-elect.

Pretenders Who Got Away With It

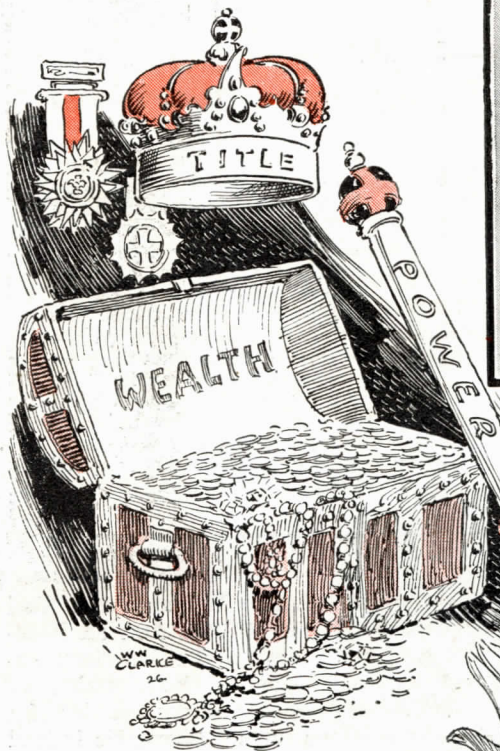
And Some Others Not So Fortunate

By
F. L. BLACK

WOULD you rather believe a lie than the truth? There are thousands who would—particularly if the lie is venerated with plausibility, romance and mystery. "Truth," James Russell Lowell once remarked, "is said to lie at the bottom of a well for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined."

If the searcher be half-blinded by rash credulity, perverted logic, and distorted evidence, as many are, how can he be expected to see straight mentally and make a valid interpretation of facts? There are those who have a sentimental preference for fiction over fact and who are prone to a belief in possibilities rather than probabilities. Suggest to them a possibility which intrigues the imagination and they accept and propagate it as gospel, and proved fact. It is true, unfortunately, that many who lack criticism and caution and follow faith blindly and without reason also unconsciously twist facts to their prejudices and partisanship. It is people of this class who have followed and supported the myth makers, the charlatans and pretenders throughout the ages. Depend on this, dear reader: Tell the most preposterous tale and you will always find some who will believe. Repeat it often and your following will grow.

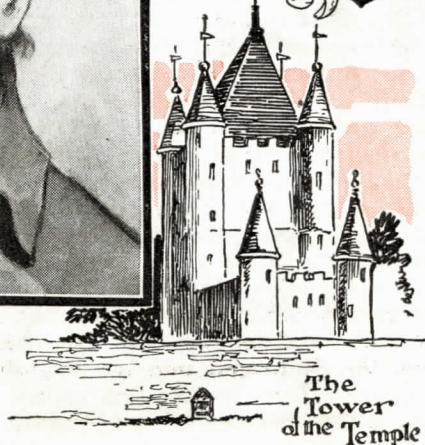
Since the days of Nero, whose widely doubted suicide gave rise to many impostors throughout the Roman Empire, any secrecy or mystery sur-



Karl William Naundorff.



Eleazer Williams.



rounding the imprisonment, assassination or disappearance of the famous and infamous has stirred the world's imagination and caused many to dispute the alleged official reports. Each of these many impostors had a following made up of persons with great faith but little reason.

There is the story of Perkin Warbeck who, at the time Columbus discovered America, was being entertained all over Europe as Richard, Duke of York, the younger of the two sons of Edward IV, both of whom history says were murdered in the Tower of London. Through the assistance of the Scottish King, James IV, a noble marriage was arranged, and England was for six years much upset by this pretender to its throne. Warbeck, before his death, confessed that he was but the son of a poor Flemish burgher. Those who had investigated the genesis of this pretender before his confession and were in possession of the facts were not believed by his followers, many of whom were wilfully blinded by their prejudice against the then reigning English king.

Two centuries later we have the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, whose story supplied material to several great novelists. For many a year visitors to the old prison on the Isle of Sainte Marguerite have been shown the masked man's cell and regaled with

tales of his luxurious and mysterious life, which ended in 1694.

It is said that, imprisoned by Louis XIV, this strange personage was compelled to live in prison hidden from recognition by a mask with steel springs, but was treated with great deference and indulged with the daintiest food and finest raiment. Who was he? According to the most striking and widely disseminated of the many legends and the one supported by Voltaire, the masked prisoner was an older brother of Louis, but of doubtful legitimacy.

Some believed that he was the son of Oliver Cromwell, and one writer went to the ridiculous extent of claiming that a son born of the masked man of mystery and the jailer's daughter was spirited off to Corsica and became the ancestor of the great Napoleon. The most likely and best authenticated story is that he was not a royal personage at all, but Count Mattioli, the minister of an Italian prince, and a dangerous character by reason of his intrigues.

Another century passes, and we have the mystery before which those of the past pale into insignificance—that of the Lost Dauphin, and the forty claimants, thirty-nine of whom, of necessity, most have been liars. These without exception have brought forth most amazing legends, myths, and traditions of the continued existence of persons supposed to be dead.

After Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette paid the penalty imposed by the Revolution, their son Louis, a boy ten years of age, was alleged to have died January 5, 1795, in the Temple and to have been buried in the cemetery of Ste. Marguerite. Rumor soon ran through the world of fashion that the grave in Ste. Marguerite held the body of an unknown child, who three days before his death was substituted for the prince by Royalist plotters with the connivance of the guards. It was claimed that the Revolutionists learned of the substitution and watched all roads leading out of France for Louis, but in vain. The next forty years averaged a prince a year and France was often in a quandary about the claims of her numerous would-be rulers. Among the forty was Jean Marie Hervagout, son of a tailor, whom many persisted in believing to be the Lost Dauphin even after he confessed his real identity. He died in 1815 and a new pretender appeared in the person of Mathurin Bruneau, a shoemaker, who is said to have died in prison in 1822. It was eleven years later that there was imprisoned in Paris, Louis

Hebert, alias Richemont, who had been claiming in the highways and byways of France that he was Louis XVII.

The United States and Germany, however, brought forth the two most pretentious pretenders to the French

A Grant Robertson Gag

The present Prince of Wales and Christopher Morley were classmates at Oxford University, and according to Mr. Morley in *Pipefuls*, Grant Robertson, the well-known historian, while lecturing on English history, "got off one of his annual gags to the effect that, according to the principle of strict legitimacy, there were in Europe several hundred (we forget the figure) persons with a greater right to the British throne than the family at present occupying it. The roomful of students roared with genial mirth, and the unhappy prince blushed in a way that young girls used to in the good old days of three-piece bathing suits."

throne, in Eleazer Williams and Karl William Naundorff, the first an Episcopal missionary to the American Indians, the second a watchmaker of Spandau, Prussia, and the founder of a new religious faith. Romantic indeed is the story of the American claimant, who as a ten-year-old boy is said to have been left by two French Catholic priests with a half-breed Iroquois chief named Thomas Williams, and to have been brought up by him near Lake George, New York, with his other children, as Eleazer.

The boy's memory had been impaired by illness, and when left with the Williamses he was in a condition of half imbecility and his recollections of the past were spasmodic and confused. His half-Indian brothers were amazed and sometimes frightened by what they

considered a demented imagination—daydreams of gilded halls and princely courts. Funds for Eleazer's education were furnished by parties unknown, and without doubt he was the scion of some French family, hidden away in the American wilderness for reasons known only to those who brought him to our shores. No effort was ever made by Williams himself to gain recognition as the Dauphin, and as far as can be learned, his life was above reproach.

This cannot be said of the Prussian pretender, Karl William Naundorff, who managed to keep his name before Europe for many years and even went so far, it is stated, as to wound himself to gain sympathy in an effort to prove an attempted assassination.

He told, as did many of the forty, most likely stories of his escape from France as the Dauphin, and possibly gained a greater number of partisans than any of the others. Many of these still believed in him after stories were published showing that he was a swindler and counterfeiter. He was eventually expelled from France and died in Holland in 1845.

As recently as March 26, of this year, a blind representative of the Naundorff family, "Louis, Prince de Bourbon," according to the New York *Herald Tribune* Paris Bureau, entered suit in the French courts against the publishers of an encyclopedia which referred to his pretensions as the grandson of the Dauphin as "intriguery." The report states that the blind prince's personal appearance is strangely like that of the Bourbons of the 18th Century.

Articles and books galore have been written by devotees of both Williams and Naundorff supporting their claims, and strangely enough they carry conviction. However, only one can be true, if either is. Even today there is a pretender, a lieutenant in the French colonial army, who is recognized by the Royalists of France as the grandson of Louis XVII, the Lost Dauphin who, it is claimed, escaped to England and there ended his days.

Russia of a century ago has supplied a delightful example of the human penchant for making legend on the slightest pretext. Alexander I, grandson of Catharine the Great, so the story goes, took a passive part in the assassination of Czar Paul, his mad father, and in expiation decided many years later to become dead to the world and spend the remainder of his life as a monk. Suddenly, taking the Empress, his physician and a few personal servants, Alexander, late in the autumn of 1825, hastened to a small town in the Crimea. He had an-



The late Czar of Russia and his family

nounced that he needed rest and quiet.

Soon in St. Petersburg bulletins were received of the Emperor's illness, and then came one announcing his death. A body was returned to the palace and buried in great state in the last resting place of the Czars. Several years later it was learned that the Empress had purchased her mourning garments in Moscow on the way South while the Emperor was still in good health.

The second step in the legend was that the young Czar Nicholas I, Alexander's brother and heir, for a period of many years conducted a secret correspondence in a mysterious code with a strange and most devout monk in a small, far-away Siberian monastery. Legend has it that about 1840 Nicholas hastened to this distant man of God, who was ill, and for four hours was closeted alone with him, no one hearing a word that passed between them. A few days later the monk was gathered to his fathers and it is said that Nicholas was sorely grieved.

Just before the late war, research students working in the Russian Imperial Library claimed to have discovered that the handwriting of the secret letters, which had been preserved, corresponded with that of Alexander's state papers. The war halted these researches, and unless the Bolsheviks have better preserved the records of the Imperial Library than the reports would indicate, the fate of Alexander, whom Napoleon claimed was the greatest diplomat of all Europe, will ever remain legendary.

In our own country but one legendary escape has grown to proportions comparable to Europe's many times told tales. The story of the alleged substitution in the Garrett barn of another for John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, has been already told in the columns of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Wars have been the chief producers of the situations out of which have grown these legendary escapes and substitutions, and the Great War is no exception. What became of Lord Kitchener, the greatest British soldier of his time, and did the Czar of all the Russias and his family perish by the hands of their Bolshevik enemies?

Mentioning Lord Kitchener revives the story told of Sir Hector McDonald, who was with Kitchener in his Egyptian campaigns. Sir Hector, "Fighting Mac," as he was popularly called—one of the few private soldiers in the British Army to rise to the rank of general—was sent to command the troops in Ceylon. Considerable criticism arose as to his administration and grave charges were made against him in England. Hastening home he stopped in Paris and there committed suicide in March, 1903. Soon legend stepped into the scene with the claim that the suicide was a trick to keep Sir Hector from the necessity of facing his accusers and that the dead body of someone else was

interred in his stead. The Russo-Japanese War was the theater for the next act. General Nogi was Sir Hector in person. Undoubtedly this apparently absurd story could easily have been disproved, but Japan was a long, long way off, and General Nogi was little known to the outside world until after his brilliant exploits in the reduction of Port Arthur and the capture of Mukden placed his name among the great war gods. In accordance with the traditions of old Japan, he committed hara-kiri on the death of the Japanese Emperor in 1912. He and Sir Hector had suicide in common, if not their identities.

In 1916, Lord Kitchener set sail on the cruiser *Hampshire* on a military mission to Russia. Official report says the boat while passing through the Orkney Islands, off the north of Scotland, was destroyed on June 5 by an unswept German mine and that nearly all on board were lost, among the number, Lord Kitchener. Legend says this is not true, that the boat went down but Kitchener was among the few saved. Stories were circulated that he landed on Russian soil in safety. It was believed that "K of K" bore a charmed life. On many occasions he had miraculously escaped death, twice at the hands of assassins and once in the front-line trenches in France. Many could not or would not credit his tragic death. The latest "revelation" is that Kitchener's body was washed up and buried by fishermen on one of the Scandinavian islands.

A few weeks ago the Soviet government, through the Leningrad *Krasnaya Gazetta*, acknowledged as authentic the story of the execution of the Czar, Nicholas II, the Czarina, the Czarevitch and the four Grand Duchesses, in July, 1918, in the Ipatieff house at Ekaterinburg. It is unlikely that this will destroy the numerous legends that the Russian royal family is still alive, for the majority of the Russian peasants believe that the "Little Father" survives and again will be their ruler.

There are those who are convinced that the Royal family is living incognito in a Siberian monastery or is hidden in the mountains of Japan. A combination of the Russian Czar and Lord Kitchener legends occurs in the fantastic story that Nicholas was rescued by Kitchener and is concealed in a Tibetan

monastery awaiting an opportune time to return to Russia and again assume his throne.

Newspaper headlines informed us about three years ago that one of the Grand Duchesses had escaped and was on her way from Vladivostock to the United States. Thus far she has not materialized. Possibly she was turned back by the fate of her royal father who, Dame Rumor reported, had been compelled to work

his way over as an oiler on an American freighter in 1920.

And, according to a recent story in the *New York Times*, a young woman with deep-blue Slavic eyes, red-brown hair, and a bruised mouth that smiles only on one side, is dying in a private hospital in Berlin. She says she is the youngest daughter of the late Czar Nicholas, the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

These many legends surrounding the disappearance of princes, potentates, the great and near great, are not astonishing when it is realized that they are kept alive by faith, by people wanting to believe. They illustrate the irrepressible vitality of pleasing myths. A story with the element of mystery is always most intriguing, especially where it surrounds a royal personage.

Many claimants come forward because of the pecuniary and

social advantages to be gained. There is then the other class of pretenders who are afflicted with a type of mania which causes them to confess crimes and identities not their own. Police departments are confronted almost daily with persons of this type.

We have also those about whose birth there is some mystery, who gradually build up legends which they themselves believe. For instance, the case of a western girl who became convinced that she was a daughter of French nobility who had been left with a woodsman's family. About six years ago she persuaded the editor of an old and conservative magazine that her claims were valid, and he published an unusual diary which she professed to have written as a child. This diary contained French phrases and words that would not ordinarily come within the scope of learning of a woodsman's daughter. Her parents, however, contradicted her story and offered proof that she was their own daughter.

When dope fiends have taken an overdose of some narcotic and as a result are delirious, they are (Concluded on page 18)



Field Marshal Earl Kitchener,
of Khartum, G. C. B., O. M.

