

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27, Number 4
NOVEMBER 13, 1926

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For Our SHIPS?*

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CHRONICLER
OF THE
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5¢



LOADING UP SUPPLIES FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

Lighthouse stations must be furnished with oil, coal, and provisions. The boats from lighthouse tenders fill with goods and cargo and have to effect the landing of their loads through reef and well-nigh unsurmountable obstacles.—GEORGE P. PAIVA. (Article, page 20 this issue)

'Their Days in the Yellow Leaf'

'WE'RE twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jackanapes!—show him the door!

Gray Temples at
twenty?
Yes! white if you
please,
Where the snowflakes
fall thickest
There's nothing can
freeze.'

HOLMES, *The Den.*



'Years following years.
A Moslem patriarch
who has fulfilled the
Prophet's injunction
to make a pilgrimage
to Mecca, thereby
laying up merit in
Paradise.'

—*Publishers' Photo Service.*

Oval—

'Tho I look old, I
am strong and
lusty . . . Therefore
my age is as a lusty
winter, frosty, but
kindly.' And a fine
salmon steak it is that
this successful fisher-
man will be having
for his dinner!

—*Boing Galleries Photo.*



Below—
'To know how to grow
old is the masterwork of
wisdom, and one of the
most difficult chapters
in the great art of
living.'

—*Helen Photo.*



'His old age still fresh and
green'—There's frost on the
oak-blades and the sun's almost
up—and the mallards had best
fly warily.

Below—

'Some smack of age . . . some relish
of the saltiness of time . . .'



The American Merchant Marine

Must Be Built by Business Enterprise and *Not* by Government Subsidy

By W. C. COWLING

LATE one summer afternoon a venerable old man entered a tall office building in Shanghai, China. The elevators had stopped running, but this fact meant nothing to this aged traveler. Eagerly, despite his eighty years, he climbed fourteen flights of stairs and finally reached the office of a merchant of importance.

He had been in this particular office many times before, always in pursuit of business, but always receiving the same answer: there was no business to be had. But this time the scene changed, and the Far East merchant, challenged by the display of indomitable spirit, succumbed to American enterprise and gave an American shipping line the first shipment of consequence it had ever received from this quarter. And thus Robert Dollar finally formed a business contact which he had sought for many years.

For a quarter of a century he had been striving to build up a miniature American Merchant Marine without any grants or concessions from the Government. He had been schooled in the idea that, after all, real business is but a service to mankind, and that in extending his shipping facilities he was offering the best that human ingenuity could devise, and that the world as well as himself would be benefited. He may have felt at times that he needed financial help in the nature of a ship subsidy, but the lack of this did not prevent him from beginning operations without them. And so his business grew without Government aid, and incidentally any preferential rates which existed were not for his benefit alone but for his foreign competitors as well.



WE NEED more business for American ships, and paradoxical as it may seem, we need more American ships, but of the right type. What we patriotically call our American Merchant Marine is but a shadow of what it should be. We handle most of the cargoes we secure, but what we secure in proportion to the total available is at best very small. Something is undoubtedly wrong with our methods. It is difficult to discuss our present lack of business for American ships without at the same time covering the subject of our Merchant Marine, for in reality one is embodied in the other. With a practical plan for a Merchant Marine the problem of keeping our ships busy would almost if not entirely disappear.

Competition did not kill this business any more than it does any healthy business which has for its purpose a distinct service. Robert Dollar's experience in securing business was fundamentally no different from that of any other American business man seeking to develop a business against odds. It was typical of that same fixed purpose and Yankee pertinacity which has played such an important part in the revolutionizing of American industry during the past few years. With this in view, laymen can

approach the subject of our Merchant Marine with fewer misgivings.

The subject is always of importance because it necessarily involves our world relations; and furthermore, because it is so broad and demands the most comprehensive thought, its discussion has been limited in most cases to those most directly interested—manufacturers and producers. True, it has been made the football of politics, but this in a measure has served to bring its weaknesses to the attention of the many who otherwise would have paid little or no attention to it.

To say that America needs an effective Merchant Marine is to state an elemental truth; but to devise a concrete, practical plan upon which to found such an institution is a vastly different proposition. For some reason the mind of the average business man looks upon a Merchant Marine as something set apart from ordinary business; that from its nature it must receive grants or concessions in order to put it upon a firm basis.

Not so long ago we considered that our railroads could not be run along ordinary business lines; but of late we have found them to be subject to the ordinary rules of business, and managed by regular human beings. When we made this discovery we began to cooperate with them and they then began the most tremendous development in their history.

And why should we not approach American shipping in the same attitude? There is nothing mysterious about it any more than there is to any American business. True, it takes

capital, but so does any business. It must meet competition, but so must any regular American business. It will take time to develop it, but so it does any healthy business.

But somehow we have combined with our thoughts of an American Merchant Marine the idea of a Government subsidy—either direct or indirect financial aid to our shipping interests. Our coast-wise trade is already limited to American ships, so to this extent we have recognized preferential treatment.

It is obvious that the easiest and simplest method of securing an American Merchant Marine would be a definite system of Government aid either to owning or operating companies. The line of least resistance is always attractive, especially to the class which looks to quick rather than to permanent results.

We point for proof of subsidy to the fact that our early American railroads were given huge grants of land as well as certain money concessions, but we miss the vital difference that with our railroads it was a blazing of paths into territory where civilization was almost unknown, where neither population nor possible tonnage was imminent. Civilization naturally followed, but only as fast as the rail carriers developed their resources. With our Merchant Marine, we have not only established trade routes, together with an immediate advanced civilization, a tonnage to encourage it, but commercial treaties to give effect to our business relationships.

It is no longer a problem of developing civilization, but of taking care of its demands. Why then should American capital hesitate to back our commercial needs? Simply a matter of psychology. We have not been trained to blaze new ocean routes, because it has been so easy to satisfy our wants by using routes already established by foreign ships. Some of these trade routes had been subsidized in some form or other either by rail differential, as in France and Germany, or by various forms of refunds. It is not strange, therefore, that American capital is always skeptical about investing in channels where competition is unusually keen, and especially where operating costs are in favor of the competitor.

Regardless of where the responsibility belongs (and he would be wise indeed who could fix the entire responsibility with any degree of certainty) the real reason for our lack of an American Merchant Marine has

been the total absence of any well-defined national policy which could command any general support.

Discussion throughout the country has developed individual ideas, but regardless of their merit they have not been crystallized into one forceful, practical and comprehensive program which could appeal to the public imagination sufficiently to be carried to a completion. The merchant and the manufacturer, busy with their domestic problems, have not felt it their business, while the farmer has had trouble enough at home without dabbling into questions of foreign commerce.

But nevertheless these are the gentlemen who must ultimately become interested if a Merchant Marine shall be developed. They are either directly or indirectly interested and entitled to the same protection as the shipowner, the shipbuilder, and those who furnish capital for investment in the shipping business.

Without this policy it has been easy to belittle the efforts of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet corporation and these criticisms have so appealed to the public prejudice that they have developed widespread lack of confidence as well as suspicion toward these national agencies.

Nothing at times so encourages suspicion as the lack of a definite policy.

And all this time, while we have been fumbling around for a solution of our Merchant Marine problem, our foreign shipping interests have become more firmly entrenched in American commerce. By frequency of sailings, lowest rates and reliability of service which has grown with the years, they have ingratiated themselves into American business until the American dollar has quite naturally gravitated toward them in preference to our American boats with their infrequent sailings, their higher rates and inconsistency of operation.

It is easy to blame the Shipping Board for lack of activity or lack of a policy. No one seems to question the integrity of its members, but if for no other reason than that it has lacked the ability to place our Merchant Marine upon a firmer basis, it has not appealed

to public imagination. But in reality it has done much for American shipping, although unable to place us upon a commercial parity with foreign countries.

There are some who still hark back to the old days of the sailing schooners when we thought ourselves a real seafaring people, and they ask to be restored to what they term our 'former position of sea supremacy.' The fact is, we are far ahead of what we have ever been, although far behind what our national idealists would have us. Much good has come out of the Shipping Board and trade routes hitherto unheard of are now open to American commerce, while restrictions imposed at intervals by foreign ships upon American shipping have been noticeably relaxed in an effort to secure our business.

But we have not the presumption to declare that we have an effective Merchant Marine. Ships alone do not constitute an effective commercial weapon. The Shipping Board has been blamed for so many of our old war-time fleet lying at anchor with no immediate outlook for use. But even if the Board should turn every one of these old hulls loose today, it would still require more skill, persistence and intelligent salesmanship to secure business than has so far been exhibited.

We have only recently awakened to the fact that an adequate Merchant Marine does not grow overnight; that it must be the result of a national policy in which all interests, social, political and economical must be considered.

When Congress in 1920 passed the Jones Act, it undoubtedly assumed that with this as a basis, American commerce would grow without any additional assistance. But it didn't, and with that law more than six years old, we are still struggling for an answer to our shipping problems.

It is claimed, and not without some suggestion of truth, that one difficulty in the American shipping industry is the difference in operating cost as against foreign ships. Food and wages are higher, living conditions better and therefore more expensive, while gross revenues remain the same. The so-called Seaman's Act, which regulates the number of crews as well as the hours of labor, together with other restrictions, has aroused the serious antagonism of shipping interests and, whether justified or not, has had the effect of frightening American

(Continued on page 14)



An Intimate Article on

Famous Frenchmen I Have Met

By A. M. SOMMERVILLE STORY

A WRITER who has spent some twenty years in Paris engaged in recording events, has necessarily at various periods met most of the prominent persons in all branches of thought and activity, from presidents to seeresses; and though meeting does not always entail knowing, in a few cases one does get to know them—or thinks one does.

French politicians—or perhaps I should use the more august word, statesmen—of whom I have met many, have mostly such a remarkable power of conversation, that they leave one dazzled and convinced. But afterward one realizes that he may have imbibed a good deal of the man's opinions, but has to piece together his personality as best he may.

M. Raymond Poincaré, the present Premier of France and President of the Republic during the war, I have met a number of times. He is less of a charmer as regards eloquence than some other French statesmen in view, but that is an indication all the greater of the power of his mind and personality. His voice is a little harsh—it has been compared by an unkind critic to the sound of a gramophone—but his use of words is tense and realistic, and he has a very abundant flow of them.

M. Poincaré is a man who looks straight ahead; he has the reputation in France of being very direct and somewhat hard. He rather lacks the suavity of some of his colleagues. He does not use phrases and metaphors for their mere effect, and he puts little store on party. As a patriot there is none greater, though there may be a few a bit more pliable. You feel when talking with this little man that you are battling with a great mind. He rarely smiles, but when he does so there is a sudden charm about it, like a burst of sunshine on a cloudy day.

I found in a conversation with him some years ago that his knowledge and appreciation of England and America were profound, though he himself

would perhaps be surprised to know it. Poincaré's present return to power is as great a triumph as a statesman of a great country can reach.

What a different man is Aristide Briand. Briand is the adept Parliamentarian—a man gifted indeed, but also full of social amenities and charm. His big, rather hulking figure, with the eternal cigaret between his lips, is a signal for clever management of political questions. He is a diplomat of the first water, with a gift of eloquence surpassed by few in French public life, though he has to be roused to it, and in conversation he strikes one as rather indolent. With a marvelous grasp of public affairs, and a rare insight and capacity for judging men and matters, he is one of the strongest political powers France possesses, as is shown by the numerous times he has been premier.

I have met M. Briand a number of times, officially and otherwise, but the meeting I remember best is an occasion when I went to see him and he refused to talk politics, but smilingly turned the subject to that of fishing, for he has a small estate in the country where, when politics permit, he loves to go and angle.

It is practically essential to statesmanship in France to be a fine orator, just as nearly every cultured Frenchman is a fine conversationalist. M. Barthou, now also again a minister, is a fine orator and very approachable; Jaures' oratory, of the vehement type, has become historical; and it was an unforgettable lesson in public speaking to listen to the late great patriot, Paul Déroulède, during his harangues to the youth of the nation. (And Déroulède was one of the foremost of those who nurtured the great patriotic spirit in the nation's youth during the years that preceded the war.)

I never heard Rochefort speak, but one could still realize the fiery spirit of the tall upright old man until near the end—although the last time I ever saw him, shortly before his death, he was in a public restaurant eating oysters and drinking milk!

Among the finest orators of the past few years were Paul Deschanel, who was president of the Republic for so short a time, and René Viviani, the premier at the time of the outbreak of the war. The ends of both these men were tragic. Deschanel's whole life had been devoted to the attainment of his great ambition, the presidency of the Republic, and when one met him one realized that his chief aids had been urbanity and an extraordinary charm of manner. It will be well remembered how wretchedly he succumbed less than a year after he had reached the Élysée.



Paul Deschanel.

Viviani was called the 'silver-tongued,' and I never heard a speaker who could more effectively 'carry one off one's feet.' I heard him speak directly after his famous visit to America, and it was a revelation. Beside him sat General, now Marshal Joffre, who smiled and said nothing (was he not known in America as the 'silent Joffre?'). But the generals of France are not so adept in public speaking as the politicians; Foch, like the others, is not brilliant on the platform.