Laughing Himself Out of Court

Like a Royal Jester Stripped of Cap and Bells, the Professional Humorist Is Losing His Hold on the Public

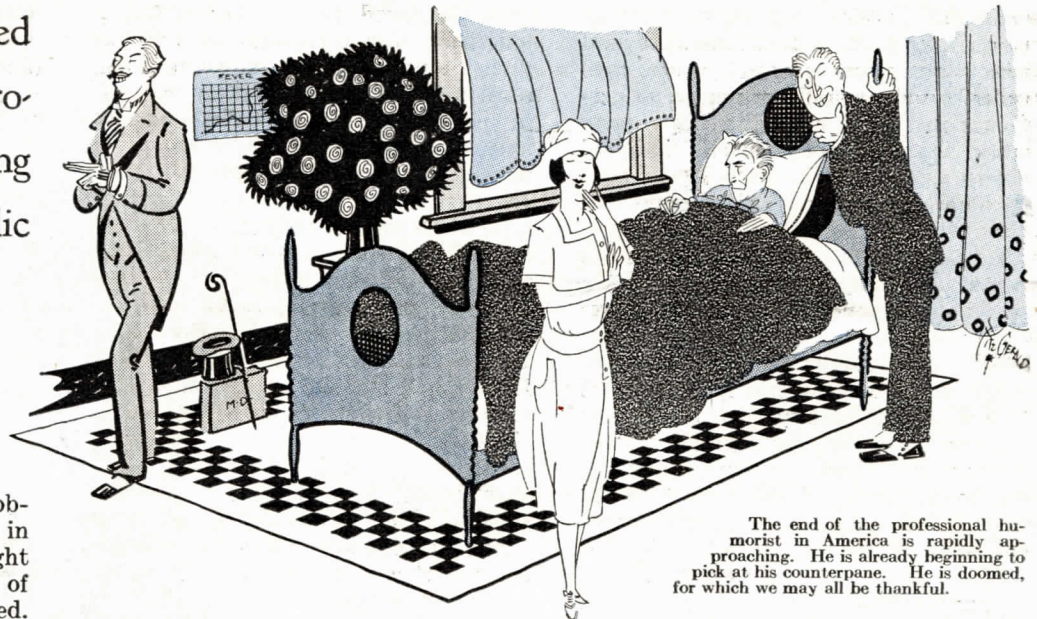
By
THOMAS L. MASSON

THE course of all professional humorists is set for the near waters of obscurity. In this country, in each generation, they have brought forth of their kind, so that the line of succession has been uninterrupted. But this was due to special racial and geographical conditions; and now the end of the professional humorist in America is rapidly approaching. He is already beginning to pick at his counterpane. No combination of trained nurses, hot water bags or systems of therapeutics can save him. He is doomed—for which we may all be thankful. Doubtless he will linger along for a time, and have his flickering moments of brightness, but the sepulcher beckons and will not be denied.

As far back as the memory of man harketh, the illusion has persisted that professional humor is popular. No one seems to have dared admit that he didn't like it. Yet there is no drearier reading in the world.

I defy anyone to sit down and attempt to read through, word for word, a book of popular humor without lapsing into a state of coma. I have never seen anyone who has performed this impossible feat. If you wish to die a speedy and violent death, get a company of intelligent people together on a rainy afternoon and read aloud to them out of a book of jokes, short or long. At the first few pages they will chuckle or even scream with joy. At the second few pages their faces will begin to set. At the end of the first quarter stretch they will get out their knives and revolvers. This is where—if you wish to live—you will make a hasty exit.

The United States is the only country where the professional humorist has had any official standing as a purveyor



The end of the professional humorist in America is rapidly approaching. He is already beginning to pick at his counterpane. He is doomed, for which we may all be thankful.

of literature. In other countries there have been, and are, joke-makers—painstaking wits who scribble paragraphs for the comic journals and write humorous jargon. The coffeehouse wags who grind out little essays or bits of character to be used as fillers in the columns of contemporary journals have always existed. But these gentry keep themselves under cover. Many British writers have written thus, but their identities have not been beaten into the public mind, as in America. Thackeray wrote for *Punch*. A. A. Milne, E. V. Knox, A. P. Herbert, and E. V. Lucas all write for the same periodical, but in each case this writing is incidental to a main career which produces plays or novels.

Here we are coming into that state now with certainty: Ring Lardner is better than Ring Lardner. The Sam Slicks, the Artemus Wards, the Bill Nyes, and a host of others like them, will no longer propagate their kind. Indeed, it is not impossible in the near future that we shall produce a set of writers who will really entertain us.

A moment's reflection must convince anyone why all professional humorists, as such, are so deadly. You cannot actually laugh at anything more than once. Now a professional humorist has only one song that he can sing. He has simply got to surprise you or he is lost. The first time his jack-in-the-box comes up you get the thrill that comes only once in the lifetime of that impersonator, so far as you are concerned. And

so all professional humorists, after the first blow-out, spend all their anguished hours in attempting to ring the changes on their original theme. The professional humorist is a man with a secret formula. His main affair is to conceal it under outward changes. But our instincts run true to form, and we know that behind the masks he holds up, it is the same old formula.

In 1868, or thereabout, Charles Godfrey Leland invented Hans Breitman, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and wrote ballads that were amusing enough. In 1883 Julian Ralph followed him (in prose) with his Little German Barber. After this came George V. Hobart (so recently deceased) with his Dinkenspeil, and now we have Milt Gross with his "Gross Exaggerations," using the modern Yiddish-English patois of the New York tenement house. All the same. Each in its turn has created its particular ripple.

As for dialect in all its forms, what would the professional humorist do without it? The formula is simplicity itself: you have but to turn the most stupid and commonplace observation on life into any kind of dialect, and the result is declared to be a masterpiece of humor. Most professionals who have employed this easy way to make people laugh—and almost all of them have—generally invent a kind of hybrid dialect of their own. Lowell's dialect, as Professor Krapp has pointed out in *The English Language in America*, might apply to any section of the country. So Artemus Ward, whose professionally humorous sketch entitled *High-Handed Outrage at Utica* President Lincoln read aloud to his Cabinet in order to divert them, begins as follows:

"In the Faul of 1856 I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York." He then goes



A moment's reflection will convince anyone why all professional humorists are so deadly.

on to write of the cage "containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground."

At the present moment, it requires a severe pull for the imagination to conceive how such stupid inanities as these, and more which I spare the reader, could possibly invoke any kind of laughter from one of the greatest men of all time. Yet we know that it is so. We know that Artemus Ward was applauded in England, that he became a contributor to *Punch*, that he was hailed as a great humorist. We must always remember that the surprise is what tells in popular humor. As soon as the surprise ceases, the humor ceases. For example, when Milt Gross began his sketches in the *New York World*, a friend of mine remarked that they were the funniest things he had seen for years. They were. I read them for about three weeks with great delight. But how the novelty does wear off!

The amazing part of all this is how the professional humorists have succeeded in keeping themselves going for so long. This, of course, is because the country is so big. I cannot think of reading one of George Ade's fables through to the end, as good as I know they once were. Yet they are still published, even though I personally fail to find them as humorous or as sparkling as of yore. It seems that even one's capacity to produce readable slang for the present moment appears to be limited to a certain section of a man's creative life—probably between twenty-five and thirty-five.

It must be apparent, however, that typography is rapidly overcoming the bulk and diversities of readers. This is due to the syndicates. When a popular writer produces anything nowadays, within a week or at best three, his piece can be read by everybody everywhere. Heretofore, if one set of readers tired of a humorist, he had a number of other sets in reserve. If my recollection is correct, I read Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" in a St. Louis paper way back in the eighties. Later he was taken up by Henry Ten Eyck White, of Chicago, whose "Lakeside Musings" in the *Tribune* were so amusing.

After Mr. Dunne had acquired his reputation, he was highly and de-

servedly praised by English critics, and his first book of Dooley's observations sold a hundred-thousand copies. Still later he syndicated his pieces and made as high as a thousand dollars a week. So far as their workmanship is concerned, they are now as good as ever. Recent attempts to revive them, however, have not been highly successful. We are becoming so knit together that almost everything—even more than everything—is known the next day.

A more recent example is that of Will Rogers, who achieved great fame as a raconteur in addition to his talents as a theatrical entertainer. He was able to get into his remarks the element of surprise, this being due quite largely, I should say, to the effect of being courageous enough to tell the truth.

There can be no question that, as a momentary comedian in type, Will Rogers was, and possibly is, funny. He was hailed by his press agents as a national humorist and his literary personality was played up. The New

was an original genius. If I would rather sleep in a hair shirt than read his book now, it is nothing against his chronological importance.

Without a long line of these professionals—Max Adler, Josh Billings, Robert J. Burdette, George H. Derby (John Phoenix), Marietta Holley, Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, John Kendrick Bangs and others—it is highly probable that our present taste for what is really permanent and good—as deplorable as this may seem—would not have been developed even to its present state. The fact is that we are now rapidly entering a new phase of our literature, and owing to the causes I have indicated, and others, the professional humorist will cease to function. He may still retain whatever sense of humor may have been imparted to him by his Creator, but he will use it for broader purposes.

You may not be able to indict a whole people any more than when Burke lived, but, if you are a professional humorist, you can very soon

tire them out. The life of any professional humorist has never been more than seven years. After that, he lives on his past reputation. There is naturally advertising value in a mere name. Then again, it must be remembered that we have been able to maintain a line of professional humorists in this country because of their additional ability to talk.

With certain exceptions, all of our professional humorists have been good talkers. J. M. Bailey,

the Danbury *News* man, once told me an amusing story of how some notable man came to Danbury to lecture and Bailey, as the local celebrity, was deputed to introduce him. Bailey said that his neighbors had become so accustomed to his jokes that they no longer cared to read them, although they were copied widely in other papers, so they thought they were safe in getting him to introduce visitors. In this instance, Bailey said that when he got up to introduce the distinguished guest, the opportunity was one he couldn't resist, so he talked on and on. When he finally finished and made the introduction the visitor said: "Mr. Bailey has told you everything I thought of saying, so I will sit down."

Mark Twain was always delightful as a lecturer. Bill Nye made a large



The life of any professional humorist has never been more than seven years.

York *World*, ever on the lookout for something new, secured him for their front page, and, as this feature was syndicated all over the country, quite naturally Will Rogers was read everywhere once a week. One day, however, Milt Gross came along with his new bag of tricks. Novelty, always novelty. The result was that the astute editors put Milt Gross where Rogers had been, and relegated Rogers to a back seat, that is, to another section in a remote column. When Rogers discovered this slight, he wired in to stop his pieces in the *World*. Vanity, all is vanity!

The discerning reader will have undoubtedly perceived already that I am not attacking the race of professional humorists, or even decrying the quality of their humor. T. C. Haliburton, the creator of "Sam Slick,"

part of his income from his talk, and when he went out with James Whitcomb Riley, the combination was invariably successful. During the latter part of his life, when his humor was fading, John Kendrick Bangs made a large income from his lectures. So it is with Irvin Cobb. I could listen to him every other night, but to read his more professionally humorous writing involves a certain coyness in the approach.

Another reason why, up to the end of the war, the professional humorist flourished in this country, was because satire was unknown. Now that sentiment is dying, if not altogether dead, and satire is growing up, it will soon be no longer possible for a man to make a mountebank out of his own personality, thinly disguised as a clock-maker, as in the case of Sam Slick, or as the keeper of waxworks, as in the case of

When Bill Nye Was at His Best

Artemus Ward. Artemus Ward poked fun at the Shakers by implying that they displayed natural human emotions when they "yayed" and "nayed." Bill Nye, who had undoubtedly a genuine sense of crude humor, used natural objects and displayed them in an eccentric vocabulary, as, for example, when he described a cucumber entering a stomach.

Satire, now beginning to take on its atmosphere among us, must still go through a considerable enlargement to bring forth good fruits. Satire is always preceded by burlesque, and of this, our professionals have surfeited us. Thus we have had George Chappell with his Dr. Traprock, Robert Benchley's take-offs on scientists and economists, and Donald Ogden Stewart's individual burlesques on American history, etiquette, and, more recently, banks and bankers.

Our humorists have hitherto given us very little real information, except that which comes from imitating certain characters they have listened to, or with whom they have associated. These characters have perhaps too often been themselves, thinly disguised, or not disguised at all. It is mostly physical, not intellectual. Irvin Cobb puts himself on the operating table, and makes us laugh at the feeling we get by his amusing description of his own sufferings. For this same reason, so much of the humor of Dickens is painful reading for us today. Bill Nye told me once that he wrote his best humor after he had broken his leg. It is this insistence on the purely physical that we are coming to recognize as very crude stuff. It is allied with the hose-squirting, rubber-hammer-beating comedies of the movies. We are moving up a peg. We may develop a sense of humor yet. One sign of it is the passing of the professional humorist.

Neither must we be fooled by the enormous mass of standardized buffoonery, the comic strips and the fun pages syndicated everywhere; largely pictorial and much of it distinctly horrible. Grant said at Shiloh that if you wanted to know how an army was going the worst place to find out was by observing the stragglers and slackers in the rear. Our advance is very considerable. We are beginning to discover that the intention in itself to write humor is enough to defeat its very purpose, or in other words, the only real humorist is the one whose humor is incidental.

There was a time when I thought it a part of wisdom to be made to laugh at the misfortunes of others, or to hold up my own misfortunes as a subject for the laughter of others. Now I see that true laughter is born only out of the exposure of

ignorance. And this is an increasingly delicate matter, because it involves the high principles of art.

We shall see how utterly impossible the professional humorist is, and just why he must ultimately, and I believe very soon, laugh himself out of court, if we but glance for a moment at his method. First, he must find something to laugh about. Second, he must write of it in such a manner as to make people laugh.

There is undoubtedly plenty to laugh about, but we must have our own way in respect of this. We do not like to have another man thrust a subject upon us, and—too frequently in his very title—say to us, "Here is a subject I have selected for you to laugh about." We know he does it in this way because, having, either consciously or unconsciously, examined several previous specimens of his professional humor, we can tell it afar. We can hear the wheels go round before we cross the threshold. The machinery is tuned up enough. It is very much like a well-constructed radio set in which you can get any station you like. The trouble is, you don't want to.

Recently there has been an outburst of humorous verse, all or most of which is so well written, so facile and smooth, that the wonder grows as to how any young person can learn to do it so well in so few years of practice. You read on to the end, and then slip off. Nothing has happened. You are where you began. As for prose, if any smart young man succeeds, by some incredible ingenuity, in inventing even the semblance of a new form, it is seized upon and torn to pieces by a whole pack of incipient humorists.

I recall that, many years ago, in a fit of deep melancholy, I thought of a head, "If Everybody Told the Truth," and then added some snatches of conversation based

Laughter Not a Form of Happiness

upon this assumption. The result is that this form has been used ever since and bobs up periodically. Similarly, my friend Dorothy Parker, sometime during or shortly after the war, wrote a song of hate, as applied to things to be satirized, and since then songs of hate in one form or another have been constantly written by desperate professionals.

How else, you may now ask, can our weakness be uncovered if not in this way, even if it appears to be mechanical? Lord love you! I am not criticizing this way, by itself. I am only pointing out that the professional humorist can no longer stand here. He may use this way quite properly, but he must see that it is only a stage in his progress. It is impossible to be a humorist alone. It is only possible to be a humorist when one is almost everything else.

If I wish to bring home to people the combination of greed and stupidity and shortsightedness which permits so many grade crossings to be the means of killing people, or if I wish to show up the necessity for public parks and the same greed and stupidity which makes their desecration possible, then it is right and proper for me to use all the old tricks of humor and ridicule that I can employ. And my public will encourage me and applaud me in doing all this. But when, merely for the doubtful purpose of maintaining myself, lacking accurate information or deep-seated desire to be of general service, I employ what talent I have in turning out hack-work, then I must perish.

It is no indication that a man has a sense of humor merely because you can make him laugh. It is no longer necessary to

make people laugh. Laughter is not even a crude form of happiness. The man who laughs till he cries does not repeat himself in that respect, or if he does, it is only an imitation of his first emotion. What is getting to be necessary is to make people think, and to make them think requires much more than the mere stringing together of your information, as accurate and complete as it may be. People everywhere want to be informed, but more than this, they want to be illuminated. The true humorist is one who uses humor only to illuminate the way. He is a student in the right sense. That is why true satire is so long in coming. A satirist is not only born but he must make himself.