To leave statesmen for men-of-letters, it will not surprise the reader to learn that one of the most interesting men I ever met was the late Anatole France. He, too, was a brilliant speaker in public on occasions, and in intimacy a charming talker. Unlike some men of letters who achieve distinction, he exerted himself to be amiable and was interested in English and American people.

I once heard him utter a few words in English, which I suppose few did (it was when I presented him to a late distinguished American diplomat who knew but little French). Anatole France, with his fine head and rather horse-like face, was a very distinguished figure.

M. René Bazin I met first soon after a number of his novels had been translated into English, and one of them especially, *La Terre qui Meurt* (I forget the translated title), had such a reputation in the States that he told me there



Raymond Poincaré.



Aristide Briand.



Jean Barthou.

had been a 'Bazin boom'! But, he said, translations bring little to the French author, and though he was proud of the reputation he had got in the vast continent, he remarked drily that he



Rene Viviani.

was none the richer for it. Bazin is a very different man from what France was; he rather reminds one of a country priest.

A much less amiable or interesting man than either in his private life was the late Pierre Loti,

who, in spite of the beauty of his writings, was, when approached, arrogant, monosyllabic and 'stand-offish.'

Maurice Donnay, the famous dramatist, whose recent book on his early beginnings at the Montmartre cabaret, *Le Chat Noir*, has attracted much attention, I met frequently at one time, being associated with him in a modest capacity in a 'war work' in 1914. An extremely gifted man, with a great reputation, he was and is nevertheless still quite Bohemian, perhaps because he has consorted so much with theatrical people.

I had occasion once to admire his great talent when he produced a short dramatic sketch taken from the people with whom we both associated, and one could see the living characters translated into wonderful *simulacra* on the stage. I was amused once when I heard Donnay say that he thought the English were a very 'uninteresting' people, but more so only a month or so later when he met a batch of the first British 'Tommys' who came to Paris and, though they could not communicate except through interpreters and laughter—he found them most amusing and very like the French 'poilus,' which was perfectly true. Donnay was, however, very interested in America when he visited it a couple or so years ago as a sort of literary ambassador.

The late Edmond Rostand, the poet, was a very amiable man to meet, and unlike so many Frenchmen, was prompt and polite in answering letters. When one conversed with him, he seemed rather distant and sad, and I saw him a number of times when he was in Paris sitting at a big tea house on the Champs Élysées all alone as if dreaming over new plays that were never destined to be written. The production of his last play, *Chantecler*, was the most sensational theatrical event for many years, but it was the least of his successes.

I once spent a very pleasant evening

in the company of the late Camille Flammarion, as I sat next to him at a public dinner. He was very gay and humorous and did not breathe a word about astronomy or spiritualism! He was a diminutive great man with a mass of white hair and beard.

Maurice Maeterlinck is one of those who are interesting to meet but difficult to 'draw.' A short, stocky man, this Belgian poet who prefers to live in France, and who would have been in the French Academy had he been a Frenchman, is somewhat monosyllabic. I knew Madame Georgette Leblanc much better, and had numerous conversations with her both at St. Wandrille, the poet's famous home in Normandy, and in Paris, when she explained to me her theatrical and dramatic theories.

It was on the occasion of one of the productions by this brilliant woman of a play of Maeterlinck's at a Paris theater, that in answer to a question of mine she said, 'Oh, no, Maurice is not in the house: he hates these occasions and has gone to bed!' So it was with the famous productions of plays at St. Wandrille, when Georgette Leblanc was trying to inaugurate a new era in theatrical production; these performances annoyed the poet, who only came down when all was over to receive the congratulations.

One of the most delightful of Frenchmen for strangers to meet, if he is interested in you, a man with all the courtesy and charm of the old school, is the veteran painter, Albert Besnard, former head of the Villa Mediceis at Rome, now chief of the École des Beaux Arts, and one of the most recently elected of the Academicians.

The revelation of color which he brought back with him years ago from a famous visit he made to India is still well remembered by artists, and he told me of the enchantment it had been to him. One of the glories of French art, Besnard is simplicity itself, and with his huge frame, white beard and genial smile (he is well over seventy now) he reminds one a little of a charming English country squire.

I wonder if other people have noticed, as I have, that artists are usually cordial and often jolly people, whereas musicians are rather glum, often boorish (with exceptions, be it understood).

Of Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Debussy, Gabriel Faure, and other well-known composers whom I met in the years past, there is little that can be said, as they themselves had little to say, and

I remember sitting beside the last-named fine old fellow all through a luncheon (at a private and not a public affair) when he kept his attention almost exclusively on his plate, and when he did speak would only address the whole table or his host (but, it is true, he was already a very old man, and perhaps he did not like writers).

As to the famous women actresses, what shall one say? My memories of Sarah Bernhardt date back very many years, but it was not until she was an old woman that I had the advantage of meeting her off the stage, and then, although the 'golden voice' was the same, though somewhat tired and languid, her gestures struck one as being more artificial than on the stage. She would keep a scented handkerchief to her face, I remember, as if afraid one might see too much of the wreck.

But Bernhardt was a mistress of make-up, as Melba in her reminiscences relates. Melba was in her dressing room when she was

visited by the great actress: "Bah! You make up your face like a schoolgirl," said Bernhardt. "You have no idea how to do these things. You are too innocent. Take a lesson from me, the wicked one!" And she took my face in her hands and proceeded to apply deft touches with rouge and blue pencil, with powder and lipstick, forbidding me as she did so to look in the glass until it was all over. When it was over, she leapt down again, threw out her hands, and said: "Voilà! Now you may look, my pretty!" I looked in the glass, and I was astonished by the transformation which Sarah had effected.

Many in America will love to think of her as the Lady of the Camellias. She depended greatly in her declining years on the technic she developed very early in her career, and, although many critics disparage the value of her stage technic, Bernhardt enjoyed more than sixty years' reign.

Réjane, that wonderful comédienne, also was much more interesting on the stage than off it. Then she modulated her voice better; in private it seemed rough and a little coarse; but what was always amusing and refreshing in Réjane was her cheery 'hail-fellow-well-met' Bohemianism, and she loved to remind people that she was of Montmartre by birth and nature.

There are people who when they meet and talk with persons engaged in periodical journalism who have a certain facility with their pens are rather difficult to 'draw out'; there are others who correspondingly expand. I should say the politicians are among those who are most difficult really to know—much more so than actors, musicians and literary people.



Sarah Bernhardt.



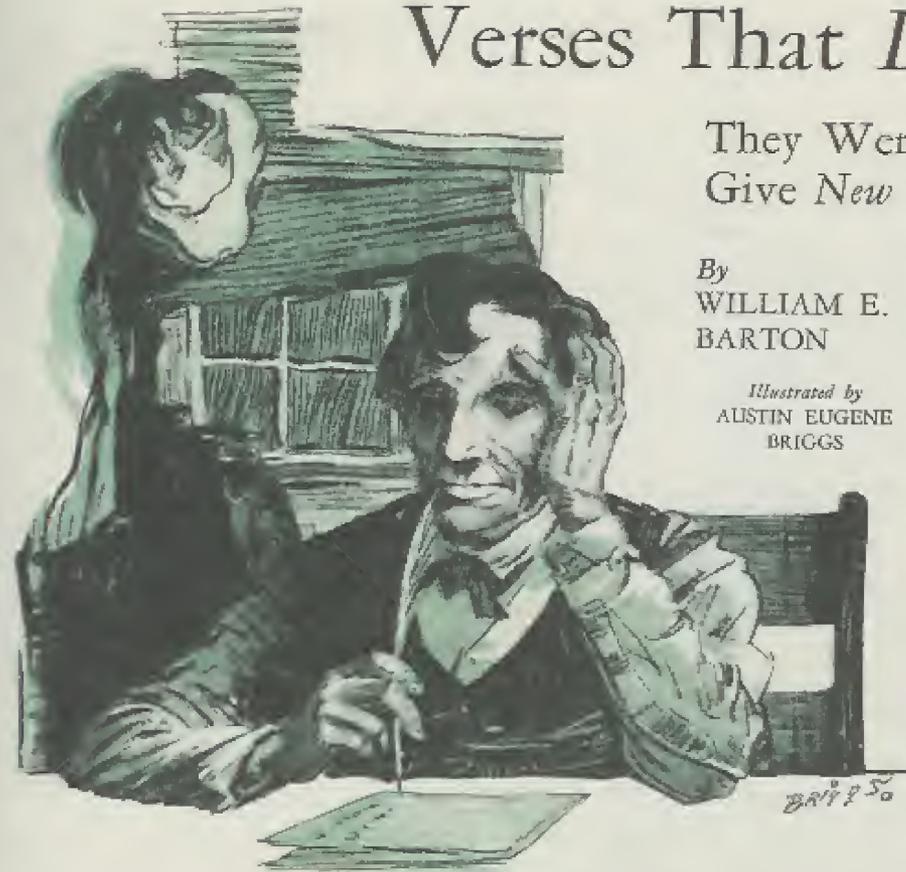
Edmond Rostand.

Verses That Lincoln Wrote

They Were Not Great *But* They Give New Index to His Character

By
WILLIAM E.
BARTON

Illustrated by
AUSTIN EUGENE
BRIGGS



ABRAM LINCOLN did not always know that he would one day be President of the United States. He considered the possibility of his choosing any one of various careers, from that of being a blacksmith to that of entering college and preparing for some professional career. One thing he did not do which we might have expected him to do. He did not teach school. Stephen A. Douglas did that and so did very many aspiring young men of that period. Lincoln's education was fully equal to that of many of these teachers, and teachers earned more money than sometimes came to him, but he was never a pedagogue. He did, however, try his hand at lecturing, and, not succeeding very well, he gave it up. His one lecture on 'Discoveries and Inventions' has been recovered and printed in recent years. And as he tried lecturing, so he tried poetry.

It is probable we have some fragments of Lincoln's boyhood attempt at versification, though how far he took over the crude rhymes of others in his recitations of doggerel verse we may not be sure. One subject on which Lincoln is alleged to have tried his hand was the familiar story of 'How St. Patrick Came to Be Born on the Seventeenth of March.' The truth is said to have been that that old hero was born somewhere near midnight between the eighth and ninth. Two

clans in Ireland used to have an annual fight over the question as to which was the date of his birth. A clever priest suggested that 'one man could not have two birthdays unless he was twins,' and proposed to add the eight and the nine together.

Some stanzas on this subject were recited by Lincoln and these are the ones that introduce the theme:

On the eighth day of March, as some people say,
St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others assert 'twas the ninth he was born—
'Twas all a mistake—between midnight and morn.

Some blamed the baby, some blamed the clock;
Some blamed the doctor, some the crowing cock,
With all these close questions sure no one could know
Whether the babe was too fast or the clock was too slow.

The story did not originate with Lincoln, and we are not sure that the verse is his. His fame will not suffer if we leave the authorship uncertain.

Somewhat in the same category, but with rather better title to be thought of as possibly Lincoln's, are the verses that tell again the ancient story of why woman was created from man's rib. William H. Herndon attributed these stanzas to Lincoln, and Nicolay and Hay accord them an

obscure place in his supposedly genuine writings. There is originality at least:

ADAM AND EVE'S WEDDING SONG
Alleged to have been Lincoln's first poem

When Adam was created
He dwell in Eden's shade,
As Moses has recorded,
And soon a bride was made.

The thousand times ten thousand
Of creatures swarmed around
Before a bride was formed
And yet no mate was found.

The Lord was not then willing
That man should be alone,
But caused a sleep upon him
And took from him a bone.

And closed the flesh instead thereof,
And then He took the same,
And of it made a woman
And brought her to the man.

Then Adam he rejoiced
To see his loving bride,
A part of his own body,
The product of his side.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see,
So he must not abuse her,
The meaning seems to be.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's head we know
To show she must not rule him
'Tis evidently so.

The woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm,
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm.*

What qualities had Abraham Lincoln that qualified him to compose poetry?

He had little love of nature. When his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, visited the Lincoln family in Washington, and dragged his reluctant feet to the White House conservatories, he could not share her enthusiasm over the rare flowers which she showed him there. He had not visited the place in a year, he told her; something seemed to have been left out of him that would have enabled him to appreciate beauty.

He had no facility of expression in matters of love. His love letters to Mary Owens are a sad example of a courtship wholly ineffective because utterly done in prose. He did not write poetry about religion or patriotism or any other high theme. He could not have done so. It was not in him.

He could not sing well, though he often tried, and

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*Quoted by Nicolay and Hay from Herndon—N. & H. Vol. 1, pp. 289-90.

Broken Promises in PALESTINE

By
GWLAD
MATTHEWS

Left—Arabs love to pose, and this son of the household goes his elders one better.
Below—Three of our dragons in Palestine. The one on the right was known as Alexander the Great.



WHEN the British finally decide they have made a good job of it and wave goodby to Palestine from the decks of a liner, the Jews will also be making their adieus. The British will go to Egypt or London or parts unknown; the Jews, if the Arabs have anything to say about it, will leave by a more direct and efficient route for the Zionist paradise.

Ask anyone—your donkey boy, your driver, the porter that brings you lukewarm water in your hot water bottle. At the very mention of the Zionists they cease smiling in a flash, and a hard glitter narrows their eyes. If you are unlucky, they lapse into explosive Arabic; if you are lucky, they say slowly, 'Ah, some day they will pay, by the grace of Allah!'

In October, 1915, when as yet the British had made little headway in the Near East campaign, the government at London made a formal promise to Shereef Hussein that it would recognize Arab independence, once the Arabs had thrown off the Turkish yoke. Naturally, the Arabs of Palestine believed this promise included them, for, as all men know, the population of that country is 85 per cent Arab and only 15 per cent Jewish. At that time, when Britain needed the help of the Palestinian Arabs, nothing was said about excluding Palestine from the promise. So 11,000 Arabs, with the desire for freedom making their blood hot and their trigger fingers itch, swept north across Palestine, enabling Allenby to concentrate his regular troops, capture Damascus, and collapse the Ottoman



Empire at one blow. Britain and France declared that their aim in stepping into the Near East was the 'definite emancipation of the peoples oppressed by the Turks,' and their one political desire was to support the 'government and administration freely chosen by the people.'

Even at that, the British mandate would have been successful and popular if the Balfour cabinet hadn't suddenly contracted a severe case of Zionitis and neglected to get itself quarantined. Then the portly British Santa Claus mislaid his spectacles and gave the pretty Palestinian toy to little Abie Isaacs, when it was plainly marked 'For Mohammed ben Mohammed, with gratitude.' And there has been trouble ever since.

In David Street, Jerusalem, one can find anything.

It is a narrow street of gradual steps, flanked by crazy rows of bazaars and coffeehouses and shops, each with its knot of gesticulating customers in front. Here you see bearded priests in tall hats and flowing robes, Arabs in brilliant *abayehs* with short daggers at their belts, Jews with long cork-screw curls on their shoulders, fierce Bedouins with sharp noses and sharper eyes, trim British uniforms, and a goodly sprinkling of red fezzes. Mix these all up in a melodious babel, throw a few scavenger dogs in underfoot, and you have David Street. It was here one morning that I found Fuad.

Fuad was a young Arab with a never-ending flow of perfect English. He had the face of a dashing devil and the smile of an angel, and a tiny mustache that erinkled whenever he was pleased, which was often. Fuad's pride and joy was a car of questionable parentage which he asserted came from America, and which he drove with breath-taking abandon on the narrow winding roads. He had been in a responsible government position until a short while before, when the civil authorities had placed a recently arrived Russian Jew over him, reduced his pay, and at the same time told him that he must do the same work as before. It had been too much for him, so he had capitalized his car and his knowledge of English to make his living as a guide. We hired him to take us on a day's trip north.

We reached the rolling Plain of Esdralon about noon, when the sun was hot on the long furrows of the field. In the midst of the patchwork quilt of black earth and green grain were little clumps of red-roofed houses, and a few straggling trees, the only ones in sight. Fuad told us that this was one of the oldest Zionist settlements; it had been founded about forty years ago.

The pattern houses were still as unindividual and devoid of personality as they had been the day an enterprising Zionist Committee put them up wholesale. Rusty



American farm machinery rested securely in the stubble and refuse of the yards. Only one man, in ragged overalls and straw hat, was plowing in the field, behind a sleepy yoke of oxen. The grain that was already up was uneven and as sparse as that the Arabs coax from the same ground with their crooked stick plow. We asked Fuad why more men were not working.

'Oh, they work enough,' he said with a shrug. 'Why should they come out in the hot sun when there is no need? They do not need to have a big crop of grain, because always more money comes in from England and America for them.'

At first it seemed impossible to believe that a forty-year-old community was still dependent on the Zionist Loan Fund, but later the head of the American Colony at Jerusalem confirmed Fuad's statement. According to the colonization plan, the land is bought for the immigrants, a town is put up, they are supplied with all needs, and loaned a certain amount each year per family, to be paid back when they are self-supporting. So far, in most cases, nothing has ever been paid back, but more is always forthcoming.

This condition is probably due in great measure to the class of colonists.

Try as it may, the Zionist Committee has not been able to get the better class of Jews to migrate to Palestine, and has been forced more and more to import a lower shiftless class of Jews from Russia, Austria, Bulgaria, and the barren Caucasus regions. The few of the better class that do come refuse to work on the land, and insist on being set up in a little shop of some kind in a village or town.

Tel Aviv, the one Zionist city, will soon be a place of shopkeepers and no customers. The shiftless class that settle on the land care little for returning money to a lenient and indulgent committee.

This committee, in the main, receives its funds from the American Zionist groups. The particular colony that we visited owned the land of the plain for miles around, but it was lying idle. As a reward for large checks



from rich American Jews, much of this land was parceled off into streets, untenanted, unvisited, named in honor of the donors.

I wonder how many more checks would be forthcoming from Mr. Cohen of Cohen Street, and Mr. Abrahams of Abrahams Street, if they could see their

honorable names on a stone in the middle of a fallow field, a resting

place for lonesome crows!

And the Arab farmer, bought out of the only occupation he knows, what his father and his father's father have done before him, must stand by, powerless, and see his strips of farm go to stubble and rock.

This preponderance of Russian and Austrian population, besides being in the main shiftless and irresponsible, has brought in the doctrine of Bolshevism. The

Maflaga Poalim Socialim (Workmen's Socialist Society) is powerful and far-reaching among the Jewish population. Bolshevik agents work openly under the noses of the British to establish Palestine as a communistic state.

The Hagoneh, the secret Jewish army, refused to disarm and cease smuggling in ammunition and guns, so the British legalized them by making them special constables! The Soviet, according to papers found in the local headquarters in Jerusalem, considers

the Hagoneh to be the nucleus of a Red Army which will crush the Arabs, drive out the British, and make the Communistic Jewish State supreme!

No wonder the flowery formal declarations of the Jews only increase the fear and hatred in the Arab population, and the weighty sentences, balancing 'love' and 'brotherhood' at each end, with 'peace' in between, make the Arab long for a dark night, a back alley, and a sharp dagger!

The famous Balfour Declaration says that 'nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of the non-Jewish population in Palestine.'

Yet the findings of the American King-Crane Commission in 1919, to the effect that the Arabs were squirming under the order of things, were disregarded by the British Government. Later, in 1920, the military administration, antagonistic to the Zionists, was removed, and the civil administration was set up under Sir Herbert Samuels, a member of the Zionist Committee.

It was not until 1922 that the British remembered their promise about free representative government and set up an elective machinery. Then the ratio accepted by the British and Zionists was so unfair to the Arabs, leaving 40 per cent unrepresented, that the latter refused to accept it and boycotted the elections. Of course, the whole thing had to be declared null and void, and since then everything political, economic, and general has been decided by the Jews and British behind closed doors.

Behind these closed doors, they decided to try floating a Palestinian loan. If it had (Concluded on page 22)



—Krystone View.

Picturesque types gossiping at a Jerusalem coffeehouse.
Oval—A corner of the vegetable market just off Christian Street in Jerusalem. Note the grizzled, sun-baked 'housewife' suspiciously feeling of the waves.

Nightmares of the Camera

By

LADY CYNTHIA
ASQUITH

Illustrated by
RICHARD BRÖCKER

EVEN the most 'grown-up' women still feel a pleasurable excitement at the receipt of a parcel.

But when, on opening it, we find its contents to be merely a photograph framed in gleaming silver, or worse, in that kind of leather in which minor poets are bound at Christmas-time, we are still young enough to feel a pang of disappointment.

Frankly, I do not know what to do with this well-meant gift.

I have so many photographs.

I am very fond of my friends and some of them have very nice faces; but, however beautiful and beloved, I do not want them perpetually to glare at me from either my writing or my dressing table.

When I approach the fire to warm myself, I do not want to catch the eye—be it melancholy, playful, or surprised—of a familiar friend.

Sometimes I am quite pleased with the first sight of a photograph, but how soon it becomes a nightmare, with its one crystallized expression! A friend's face is a lovable kaleidoscope. In a 'studio portrait, cabinet size,' he or she perpetually registers one exaggerated emotion.

Which is worse to live with, the fixed smile or the strained sweetness of resigned melancholy?

I do not blame my friends for the atrociousness of their photographs.

I know to what a state of imbecile docility, fatigue and boredom one can be reduced in a studio. I become as passive as dough in the hands of a cook. I suffer my shoulders to be draped in chiffon, acquiesce in the suggestion that I should suck the stem of a rose, and meekly murmur, 'Good morning, good morning, good morning,' so that my lips may, as they say, 'settle nicely.'

Now, I like being presented with unframed and unmounted photographs of my friends and enemies. Wet days can be very agreeably spent in pasting them into albums, and these

albums are quite useful for the entertainment of over-punctual guests.

Besides, one loves looking through them oneself.

No; I cannot be given too many of the kind of photographs that you can relegate to drawers and take out to look at every now and then. What I deplore is being snowed under by those which have to be kept perpetually exposed or else, by their absence, cause offense to their donors.

Where are they all to be placed? It is not only that I dislike the sight of them, but space is very limited and I cannot endure the kind of room in which photographs stand in close formation like tombstones in a churchyard. I should have no objection to having them out two by two in rotation, but how well I know the inquiring glance thrown round a room by the giver of a photograph. It is as hungry as that of a smoker in search of a cigaret.

Of course, if one only knew when each friend was coming it would be quite easy to pull his or her photograph out of its dusty seclusion and place it in a prominent position; but in London friends are apt to be as unexpected as ambushes.

But how absurd it is that people should consider it the right thing for one to keep photographs in perpetual evidence. Suppose it were the custom—and sentiment may very soon dictate this—to possess a gramophone record of the voices of your nearest and dearest.

Well, no one would keep one going



on all the time, would she? You would only have recourse to it occasionally—very occasionally, I should think: perhaps just on their birthdays.

Well, shouldn't our photographs of loved ones far away be treated in somewhat the same way—

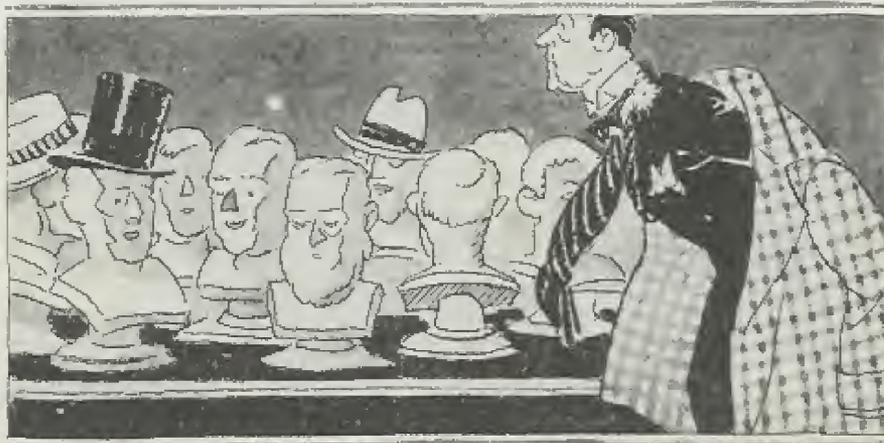
just taken out occasionally to be gazed at and then reverently returned to their dignified retreat?

Soon, I suppose, the affectionate will have kinematograph films of their intimates. Perhaps this may prove a blessing in disguise and banish the static portraits.

Once or twice a year we will engage an operator and, peacefully reclining in the dark, watch dear old Uncle Algy winning the croquet tournament forty years ago. That will be much pleasanter than having him forever frowning from the mantelpiece.

Yet, let us count our blessings. Embarrassed as we may be by photographs, at least let us give thanks that it has never become the custom for human beings to bestow their life-sized wax-work portraits on one another. They would, I suppose, be costly, but families could club together at Christmas and people could leave money in their wills for their waxification.

Waxworks of unknown celebrities are horrible enough. Could we use them as hat and umbrella stands? Scarcely. No, not until at least the third or fourth generation. I'm glad I thought of them. Never again shall I complain of being given a mere photograph!





MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE commonest excuse most people give for not going to church is lack of time. Like most excuses it has in it a grain of truth. Life, as some men view it, is divided into two parts: one, the coördinated expending of human faculties, called work; the other, the rebuilding of those faculties, called recreation. Recreation does not necessarily mean play. Its basic meaning is to impart new vigor, to refresh after labor. But in the recreative processes these men have given an undue importance to play. They have stressed the physical to the neglect of the spiritual. In the squirrel-cage round of work and recreation which they have devised, they have left no place for the church.