A true satirist must reach the final point where he is in love with the thing he satirizes.

A true humorist must reach the final point where his humor is so universal that it is impersonal; where he even forgets himself. Does this seem impossible in America? Believe me, all impossible things are possible.

Pretenders Who Got Away With It

(Concluded from page 15)

prone to confess to crimes committed by others and to claim different identities. This was the case with David George, the Enid, Oklahoma, suicide of 1903, who two years previously, while under the influence of an overdose of morphine, claimed that he was John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, and who told an entertaining story of how he escaped from Washington on the fatal night.

There is far greater interest in John Wilkes Booth *escaped* than in John Wilkes Booth *captured in the Garrett barn*, for about him *escaped* there will always hover that air of mystery, of uncertainty, of romance, to fire the imagination, and as long as there is mystery and uncertainty there will be lost heirs and royal pretenders and we shall have these peculiar instances of marvelous fiction. And just as long as people are too prone to intellectual laziness to ask or search for sensible proof will there be those who will believe these wild tales—and the wilder the tale the stronger the belief.

Royal Indian Navy

AND now a Royal Indian Navy is projected. Recently a door of opportunity was opened to East Indians to obtain commissions in British native regiments, which have through many troubled years proved their stability and loyalty. The Indian Marine, whose transports and survey vessels have many Lascar crews, is to make natives eligible to rank as officers. From this marine will develop the Royal Indian Navy, with its own regulations, and in course of time its own sea customs and traditions.

An Indian navy is a revolutionary institution, for the Hindus of old times hated and dreaded the Black Water and despised all who crossed it. That ancient country, visited by many ships, did not send forth ships of its own. The great maritime powers which have ruled India wholly or in part, Portugal, Holland, France, and England, no more expected to see an Indian fleet at sea than to hear of the natives of the Caribbean paddling to Europe from the Spanish Main. The Royal Indian Navy is evidence that the East is changing.

The Man Without Red Hair

(Concluded from page 2)

well the money side of it, wouldn't he?"

From the intimate pictures of the terrible exigencies of the work that both English and American lecturers had given me, I was heartily inclined to agree with him.

"But if I hadn't liked the people, hadn't really cared for the Americans, you couldn't have persuaded me for a million in money to come again."

Knowing the Englishman of his class of mind and culture, I believed him.

"I have seen some ridiculous statements of the supposed earnings of the popular lecturer," continued Walpole. "I am free and glad to inform you that what I make over and above expenses during and from one of my American lecture tours is intrinsically less than I would have netted had I stayed at home. I don't feel that I have ever quite recovered a fair financial balance because of the disaster on my first lecture tour, when my touring agent went bankrupt. On my second trip I made something to be sure; but bear in mind that I did not write a line on the trip, nor do I employ the American background in my work."

I made a few rapid calculations of the amount that I knew a man of Hugh Walpole's caliber could earn with his pen during the six months or so he spent catching mid-night trains, plowing through snowdrifts on several-hundred-mile jumps, missing meals, talking in ill-heated halls and in drafts night after night regardless of whether he felt well or ill, homesick or blue—well, I am convinced that he could have made more money sitting in that big arm-chair in his cozy study in his own dear London.

Why, then, does he do it? The spirit of adventure, I suppose, that makes one want to see what the other fellow's land is like.

"I've lived abroad so much," he explained. "I like the way one may express his feelings, which is not done here in England, you know. I actually find in America more of my own kind than I do here. They don't think you foolish there when you express yourself emotionally and honestly, as they often do here.

"I find the critics on both sides of the water are usually persons who have never crossed. The other night I was speaking in public in a friendly way about America when someone in the audience raised his voice in protest. I was more angry than ever when I found that the speaker knew nothing about the States. There should be much more intermingling between the two countries. I think it would be a wise and most excellent plan for every public man to live abroad if only for a few months, then he could come home and speak in-

telligently about international problems.

"You Americans move so fast, and carry me with you until I am breathless. I usually make straight for my circle of New York friends, and run off again. It seems as though I had been with them just long enough to shake hands.

"During one of my tours I seemed to

well come along and upset them all; for no matter what the writer may want to do, he is influenced so much more by the things he had no idea that he was going to do.

"For instance, every writer at some time or other becomes rebellious against the critics, and he will say: 'What the devil! This work was not alto-

gether in my power, I had little to do with it.' And sometimes, when you are accorded great praise, you feel somehow that you've no right to it. Just as when you are blamed, you feel it a bit unjust.

"I would like to write this and that, but in the end it is not what I would like to have done, but what I actually did do.

"This profession of writing has many of the features of working up any business. You always have some

gigantic end in view that hasn't begun to be accomplished by simply writing a book now and then. I am always being summed up, as though I had finished. It began with my first book, *Fortitude*, and it has been going on ever since. The critics always turn to the world and say, 'There, see what he has done.' But I am only in the midst of my work. I feel that I have not yet done anything, or at least anything in comparison with what I intend to do.

"After all, then, nobody by his comments makes the slightest difference ultimately to your work. Should it come through all literature after you have finished, it will then occupy the position it *should* occupy. Critics or commentators cannot help or harm it in the long run."

The same refined charm and finish that one finds in his books, I found in Hugh Walpole himself: earnestness, straightforwardness and an almost ingenuous desire to please, deeply grieved when he fails to do so. That is the sort of man Walpole really is.



Terrace in front of Hugh Walpole's house, overlooking Derwent Water.

see more people than the world can contain. I would really like to spend two or three weeks in every town, but then I would never get back to England. I never have time on these mad dashes really to know anyone.

"All the people seem so intent on making you happy. In England they don't care, and they are afflicted with a marked slowness in making friends, but once friends are made here, they are worth having. Yes, in America you are much more hospitable.

"All this is confusing to the English temperament. We can't expect when they have been so nice to us in America that they love us with all their hearts. Meeting a person for an hour on the one hand, or the friend of a lifetime on the other, is quite a different matter with us. But that shade of distinction is not marked with you and it tempts one at first to remark that the Americans are superficial. There is an abyss between friends and acquaintances at home here.

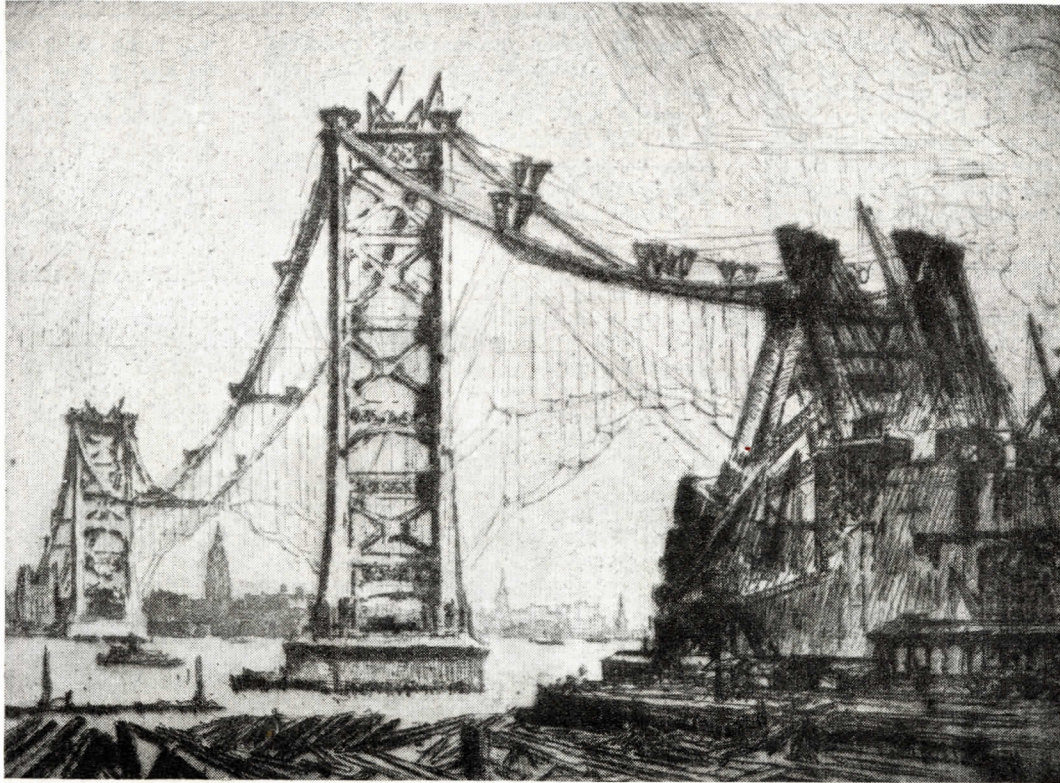
"By not indulging in this social convention, I think we are often considered cold. Our very accents are apt to sound to the American ear as patronizing or superior, whereas it is the very last thing that most Englishmen feel. They all want the Americans to like them, and they feel it when they don't. But you never know this, since the Englishman is so averse to showing *anything* that he feels.

"It is strange how very little a novelist can do about his own writing even," said Mr. Walpole whimsically, as he regarded his dead pipe for a moment and then gazed into the heart of the fire. "One learns technique and makes elaborate and definite plans, and then sheer inspiration

Diarists Withhold Comment

IT IS becoming customary for authors to attempt to spare their posterity. Mark Twain requested that his autobiography should not appear until several years after his death. It appeared this year, but the reason for his request remains a mystery. A. C. Benson left his diaries and papers to be sealed up for fifty years because he "had written very freely and intimately about living persons and private matters." Henry Savage remarks: "His great revenge, perhaps, for a long life of sleep."

Joseph Pennell ~ Etcher and Critic



Mr. Pennell used as the subject for this etching the largest suspension bridge in the world, between Camden and Philadelphia.

Chats With the Friend and Biographer of Whistler, Who Has Realistically Pictured the Poetry of Industry

By ALICE MacFARLAND

JOSEPH PENNELL, eminent American etcher and lithographer, evidently shares the "objections to biographies" expressed by his beloved Whistler, who wrote: "Determined that no mendacious scamp shall tell the foolish truths about me when centuries have gone by, and anxiety no longer pulls at the pen of the 'pupil' who would sell the soul of his master, I now proceed to take the wind out of such speculator by immediately furnishing myself the fiction of my own biography, which shall remain and is the fiction of my life."

Long before he completed his self-imposed task, Whistler realized it to be too much for him, and he authorized his friends, Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, to take it up, giving them innumerable notes, and evening after evening of talk from which Mrs. Pennell made notes. All the world knows how well, and with what sympathy and understanding that work was done in *The Life of Whistler* and *The Whistler Journal*. Mr. Pennell, evidently apprehensive of similar catastrophes in the way of biographies, has written his own, or at least that part of it which deals with his work as an illustrator.

His book, *The Adventures of an Illustrator*, follows the course of illustration in America from the early days when the *Century* printed his first "Wonder of Work" etching, through the narratives of his journeys to the cathedrals of Europe to illustrate the works of famous authors, down to the present day—despised by Pennell, when photographs are replacing works of art as illustrations. He disposes of the present neatly and with a certain naïve egotism in the heading of his last chapter, which he calls, "The End of My Adventures as an

Illustrator, and the End of American Illustration."

The book begins, like all good autobiographies, at the beginning; but Mr. Pennell expresses considerable doubt about just when the beginning was. It was, in any event, in Philadelphia, in a Quaker family that he first saw the light of day, and he thinks it was in 1860, and that perhaps it was on the Fourth of July. A good patriotic birthday to choose when the records of the family Bible, and in the Friends' Meeting House, are destroyed. He traces what he knows of the family genealogy, and disclaims all the people of his name who seek him out to claim relationship, for, he says "they all want something."

When a man went to him once in London, claiming knowledge of his father, whom he had known when he worked on the *Ledger* in Philadelphia, Pennell's answer was: "I never had a father. I never heard of Philadelphia. What's the *Ledger*?" in much the same spirit in which Whistler replied to the American who enthusiastically informed him that both he and Whistler had been born in Lowell, Massachusetts, and that there was a year's difference in their ages. "Very charming," said Whistler. "And so you are sixty-eight and were born in Lowell, Massachusetts! Most interesting, no doubt, and as you please. But I shall be born when and where I want, and I do not choose to be born in Lowell, and I refuse to be sixty-seven!"

The early record of the little Quaker boy, who was never lonely when he was alone, of his family, of "Friends' Meeting," of his first bicycle (the first of many, for he was one of the first to take up cycling), gives a vivid picture of the times in Philadelphia, and of the beginnings of an artist, for he

learned to draw when he was very small, and was, he says, an illustrator from the beginning.

Certain poignant memories of the assassination of Lincoln and other events of the time were indelibly impressed upon the sensitive mind of the young child. After graduating from the Germantown Academy, where his friendships and enmities were even then well defined, he went to the newly opened Institute of Art, from which he was later, to his immense satisfaction, expelled. Following that he went to the Academy schools.

An anecdote concerning the criticism of one of his first drawings there shows that sensitiveness which is the clue to many of the bitter enmities for which he is famous. He was drawing the head of a Roman senator—"one of those old Romans who look exactly like the average American; under them Rome fell, and we are going the same way"—and he was sitting beside a man named Wimbush. The professor entered, and after extravagantly praising the work of Wimbush, took one glance at Pennell's drawing and said: "Vy you dry do improve on der gast?" "That criticism," Pennell writes, "would have done most students good. It did me harm. Had he taken the same trouble to tell me where my work was bad, even if all over, as he did to praise the superficial correctness of the prize student, it might have been of some use to both of us, certainly to Wimbush. However, the Professor and Wimbush have disappeared; I still rest." The evident joy of repaying old scores, even when the offenders have "disappeared."

Among the stories that are told about most great or interesting men, particularly those of the type of Whistler or Pennell, who might well have said some of the things tradition accredits to them even if they

didn't, is one about a friend of Pennell's, who had been the recipient of some of Pennell's brilliant verbal abuse and said to him: "Joseph, one difference between you and Whistler is that where he uses a rapier, you use a bludgeon."

The bludgeon is unsparingly used in his book—all through—but after reading it one can readily see that it is never used save in response to some wound to his sensitiveness, particularly if the wound is dealt to art or beauty, his ideals of which are uncompromising. He is an indefatigable worker, and one who knows no half measures, or sympathy with those who employ them. The beauty of architecture, of the "wonder of work," was always apparent to him, and led him to create a new vision of sky lines, shipyards, old ferry houses, factories; of countless things that were previously unnoticed by the artist.

Of music or the art of the theater he knows and cares nothing. "I hate the theater," he says. In a description of a visit to Bayreuth, Germany, when he and Mrs. Pennell saw *Parsifal*, he says: "It was a question of spending sixty marks on another performance or on old beer mugs instead. We never use the mugs and they are gone." Of the plays by his friend Bernard Shaw, *Cashel Byron's Profession* is the only one he ever read—"and that because he gave it to me, though once later I heard him read *Candida*, and that was enough for me."

In the introduction to his book, he explains that some of the chapters, since thoroughly revised, have appeared in the *Century*, the *Illustrated London News*, and other papers, but he does not state that the chapter on Aubrey Beardsley is part of a lecture he delivered at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, and was later made into a book and privately printed by the Pennell Club of Philadelphia. It was that circumstance, however, which led to my first personal knowledge of him.

I was in the rare-book offices of a prominent New York dealer when the president of the Pennell Club came in to ask that a first-rate stenographer be sent to the museum to take down the lecture, and, after considerable searching, we sent the best we knew. The lecture became unrecognizable beneath the stenographer's expert touch, and was brought in to us with Mr. Pennell's corrections. She had tampered with the names of the great and the near great, calling the dignified Burne Jones, "Burt" Jones, and otherwise proving that a knowledge of

stenography does not necessarily include any idea of English art. I looked at the incomprehensible manuscript, made more difficult to decipher by Pennell's voluminous corrections and virulent comments, and, in a moment of temporary mental lapse, I offered the services of my two-fingered method of typing to try to clear up the muddle.

It was, I am afraid, an indifferent job at best but I am glad I offered my dubious services, for the incident led to my meeting Mr. Pennell and eventually becoming, for a time, the secretary of the Pennell Club in Philadelphia.

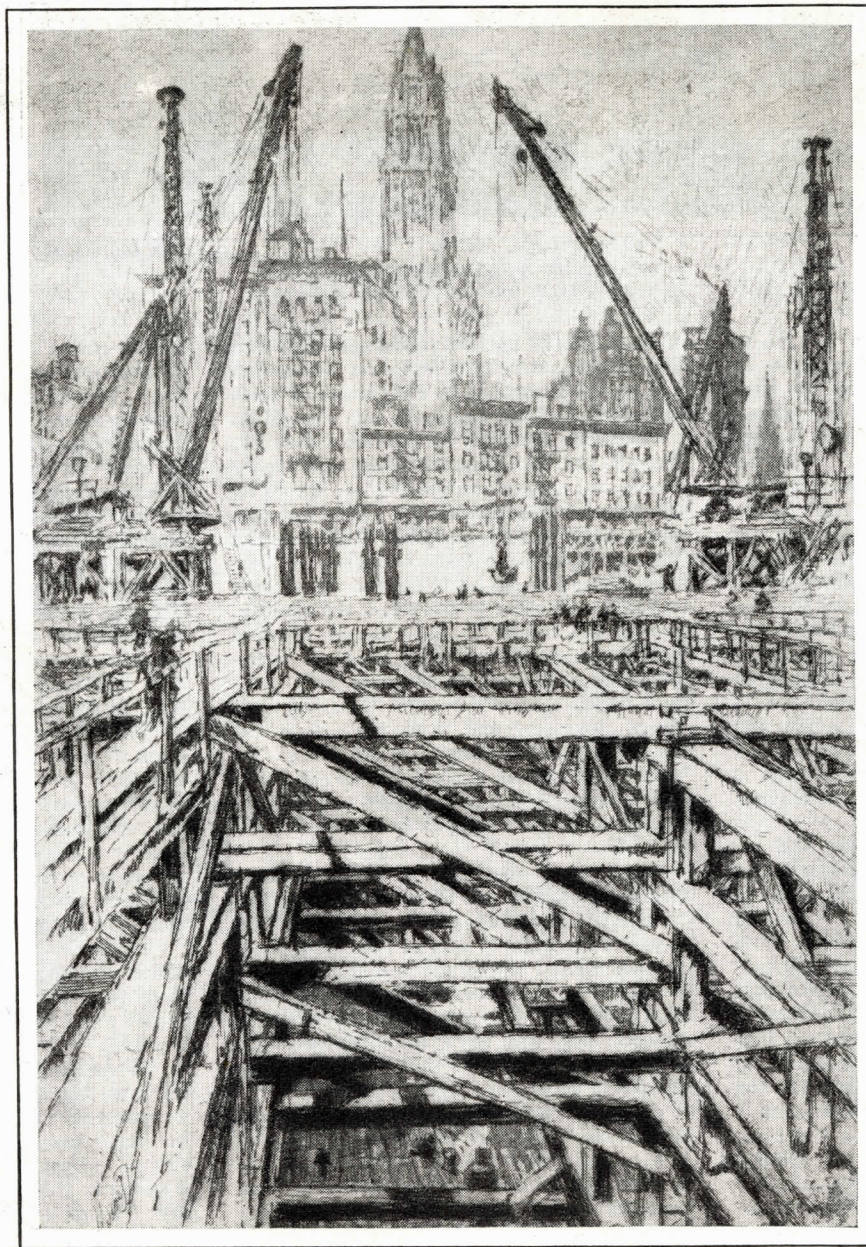
It was interesting to see the tireless struggle to have things just as he wanted them, which led to the making of that perfect little book, *Aubrey Beardsley and Other Men of the Nineties*, by Joseph Pennell, published as the third book of the Pennell Club in 1924. The edition was limited to a hundred copies, and is now, of course, completely out of print and at a premium. And what a treasure to the Pennell collector, in case they are still to be had, would be the corrected proof sheets of that book, containing Mr. Pennell's opinion of the printer (entirely unfavorable, by the way).

My first glimpse of him was in his classroom at the Institute of Art, surrounded by his pupils and his presses, a tall, thin figure, with very kind, very blue, eyes set in the face of a dreamer. During the time I spent in Philadelphia, I was continually among his friends and enemies and collectors of his etchings and water colors.

I had heard of Mrs. Pennell many times, but had never seen her, or a picture of her. I was told, however, that she looked like a duchess, or rather, like a duchess ought to look, and that must have been enough, for one day, when I was quite alone, I walked a lovely, gracious lady who asked for the president of the Pennell Club. I unhesitatingly ventured, "Mrs. Pennell?"—and was right.

It is told in the *Whistler Life* how, when the Pennells were going on a cycling trip across France to Switzerland, Whistler decided to accompany them as far as Dieppe. When they met for dinner there—Whistler, immaculate as always in evening dress, and the Pennells with only their cycling costumes—Whistler gave his arm to Mrs. Pennell and said, in reply to nothing at all, "*Mais oui, Princesse*," thereby gaining the respectful attention of the assembly, head waiters and all. So, you see, anyone who could successfully pass for a princess in France in the cycling costume of the eighties must look, in the costume of our time, even in a supposed democracy, at the very least a duchess.

During my stay in Philadelphia, Mr. Pennell came there to make some etchings of the Delaware Bridge, then in process of construction. George J. C. Grasberger, rare-book dealer, and president of the Pennell Club, had obtained the necessary permits for him to go wherever he wished on the bridge. We waited eagerly to see the result. When it came (he only etched one plate), it was called "The Ugliest Bridge in the World," and when we placed it, innocently enough, in the front window of the bookshop, it occasioned a storm of protest from the press, and all the Pennell collectors rushed in to try to secure one of the few impressions that were made. One serious-minded Philadelphian, an architect, name unknown, came in with drawings he had made, containing proposed changes to be made in the bridge, which he wanted us to send to Mr. Pennell for his approval. Needless to say, we discouraged him from his project, which most certainly would not have met with approval from Mr. Pennell.



The erecting of the Brooklyn Edison Building offered Mr. Pennell an impressive industrial motif.

Soon after the bridge episode, Mr. Pennell came over to address the Art League, and about the same time we had a visit from John Lane, the well-known publisher, of London. From both of them we heard of the reunion they were having in New York, the talks of old times; the dinners at a famous old French restaurant where it is still possible to really *dine* according to Mr. Pennell's plans and specifications. It was, for me, very wonderful to hear Mr. Lane talk of the great writers whose books he had published. How many questions I asked him! And how many more I wish I had asked him! For now I can question him no more, nor can he and Mr. Pennell have any other reunions on this earth, for, soon after his return to England, he died.

To return to the book—there is a vivid picture of Philadelphia in the seventies, of Whitman as he used to see him, of Charles Godfrey Leland, who came to be associated so closely with his life and work, and whose niece, Elizabeth Robins, was later to become Mrs. Pennell. Of Leland he says, "he was the greatest Philadelphian of his time, but no Philadelphian knows this—or anything else."

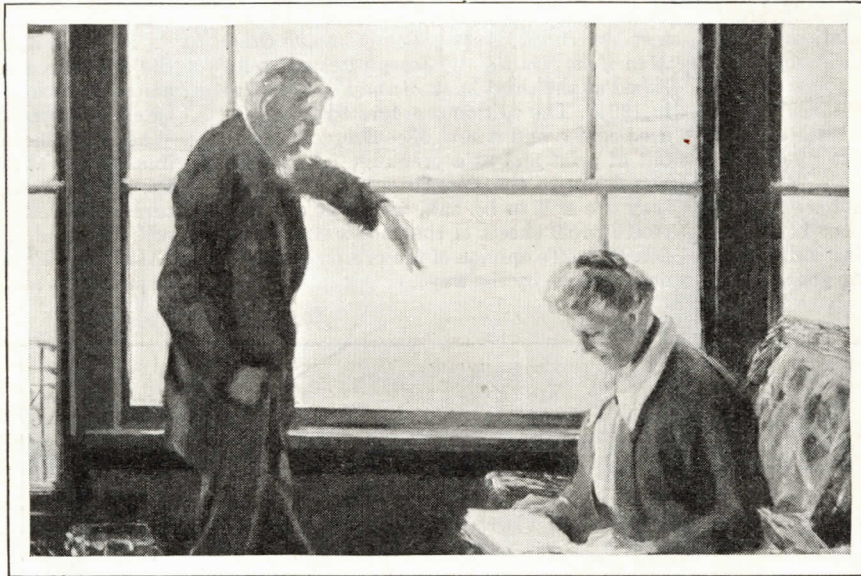
He recounts his trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans to illustrate an article by Cable; his first trip to Europe to make a series of twelve etchings for W. D. Howells' articles on Tuscany, and from this time on his book is rich in tales of travel and adventure; filled with graphic sketches of the famous authors with whom he worked. The account of his trip with Hamerton, that trip which marked the beginning of house-boating, and which Hamerton described and Pennell illustrated in *A Summer Voyage*, the antics of the recalcitrant donkey which was the motive power of the boat, the discomforts, and the ludicrousness of suspecting Pennell of being a spy, are told with characteristic humor. His sojourn in Russia, to draw the "Jew at Home," brought before him many amazing places and people, and his description of the great festival at Kiev, where he witnessed the living death, is etched as clearly in words as one of his own plates.

Equally graphic in detail are the accounts of the funeral of King Edward and the coronation of King George, both of which he illustrated from nature. He had permits to attend all the rehearsals. "Of the hundreds of artists there, the only persons who did anything of importance that day were Sir Benjamin Stone, the photographer, and the cinematograph people, but they were not artists. As for the remaining two, E. J. Sullivan, also working for the *Chronicle*—I got him the commission—climbed on to a tomb and made a sketch, and I, well, I was as usual the only person who had any sense, for, as I have said, my conditions were that I should have a seat in the organ loft, and that I should attend all the rehearsals and the ceremony from the same seat."

There is a chapter devoted to the famous

guild halls of London, not only describing the beauty and richness of the halls themselves, which he drew, but the solemn rite of dining which, being convinced that dining is a lost art in America, he appreciates to the fullest extent. "Most new Americans have never dined—decently," he says in disgust.

Ten years of his life were spent in the cathedrals of Europe, which he knew and loved and drew, many times on cycling trips with Mrs. Pennell who wrote the text for some of the books. He drew the cathedrals of Italy, Spain, Germany, Belgium, England and France, and would have doubtless spent many more years in happy work there



From a painting by Wayman Adams.
J. and E. R. Pennell at their Brooklyn window.

if the war had not interfered and sent him back to his native land—the war that ended the world, according to him, ended at least the world he knew and loved and worked in.

Maurice Hewlett, F. Marion Crawford, Vernon Lee, Sir Edmund Gosse and Henry James are among the authors for whom he illustrated. The years of his life in London, particularly those bright days at the Adelphi Terrace apartment (now occupied by Barrie), which marked his close association with Whistler and other great men of the nineties, are all too briefly touched upon. Such a description as the following whets one's appetite for more, and for snatches of the good talk which filled the room: "Hatrack, Sullivan, Beardsley and Walter Crane would be there, and McClure Hamilton, and we would have to rush him out if Whistler came, and George Moore and Sickert and McColl would look in. That was before we all fought."

And then the war, and his broken-hearted part in it, and his return to America. "I admit I am a failure as a war artist," he says, "a recorder of war at the front, for I loathed what I saw so much that I could do nothing—no one gave in art or literature any idea of the war. No one could. No one will. It would stop war, but I cannot forget what I suffered, and I suffer still when I see the old world jazzing through the ruins."

From the windows of his Brooklyn home, he can see "the most beautiful thing left in the world," New York, the unbelievable city, which he describes as "The city that has been built since I grew up, the city beautiful, built by men I know for people I know, the city that inspires me, that I love." And one imagines that he found a great deal of pleasure in writing this book, sitting with-

in view of his wonder city, with "E." at his side, ruminating over old days before the war and prohibition "spoiled" his country, the country which he finds picturesque and lovable even when he scolds at it.

His story, which is told in a rambling, desultory style, is readable—delightfully so. His occasional outbursts against the lack of appreciation and knowledge of art in America are more understandable when one realizes how much more Europe has valued this great artist than we have. The French Government treasures his prints and drawings in the Luxembourg, and they are highly rated in Germany and England. But that

is characteristic of America. We only accepted Whitman when England had done so first, and finally received our own Poe at the hands of Baudelaire and France.

Mr. Pennell frequently describes his methods of work—drawing from nature only, and always printing his own proofs. "All artists who really etch pull their own proofs," he says, "for the printing of a plate is as vital to its success as drawing or biting is. But most etchers are not artists and their plates prove it, for if any method proves an artist's power of observation, selection drawing, it is etching."

Again he tells of always drawing straight

on the plates, which accounts for all proofs drawn from nature being reversed in printing. It was in Salisbury, searching for a certain view of the cathedral, that the following ideas of impressionism first occurred to him: "I found that I must also give the feeling of the place, the impression it made on me. This is impressionism and not the putting down of spots, blots, cubes and other mannerisms. This is the impressionism of Piero della Francesca, Velasquez, Claude, Turner, Constable, Whistler. It is not rendering the subject as it is, but giving the sensation it makes on you, and if that sensation is strong enough, others will feel it. That is impressionism—art."

It is impossible to refer to Mr. Pennell's book without some reference to the remarkable and profuse illustrations. Etchings, drawings and lithographs by Mr. Pennell are reproduced, many of them for the first time, and there are a number of interesting portraits of the persons referred to in the text, and portraits and sketches of Mr. Pennell by Whistler and others.

The make-up of the book, the printing of which was supervised by Mr. Pennell with what care only one who has seen his corrected proof sheets can imagine, is most attractive.

So completely his own has Mr. Pennell made certain subjects that some of us, when we see the irregular, jagged lines of tall buildings soaring toward the complaisant sky, or a great hole in the earth from which a skeleton steel structure arises, are apt to say: "What a subject that would make for a Pennell etching!" He sees the dream which lies behind the building of all things, and, being a great artist, he makes us see something of his vision.

Nations Would End Passport Nuisance

(Continued from page 5)

go to Europe on a certain day by a certain steamer was made but three days before sailing time. My previous passport had expired by a few days. Its presentation was sufficient identification for getting a new one. The application was filed in New York one Wednesday afternoon; I desired its return Friday morning so that I could have the day to obtain the half-a-dozen visas involved. I have been a newspaper man for more than twenty years. I am well known in New York and Washington. The object of my trip was decidedly professional.

Why do newspaper men, correspondents, writers, authors, go abroad on professional business? To crack safes, or kidnap babes, or start rebellions? It seemed to me that it would have been better to have had one's stuff written before departure, to present to the passport control officer to prove just what one was going abroad for.

Did the passport return on Friday? It did not. It was there Saturday morning, and had my steamer sailed at 10 o'clock I should have been out of luck, because in an hour I could hardly have obtained the British visa and made the pier uptown.