In a generation when so large a proportion of the people spend their time in factory and office, a need of physical recreation is felt. In recent years, however, the physical aspect has been gaining predominance over the moral in the popular idea of Sunday. The rest day had its original sanction in moral and religious considerations, but these have gradually been giving way to other motives. In former days the church did not have the problems it faces today; it did not have the competition of outside forces.

Life today is not the simple matter it was a century ago, or even a generation ago, nor is it burdened with monotony of past centuries. It is more intricate, more complicated. But it is also fuller and more worth the living. It has more of happiness for the average person. If it has new problems, it also has greater rewards. If it presents new obstacles, it presents new incentives to overcome them. Progress of necessity brings with it unfamiliar difficulties; but it also brings their solution. Progress brought about the congested city—the concentration of men within a small, limited area where they could cooperate in their work and thus produce more efficiently and abundantly. That evil conditions resulted from this congestion was evident. But progress now furnishes the remedy through improved methods of transportation.

Men can live farther from their work than ever before in history. There is not the remotest necessity for the continuance of city slums, where physical, mental and moral qualities are at lowest ebb. The workingman knows he can live in the country, can have his own home, his own trees,

his own garden and flowers, and still retain the advantages of the city. His physical well-being is safeguarded. He has new interests, new duties. He feels a new responsibility toward society through ownership. His home work fills an important and redeeming phase of his life.

Men need this contact with nature. They need the vigor that is imparted by treading fresh-turned earth. They need to watch the common, everyday miracles of nature as they unfold in the open country. But they need more than these. They need contact with the spiritual. They need the guiding influence of the church. *Both physical and spiritual recreation are essential to the perpetuation of the race.*

Unfortunately when men are forced to make a choice between the two, many are prone to choose the former. It is a regrettable trait, but one which must be faced.

The solution lies in greater leisure. People's minds expand and their sense of a fuller life grows stronger during their leisure hours. Culture is a product of leisure. It furnishes the medium for greater mental development. The five-day week provides the opportunity for physical recreation on the sixth day and leaves the seventh free for moral and religious observance. It helps restore the Sabbath to its former high place. It means larger attendance at church.

A great philosopher has said that religion is the conservation of values. It is more than that. It is the

bulwark of the people. No one should be more jealous in his insistence upon the preservation of Sunday than the workingman. It has been in the past his one opportunity for moral and physical recreation.

In recent years camouflaged interests, at work under the name of 'liberalism,' have been stealthily taking the day from him. For thousands, Sunday, the day of rest, has been changed into Sunday, a day of labor. The more the people take their pleasure on Sunday, the more other people are compelled to work. Some of this Sunday labor is necessary; most of it is not. The five-day week, by giving people the sixth day for physical recreation and the seventh for religious observance, will go far toward bringing Christianity nearer to the people.

It will open the door to great opportunities for service, and the church will benefit to the extent it takes advantage of these opportunities.

THE five-day week has been considered heretofore largely in the cold light of business. It is good business; but it is just as sound from the spiritual standpoint. The church will be one of its chiefest beneficiaries. But the church has definite duties to perform as well as definite benefits to reap. There is a sharp line between idleness and leisure. Leisure to be effective must be properly directed. The church will receive rewards from this new leisure commensurate with the force it exerts in directing the intelligent use of it.

EDITORIALS

Legalized Gambling

THIS editorial was written partly by a New York 'investment' house. It was not meant originally for an editorial; on the contrary, it was intended solely for use as a circular letter. But the statements made in the letter are of such sterling editorial quality that they are here reproduced—without permission:

It is a well-known fact that no man ever made a fortune or accumulated wealth by the sweat of his brow. While money may be accumulated by systematic saving, it can be multiplied only by investment and successful speculation. Most of the world's wealth has been created by speculation and the millionaires of today were the people of moderate means of yesterday, who had the courage to take a chance.

The letter is interesting not alone because of the highly original economic theory it advances—the theory that 'most of the world's wealth has been created by speculation'—but because it is typical of thousands that are flooding the United States mails. Shady 'come-on literature' has become so common that scarcely a family in the country but can boast of being on some sucker list or other.

It is of course unnecessary to point out that not a penny of the world's wealth has ever been 'created' by speculation. Nor is it necessary to call attention to the first sentence of the letter, a sentence palpably misleading. These things are apparent to any reader of average intelligence who takes a moment to analyze them. But it is pertinent to ask what the justification is for dissemination of this kind of guff.

It is by false and misleading statements such as these that thousands of persons of moderate means are lured into legalized gambling, with unhappy results that are too well known to need recalling. A growing conviction is being felt throughout the nation that the stock exchange is not a necessary adjunct to business. Apologists have attempted to minimize its gambling proclivities, but they are meeting with less and less success. Reforms come when abuses become so pronounced that the people rise up to abolish them. Prohibition was brought on not by the dries but by the saloons. Their excesses proved their own undoing. The same is true of legalized gambling. Speculative abuses are approaching a peak. It is only a matter of time until the American people will abolish them.

Youth, Terrible Youth

IT IS heartening to find leaders of the Methodist church moving to the fore in defense of youth. Too many good people are prone to lay all the ills of a changing world to youth. The younger generation is neither depraved nor vicious; it is merely following the effervescent instincts of the times, and if upon occasion it becomes a little boisterous or a bit too loud for good taste, it has redeeming features that more than give recompense. Yet we find it blamed by worthy folk for everything from the crime wave to the decline and fall of the hairpin industry. The gloom of the older generation beholding the younger is so depressing that it is highly cheering to read of the Reverend Dr. Horace M. Dubose and the Reverend Dr. J. M. Rowland, Methodist bishop and editor respectively, rallying to the cause of the boys and girls of the nation. 'The chief trouble,' remarks Dr. Rowland, 'is that we are trying to dehumanize youth. The greatest thing God ever made was a human being, and we need to preach humanity instead of pessimism.' And to this Bishop Dubose adds: 'Bobbed hair and the costumes of the day are unjustly condemned. Both are sensible and wholesome to the physical woman. Her dress is an evangel of moral sensibility.' Wise views, both of them, wise and fraught with understanding. They should be read by mote detectors the world over.

The New Slavery

A NEW slavery has arisen in this country—the slavery of machines. Each American has the equivalent of half a hundred or more slaves to do his bidding, machine slaves that save the human body and release the human mind to other tasks. This new slavery is lifting humanity from the drudgery of ages, it is loading man's burdens onto the backs of inanimate metal.

It is perhaps characteristic of the human race that here and there objectors should be found. There are always those who mourn the passing of the old and deplore the coming of the new, no matter how deficient the old may have been, or what richness of promise the new seems to hold. And there are those without vision who cannot realize that progress can come only with change. The world is passing through the most marvelous period of develop-

ment in all history. We have commonplaces today that would have been hailed as miracles a few generations ago—the electric light, the automobile, radio, the airplane. Imagine the awe, had any one of these been suddenly projected into the placid life of the Middle Ages.

These commonplaces are ours today because of this new slavery. They have come into being because machinery was here. Not one of them would be in existence, had their development depended solely upon the dexterity of human hands. Slavery in the past—human slavery—was degrading. But the new slavery—the slavery of the machine—is freeing the human race from bondage. Power is the Emancipation Proclamation of the 20th Century.

The Debt and the Bond

IRVING FISHER, considered as one of the country's leading economists, is of the opinion that the European war debts to the United States, if not canceled altogether, should be reduced because of the difference in the value of the dollar today as compared with its value at the time of borrowing. That is, if seventy-five cents will buy as much today as it would have taken a dollar to buy at the time the debts were incurred, that it would be only fair to remit twenty-five per cent of the original debt.

Mr. Fisher's proposal is that the debtors should benefit at least to the extent of the difference, whatever it may be. There is nothing said about giving the taxpayers likewise the benefit of the increased value of their dollars. The real creditors of Europe are the financiers who own the bonds of the United States floated to establish European credit. These bonds must be paid by the American taxpayers, dollar for dollar, no matter how great the increase in buying power. So far as European repayment is able to recoup this country, the taxpayers should be repaid in full—the same basis should apply to both debt and bond.

The Cat and the Canary

NOT capacity, but fixed ratios agreed upon at conference, will be the basis of future steel production by the leading producers of Germany, France, Belgium, Luxembourg and the Saar Valley. A more or less rigid assignment rather than a competitive awarding of orders will govern the output of the various European plants. Just how the ratios will be determined is not made clear.

Plans of European manufacturers do not

intrude themselves largely upon us except as our own manufacturing interests are concerned. For that reason we might not worry over steel production across the Atlantic, were it not for the fact that it now appears *we* may knock at the door of this consortium.

Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, is authority for the statement that 'should it become necessary, it is believed' an international conference would be held between all these interests (including ourselves) and a full open discussion indulged in, 'after which a *fair understanding* could be reached.'

While it is true that there is today a more liberal attitude toward big business combinations, the advisability of world-combinations even in so ordinary a commodity as steel is open to question. Particularly, the advisability of our seeking a rapprochement with the group comprising this special family. Lessons taught recently in the fields of finance and diplomacy do not lend much encouragement as to future conferences. They seem to present occasions for large giving and small returns.

As to manufacturing, America has always held an enviable position in the world's marts. Chief among our basic commodities has been steel. Let us not feel undue alarm because we hear across the Atlantic the murmurings of combinations which 'presumably were set up for more effective competition with England and the United States.'

That is their privilege. But we should not be so naïve or ingenuous as to desire any 'understanding' with them, however 'openly' arrived at. We have already had one experience or two with that sort of understandings. We should be able to hold our own as far as the steel market in this country is concerned, with our modern machinery and methods of efficiency. Outside, let us seek it on a basis of merit rather than apportionment.

This Franco-Belgian-German consortium will be a fine thing for us—if we stay out of it. Otherwise—

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said,
'I deeply sympathize.'

With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

'Oh, Oysters,' said the Carpenter,
'You've had a pleasant run,
Shall we be trotting home again?'
But answer came there none,
And this was scarcely odd because
They'd eaten every one.

The OTHER SIDE of FIFTY YEARS Ago

*Being Some Tales and Reminiscences
of an Era That Has Gone*

By J. BRECKENRIDGE
ELLIS

IF WE never meet again in this world,' said my Uncle Charlie—and added something about meeting us in heaven. In the doorway he stood looking back. We had just exchanged farewells.

As if it were yesterday I see my Uncle Charlie standing in the door. The colors do not fade. And just as vividly I recall the sudden breath that chilled my spirit at the thought of losing one's grip on this full-of-sunshine world to awaken in a place mentioned only in whispered prayers.

I was intensely disturbed. For I knew he was talking about death; and it's talking about death that brings it out of its hiding-place to the consciousness of men and little boys. I felt that something should be done about it, something to strengthen the temporary nature of our earthly accommodations. But nothing was done, and my Uncle Charlie died soon after his visit.

It was not a visit, really. He was on his way home from his brother's funeral. Since he was my aunt's husband, didn't that make his brother my Uncle Richard?

Uncle Richard the United States

had picked out to bring the Modocs to terms. They were terrible creatures, those Indians. I had but to close my eyes to see them skulking behind corners with such designs upon my scalp as literally to lift my hair. Driven from their homes on Lake Klamath, they had run for their lives to the Lava Beds—a part of Oregon formed before my time by molten rock bursting through the earth's skin. No one but Modocs could live in that place or even find the way about. So the man at the head of everything, President Grant, sent my Uncle Richard to talk to the Modocs' chieftains.

'Don't take a gun, or pistol, or any kind of weapon along,' said President Grant to my Uncle Richard.

So Uncle Richard took nothing but a flag of truce. And he told my Aunt Lou just before he started to the 'Peace Conference' that he was going to his death. He knew a lot about Indians. He had been their friend. At the close of the Florida War he helped remove the Cherokees and Creeks and Choctaws to Indian Territory. But he knew that if you talked to Modocs unarmed, they had the last word. Among the first phrases I can remember are, 'flag of truce,' and 'the massacre,' and 'brains scattered on the stones.'