Fortunately, the *Leviathan* did not sail until 2 o'clock, due to tide conditions, so the State Department's routine merely annoyed me, besides depriving me of \$10 for the privilege of being kept in suspense. A train wreck containing the passport pouch from Washington would—the clerk informed me when I spoke about this possibility—have sent me away on an emergency passport issued at the New York office.

The Department of State informed me some time ago, that during the year ending June 30, 1920, \$348,324.44 was collected in passport fees. That was the last fiscal year prior to the date in which the \$10 fee became effective.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, the passport fees totaled \$1,452,584 and visa fees in the amount of \$3,584,192.60 were collected.

The head tax, primarily established (originally it was \$4) for the purpose of defraying immigration control and supervision expenditures, must be paid by those who involve no charges of the kind, any more than Americans traveling abroad are asked to pay the expenses of supervising their entry. Thus the head tax is another item that should be eliminated.

Another situation is that affecting several countries, notably Germany, in which thousands of prospective immigrants who paid the \$10 visa fee have not been admitted to the United States owing to the new immigration law, virtually barring them indefinitely. The German Government made representations to the Department of State, suggesting the refund of the \$10 where visas were rendered unavailable by the new immigration curb. The State Department expressed regret, but pointed out that no provision was made in the new act, or other law, for refunding the fees in question.

It is alleged that the war debts are responsible for much of the ill feeling with which Americans are regarded abroad, but

while this is partly true, it is much more likely that the passport cost precedent established by this country is chiefly the cause of the trouble.

The emigrant who sells his few effects that he may go to the United States is more apt to grumble, when confronted with \$10 visa and \$8 head tax charges, than the fellow who stays at home and reads about the debt-funding terms. To the former \$18 is \$18, and perhaps a no small part of what he gathered together, whereas the non-emigrating fellow contributes no such sum to the extinguishing of the debt.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States issued a statement saying that "passport visa charges and regulations are an unnecessary burden on business travel in foreign countries. Our committee has received reports from business men of cumulative passport visa charges on business travelers that amounted to as much as the cost of an ocean passage in a de luxe stateroom before the war. Further, the red tape incidental to obtaining visas often consumes a great deal of valuable time and interferes with the transaction of business."

Frank C. Clark, in a letter to a member of the House of Representatives, wrote in part as follows:

"From thirty years' experience in arranging foreign cruises and conducting more than 20,000 American tourists through every civilized country in the world, I heartily agree with the condemnation of our passport system which you expressed upon your recent arrival here from Europe. Our passport system at present is not only valueless, but a positive injury to commerce and a handicap upon the comfort and convenience of travelers."

It is held by many persons that the visa is unnecessary. That is a too liberal view. The visa seems unnecessary until certain names are encountered. It will never do to have a passport which will guarantee ingress and egress anywhere at any time to any one. Governments must reserve to themselves the right, even if unjustly exercised, to determine who is welcome within their respective frontiers.

Obtaining a visa, however, should not be any more vexatious than registering at a respectable hotel. A simplified passport system would in due time lead to a simplified visa control, which largely is a matter of centralizing the routine so that a traveler does not have to go all over a big city to obtain visas. Many tourist agents assume the task of obtaining the necessary visas.

Maritime authorities, after much thought and planning, have devised the so-called nonclass tours and group tours with a view to utilizing former third-class space. Nothing is so absurd as that a tourist, intending to visit a few countries in a few weeks at a cost of less than \$500, shall be penalized from \$40 to \$70 for visas—a nearly prohibitive percentage.

If it is true that certain governments remit, or do not charge, visa fees to foreigners using their ships, the United States might well afford to furnish free passport or visa, as the case may be, to those traveling on ships flying the American flag.

Bird That Lays \$1,500 Egg

PROBABLY few persons know that the Pacific Coast of the United States is the home of a claimant for the title of the largest bird that flies. This is the California Condor, whose only rival for size is the Andean Condor, found only in the Cordilleras of the west coast of South America. In addition to holding a record for size among birds of the North American continent, the California Condor lays an egg valued by museums and collectors at \$1,500 to \$2,000—almost in the class of the eggs of the long-dead Dinosaur.

And now comes the word that the California Condor is rapidly passing to join the Dinosaur, the Great Auk, the Labrador Duck and the Silvertip Grizzly in extinction. The California State Fish and Game Commission, which has been making a special study of the Condor, is authority for the statement that today there are no California Condors living in a wild state outside of nine counties in California, and that there are only about 50 of these birds even there, where they nest in the high and almost inaccessible ranges.

The wing spread of the California Condor is nine to twelve feet, as compared with seven to ten feet, as an average, of the celebrated Condor of the Andes, which is believed to be the original of the fabled Roc. The California Condor is a direct descendant of the prehistoric super-condor, *Teratornis merriami*, which had a wing spread of eighteen feet.

The California Condor, once paired, remains mated for life, and, if one of a pair dies, it is believed that the remaining bird never takes another mate. The female lays only one egg, rather larger than that of the largest domestic goose, and the young birds remain with their parents for two seasons before setting up a family of their own. The nest is a hole or cave in a cliff, deep in some inaccessible gorge, and the egg is laid on the bare floor of the cave. Only 41 eggs of this bird are in museums, as compared with more than 70 of the Great Auk, which has been extinct for some years.

Extinction of the California Condor—to which naturalists are now witnesses—is due largely to the desire of the miners in the days of the gold rush to California three-quarters of a century ago, for the large and hollow quills in which to carry gold dust. Slow to rise from the ground when it had gorged itself, the Condor fell an easy prey to the rifles of the miners or even the *riatas* of the *vaqueros*, who sold the quills to the miners.

Poison for mountain lions, bears, wolves, wildcats and coyotes, placed in dead animals by the ranchers, also accounted for many, while careless collectors for museums nearly completed the job of extermination before the State of California took a hand and protected the birds and their eggs with heavy penalties. Laying only one egg a year, and requiring two years to arrive at the mating stage, makes the increase of these large vultures slower than that of almost any other bird.

With his huge beak, bare, orange-colored head, heavy neck ruff of glossy feathers, great wing spread and two large white patches under the wings, the California Condor is a majestic figure whether at rest or in flight. According to stories told by early residents of California, the Condor was monarch of the air, easily able to whip a golden, or even a bald, eagle. Condors are believed to live to the age of 100 years.

Pheasant Hunting at Home

THE farmer in Washington and Oregon no longer needs to take a week or two off and trek back into the Cascades to get his hunting. Just as his forefathers in the Ohio Valley, or down south of the Mason and Dixon's line, used to shoot wild turkeys, passenger pigeons, and ruffed grouse from their doorsteps, so this Northwestern farmer today can shoot his own pheasant from his own alfalfa or wheat field, or down in the cattle pasture.

The states of Washington and Oregon, through their game commissions, have given the farmer this opportunity by releasing thousands of these birds from the game farms each year. The pheasants so released are at least five months old when they are turned into the wild, and they cannot be shot until the middle of October, when, for fifteen days, with strictly limited bags, the farmer can have fine bird-shooting on his own land.

It has been found that the common variety known as the Chinese pheasant, lies best to dogs, flies hardest and most indirectly, reproduces itself best in the wild, survives its natural enemies in numbers, and furnishes the largest and best-flavored body for the table. The male bird is very beautiful, and a very artful dodger, easily fooling even a trained dog, and making hunting difficult. The female, smaller than the male and less brilliantly colored, is partially protected by the law even during the open season, when only a small number of hens, compared to the number of cocks, is allowed to be bagged.

The birds are reared on the game farms from eggs taken from the hen pheasants just as soon as they are laid. If left to her own nesting, the hen pheasant will lay 12 to 14 eggs and then stop laying, but if the eggs are taken from her, she will lay from 40 to 50 in a season. The eggs, of which about 97 per cent are fertile, are then placed under hens, the bantam and other small breeds of domestic fowls being used for this purpose. Immediately on being hatched, the tiny pheasants, which are smaller than even bantam chickens, attempt to run away from their foster mother and hide. During this period they are kept in small closed pens, where they must remain close to the hen, and so gradually become accustomed to her and obedient to her calls.

Soon the birds become accustomed to the hen, follow her about as would her own chicks, and obey her calls. They are, however, extremely shy of man, and when they see even the well-known keeper approaching, flee in all directions. Unlike chickens, they do not fly for safety to the hen, but seek to hide independently in the long grass.

When the birds are five months old, they are distributed to various points in the state and released to shift for themselves.

Possibly the most interesting feature of this effort on the part of the game commissions of both states is the economic side of the raising and distributing of these birds in the farms and ranches, instead of in the more distant, and, apparently, more suitable, mountain ranges. Today the hunter in almost any town or city in either of these states of Oregon or Washington, can get the limit bag of pheasants in a half-hour's drive from his municipality.

Farmers in the Northwest at first complained that the pheasants were destroying their crops but the value of the birds as a food supply speedily offset this, and now the farmers are the best protectors the pheasants have during the closed season.

Which School Is Best for Your Children?

(Concluded from page 8)

are important phases of child training, the second-grader in a public school is usually more advanced than the fifth-grade boy in a small private school. The large private schools, after all, are really only good public schools where tuition is paid. They are perhaps a trifle better equipped and more closely supervised, but essentially they are the same.

There are other arguments besides that of "objectionable" children. Anything public leads an exposed life. The man-on-the-corner takes Upton Sinclair seriously, and knows that the public school is controlled and cursed by capitalism, and that little goslings are emerging from its doors. So he sends his son to a private school, and neglects to tell us who controls it. But his son is to be developed along "individual" lines, not "Model B" of the public school. Those of us who have several children know that every child is individual, and that with exactly the same heredity, environment, and training, we will produce children as different as day and night.

The children of the people in the next block go to a church school. In a church school the children will, of course, learn much more about one particular sect, but the public school children can get their training in creeds at home and in Sunday school. The ten-year-old next door is not as versed in his own hereditary Episcopal faith as he might be, but he has a surprisingly clear and unprejudiced knowledge of Baptists, Jews, Christian Scientists and Roman Catholics, gained on the public school grounds. He goes with us to the Presbyterian Sunday school, and I'm not sure what he'll be, but religious fanaticism will never touch him. In the public school he has acquired that which is more important than dogmatic denominational training—a respect for all sincere faiths.

Then there are the Pharisees within the fold. The public school is an open target, you know. The critics within have the old, familiar wail—the public school has changed. It is no longer the Little Red School House, lineal descendant of the old school. Health programs, school doctors and nurses, nutrition classes, and special work for the under-privileged child; these things have little to do with the three R's, and manual training, domestic science, health bureaus, research clinics and psychiatric workers. Is it really necessary to have all those things in our public schools, and even teach the children to brush their teeth?

Your child may not need the supervision that the school gives, but the school nurses find under-nourished children even in well-to-do families, and uncorrected physical defects are general. Call it governmental paternalism in the schools if you wish, but parental care does not always seem to suffice.

Your child may not need the trade school, but if every child who quits school has a definite means of earning his living we are going to have better citizens.

That was the original intent of our forefathers, you know, the making of better citizens. When our public schools were first started the strongest argument for them was that education made for good citizenship, and we must have general education to have a democratic government. After all, we aren't far from their ideals, even if a few do think it middle-class.

Parents, intelligent parents, too, do not talk much of good citizenship these days. It is a hackneyed term, and some of us would rather be thought bomb-throwers than Babbitts. We will tell the children stories from history, but we will not make a personal application. We all have a few prej-



The public school would be much too hard for little Jane's nervous system. She goes to the Wee School for Wee Tots, "two hours personal attention each day." The Wee School emphasized its short hours, and that afternoon school sessions are much too hard for the small children. In her two years at the Wee School, Jane has learned to read beautifully, but she plays abominably. The Wee School really seems to be doing its duty as far as Jane's three R's are concerned, but unless something unexpected happens, something cyclonic, like another baby in the household that revolves around all her small wants, Jane is never going to learn group contact. The small-family child needs the large-family school.

udices of our own, and we perhaps confuse politics with patriotism.

Then the six-year-old comes home from school, salutes the flag, and says: "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the country for which it stands." He hurries home some afternoon, hungrier than usual, because he has given part of his lunch money to help rebuild *Old Ironsides*. He directly associates *himself* with his flag, his country, and we parents realize that the public school has taught him something we *should* have taught him—and didn't.

The other day I asked the kindergarten boy what he had learned that day.

"We learned to take turns!" he said.

Some of us have never learned that.

Chats with Office Callers



"Ding is back," said *The Newspaperman*, as he flung into *The Office*. It was good news, and it is scarcely necessary to tell anyone who "Ding" is. But for those who may be a trifle slow of recollection, he is J. N. Darling, the cartoonist. One of the best. A big national American force for general intelligence and decency. It seems that "Ding" has been ill for a year—perhaps ill and recuperating is the way to say it. For he wrote from somewhere in the New Mexican desert that he was on the way home so tough that he could open a sardine can with his thumb nail and he had to shave with a blow torch. He accompanies this hard news with a plaintive cartoon. Away back in the distance, around the track of the solar system, is a deserted sick bed, with physicians, relatives and nurses scanning a streak around the track which, upon examination, proves to be "Ding" trying to catch up with the world. He drags "the old Think Tank" after him, while the earth flies far before. The caption is—"If Anyone Thinks This World Doesn't Move, Just Try Stopping For a Year."

"Ding" will catch up, no fear. In fact, the world hasn't moved as far as he thinks it has. He will find the same old elements still in the mixture. And he will be a better "Ding" for his temporary retirement. His perspective—not that of his pencil, but of his spirit—he will find improved. It can't help but be. And he will find his public waiting and more eager than before. We writers always admire cartoonists like "Ding"; he can say more with six swipes of his pencil than we can say in a thousand words.

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"*Speaking of Mencken*, I long ago outgrew, if ever I felt twinges of the fear that he was a corruptor of youth. It is a rather noble charge to make against him anyway, since it was the charge brought against Socrates. Mr. Mencken is a case of arrested development. He is like a doll, or a side-whisker, or a cane—he marks a stage. All youth passes through the Mencken stage. *But Mencken doesn't*. He has got stuck there. That is what makes him Mencken. The girl comes to the doll stage and passes it. The boy comes to the whisker and cane stage, and passes it—if he is normal. Youth comes to the Mencken stage—and passes it. We have all been Menckens of one degree or another, but we outgrew it. Life pushed us on. It pushes everybody on but Mencken, and the few who, like him, suffer from arrested development, from the fixed angle. There are always those places and characters along the way of life, like cheapjacks on the way to the fair; they are part of the scenery, but they are not moving with their times. To admire the Mencken type is to indicate that one has reached a certain stage; to continue to follow him, is to indicate that one has stopped."