Outside the family circle Uncle Richard was known as General E. R. S. Canby. There was a book I lived with before I could read which tells about his capture of Mobile—for he was on the 'wrong side.' It had seemed to him that he just had to fight against us Southerners. But it was my impression that he

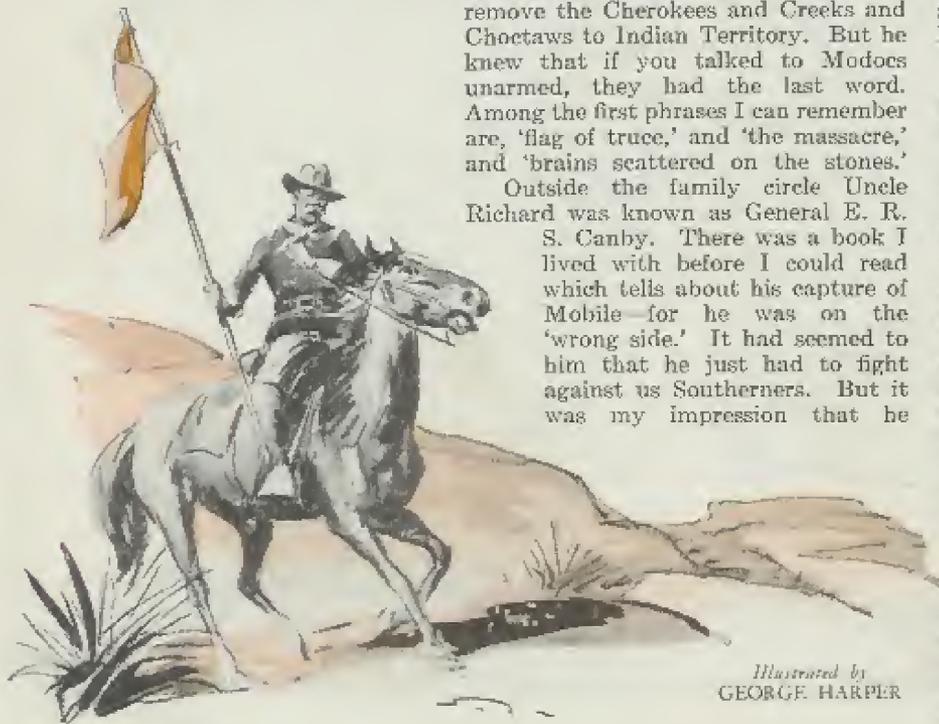
fought as gently as he could. Anyway, in 1873 the war was over, I mean the actual killing, and a general, even though on the wrong side, was something to be proud of.

There were others to give our home life a national flavor. My mother's cousin was Vice-President under Buchanan; and among all those running against Lincoln in 1860, hadn't John C. Breckenridge come the nearest to winning the Presidency? He, indeed, was on the right side—'The handsomest man,' my mother declared, 'I ever saw.' Certainly the history of the United States couldn't have been written without us! All men, or at any rate all Americans, are born equal. I had it on good authority. But evidently there were ways whereby some of them got lifted above the dead level.

As a girl, my mother had seen Lincoln when he was 'out against Douglas' in Illinois. But, ah, Douglas! There was an orator of masterful presence, of words that flamed! She had found Lincoln ungainly, far from handsome. 'But he was not so ugly as his pictures,' she protested. 'I never saw one that did him justice. For there was something in his face—a glow . . .' She used to recount how, on his assassination—another of my earliest words—when my father brought the news to a group of Southerners, his voice sunk to a whisper: 'The South has lost the best friend it ever had.' Strange words from an ardent lover of the Lost Cause!

Historic names were our property. My mother once came down from Louisville on the same boat with U. S. Grant, then on a tour of inspection relating to prisoners. He was disposed to friendliness, but my mother remembered what he had done and how thoroughly he had done it, and gave him the deck.

(Concluded on page 23)



Illustrated by
GEORGE HARPER

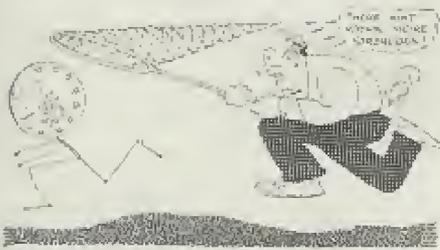
Coin Collecting— A Neglected Hobby

By
PAUL M.
LANGE

Drawing by
W. O.
FITZGERALD

OVERWHELMING interest in collecting antiquities, awakened in the United States in the last few years, has apparently eclipsed one of the most interesting as well as instructive fields known to collectors, the collecting of coins and medals.

Possibly the designation, coin collecting, may act as a deterrent to persons who look for a hobby, since it appears to refer to something very valuable or expensive. Might it be better to refer to it by its scientific name, Numismatics? In stamp collecting as well, no earnest collector wishes to be



Coin collecting furnishes plenty of excitement and even exercise.

known as a postage stamp collector, but as a 'Philatelist.'

In mentioning stamp collecting it is only fair to say that coin collecting is really a less expensive and more educational hobby. Stamps have been in existence only a bare hundred years, but coins have been struck during the last twenty-five hundred years.

The old charge that governments deliberately have issued and even now issue series of stamps to make money out of sales to collectors cannot be raised against coin collecting. Yet, strange to relate, the high prices of the earlier issues of stamps have never been reached by coins, no matter how interesting or important historically they have proved to be.

Silver coins 2,000 years old, in good condition, can be bought for from two to five dollars, and some even cheaper. It is possible to procure a coin for, say, every fifty years of striking, beginning at

500 B. C. to date, for a total of \$100 and have every coin tell an important historical story. A collection that will prove interesting, entertaining and instructive may thus be formed.

To become a serious collector it is better, outside of a few coins of general interest, to confine one's activities to one of the many series of coins most attractive to oneself. Possibly the most historically important are the Roman imperial coins, and here, if he desires, one can even confine the collection to one emperor and his family.

Another choice might be the ancient coins of Syracuse, Greece, Parthia, Egypt, Roman colonies, British Scaatta, or of medieval times: Bracteates, Crowns, Thalers, the enormous copper coins of Sweden, Chinese money in all its curious shapes, including the knife, spade, key, bridge, bell and temple forms.

The hard-time tokens of the 17th and 18th Centuries of England and of the 19th Century of our own country, as well as the Civil War pennies, or, more correctly, tokens, of which there are about 6,000 varieties, will hold one's attention for a long time.

Our own colonial and state coins and the large cents and half-cents are

largely collected, not only according to dates, but also to die varieties, there being of the 1794 cent alone about sixty different dies.

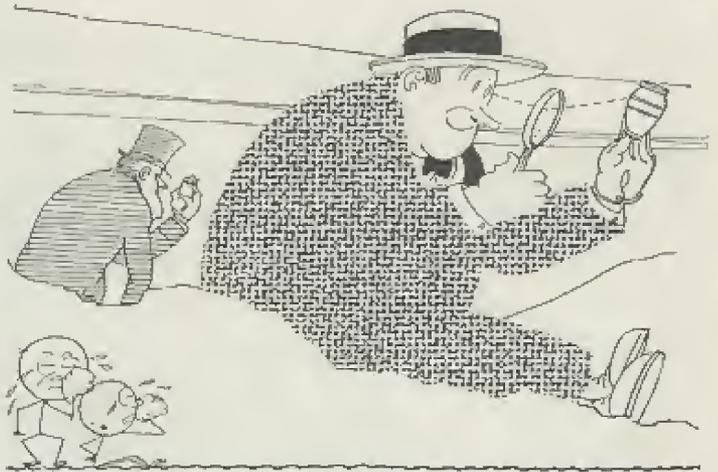
How many of our people have seen or even heard of the so-called Franklin cent, bearing a sundial on its obverse and the motto: 'Mind your Business'? Or the New York 'Clinton cent' with the portrait of Governor Clinton? Who knows the Castorland token or the Higley threepence with the deer and the axe and the motto: 'I cut my way through,' or the second one with the inscription: 'I am good copper, value me as you please'?

The Massachusetts silver coinage of pine-tree, oak-tree and willow-tree shillings, sixpence and threepence, the Gobrecht dollars, the flying-eagle cents and the commemorative half-dollars and gold dollars are all obtainable. I believe not one of a hundred citizens has seen or knows of the only coin of the United States that bears the portrait of a foreign ruler: Queen Isabella on the Columbian quarter. How many know the Lafayette dollar, bearing the portraits of Washington and Lafayette on the obverse, and the equestrian statue of Lafayette on the reverse?

The Bouquet-sous of Montreal exist in many varieties; Mexican and South American coins are becoming rare in many instances, opposing parties melting the old and coining their own money from them.

Coin collecting may not be a strenuous pastime, but it furnishes plenty of excitement and even exercise. Often one hears of a collection in a remote place in the country and with high hopes the pilgrimage begins.

(Concluded on page 25)



There has been an overwhelming interest in collecting antiquities in the last few years.



I told them their treasures were worthless and refused even to make a bid.

tioned bankers and business men generally. For some reason this committee has never made or published any report.

At a recent hearing in the Banking and Currency Committee of the House, Mr. McFadden, chairman, Adolph Miller, who has been a member of the Federal Reserve Board from its inception, testified that the board had raised and lowered discounts entirely 'at its discretion'; that is, it had played the 'concertina,' at will. It is not to be wondered that the great majority of American bankers refuse to place themselves and their patrons under an authority as arbitrary, as irresponsible, as Mr. Miller states the Federal Reserve Board to be.

It is conceded by Mr. McFadden that, unless the outsiders do come into the system, and those inside quit going out of it, the system will soon be in a very bad way. He says, 'If they (the banks in the system) are not equipped for survival (in competition with other banks and banking agencies), the system will die at the roots and perish.' The board and banks within the system look upon banks outside the system as 'bootleggers' of credit. It is the purpose of the McFadden Bill to coax outsiders to come in, quit 'bootlegging,' and, since they cannot be driven in, to offer them such inducements to come in, in the way of larger powers—prolonged security of chartered life also, by imposing certain restrictions on the practice of outside banks as will effectively intervene in the operation of natural economic laws, to build up a monopoly in the control of credit.

It will be asked, how a program fraught with such possibilities of power could have been brought to the very threshold of success with no protest? The answer is because the meaning of the bill has been concealed. There has been no important debate upon it; it was misnamed as the 'branch-banking' bill from the start; the vicious 'asset currency' feature was 'camouflaged' and the charter extension feature was not in the bill until introduced in the Senate, where the bill has not had an hour of attention on the floor of the Senate.

The 'branch-banking' feature of the bill has absorbed the bulk of the time spent on the measure, and has been the 'herring on the trail' to distract attention from the more vital features.

In some states banks are authorized by state laws to have branches in other cities than the home city of the parent bank. In other states branch banks are unlawful.

In Congress, the controversy between the House and the Senate, and which is now pending before the Conference Committee of both Houses, turns on the disposition of this question. Both Houses are agreed that where a

state permits branch banks, the banks in the Federal Reserve system shall have authority to establish branches.

The Senate insists that when and if a state, that does not now permit branch banks, modifies its policy to admit of branch banks, then, by automatic consequence, banks in the Federal Reserve system shall, without further action by Congress, be empowered to establish branch banks conformably with the law of the state. The House insists that banks within the Federal Reserve system shall be further authorized by Act of Congress before they shall have power to establish branch banks in states that hereafter shall authorize branch banks.

ALL that seems a matter of small importance compared with the principle of branch banking in itself. The natural tendency expressed in branch banking is not expansion but concentration; it is the abolition of competition and the development of monopoly, and is hostile to the interest and welfare of all who depend upon an unrestricted flow of credit. As above intimated, it is not a monopoly of money that constitutes the evil. It is the monopoly of credit that is the evil. Money and credit are related exactly as the stock and the lash of the whip, and he that wields the stock throws the lash.

Branch banks simply manifold the lash; carried out to its practical possibilities, it restores the single central-bank idea of the old and denounced Aldrich-Vreeland Bill. The combination to coax outside banks to come in—the proposed, or contemplated, restrictions on state and other banking outside the system—with an indeterminate charter, or, in effect, a perpetual charter and universal branch banking authorized by law, the system will be equipped not merely to survive but to destroy all competition.

This is the object of the long campaign. A campaign that has developed

something of the best and much more of the worst that is possible under a democracy.

It has been a superstition of American democracy that the larger knowledge implies the larger life. But facts in the way of periodic unemployment—factories idle, or working only part-time; land going out of cultivation; social despair reflected in waves of crime; respect for law vanishing in the face of laws unworthy of respect; the confusions of a society developing on the quicksands of political policy that violates every natural principle of economic law: these spell a very different lesson. A political theory that contradicts economic law is also a contradiction of the moral law, since truth is a unit and does not—cannot—believe itself.

There cannot be a sound philosophy for finance and another, a different philosophy, for farmers, or mechanics, or any other. Unless your philosophy explains and unifies the experiences of all men, of all classes and avocations—unless, that is, it deals in universals—it is a false philosophy and the truth is not in it.

To give the illusion of florid health to a leg or an arm of the human body, one can bind tightly about it a band that will arrest the circulation of the blood; it is not health but disease that results—disease that, if allowed to continue, will bring death not only to the limb, but to the whole body. The apparent prosperity, that is the evidence of a diseased body of the state, the surplus of blood that plumpens and purples the arm of high finance, is drawn from all other parts of the body: the pumping heart strives in vain to carry it back to the place whence it was drawn. The band about the limb is monopoly—even a monopoly of monopolies—the stranglehold of high finance.

The coming conflict lies not between the poor and the rich; not between capital and labor. It lies between science, understanding of Nature's laws, on the one hand, and 'finance,' with its horror of social progress, on the other. Scientific progress is one thing; social progress is another phase of the same thing, which is human progress. Any one knows what is meant by scientific progress; few will agree as to what is meant by social progress. Yet social progress is the social realization of scientific progress.