"*'What Price Glory'* is a true play. To that extent it may be said to have power. It is rough because it deals with rough men in a rough time. But they are men. And there is no oriental dirtiness about them—it is robust Shakespearean profanity and masculine sin. It is something of a relief from the sinuous imported kind. I am sure that *What Price Glory* is not what may be called a 'bad' play in the moral sense, though there is a certain quantity of unmoral attitude and conduct in it. The French people do not shine very well in it. Neither do the Y.M.C.A. nor God nor General Pershing nor General Headquarters. But then the play is not about the French people nor God nor the Y.M.C.A. nor General Pershing nor General Headquarters. The play concerns a few Marines of the hard-boiled type, and these reflect the type with virility and power. "They cursed, but not half as much as might be expected by one who knows the Marines. They cursed terribly in Flanders." They were free in their references and relation to the only woman in the play, but, then, she was that kind of woman. They had their ideas of God, which were mostly wrong ideas, created in opposition to certain other wrong—though more ecclesiastical—ideas about God. Personally the line I most enjoyed was where, after the Red Cross man down in the bomb-proof dugout had been expatiating on the soul, and a sergeant had ripped out some very common-sense remarks of an un-theological nature, another sergeant turned to the Red Cross man with—"That wasn't me, God." It was simply rich and it thrust a deep light into the essentially moral nature of men's idea of God. The play does not represent the National Army at all—the war was fought by the very type of soldier the play belittles—its parody on the General Staff is bitter and unjust; but when it comes to showing the man-stuff that lives beneath the hard-boiled surface and to portraying a type of soldier which can be found only in the American Army—God bless it!—I say the play's a wonder. It brings the spectator pretty close to the raw good that is in human nature. Yet there's not a line of sentiment in it—all that sort of thing is blown out with blasts of profanity; there's no mawkishness, even when Hard-Boiled Flagg comforts the sergeant who has gone crazy with the strain. Yet somehow it does reveal in a very impressive way some of the virtues of character which seem so little affected by the vices of conduct."

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"What makes me a good flyer?" repeated the rather *Well Known Aviator*. "Well, for one thing, I am a great coward. You simply can't get me into the air until I know that my plane is all right in every humanly controllable particular. I am scared stiff about going up in a plane that is not O. K. in every bolt. In fact, I wouldn't do it. Lots of small-time flyers have me beaten a thousand ways in taking chances.

I wouldn't—I'm too scared. I can't say that it began in personal fear, however. At the beginning I was too jealous for the art of flying to take a bad chance. I didn't want to give flying a black eye. Every time a preventable accident occurs, it gives the art a bit of a setback. I am glad to notice that serious flyers are frowning on aerial stunts. The public has been much misled by this sort of thing. There is a flying stunt, such as military men use, which is a real part of the game. Ducking and diving, doing somersaults and tailspins and all the rest, come very useful in combat; they are the foot-work of aerial fighting. And so far they are legitimate. They also demonstrate to the public the possibility of complete mastery of the plane. But stunt flying will never make aviation a popular practice. It takes long records of safe and useful flying to do that, and such records will be made by the careful boys."

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A Supervisor of the Poor came into luncheon. "Any poor people to be helped? I should say so. There always have been and it looks as if there always will be. But the poor these days are comparatively well off. They have everything they want, apparently—installment stuff, of course. Radio, piano, everything. I went to a place on an urgent call for relief and saw a good car parked up against the house. When I asked if it belonged to the family, they asked me if I thought it wasn't a good enough car. It certainly was a good one. Not paid for, of course. There was no food in the house, there was sickness and no employment. It was downright need. But still that family had not denied itself anything. About the only thing that seems to be on a cash basis today is food. Years ago people 'ran a book' at the grocery and paid cash everywhere else. Nowadays they pay cash at the grocery and get credit everywhere else."

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"I don't understand the British howl against American movies," said *The Movie Man* as he laid down a *London Times*, "because they are not howling against the thing that deserves it. If they complained against the *kind* of films we send to England, that would be all right, but they complain against the films being *American*. Whose fault is it Doug Fairbanks goes big in England? Great Britain has all the wild places of the earth, the wildest of all the wild people, and yet so little use has she made of her movie resources that the English people are just crazy over fake western cowboys. Think of what movie initiative could do with the vast studio the British Empire offers. While we have only Hollywood! The British lack initiative, and that is the main reason that American films go so much better than their own over there. Great Scott! imagine what the British could do in the way of spectacles. They have the movie world by the tail, but they don't know it."

When May Boston Expect an Earthquake?

(Continued from page 3)

Godfrey, in response to the call prompted by his determination that the Foundation should lose no time in resuming its work now increased manifold by the new, wider opportunities which the war had given its members to observe man under conditions of emergency, both in military and civilian life, saw the strands of its original organization drawn together practically intact in his Washington office. He heard a renewal by its members of their pledges to give their efforts to the advance of the great research on man as endangered by emergency, alike abundantly aided and mantled with a new and terrible significance by the thousands of records which had come from the stupendous laboratory of the war.

It must not be considered that the Foundation unduly underscores the imminence of earthquake. "Earthquake" is the model example of emergency which endangers man. It is most like the World War in its factors. For these reasons earthquake was chosen by the Foundation for its chapter of research which followed the war.

All Hazardous Factors Enter Into Earthquakes

Earthquake is an inclusive emergency in which all hazardous factors, famine, conflagration, pestilence, flood, tornado and panic, are natural ingredients. At no time has the Foundation studied earthquake *per se*; that is the field of the seismologist. But the conditions attendant upon earthquake, when it strikes men grouped in the modern city, provided the inclusive problem the Foundation sought. Thus, taking its bases of method from Johns Hopkins, it readjusted its peace-time organization to focus upon research, not merely of the former "man under conditions of emergency" but also upon "man under conditions of earthquake hazard."

War service had taken many original Foundation members into contact with specialists in military fields. At the conclusion of the war, then, it was possible to ally with the Foundation such men as Admiral William Sowden Sims, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Leo Rowe, Sir Arthur Currie, and others. Thus to the knowledge of men who had majored in the civilian and minored in the military was joined the invaluable knowledge and experience of men whose careers had majored with the military. There were, too, 16,000 records of men under conditions of emergency which were a direct result of experience by the Fellows of the Foundation with the war, making a total of 30,000 correlated notes. And an almost limitless new literature concerning men under emergency, in the light of the most recent practical example of the variety of necessities the war threw into relief, was placed squarely at the hand of the organization which would, henceforth, give it concentrated study.

The primary topic, then, was man under condition of earthquake hazard. It must be remembered that there was already a record of 91 years of earthquake history available, with 137,000 records of studied earthquakes, and that the first publication made in this field was made by Dr. Godfrey in 1907 in his *Health of the City*. The new problem could thus be approached in the authentic light of certain attested facts concerning the

historical background of quakes. And nothing but observed, recorded and tested fact has been admitted from the beginning of the work.

Certain areas in the world—notably Japan and California—are generally conceded by scientists to be more subject to earthquakes than others. In the beginning of this year not only these areas, but also the New England-New York-Quebec area, and such areas as New Madrid, Missouri, show, on a basis of mathematics, that the expectancy of loss and destruction through earthquake, is the highest this year of any in history. Where *prediction* is consistently quite impossible, *expectancy* can be determined, based on observed, recorded and attested fact, and upon the basic laws and mathematics. And for some years past the Foundation has made the northeastern portion of the United States and adjacent territories the particular object of its study.

An earthquake has been felt in the New England-New York-Quebec area on an average of more than once a year since the Pilgrims landed. A recurrence today of the great Boston earthquake of 1755, or the earthquakes of 1663, 1727, or 1744 might, under the present existing conditions of our cities, cause appalling disaster. It is interesting to remember that on November 26, 1755, John Winthrop, Holliston Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy at Harvard College, turned aside from his regular course to make a speech, which subsequently became famous, to the student body, upon the subject of the great earthquake which had taken place November 18, at 4:15 in the morning, with a second, smaller shock an hour and a quarter afterward and a third on the Saturday evening following.

The professor concluded his lecture by pointing out to the students that the event had been "a mix'd state; in which there is such a variety of purposes, natural as well as moral, in prosecution at the same time, that there may be nothing, perhaps, in the material world, that is simply and absolutely evil; nothing, but what, under the direction of infinite wisdom, power and beneficence, is, in some or other of its consequences, productive of an overbalance of good," and he added that some wells near his dwelling had had the quality of their waters much improved since the earthquake.

If, in 1926, the New Madrid earthquake of 1811 should be recurrent, fuel supplies, especially of oil, would be cut off from the eastern coast cities with consequent increase of fire, health and life hazard.

Throughout the history of earthquake records which, for almost a century, have been kept by competent men observing with increasing scientific accuracy, there is to be found confirmation of the fact that earthquakes often come in trains or series. New England has been experiencing shocks for a year. Beginning with July 14, 1924, there have been twenty-one significant shocks, affecting areas in the United States and Canada inhabited by more than one-fourth the population of the two countries. Certain of these have occurred in districts long believed not subject to quakes.

Expectancy of earthquakes in New England is based on past history, and ob-

served, recorded and tested facts. Long intervals of repose and little seismic activity lull folk into believing an area immune to earthquake shock. Ultimately, no doubt, science may discover signs to herald accurately the approach of earthquakes, but, in the meantime, as Professor Woodward, of Harvard, has said, it can only be remembered that as time takes us further away from the epoch of one such event it takes us nearer to the next one in the series. The period of rest or freedom from seismic activity has been between 50 and 170 years.

From 1838 to 1870 approximately 208 earthquakes were recorded, the period of greatest activity having come in the middle of the 18th Century.

The first earthquake in the vicinity of Boston, of which there is record, occurred June 1, 1638, and was accompanied by a loud noise. In January, 1663, there was a severe earthquake on the St. Lawrence River which did considerable damage in New England. In Boston, at the same time, dishes fell from shelves and chimneys were broken. In 1727 a severe earthquake, the records of which are especially extensive, occurred in Lynn and Newbury. Chimneys and stone fences were thrown down, the earth opened and threw out hundreds of tons of earth and there was a loud, roaring noise.

Boston's greatest earthquake occurred November 13, 1755. In Scituate, Pembroke, and Lancaster chasms were opened in the earth and in Boston chimneys were thrown down, walls and masonry were shattered and some of the streets were strewn with bricks.

It is now more than 170 years since the last severe shock in Boston, and the period has been one of comparative quiet. But the study of other regions points to the belief that this period of quiet may have ended and the period of greater seismic activity be at hand.

The main zones of origin from which earthquakes felt in Boston have come are: One in the St. Lawrence River; one in the Bay of Fundy, running down into Massachusetts Bay; one up Long Island Sound, and one in the Connecticut River. Several earthquakes, of comparative unimportance in themselves it is true, but important as indicating the dawn of a new seismic period, have occurred in the past year. All of the "faults" have been in evidence, the earthquake at Hartford in November, 1925, having come from the Connecticut zones of origin.

Boston is critically placed in the event of serious earthquake. When the walls of the Pickwick Club fell in July, and there was darkness and thunder and confusion, the natural inference was that there had been an earthquake. Old maps of Boston show how close the foundations of the buildings were to the division between the old, solid rock and the newer, looser fill; and that disaster and others like it were eloquent reminders to the public, to engineers and contractors of a part of the text of the Engineering-Economics Foundation, *that what is below the ground is equally important with what is above it and that the condition of the earth in any particular site must be studied quite as critically as the stress and strain of beams and rafters.*

The Foundation was established to direct public thought to the relation of men's life and death to emergency and to reduce hazard from emergency by intelligent foresight and intensive preparedness.

It has been calculated that 75 per cent of property loss and individual suffering in Tokio might have been averted by adequate preparation and public intelligence. It is well recognized that shocks are more destructive when they occur on filled or made land than on natural land. Downtown Boston, for instance, consists of 66½ per cent of original and 33½ per cent of artificial land. In this downtown area, of which one-half is of the type least constituted to withstand shock, 200,000 persons sleep and 600,000 work.

The 1755 shock, which was comparable in intensity to the worst shock New England may reasonably expect to experience within the next 100 years, was far less destructive than that it would be now, but the population then was 15,163 as against 783,166 today. The population in 1755 was homogeneous, an English-speaking population. Today there is present the very important element of a large foreign population, often variable temperamentally and not amenable to the influences of ready education in such a subject. The problem here is solvable by man. It should be solved.

Excepting for one narrow strip, Boston's solid ground is entirely surrounded by made land. There is the possibility that if no buildings were shaken down on the firm land by a shock, there might be still a serious danger of fire, enhanced in the case of broken water mains, and attendant high wind. There are many oil storage plants on the fringe of Boston Harbor. Yokohama, under like conditions three years ago, proved a death trap. The fact that the north and south terminals are located on made land and that with one exception,

Dangers That Are Likely to Be Encountered

Washington street, the streets leading out of the city to the westward are, likewise, on made land is not put forth by the research men to cause unwarranted fear, but through conviction that such knowledge, generally held by a thinking, self-determining public in advance of any emergency, makes it possible for the public to cooperate with the authorities in securing measures to enhance the protection that must be the city's strength in time of need.

Facts like these are considered: that egress from the city by means of bridges crossing the Charles River is made hazardous by clogging with water travel, and that the presence of burning oil on the surface of the water might render escape over as well as on the water impossible. These are details to be considered in the matter of how men lose under quake conditions, and are set forth to emphasize the depth of public interest lying in careful investigation of methods of counteracting earthquake hazard upon the principle that 75 per cent of all destruction, both of lives and property, can be prevented.

It becomes not only a matter of civic duty for those having studied earthquakes and their hazards to pass on their knowledge to the public but it is a matter of civic duty that every citizen shall give all assistance, based on the clear understanding acquired of the emergency possibilities with which he has fortified himself, to the furtherance of understanding plan and action for protection, and the financing of all other forms of protection without which a city in time of earthquake is helpless.

Hysteria comes to the uneducated in time of earthquake.

Dr. Godfrey points to the plan of information and instruction to its superintendents and foremen of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company as an admirable example of procedure to which an organization can be sanely, efficiently versed in anticipation of earthquake emergency. In 90 per cent of earthquakes, damage is done to water and gas mains. In 10 per cent there is no damage. In the Santa Barbara quakes the gas mains were damaged. In the Kingston, Jamaica, quake—a severe earthquake—no serious damage was done to gas or water mains.

The men in charge of the various stations of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company are instructed that in the event of shock, the man on watch is to go at once to

When Quakes Are Most Dangerous

the pressure gauge showing the pressure which could only be caused by a broken main. The valves controlling the gas supply in the stations are to be shut off immediately. If, however, there is no drop in pressure, valves are not to be closed. This program which may seem comparatively simple within itself, but in which, variously, results of the most enormous relief or appalling disaster may lie, has been made with due regard for flexibility, and is applicable regionally or throughout the entire area fed by the company, dictated according to the severity of the disturbance and its distribution.

The Foundation finds that a continuance of such earthquakes as occurred in the New England-New York-Quebec area January 7, February 28, and October 9, 1925, and their coming under common conditions of low resistance, would cause serious loss and possibly serious panic. By conditions of low resistance is meant this: When they come in company with high winds, as nearly half the earthquakes in the present spasm have; occur in the fill or soft land which makes up so much of our cities; attack poorly built and settling structures of which there are many, and take place in winter as most earthquakes in this territory do.

Both from the viewpoint of historic earthquakes and of the possibilities shown by the quakes of 1925, expectancy of earthquake loss and destruction is the greatest that has existed here.

This is an area where, happily, a high degree of protection can be given, a condition which does not obtain in some other lands. The problems of protecting the New England section against the strongest earthquake it has known are solvable. At least 75 per cent of protection is obtainable now and 90 per cent is in sight. But the Foundation knows that the problems of

Risk Element Is Reduced by Knowledge

protection must be solved before the protection can be obtained. The records of the past do not show that obtaining protection places a heavy burden of expenditure on the community or on the individual. Advance knowledge concerning protection in earthquake hazard by reducing the costly factors of ignorance reduces the necessary cost of protection, both in money and in time. The demand for such protection against quake destruction is a natural, human demand that all civilized human beings make. It is as natural to seek protection against the effect of earth movements as it is to seek shelter against the more casual elements of rain or snow.

An intense fear is quite natural among people suddenly confronted with their first experience in an earthquake shock, but that fear can be appreciably diminished or, indeed, practically dissipated by a foresighted knowledge of the conditions to be expected and the means whereby the individual may secure for himself and for others practical safety. In general the Foundation repeatedly emphasizes certain fundamental practical measures. For instance, it sets forth that rushing out into the open, where the danger of being struck by falling objects is heightened, is foolish, and that to invite safety is to stand in a doorway between rooms in the interior of a building for the fifteen or twenty seconds after which the worst shock commonly passes. Experience points out that buildings of wood, stone, brick or concrete, properly constructed and founded on solid terrain, will commonly withstand shock such as is likely to occur in this neighborhood.

In order that men may take intelligent action in time of earthquake hazard and shock, it is necessary that they shall have heard stated the specific problems with which they may be faced, in advance of emergency, as well as the solution of those problems. Every effective act of protection against earthquake shock depends upon prior development of scientific knowledge of the means of protection.

Safety for the community as a whole is vested in those who are willing to learn and who, having learned, can act wisely on the basis of knowledge.

For those who quite naturally wonder how the circulation of information can be successfully guarded against the influence of the alarmist or of inaccuracy, it must be said that the Engineering-Economics Foundation, having developed the method

Foundation Does Great Service by Protective Action

for determining expectancy (not prediction) and for using that work of expectancy as the basis of provision of sound insurance under present conditions of emergency, has, for a considerable period, been the original source of all information sent out by the Associated Press, the Canadian Press, the London Times, the New York Times, the World, and Herald Tribune, the Boston News Bureau and numerous other avenues of public information accustomed to commanding only authoritative communications. Besides having some sixty post-graduate students this year, the Foundation has completed the organization of instruction for fifteen hospital units and fifteen corporation units, as well as instructing numerous public servants and representatives of the vast network of public health and security, fire insurance companies and business and professional men. It has rendered assistance, with respect to public health service, to officers of the United States War Department, of the Dominion of Canada, of the United States Geological Survey, the United States Weather Bureau and numerous states throughout the country.

The Engineering-Economics Foundation, then, is engaged in the great task of forestalling death, panic and destruction in time of emergency by protective action. It recognizes that only through the performance of all the functions herein enumerated can its purpose be secured, effective protection against the destruction and loss that earthquake brings. Its problems are problems of life and death, not of property. It is interested in problems of property because by property is life maintained.

MM 100

HEEL AND TOE POLKA

The first system of musical notation for 'HEEL AND TOE POLKA' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. A tempo marking 'MM 100' is located to the left. A first ending bracket with a repeat sign is placed above the first measure of the top staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the D major key and 2/4 time signature.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the D major key and 2/4 time signature.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the D major key and 2/4 time signature.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the D major key and 2/4 time signature. A double bar line is present at the end of the system, with a 'D.S.' (Da Capo) marking and a repeat sign above the final measure of the top staff.



A Dance a Week



THE STEPS OF THE POLKA

First Danced in the United States in 1844

THE POLKA STEP

It is generally supposed that a slight hop preceded the first step of the dance, like the grace note in music. Some authors claim that there is no hopping in the dance, although the character of the dance is staccato. However, the movement appears much better when begun with a hop, especially if executed by children, they being lighter and more active than adults. In teaching the polka, the writer has not encouraged the hop in adult classes, but has always taught it to children.

THE DANCE

Metronome 100. For convenience count 4 to the measure. Waltz position.

Raise and lower (or hop) on right heel (a preparation), raise other foot side of ankle, (&);

Slide left to side, (1);
Close right to left, (2);
Step to side, (3); Rest, (4) 1 bar
Repeat right always starting with the raise or hop thus:

Raise and lower on left heel, raise other foot side of ankle, (&);

Slide right to side, (1);
Close left to right, (2);
Step right to side, (3);
Rest, (4) 1 bar
Repeat all 2 bars

.....
"Good Morning" is the new Ford book on the Old American Dances. 75 cents a copy. Send orders to Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.
.....



Starting the dance.
Heel extended, toe raised.



Second movement of the feet.
Toe resting lightly on the floor, heel raised.

From photographs posed by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Lovell, Masters of Dancing.

HEEL AND TOE POLKA THE DANCE—I.

Metronome 100. Waltz position. For convenience count 4 to the measure.

Place left heel to side, toe raised, (1-2);
Place left toe on floor, back of right, heel raised, (3-4) 1 bar
Raise and lower on right heel (or hop), (and); Slide left to side, (1);
Close right to left, (2);
Step left to side, (3);
Rest (turning half to right), (4) 1 bar
Repeat reverted thus:—
Place right heel to side, toe raised, (1-2);
Place right toe on floor back of left, (3-4) 1 bar
Raise and lower on left heel (or hop), (and); Slide right to side, (1);
Close left to right, (2);
Step right to side, (3);
Rest (turning half to right), (4) 1 bar
Repeat 8 bars.

II.

8 Polka steps turning 8 bars
16 bars

If used in an open position, that is, standing at side of partner, nearest hand joined, the heel of the advanced foot is placed directly forward on count 1 (the angle of the body slightly backward). On the second count, the toe is brought back, resting lightly upon the floor (the angle of the body is slightly forward). Polka forward, count 3 and 4. Repeat with the other foot.

One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light

(Continued from page 7)

kind, as on farms, and to a lesser degree, but nevertheless management. Not the value of a pin comes either from the largest or the smallest unused properties. Management and labor produce everything. A tree on an abandoned farm will grow, but it is of no value for lumber or firewood until someone cuts it down and prepares it for its designated service.

So it all comes to this: Property pays no taxes. Labor and management pay everything that is paid or can be paid. And management is but the name of a higher form of labor. It is all labor, whether with the head or the hand or both. Therefore, no one who labors at anything should fail to be interested in the subject of taxation, regardless of whether he pays his taxes directly or indirectly.

None of Us Can Know How Many Taxes We Pay

None of us knows—none of us can know—how many taxes we pay. The nickel that buys a ride on a street car (wherever rides can still be bought for a nickel) represents a part of the taxes that everybody has paid who has contributed to the possibility

of taking the ride. It represents a part of the tax on the land that yielded the ore out of which the car wheels and other metallic parts were made; a part of the tax on the steamship or railroad that brought them to the smelter; a part of the tax on the smelter itself; a part of the income taxes of the manufacturers of everything that went into the car; a part of the real estate taxes in every city and town in which the various parts of the car underwent some preliminary manufacturing process. All of these taxes are wrapped up in the cost of the car when it is sold to the operating company and collected from those who ride in it. The sum collected from each nickel is not much, but the sum represented by taxes in each nickel we spend amounts to a considerable percentage of small incomes. And most incomes are small—too small, perhaps, to pay direct income tax, but large enough to shoulder a part of all the others.

Direct Taxation Would Be an Eye Opener

It would be a great thing for our education if, for a few years, all taxes were levied directly

and on no other principle than the present one that the Government needs the money.

Women, having the right to vote, would be much interested in the political education that would come to them if no woman could have her hair bobbed, marcelled, permanently waved, or even washed unless on each occasion she bought a license from the Government for, let us say, \$2.

Men would be more interested in taxation if they had to pay 25 cents for a license

When Women Would Upset the Apple Cart

to light their pipe, 50 cents to smoke cigars, \$2 for each trip of less than a day taken in an automobile, and \$5 for dining outside the family residence. If a good, active man were to set himself about it, he could observe thousands of things that men and women do and tax each of them according both to the inability of the victim to escape the tax and his financial ability to pay it.

A little careful estimating would produce a national aggregate that would enable our national legislators to continue to find jobs

at public expense for such of their worthy constituents as have political influence, to dredge and dust dry creeks for the purposes of domestic navigation, to erect more and worse public buildings equipped from top to bottom with the most costly things that contractors of easy conscience can supply and, in all other ways, continue to waste money as only the Government, apparently, knows how to waste it.

But the thing would not last very long because the women would overturn the apple cart. We have to give the women credit. Convince the average woman that she is being bunked and she will raise more row over 20 cents than the ordinary man would over \$20.

Many New Yorkers were amused last winter to hear a woman broadcasting over a radio station the fact that on a recent journey from Washington to New York the heat in the Pullman car she occupied had been turned off and she had suffered from cold. She said she had asked the conductor to turn on the heat and he said he couldn't. She warned him that if he did not turn it on she would go to a broadcasting station in New York in which she had friends and broadcast the whole terrible truth to the country—that passengers on his train were permitted to suffer from cold.

Apparently the conductor made up his mind that trouble was somewhere camping on his trail, because he turned on the heat. But by this time the woman was mad from her hosiery to her millinery and she made up her mind to do the broadcasting anyway. And, she did plenty of it. Why the management permitted her to land on the railroad

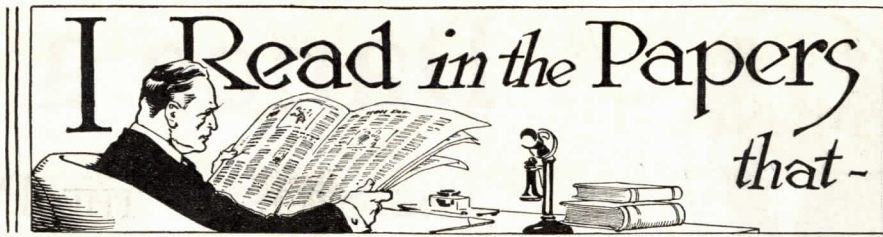
The Waste That Makes Big Taxes Necessary

and its officials as she did, calling each by name, was and is a mystery. Whether she was a very beautiful lady or her husband had a mortgage on the road was not revealed, but she certainly said what she had to say without leaving anything to the imagination. She had been made uncomfortable and she wanted to make those whom she held responsible equally miserable. A man would have grumbled a little and said nothing.

If all taxes were paid directly, everybody would have an interest, not only in taxes but in wasteful expenditures upon the part of the Government. We shall never do anything so sensible or so effective as to make all taxes as direct and as burdensome as possible, but it would be a quick way to cause some persons to think who never yet have thought about such matters.

Nobody objects to the Government having what money it needs to do the things we want done. Everybody is willing to pay his share toward such a fund. What everybody should object to is the waste that makes exorbitant taxes necessary to balance income with outgo. Our great misfortune is that so small a percentage of the population objects.

Those who pay no direct taxes think they are not concerned. As a matter of fact they should be more concerned than anybody else, because the taxes they pay indirectly confiscate a greater percentage of their income than is suffered by the rich. And there is the further fact to consider that a great volume of wealth cannot be collected by the Government and wasted without hurting everybody in the country. It hurts everybody in many ways, chief of which is that it enables large numbers to live without useful labor. Men and women who are doing nothing useful and getting paid for it are just so many tight brakes on progress toward easier living conditions for everybody.



a number of great men have issued the following letter about another great man who passed unrecognized in his day.

On August 12, 1927, 100 years will have passed since there died, in a small room off the Strand, an obscure engraver, the inventor of designs for Blair's "Grave," and also known as the writer of songs for children admired by Lamb, Coleridge, and Wordsworth.

This strange genius, William Blake, we see at one time without food on his table, at another buying with his last shilling a camel's hair brush. Today, with the irony of fate, his works command the highest prices in two hemispheres, while the verses for which he despaired of any readers now even appear in advertisements in our streets and are sung at national gatherings.

For Blake, be he archangel or eccentric, is irresistible. For three generations critics and scholars have attempted in vain to place him and to produce his best in final form. As his living genius ever broke out in some new phase, startling the mind by the splendor and daring of a poetic design, the terse profundity of an epigram, the sweetness of a lyric, so, even a century after his death, he still disturbs all previous judgments by yielding new or forgotten beauties and meanings to research and scholarship, and there seems no end to the stream of careful and luxurious editions of his works and of exquisite reproductions of his designs.

The Dean and Chapter having given their consent to a memorial in the Cathedral of St. Paul, the city Blake so loved and castigated will be the first to treasure the record of her prophet. Shakespeare rests by his Avon, Wordsworth among his lakes and fells, and Blake, whose body has long since returned to earth in an unknown common grave in Bunhill Fields, will be honored by the city whose darkness he labored to redeem by his vision of "Jerusalem."

prominent raw silk merchants of Japan admit that the manufacture of rayon or artificial silk is gaining such proportions that the revenue from silk production in Japan is materially affected.

N. Y. Tagura, who finances about one-quarter of the silk that leaves Japan every year, stated that plans are now being formulated for the establishing of a large rayon plant near Hakadoti where wood fiber from the Sakhalien Islands will be used, but he fears that it will not be long before real silk will be a thing of the past.

"The world," said Mr. Tagura, "wants many cheap garments, instead of a few of quality—a condition that exists in every country, consequently sericulture will soon give place even in the Orient to fiber silk manufacture."

Cyril Maude, the English actor, made the following statement before retiring from the stage recently to return to his home in Dover:

"The growing tendency in American playwrighting is toward filth, and it should

be strangled in its all too sturdy infancy.

"My chief regret is that probably I shall never visit this country again. Plays could be made strong and vital without the gross appeal of certain works now making their millions."

The actor has spent forty-two of his sixty-four years on the stage.

that Father McClorey, a Jesuit priest, professor of English and Greek at the University of Detroit, had this to say about the temporal power of the Pope:

"The temporal power of the Pope was not a part of the institution of Christ. It was an acquisition which the popes thought, wisely or unwisely, would facilitate their government of the church.

"Whether the Pope looks for the restoration of the Papal States, not by arms but by a belated recognition of his just claims, I do not know. But this I do know; that an American friend of mine, Fr. Macksey, a former Jesuit professor in the Gregorian University of Rome, taught there in the shadow of the Vatican, without disapprobation, that temporal power is not desirable.

"Americans, in any event, would certainly not be subject to the temporal power of a Pope," said Fr. McClorey. "Italy as a civil government would mean nothing more to us than any other government, and if the Pope should war with America, undoubtedly we would take up arms against him, as did the French and other Europeans in past centuries. We have an episcopate full of the spirit of American independence. Most of them are of the Irish race, which always has been tenacious of liberty.

"These ecclesiastics would resent any aggression on the part of the Pope. Also, may I ask, do these people really look upon a helpless old man as a necromancer who could conquer the American nation by the wave of a mystic wand, or by the secret influence of black magic and wizard spells, or a papal bull, a rosary, a crucifix, or some other spiritual amulet of the kind?"

the international outlook of the Jews, as regards members of their own race, was strikingly illustrated at the annual meeting of the Jewish Publication Society in Philadelphia recently. Some significant statements were made by Dr. Jonah B. Wise, noted rabbi.

"The center of gravity of Jewish life is shifting toward America," Rabbi Wise declared. "While no one part of Israel will claim a preponderance of influence it must be admitted that the Jewish future is tremendously involved in the fortunes of the American wing. A generation of heavy immigration has added in numbers sufficient to make the Jewry of the United States equal in size, if not larger, than that of any one political unit. Sharing in the cultural and economic advantages of America, we find ourselves anxious and willing to help our distressed brethren in other lands and are faced also with the necessity for shaping our own affairs so as to do justice to our own problems."

Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good and Not Too Wise

(Continued from page 6)

ured by the standards of a man of the world, Mr. Wilson said: "Surely you would not thrust such boys on a hard cold business world. You know," he added, with amusement, "it takes a hundred years to make an oak tree out of an acorn, but it is possible to produce a squash in one season."