While monopoly stands between men, to intervene in and deform the operations of Nature's laws, there can be no social progress. Therefore it is that the vaunted scientific progress of our time continually tends to dehumanize the race. Yet not for always, not for long. Nature has mysterious ways of righting wrongs and caring for those of her children who are worthy of her care.

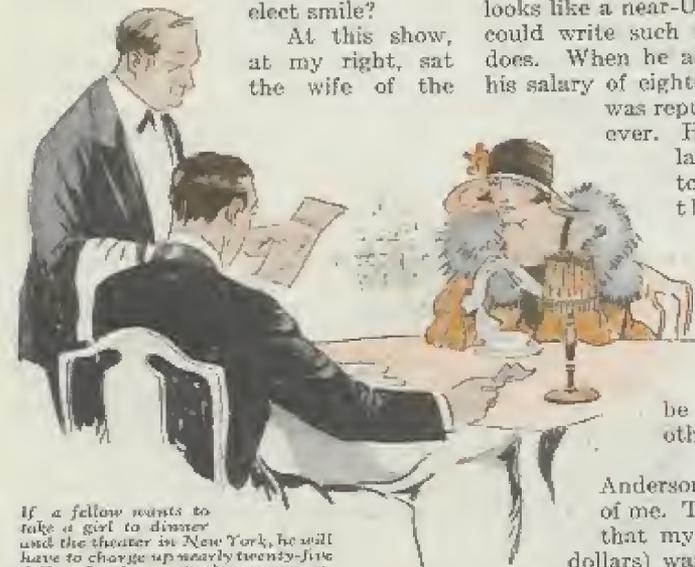


Are DRAMATIC CRITICS *Human?*

A FIRST night, or opening night, in a New York theater is a very remarkable study in contrasts. More varieties of cosmopolitan human beings are on display than in any other place I could name. After the first tryout, which generally takes place in Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Hartford, Utica, or some smaller towns elected for the purpose, everything is produced in New York that is worth producing, and also everything that is not worth producing.

At a typical first-night performance of a popular musical comedy, directly in front of me sat the 'Angel.' By 'Angel' I mean, of course, the man who puts up the money for the show. This gentleman was calm, placid, immovable. He sat through this opening performance, where the dialog was funny and the dancing was funnier, and never cracked a smile. Of course he had seen it before. Why should he smile? Why should any of the elect smile?

At this show, at my right, sat the wife of the



If a fellow wants to take a girl to dinner and the theater in New York, he will have to charge up nearly twenty-five dollars for the evening's amusement.

man who was the author. A popular and highly successful writer herself, I wondered how much she had helped her husband. He had collaborated with another man and I could fancy her listening to him as he read the funny stuff, recited the lyrics and so on, and having her tell him true words about it. Women do that nowadays. The wives of literary men no longer go into



At the first-night performance, in front of me sat the 'Angel' who put up the money for the show.

hysterics of praise over their husbands' writing. The business is too commercial for that. It is a hard, cold-blooded game. 'Cut that out, John,' says the wife. 'It won't go with the lowbrows.'

Three rows ahead of me sat John Anderson, dramatic critic of the *New York Evening Post*, and next to him, a trifle late and deliberate, came Percy Hammond, dramatic critic of the *Herald Tribune*, imported from Chicago some years ago. John Anderson is young, tall, thin, unaffected, temperamental. Percy Hammond is heavy, weatherbeaten, slightly pachydermatous, personally delightful. No one would suspect, indeed, that a man who looks like a near-United States Senator could write such romping stuff as he does. When he arrived from Chicago his salary of eighteen thousand a year was reputed to be the largest ever. His Lakeside vocabulary, however, was new to the infantilism of the average *New Yorker*, and the process of straightening out the kinks was long and tedious. But now he is readable and can be understood even by other dramatic critics.

Note that he and Anderson sat three rows ahead of me. That meant, of course, that my ticket (price eleven dollars) was for a seat that was below the high line. That is, dramatic critics are classified by the management, although the management never admits this. We are all good fellows. Still the importance of a dramatic critic in New York, as I presume it is elsewhere, is measured by the distance his seat is from the footlights on the opening night.

On this night, down the left aisle came Alexander Woollcott, now of the

By
THOMAS L. MASSON

Illustrated by RUSSELL LEGGE

World, formerly of the *Times*. Last year they put on *Hamlet* in London in sports clothes and London liked it. They brought it over to New York and most people, apparently, did not like it, although later they came to like it better. Alec Woollcott told us exactly how he felt about *Hamlet*. He was prepared not to like it. He was compelled to like it. That is the only thing a real dramatic critic can do—he can tell us how he feels about a play.

After Woollcott left the *Times* he was succeeded by Stark Young, who wrote in a high-brow style, as the term is, and the story is told that one day Adolph Ochs, the newspaper owner, sent for him and said:

'Mr. Young, don't you think it would be possible for you to write your dramatic stuff so that our readers would know what it means?'

'I think not,' replied Mr. Young. There the conversation lagged.

The next day, or almost at once, Young left the *Times*. He is now with the *New Republic*. In my humble opinion, he is one of the best writers on the drama in America. For one thing, he has studied it, and he has studied it in the right way, at the sources. He cares about what he writes. There are no explosives in his criticisms. He doesn't fire off a Mills bomb every few rods to let you know that he is a critic.

One dramatic critic who has been at it long and who has done continuous good work for the man in the street is Alan Dale, whose right name, by the way, is Alfred J. Cohen.

After Stark Young left the *Times*, he was succeeded by J. Brooks Atkinson, who up to that time had been editing the *Book Review Sunday*



section of the *Times*. Mr. Atkinson originally came from Boston. Why he wanted to be a dramatic critic I do not know. It is possible that, as he lived in New York itself, he had nowhere to go evenings, and therefore became a dramatic critic in desperation. That is probably what they all do it for.

Mr. Atkinson, probably bearing in mind the fate of his predecessor Stark Young (who, being on the *New Republic*, can write as unintelligibly and cryptically as he cares to), is actually writing dramatic criticisms so that we know something about the plays he has seen. Woolcott writes how he feels. So does Dale. So does Hammond.

Fifteen thousand dollars a year is not much for the best dramatic critics and some of them make much more by writing odd pieces and getting out a book occasionally. Their expenses are high. Burns Mantle, of the *News*, one of the most conscientious of critics and a hard worker, runs a syndicate in the bargain and each year gets out a book of the best plays of the year previous.

If a fellow wants to take a girl to the theater in New York and entertain her and nourish her with food, assuming that he is a clerk with a fair salary, it will take about all of his salary. If he lives in the suburbs, there is the carfare, which will run to nearly two dollars. The tickets will cost him at least eleven dollars. There are innumerable places where he can get a dinner for \$1.50 a plate, but these places are generally crowded and not always clean. It costs about five dollars to get a good dinner for two in New York and if flowers are added, the young man will have to charge up nearly \$25 to profit and loss for his evening's amusement.

Take the plays away from New York, and most theatrical people believe they are doomed to financial failure.

'The competition of the movies is too much for us,' said a press agent,

'added to the high cost of travel.'

Yet it is a fact that in New York there have never been so many plays and so many good plays as during the past season. Bernard Shaw is said to derive royalties of \$100,000 a year from his American productions. I was at the opening of his *Androcles* and was greatly impressed with the evident enjoyment by the audience of genuine satire and with the sincerity and fairness with which the production was treated afterward by the critics.

At the height of the season in New York there are about fifty theaters running to full or part capacity. It is very difficult to judge of the actual profits because in each instance so much depends upon the cost of production. The leading musical comedy, *Sunny*, ran around \$40,000 a week during the holidays. At the same time, *Abie's Irish Rose* (which the majority of dramatic critics damned and which has had a longer run than any other play) was running about \$8,000. These fifty theaters I group will take in at the height of the season about \$500,000 a week. This is only a small part of the grand total.

The real function of the dramatic critic is not only of great and growing importance, but it seems to be wholly misunderstood by the majority of readers, if I may judge from hearsay. No defense of dramatic critics has ever before been attempted to my knowledge and the following observations are based on somewhat intimate knowledge of New York first nights, while at the same time I must disclaim any deep knowledge of the drama itself. I once wrote a play and it ran for one night—which is as much as almost any dramatic critic can claim. It is often said, indeed, that if these gentlemen make such sorry work of writing plays themselves, why do they presume to judge the work of others?

The answer is that a critic is a critic, fashioned by the Almighty for that particular purpose. A dramatic critic has just as distinct a temperament as a plumber or a carpenter. He has to pose a bit,

and he has to develop a kind of mask. During the past season I have sat behind all the dramatic critics in New York at many of the comedies and musical shows, where some of the funniest things were being said and done, and I never saw one of them betray the slightest emotion. If one is a dramatic critic, one cannot. Also, among the topnotchers, there is an etiquette as severe as among doctors over someone to be operated upon. Naturally each critic holds himself sacrosanct. The first act being over, they all make a bee line for the lobby, or if the weather permits, gather in knots on the outside, violently smoking.

I attended last year the opening of a play called *The Cradle-Snatchers*. It never remotely occurred to me that it would succeed. It was indeed condemned by some of the best critics. After the first act I was for going straight home, but one young critic said to me, 'Yes, it's all you say it is, but it will get over. It's funny and what Broadway wants.' His prediction came true.

Here let me tell a true story.

I was invited to attend the opening night of a musical comedy by a dramatic critic. The girl who took the leading part was a slight young thing with a pretty face, a divine dancer, graceful as a fawn. My friend said to me: 'She was in the office this afternoon.'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, you see, this is the first real part she has had and she came down to ask me to help her out all I could.'

We learned that she had been the rounds of the newspaper offices in the same way. This is an exceptional instance, but it would take too long



The first act being over, the critics all make a bee line for the lobby or gather in knots outside.

and be a story all by itself to tell of the desperate things done by those who are trying to break through the barriers to publicity or to real fame.

Occasionally a seemingly slight incident will turn the tables. Lawrence Tibbett, a young American singer who had the part of Ford in the opera *Falstaff*, sang so well that the audience recalled him. This was unusual, for as a rule the foreign singers at the Metropolitan Opera House secure most of the applause. The audience, moved by his singing, insisted on bringing him out and he came rather reluctantly. This occurrence was, however, noted by the critics and when the copy came into the office of the *New York Times*, the acting editor, a real newspaperman, saw its news value and immediately transferred the story to the front page of the *Times*. The result was that young Tibbett found himself famous overnight.

THE real problem before the dramatic critic is not alone to say whether the play he reviews is necessarily popular or 'good to see or look at' from the popular standpoint, but whether it is worth while as an artistic performance, and here there enter a great number of minor problems. Many dramatic critics have been accused of being influenced not only by the box office, but also by the newspaper owners themselves. Occasionally there have been lawsuits. But this is almost never true. The late Frank Munsey was supposed to influence his writers, but Woolcott, after Mr. Munsey's death, came out with a frank statement that this was not true, that he never had been spoken to by Mr. Munsey.

In some instances large sums of money have been expended on casts and scenery, and besides this, the members of the cast themselves are painstaking, hard-working artists and to condemn the performance in a wild, reckless, even in a brilliant way, is not always good judgment. It too frequently occurs that if an indecent play is 'panned' too loudly this serves to draw attention to it and give it life. This has happened several times within the past two seasons. Then again, a dramatist who has genuine ability but who does not succeed at first must be recognized for his future promise as well as for his apparent present failure.

When one falls victim to the play-writing germ, one is forever lost. Failure

enterprise, Mr. Seldes engaged the services of the bold Mexican caricaturist and painter, Miguel Covarrubias. In reviewing the production after the opening, the dramatic critics, of course, 'panned' Mr. Seldes' effort. They allowed that he was an 'excellent writer,' but that he lacked a 'dramatic sense!' In the face of these unfavorable reviews, the play had to be taken off the boards. But Mr. Seldes has felt and responded to the play-writing urge, and at last reports was at work putting another on paper!

Most of the dramatic critics, whatever their ability may be, are honest enough in the expression of their views, whatever those views may be. Their real difficulty, if I may speak for them, is that they are not likely to be read when they write too well, which necessitates their putting jazz into their work.

Most papers go to press so early that the critic has to come out during or even before the last act to get his criticism into the next day's paper. Frequently this criticism is printed in a late edition in order to give him more time and is then repeated in the early issues of the following day. This does not necessarily affect the work of the critic, as in the past some of the most brilliant and lasting criticisms have been written under these conditions. But it is highly discouraging for a man who has passed years of his life in studying the drama and is really concerned to make it better, to know that a criticism which has cost him all that and more, and which requires to be read carefully will probably be skimmed over lightly by the majority of his readers. And while this is true, he also knows that if he injects into his copy a number of clever epigrams or what in journalese is known as 'arresting' copy, he will achieve a wider audience than by sticking to his last. That, it seems to me, is the difference between writers like Stark Young and Percy Hammond and Alan Dale. As between these two extremes, Alec Woolcott to my mind strikes a happy medium.

After all, it is not the *crass* opinion of the critic that matters, so much as the light he sheds on the drama as a whole as he goes on, combined with his own style.