Another interesting demonstration occurred in connection with the appointment of a Secretary of the Interior in the first Cabinet. The incumbent in the Taft Cabinet was Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, a great conservationist. At that time Franklin K. Lane, of California, was a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He was a Westerner, with broad knowledge and very definite views concerning the problems of irrigation, reclamation, forestation, conservation of natural resources and other subjects with which the Interior Department had to deal. Fisher had been made head of the Interior Department following the public land scandals in the Taft Administration. Men like Lane, an independent in politics, were fearful that a backward step might be taken. Lane and Fisher were also warm personal friends.

Therefore Lane wrote a letter to President-elect Wilson, expressing in detail the problems of the Interior Department and urging the retention of Fisher as Secretary. When Mr. Wilson received it at Princeton he read it carefully and finally said to himself:

"The man that wrote that letter is the man for Secretary of the Interior."

Accordingly, Lane was asked to accept the post. He and Woodrow Wilson had never met and did not meet until the new President came to Washington to be inaugurated on March 4.

The serious side of Woodrow Wilson found its outlet and reaction in the appreciation of a humorous story. It was for this reason that he welcomed visits of men like Senator Ollie James and Senator "Billy" Hughes, of New Jersey, and did not relish the mentally heavy and serious type.

On the other hand he fully realized the dignity that should go with the office of President. This was well illustrated by the matter of his first inauguration. Early in January, 1913, when Mr. Wilson was President-elect, he wrote to the chairman of the inaugural committee, abolishing the ancient, traditional inaugural ball, which had been a famous institution for more than a century. The inaugural ball had been used in the past to raise money with which to pay the expense of the inauguration. Great crowds came to Washington. Hotels and restaurants raised prices. Merchants reaped a harvest. An orgy of profiteering reigned for a month or six weeks.



President and Mrs. Wilson and party, photographed in 1916, as they were leaving the Daughters of the American Revolution Hall.

(C) Harris & Ewing

This was the slant Mr. Wilson had. It all struck the direct-thinking, serious-minded President-elect as a commercialization of the Presidency of the United States and a social aggrandizement of that great office, toward which he had a feeling bordering on the sacred. He was irritated at the idea that he and the members of his family should be the main attraction in such a display.

At the time he was thinking such thoughts a friend who was calling on him at Princeton happened to make the following remark:

"By the way, Governor, I recently wrote to a small Washington hotel for a room on March 3 and 4 and was told it would cost me \$70."

Mr. Wilson asked to see the letter quoting such a rate. He read it, and thus received first-hand information of the system then in operation. The rate for the room was \$10 a day, but the guest was compelled to take the room for a week, or rather to pay for it for a week, whether he had it one day or seven. In the larger hotels the rates were as high as \$20 a day, with a seven-day minimum. This was the last straw. Mr. Wil-

son abolished the inaugural ball—and Washington stormed with indignation.

Throughout his career Mr. Wilson strove conscientiously against being hurt by foes and "loving friends." He did not

mind so much being hurt, personally, but he was ever anxious that his usefulness to the world should not be crippled. He was especially guarded against the danger of being made less useful by "loving friends"—a constant menace to all public officials.

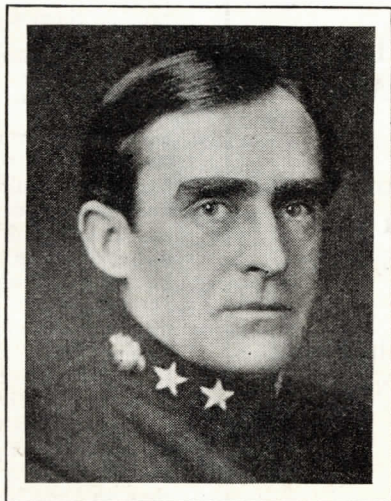
"If a President makes an intimate, personal friend of any one," Mr. Wilson remarked early in his Presidency, "it isn't long before that friend asks him to do something. Usually it is something he ought not to do. If the President does it he has committed a wrong and if he doesn't do it he has hurt a friend. If he is to maintain his freedom, therefore, and devote himself completely to his business, a President must live a life of practical isolation. He can have very few friends during his term of office."

Wilson, the Virginia gentleman, looked upon his home as something exempt from the political arena and to be protected at all hazards. For years the White House had been regarded as a sort of semi-public institution. Mr. Wilson did not so regard it. To him it was home, and into its wholesome precincts he would introduce nobody because of any materialistic reason.

In the entire eight years of the Wilson Presidency, no Senator or Representative, no political leader, no influential citizen was invited to lunch, to tea, or to dinner at the White House for the purpose of affecting his attitude on any question. Hardly any were invited at all. If they came, it was as old friends on a strictly personal basis.

When a guest once entered the portal of that home he was taken into the very heart of the family circle. There was no reserve, no injunctions of secrecy, no lowering of the voice, no use of the words "confidential," or "not for repetition."

Friends privileged to sit at the Wilson table and spend an informal evening about the fire in the private, upstairs library were often shocked to breathlessness at the complete frankness of discussion. The bars were down. The President unreservedly gave his friend, who had broken his bread and eaten his salt, his complete confidence.



(C) Clinedinst.

Admiral Cary Grayson.

His frank expressions concerning the affairs and the people of the hour were nothing short of amazing.

It has sometimes been said that Wilson, in later years, wished that men would approach him with the same camaraderie that he had been accustomed to in his college days.

Like some of his predecessors in office, he found it very difficult to act humanly when those about him would not act likewise, in his presence. Often he expressed a longing to have people treat him as if he were not President and, if necessary, act impulsively in his presence. He sought to do this even when in the White House until he found that people so misunderstood his acts that, as he once said, he must cease to be human. This remark was made after he had attended a theater in Washington

The President's Desire to Be Human

where there was a splendid performance of a play written by Booth Tarkington, one of Wilson's former students at Princeton. In the cast was a very young actress who had given a signal performance in her part. Her efforts so aroused the enthusiasm of Mr. Wilson that he sat down and wrote her an applauding note of encouragement. Somehow this reached the press agent, and the next thing Woodrow Wilson knew it thrust itself at him from the pages of the press. As he saw to what ends commercial use was made of his desire to encourage others he remarked to one of his intimates, "Well, people just won't let a President be human."

So strong was this desire to be just human that he got a boyish thrill out of slipping away from the Secret Service men whose duty it is never to let the President leave the White House unescorted. Late one afternoon, after a trying day's work, stuffing a soft felt hat inside his coat, he turned with a broad grin to one of his office assistants and said, "Watch me get out." As he passed through the door he shook his fist at Mays, the faithful doorman, and said, "Mays, you tell on me and you lose your job." Upon discovering that the President had evaded their ever-watchful eye, the Secret Service men spread a net over the city of Washington. Where should they find the President but on one of the less fashionable shopping streets, in a five and ten cent store, surrounded by a crowd of dirty-faced youngsters, with the President attempting to buy out the candy counter for them.

A bit of Scottish humor was displayed by Mr. Wilson in the promotion of Dr. Cary Grayson, his official physician, to be an admiral. Grayson had been in the Navy several years. President Wilson found him in the White House, where he had been physician to Mr. Taft. Discovering him to be

Grayson Was Appointed an Admiral

a fellow Virginian and a Democrat; and taking an immediate liking to him, Mr. Wilson retained him. Three years later a bill was passed creating four new admirals, of whom two could be in the medical corps. Grayson then held the rank of lieutenant commander.

The Presidential election of 1916 had just been held. On election night, when it was thought Hughes had beaten Wilson, a celebration was held at the Army and Navy Club in Washington. The Navy was especially jubilant. Many Navy officers hated Secretary Daniels and they figured that, with Wilson beaten, they would get rid of Daniels on the fourth of the next March. It was in the pre-Volstead days,

so the celebration was more or less wet. Along about midnight some of the Navy people opened up and revealed the innermost secrets of their hearts as to Daniels and, to some extent, as to Wilson. All was quiet along the Potomac the next day, when it was discovered that Wilson had been elected after all, but the news of what had happened the night before reached the President's ears. He said nothing, but a few days later he told Grayson he was going to appoint him an admiral.

"I don't think you should do it, Mr. President," Grayson said to him. "It would jump me over a lot of fellows' heads and cause criticism. I wouldn't mind it, but they would criticize you as they did Roosevelt for jumping Leonard Wood to a general. I wouldn't like to think you were being blamed for doing something for me."

"Well, I'm going to appoint you, anyway," Mr. Wilson replied. "In the first place you are qualified. In the second place I want to do something for you to show my appreciation of all that you have done for me . . ."

Then he paused and smiled. A grin spread over his face and his eyes lighted up with fun.

"And besides," he added, "I'm not averse to drawing off a little of that hot Navy blood that was running so high at the Army and Navy Club on election night."

The appointment was made. The Navy howled. Mr. Wilson chuckled to himself and stood pat. There were rumors of opposition to confirmation in the Senate, but nobody could raise any valid objection to Grayson and he became (and still is) an admiral.

When Wilson Was on the Golf Course

Mr. Wilson followed the same course in his recreations that he followed in his home, so far as concerned letting "all men count with him but none too much." He seldom played golf with Senators or even Cabinet members. In fact, he rarely played with anybody but Admiral Grayson and, after

his second marriage, Mrs. Wilson. Throughout his whole first term he played nearly every afternoon. On rare occasions Colonel House, who did not play, would walk around part of the course with him. The reason for his limiting his golf playing to Dr. Grayson, however, was similar to the reason that he had for not having Senators and others to lunch. He could not make intimates of all and so he made intimates of none.

Mr. Wilson's fun-loving personality was generally in the ascendancy on the golf course. He always used the same caddy, and one Secret Service man always followed after him. He laughed, joked, told stories, swung his arms and frequently hummed a happy tune.

Revivifying Effects of the Game

One day during the war I was on the Chevy Chase golf course, awaiting my turn, when President Wilson and Admiral Grayson came up. As there was no one ahead of them and they would have been held up for some time if they started at the first tee, they chose to begin at the middle of the course. Upon invitation of the President to join them in their game, I accepted.

At the start off the President seemed to be playing listlessly and indifferently, but about the fourteenth hole his game showed a decided improvement. As he was now going well, I jestingly remarked that I would swap jobs with the President any time if I could play golf every day. He received my jest smilingly and in defense of the fact that he played every day, said that he found no other way to settle his nerves and insure himself a sleep at night. Upon my suggesting that his game was picking up, he answered that it took four or five holes before he could forget the affairs of his office. It was only the battle with the little ball that enabled him to transfer his thoughts from the office to the outdoors. It was noticeable that as his game picked up, his humor and jesting emerged and he laughed, joked and told stories like a care-free man.

Soon after he arrived in Washington, Wilson joined a small club made up mostly of Government employes, whose course was tucked away in the Virginia hills. He paid his full membership fee and dues and would not accept special favors because of his position. Frequently other players would be on the tee waiting to drive off when he arrived. They always asked him to precede them and he always declined. He

He Enjoyed Climbing the Hills

would accept only such advantages as the rules of the game permitted. Playing a twosome, he would "go through" a foursome if the latter was slow and held him up, but he would not pass another twosome holding its place on the course.

"No, indeed," he would frequently call out, waving his arm to other players. "You have the right of way. Go ahead."

As a result of his punctiliousness the other club members adopted the custom of "losing a ball," and insisting that he act on his right to pass them. In no other way could they give him the advantage.

Later in his term he accepted honorary membership in the Chevy Chase Club, and occasionally played that course. From time to time he visited the other courses around Washington also, but he usually stuck to his own club, where there was a hard, hilly course, with ditches, ravines, woods and other difficult, natural hazards. He enjoyed the physical exertion of climbing the hills and the freedom accorded him by the other members, who let him forget that he was the President of the United States.

What Europe Thinks of the League of Nations

The Town That Lincoln Put on the Map

The Voyage of the Victoria

II. Finding the Spiceries

How the South Feels About the Negro



Next Week's Issue

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

What the Other Half Is Doing

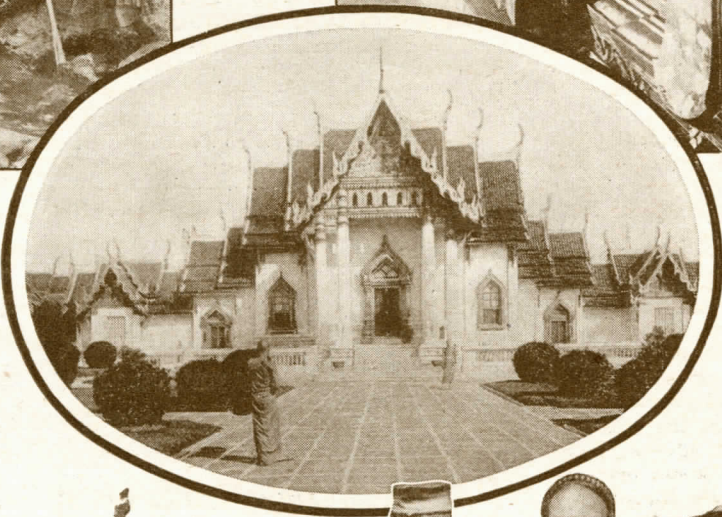
Camera Glimpses of Distant Places



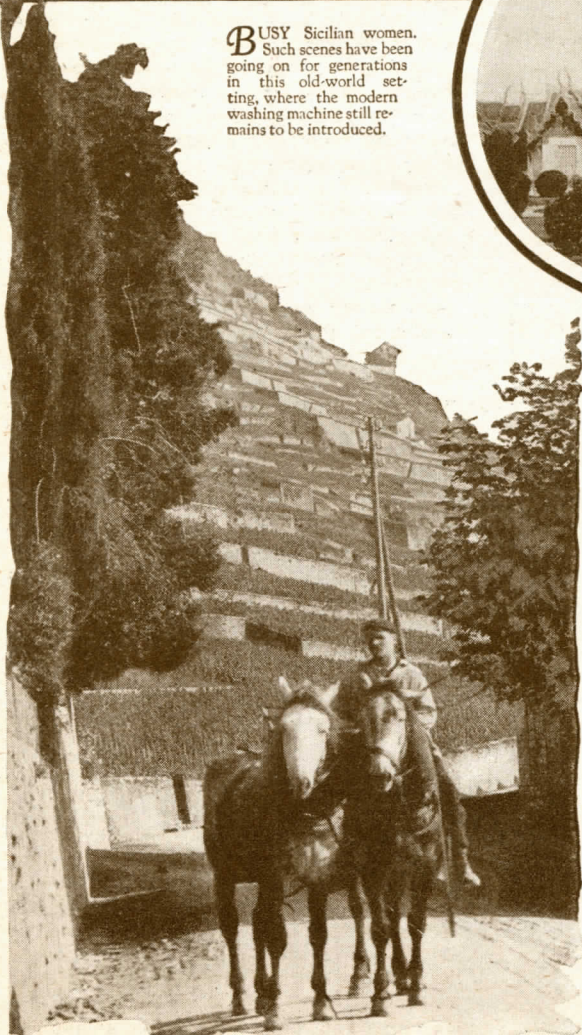
BUSY Sicilian women. Such scenes have been going on for generations in this old-world setting, where the modern washing machine still remains to be introduced.



EXCLUSIVE view of Buddhas in Royal Wat or Temple of Siam where thousands of natives worship. The picturesque exterior of the Temple is shown in the oval. (Press Illustrating)




CHINA in certain provinces follows an old custom of exhibiting criminals with wooden collars locked around their necks. The nature of the offense is written on the collar. (Keystone)



THE steep slope of a hill which has been terraced and devoted to vineyards near Vevey, France.





IT can not be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unquenchable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them.

—Daniel Webster.