Most papers go to press so early that the critic has to come out during or even before the last act to get his criticism into the next day's paper.

doesn't seem effectively to dismay the ambitious stage author. For instance, there is the case of Gilbert Seldes, who, perhaps under the influence of others' theatrical successes all about him, believed he, too, could compose a play. For material, he drew on the circle of intelligentsia who inhabit the Algonquin, many of whom were once dramatic critics. Some still are actively engaged as dramatic critics. To aid in his

The American Merchant Marine

(Continued from page 2)

investors. True, this act may have imposed additional burdens upon American shipping, but to the outsider it would hardly appear as a sole and sufficient reason for lack of a proper Merchant Marine. Various measures to lighten the burdens of American shipping have been suggested, such as revision of navigation laws, regulation of steamboat inspection service, preferential rates, all designed to encourage a large and better service. But so far most of the amendments have been merely talk. To sum it up, most of us have come to believe that there is no prospect for a direct ship subsidy, and for that matter, no indirect one unless it be preferential rates which the Government recognized in the Jones Act of 1920. Nor do many believe there is any necessity for a subsidy.

THE Jones Act contains a provision giving preferential railroad rates to passengers and goods carried in American ships, and automatically withdraws these rates from passengers and merchandise transported by American railroads and consigned to foreign ships. However, there was a proviso in the act to the effect that whenever the Shipping Board was of the opinion that adequate shipping facilities to or from any port or dependency of the United States and a foreign country were not afforded by vessels properly documented, it should certify the fact to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that body could then suspend the operation of the section until such time as the Board was of the opinion that adequate shipping facilities between the ports were afforded.

While it is claimed that Congress did not intend to give the Interstate Commerce Commission power permanently to suspend the operation of these preferential rates, yet the fact is that prior to the effective date of the act, shippers and shipowners throughout the country were so aroused at the prospect that they vigorously protested to the Commission on the ground that if the rates became effective, they would be deprived of sufficient bottoms between ports to handle the ordinary run of export. While on the face it looked as if foreign shipping interests had agitated the subject, yet there was no open evidence of this. The fact was that American shipping, even with these preferential rates, had not reached a point where it could safeguard our export handling, because we had not established sufficient trade routes to care for the business.

The Commission had a series of hearings, at which it developed that adequate facilities in American bottoms were not available. With this evidence, the Shipping Board withdrew its resolution providing for certifying to the Commission that the operation of the preferential rate section should not further be suspended, leaving the matter where it was when the Commission previously suspended it. The first thing for the Shipping Board to do is, of course, to determine whether we have adequate facilities between the various ports to handle American shipping, for it is easy to understand that American industry is not willing to subject its export and import business

to unwarranted delay because of lack of bottoms to take advantage of preferential rates. *Delivered cargoes are much more valuable than those in transit or waiting for bottoms.* The danger of preferential rates is of course the possibility of retaliatory measures on the part of foreign nations.

But all the while we seem to be getting nowhere fast as far as our Merchant Marine is concerned. The business is here, there and everywhere, and it can be secured for American ships when it is pursued properly.

Our foreign shipping lines are gaining a firmer foothold on trade routes each year, while we sit by and argue with each other over our seeming difficulties. But all we seem to hear in response to a call for a better Merchant Marine is ship subsidy.

IT IS possible that post-war conditions emphasized subsidy. With exports and imports at their lowest ebb, with financial ruin facing shipping companies (who, by the way, had not used even childlike judgment in conserving their resources at a time when they were raking in dollars with little or no effort) and with our seaboard and the streams entering it lined with double and triple rows of wood and steel bottoms which American dollars given under patriotic emotion had built during the war, the sight was one to inspire the most penurious to thoughts of financial aid to accomplish the resumption of business activity. Forlorn and desolate these ships looked, while American capital stood by, waiting for the Government to do the pioneer work of building a Merchant Marine. The effort was made, of course, and weak as it may be considered, it yet formed a nucleus which American capital and American enterprise can well afford to use as a foundation.

But it does not grow fast enough to suit our American ideas. And again the answer is, lack of a definite policy of ship construction and ship operation.

American shippers are asked to favor American lines as a matter of patriotism, regardless of established trade routes, frequency of sailings and other incidental factors in the handling of their export business. So-called patriotism may secure a small percentage of American foreign trade, but it will always be inconsequential as long as it rests on this basis alone. We must educate private capital to the possibilities of a Merchant Marine based upon effective service, just as we are educating private capital in the commercial aspects of aircraft.

If American shipping cannot be encouraged and developed by private American capital to the point where it is worthy to take its rightful place side by side with foreign Merchant Marines, then it is not a business in which we as individuals or as a Government should engage. If foreign capital is more powerful than ours, if foreign ingenuity is keener, then we should gracefully withdraw from the struggle for supremacy of the seas and turn our foreign business over to foreign capital to handle as it sees fit.

But there are few who do not believe that the problem can be solved. An American Merchant Marine is so valuable aside from its commercial use that a solution must and will be found. It is undisputed that there is a close relationship between our Merchant Marine and our national defense. Of course, the mere possession of a large fleet of commercial vessels does not of itself

make a successful Merchant Marine. We must form a business contact through the medium of a world-wide organization by means of agencies for collecting and distributing cargoes, and there must be above everything else a reliable and regular operation. This same fleet, so serviceable in times of peace, would be a valuable adjunct to our navy in time of war, and the higher efficiency we can bring it to in time of peace, the more readily can it be converted to war purposes should occasion require.

We need what is called 'trade good will,' and nothing fosters good will better than an excellent, well-manned Merchant Marine. It is merely a question of organization and the constant and intelligent use of governmental facilities abroad. True, the investment involves some element of chance, but in this respect it does not differ from business in general. Subsidy may start a business, but from a psychological standpoint it has one deterrent feature—it suggests a *lessening of energy, just a little lack in bringing to the job all the ingenuity and intelligence it requires.*

Through our consular agencies abroad, through a campaign to secure the coöperation of our banks abroad and in this country, we could, with a closer knowledge of conditions in this country, place ourselves in a better position than foreign banks or foreign agencies could give us, and could render far better service to American shipping interests in foreign countries than foreign shipping interests do at the present time. Many of the factors such as marine insurance, through bills of lading, terminal facilities, as well as the construction of certain types of vessels, enter into the problems, but all of these combined do not make the difficulties insurmountable.

AFTER all, subsidy or no subsidy, the real method of securing business in competition with the other fellow is to give as good or better service than he gives; to follow every trail where business leads; to establish good will through uniform courtesy, combined with gentled yet thorough aggressiveness; to acquire a sense of service superior to that with which we are in competition; to adjust our shipping facilities to every requirement of shippers rather than to establish an inflexible standard which restricts rather than enlarges our business expansion. American capital may be slow to appreciate its opportunity, but that it will eventually respond is a foregone conclusion. American industry can teach us much.

We must save American industry all we can. To do this we must get away from the old method of handling goods only when boxed, and we must encourage shipments either loose or packed at such a slight expense as to save millions to our American manufacturers. We may require new and improved handling apparatus, but it will come only as the demand for it accumulates.

We must be superior to foreign shipping companies in the handling of all our products. We must take up with other countries the question of modifying their customs acts to permit entry of loose and unboxed materials. And we must first of all build our ships with this class of material in mind. Millions upon millions of dollars will be saved to American shippers when a plan of this kind has materialized.

The chief trouble with most of the fleet of merchant ships remaining after the war

and now being scrapped is that they are totally unfit for American tonnage. Hurriedly built, they served their purpose during the war, but as the basis for peace-time commercial activities they are concrete instances of what ship bottoms should *not* be. They are at best a nucleus for an adequate Merchant Marine, but not one to be particularly proud of.

BUT all signs point to some definite plan at a time not far distant. The series of hearings instituted by the United States Shipping Board some weeks ago and now in progress throughout the country should develop what our shipping needs are, and should form the basis for legislative action which shall be the means of realizing the loftiest ideals which we as an American people have had for the maintenance of our commercial supremacy upon the seven seas.

These hearings are pursuant to a resolution passed by the United States Senate and calling for a comprehensive and concrete plan for building up and maintaining an adequate Merchant Marine for commerce and national security with two plans in mind, one through private capital and under private ownership, and another through construction, operation and ownership by the Government.

The prevailing idea may possibly embody the first plan with Government supervision, and a serious attempt may be made to secure a direct Government subsidy. At any rate one consoling thought is that as this report must be submitted to the Senate not later than January 1, 1927, it will be seen that whatever is evolved must take some form within the next few months. Regardless of the plan arrived at, American shipping will have much to gain and little to lose. It is an American problem and must be solved by American brains and financed by American dollars. It will not develop without effort nor will it meet American approval until it arrives at a stage of perfection where it will fulfill every demand of American business.

Our Merchant Marine will come only in proportion as we analyze the needs of our foreign commerce. *It will come just as soon as we are able to shape a definite national policy, and adhere to it long enough to make it effective.* The question should not be a political one. It is purely economic and should be so treated. Once start business upon a wholesome, permanent basis, nourish it with prudence and caution, watch over it carefully and intelligently, and there need be no fear of its ultimate outcome. American shipping is no exception.

We have much to learn from the eighty-year-old Shanghai invader, who, undaunted by previous refusals, climbed flights of stairs on a hot summer day to seek out business for his unsubsidized ships. When we in turn have finally applied the ordinary rules of business to our shipping problem, when we have exercised the courage and foresight which has inspired other lines of business, we will witness from what now seems chaos, the birth of an American Merchant Marine worthy of the name, with ships built not only for our commercial needs but fast enough to be valuable auxiliaries as a national defense, with trade routes to the farthestmost corners of the earth, and with the idea not alone of competing with our foreign neighbors, but of rendering the highest possible service to mankind.

Lighting the Corners of the Seas

A Tale of the Thrilling Deeds That Men of the United States Lighthouse Service Perform

By GEORGE F. PAUL

SO GREAT a span of the earth's surface intervenes between Boston and Honolulu that when the rising sun dims the rays of Boston Light, a mariner on the bridge of his ship approaching Hawaii will be checking his position by the far-flung brilliant flashes of the Molokai Light in the tropic blackness of early night. Yet great as is the span of distance, even greater is that of time and progress which separates the initial beacon of tallow candles first displayed in Boston Light half a century before the Boston Tea Party and the blinding illumination of Molokai's vapor light, a station hardly more than christened when Boston Light celebrated its two-hundredth anniversary in 1918.

This progress is a measure of the memorable career of the United States Lighthouse Service, and a token of the far-reaching benefits and progress attributed to that oldest federal service. Among the first acts of the first Congress in 1789 was the organization of the Lighthouse Service and the appointment of a superintendent of lighthouses. He was Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury. From the first superintendent, with his eight, candle-lighted lighthouses, we pass to the present nineteen superintendents under the direction of the Commissioner of Lighthouses, in the Department of Commerce, whose combined jurisdictions control 17,000 aids to navigation on a coast line of 40,000 miles. And as though to refute the claims of lineage and aristocracy of age, this honorable service has erected in Hawaii, the latest territory to join the sisterhood of the Union, numerous monuments to its advancement in science, which rank with the finest in the world. Molokai Light darts out its dazzling rays of 620,000 candle power to ships 35 miles away, and there is Makapuu with its hyper-radiant lens, the largest in the United States.

Wherever ships approach the land there must be buoys, lighthouses and other warnings of danger and guides to harbors. On the coast of the United States this is the responsibility of the United States Lighthouse Service. With improvements in harbors and increase in commerce must come new and improved aids to navigation, while existing stations must be kept in uninterrupted operation 365 nights a year. In these Hawaiian waters, the lights at the crossroads are the guideposts to innumerable wayfarers and must be kept burning.

The sites for light stations and fog signal stations are invariably located at the most isolated or treacherous points, to warn of hidden dangers or to serve as guideposts. Many stations are so inaccessible that keepers there are not permitted to have their families with them by reason of the hardships and of dangers which illness might bring. Such keepers are compensated by shore leave with their families equivalent to about three months a year. There are cases, nevertheless, notably on the Alaskan coast, so completely isolated that keepers who go there must remain continuously for three years.



Often such stations are hazardous of access from the sea. They must be supplied periodically with oil, coal and other supplies. For the dual purpose of supplying light stations and of handling buoys, a fleet of vessels, lighthouse tenders, is maintained. The officers and crews of these vessels constitute a class of seafaring men as unique as the renowned Gloucester fishermen. The prime requisite of a lighthouse tender is to flirt with shoals and reefs and to effect shore landings through surf and well-nigh insurmountable obstacles that to every other class of vessel form the category of things to be avoided as death. They must be manned by men who are accustomed to maneuver in tight places

and to meet every emergency with unhesitating skill.

In this country lighthouses have not been operated for gain, but have always been maintained for the common benefit of commerce. Unlike most foreign countries today which collect tolls from all vessels using their ports for the purpose of maintaining aids to navigation, the United States maintains its lighthouses and other aids free to all the shipping of the world. No other country has so many lighthouses, so many buoys, light vessels, fog signals, or other aids to navigation.

Many think the Lighthouse Service is operated by the navy. Up to about the time of the Civil War it was administered by the Secretary of the Treasury. Then the Lighthouse Board took charge. In 1910, through the initiative of President Taft, there was created the Bureau of Lighthouses under the Department of Commerce. The superintendents of lighthouses, each in charge of one of the nineteen districts, are all technical men, for this service demands men with scientific and engineering training.

An incident illustrative of the hazards of attending to lights in Hawaiian waters is the following:

The superintendent aboard the lighthouse tender, *Kukui*, is nearing the completion of his semiannual inspection. He has been thus engaged for ten days. On this trip supplies have been delivered to stations where keepers live, all gas buoys and unlighted buoys have been relieved, and the automatic, unattended, gas-lighted shore stations have been recharged with gas, cleaned and painted.

The tender is approaching Kukuiaele Light about noon, having attended the last station to the south at daybreak. The



Tenders lighting a gas buoy in the face of a heavy mist-storm.

—KEystone View.



Kauai Light, equipped with a sun-valve for extinguishing the light during daylight.

northeast trade wind is blowing, giving to the vessel an easy roll and pitch as she meets the sea on her starboard bow. The waters around the Hawaiian Islands are usually rough, especially in the channels between the islands. Arrived off Kukuihaele, a bold cliff 150 feet high, with a litter of boulders and rock fragments at its base churned to a foam, the tender slows down to mere steerageway and a cargo boat is let fall from the davits. Fending off from the ship's side, the crew of the cargo boat receives the materials needed for the relief and overhaul of the station, working in the tossing boat close to the rolling, heaving vessel with an ease that would be remarkable except for the expertness of the men. When the boat is all ready, the superintendent clambers down the Jacob's-ladder and, watching his chance, jumps into the sternsheets as the cargo boat rises to the crest of a roller. At an order from the second officer, in charge of the boat, and responsive to the terse Hawaiian from the old coxswain, a native who has handled the steering sweep of this boat for eighteen years, they cast off and square away for the shore.

Rounding a short rocky spit, the boat sweeps in with the seas toward an old, demolished concrete landing pier, formerly used for shipping sugar, now displaced by an aerial cableway reaching to mooring in the sea. Several rocky projections skirt this pier. When a few boat lengths away, the coxswain drops an anchor over the stern of the cargo boat and pays out a mooring line to be used in holding off from the rocks and breakers. Watching his chance, the coxswain, with a turn of the stern anchor line over a cleat, holds the boat's nose just clear of the breakers. Two oarsmen are alert to his orders; other oars are shipped. Following the smashing turmoil of a series of high waves called 'the sisters,' which recur at more or less regular intervals, the boat suddenly surges in close to the rocks and the bow oarsman leaps surefootedly to the slippery rock, carrying the painter mooring line with him.

Under the double control of bow and

stern lines, the boat is now held on and off with the intermittent seas and one after another the occupants leap to the rocks, scrambling out of reach of the seas, except the coxswain and one or two seamen who remain to handle the boat and supplies. With painstaking effort the unloading begins and is continued with interruptions for an hour while the boat surges now out to avoid the breakers, now in for hurried hard work at discharging the cargo. At last the coxswain is left alone to haul the boat out over the stern anchor clear of the breakers, where he drops a fish line overboard and thenceforth conducts his operations as though he had four hands and several more than two eyes.

Two hours later the shore party comes back loaded with equipment. The superintendent has completed his inspection, the



equipment and intricate mechanism of the station have been tested and adjusted, new gas tanks have been installed, metal work chipped and repainted, and everything left shipshape. If a new sun valve or new illuminating apparatus has been installed, doubtless the district mechanician has been present to do it. The watchful eye of the district superintendent is sure to detect errors or faulty moves, for these men must be past masters of all these details, accustomed to initiating and developing the plans for all installations of any character, whether mechanical, electrical, solar, gas-operated, light or sound-producing, or radio.

For embarkation, the coxswain eases in his heaving boat, his fish line now in the bottom of the boat with some good-looking fish flopping in the coils. At last everything is stowed and everyone aboard except the bow oarsman, who has tossed the painter into the boat and awaits her last surge toward him to make his get-away. In comes the boat with a rush but the man remains where he is. Something has happened,



These views illustrate the extremes of landing conditions, and the mighty power of wind and wave. Above is shown the landing for Kilanui Point Light Station, in calm weather, with derrick and boat situated 90 feet above water level. The same place, from a different angle, during heavy weather, appears in the oval. The crest of the breaking sea is fifteen feet higher than the foot of the derrick.

one of those unexpected freaks of the sea. A sudden cross surge has caught the bow and in an instant swerves it on to a rocky ledge just as the out rush of the undertow drops the stern six or eight feet, so she stands upended, everything adrift and everyone clutching the air.

The inevitable follows when the sea rushes in to swamp the boat. Hopelessly jumbled in the foaming breaker, heads, arms, oars, boxes and what not churn around the heavy boat. Up bobs the superintendent from beneath the brine, his head and shoulders streaming red. A nimble Hawaiian, as truly amphibian as a seal, grabs him. Others, some on the rocks, some astern, right the boat on the next sea. Some note the chief and shake their heads with a mutter; a cracked crown for sure. Sooner than one would believe, this heavy oaken boat is afloat at her stern anchor again, lusty arms bailing her out. The superintendent comes to life in a startling fashion and clambers aboard the sternsheets.

'That bucket of red paint landed square on my head,' he says and wipes the mixed paint and brine from his hair. This gets a big laugh, interrupted by a yell from two castaways still on the rocks. A derisive chorus from the boat tells them to jump and swim for it, which they presently do, scrambling a moment later, dripping and spluttering, over the side of the boat. Some of the oars and floating articles are



The lighthouse tender 'Kukui.' Once, with decks covered thickly with ice, she rode out a 75-mile hurricane for three days at fifteen degrees below zero.

recovered, then with jokes and laughter the return to the ship is made. Another trip follows, to recover some of the heavy steel tanks sunk in shallow water. And that is that—all in a day's work.

In time of war the President is empowered to order employes and vessels and equipment of the Lighthouse Service for duty on the combatant arms. The Lighthouse Service has taken an active and honorable part in all the wars of the United States. During the World War, lighthouse tenders set all the submarine nets off our principal harbors, set mines, set special buoys for war purposes, patrolled for submarines, helped vessels attacked by submarines, and performed many other services. One lightship on the Atlantic was sunk by gunfire from a raiding German

submarine when the crew of the lightship tried to send radio warnings of the submarine's presence. Many employes of this service resigned during the war to enter the army or navy. Superintendent Tinkham was a captain of engineers in the navy, having resigned his post in the Lighthouse Service, while stationed in Alaska.

These instances may serve to indicate the scope of the work of the Lighthouse Service. Truly it is difficult to place a value on its real worth to commerce and to the traveling public. An Assistant Secretary of Commerce said recently:

'If the Lighthouse Service should suspend its operations for one day, it would be the same in its relative effect upon the country as the stoppage of all the railroads.'

Broken Promises in Palestine

(Concluded from page 7)

gone through the Arabs would have been expected to pay the greatest proportion of the interest. Behind these same doors, the Jewish-British administration has complete power to remove civil and military officials, and this has been used constantly, as in the case of Fuad, to make the proportion of Jewish officials greater than that of Moslems or even British. Even the stately ways of Justice are known to be shady hypaths under the guidance of the Jewish authorities!

Still, the Arabs are a patient people. For hundreds of years they have been politically under the domination of Constantinople, although under a system of representative government. They might have accepted the new rulers in spite of their hopeful fight for freedom, and gone back to their crooked plows, black tents and blue desert hills, had it not been for the attitude that the new rulers assumed toward them.

Backed by the British, the Jews regard the Arabs as unreasonably childish people with unreasonable demands.

The nations not long ago expressed their faith in the Arabs of Iraq and Trans-Jordania when they recognized them as independent countries under Emir Feisal and King Hussein, and members of the League of Nations. The Palestinian population is every bit as capable of governing itself as

their blood brothers across the border.

Arabs are divided into three classes: the *fellahs*, or farmers, who have tilled the same strips of land for generations on end and who live together for protection in squat mud villages perched illogically on rocky rises in the midst of their farms; the *madanis*, or townsmen, who are generally a mixture of every race under the sun, and give the conventional tourist his idea of the race—mercenary, tricky, and colossal liars; and lastly, the *Bedouins*, the nomads, who form by far the greater part of the population, and are the pure Arab.

The poorer Bedouins live in scraggly black tents in the brown hills, tending their flocks of black goats on the steep hillsides. The wealthier Bedouins live in tribes in the desert east of Gaza, their wealth and best friends being their pure-bred Arabian horses and their racing dromedaries. It is true that an Arab will never sell his mare, although stallions are occasionally given away as a mark of great favor. The only way that the mares and dromedaries are exchanged is by the frequent and exciting process of raids among the tribes. This is the quickest way, surely, of increasing the wealth of a tribe!

The British are policing the desert rather thoroughly now, however, and the

tribes have been very quiet of late. The governor of Lower Palestine, a young Syrian, has under him six hundred men on swift horses to see that his unruly charges pay their taxes on time and keep on their own patch of desert.

The Bedouin, too, is the soul of honor, and hospitality is almost a religion with him. If his worst enemy should by any chance eat of his salt, and thus become a guest in his house, he will entertain him royally for three days, and then provide him a suitable escort on his homeward journey. A Bedouin will keep his given word at the expense of his life, and this is one of the reasons why the Arabs are so sure that the land should be theirs, according to the promises of the British.

IF THE Bedouin is about to attack anyone, the victim can usually save himself by saying '*dakhilak*,' which means, 'I have taken refuge with you.' One of the American colony told us a story of a Bedouin who for four years had been following a blood enemy of his who had killed his father in a raid. Finally he traced him to a cave in a low bluff in the wide, dry Jordan valley. He crept up to the door of the cave, neatly pinioned the man, and was about to dispatch him neatly when the victim of the sacrifice forgot his appointed rôle, and cried '*Dakhilak!*' The first Arab straightened up, sheathed his dagger, and said, 'Your life is yours.'

While the enemy was groveling in thanks, the first Arab noticed a poisonous snake of the region gliding swiftly toward them. It poised to strike. The man made a sudden movement with his hands; the snake darted forward biting the kneeling man in the back of the neck. As the enemy was dying, the first Arab said to him, 'I gave you your life, but Allah has taken it away. My revenge is satisfied!'

The Bedouins are gloriously vain. When they come to town on Thursday, which is market day, they wear their brightest striped *abayehs*, and snowiest *kufihs*, or headcloths, and their carved dagger sheaths are polished dazzlingly. They stride through the bazaars, reeking of scent, looking neither to right nor left, *abas* of red or green or yellow thrown arrogantly over one shoulder, swinging with each long step.

ALL that is needed to start a complete Arabian rebellion in Palestine is a great occasion, or a great leader, such as Lawrence, who will unite them in their common purpose, in spite of age-old blood feuds between the tribes.

When Balfour visited Palestine earlier in the year, many people felt that this was the great occasion needed to set off the tinder. But the Arabs were not ready; they still resisted passively by declaring a day of mourning, closing all shops and bazaars. As yet there is no leader in Palestine. Possibly if the Syrian rebellion under the Druses reaches any great degree of success, the Arabs of Palestine may try their luck at pot-shooting the Jews.

At any rate, it is self-evident that a government of a seething, hating mass by an arrogant hated handful of usurpers will not last, even when it is sponsored by the enlightened British Cabinet at 10 Downing Street. Britain is holding the Jew on top of a powder house, and the Jew, facetious newcomer, spends his time playfully flicking matches off the roof.

The Other Side of Fifty Years Ago

(Concluded from page 12)

Two others of the enemy visited us at St. Louis on their return from Uncle Richard's military funeral: General Sherman and General Winfield B. Hancock.

'So you are a Kentucky Breckenridge,' General Sherman said, taking my mother by the hand—my wearing the family name proclaimed the fact. 'All rank rebels!' In his smile was no tinge of malice.

She spoke of the family conviction that Uncle Richard should not have been sent unarmed to parley with desperate Modocs.

'A necessity of war!' His tone of calm conclusiveness left nothing to be added. The same thing about the march through Georgia: 'A necessity of war.' So far as I knew then, no one questioned the necessity of war itself.

When I was old enough for reflection it seemed the war had ended but yesterday, and ended so unfortunately that perhaps even yet something might be done. It was always 'the Civil War' in our house. I would no sooner have said 'rebellion' than 'damn.' But slavery we did not want back. We thought too much of my mother's nurse, though it was twenty years since even my mother had seen her. From hearing so often about black Sarah I could visualize her as distinctly as if I had been back there, one of my mother's little brothers, listening to grotesque and terrifying tales. Back there I saw myself, thirty years before I was born, drinking in such awesome words as, 'He ran and the forty-foot ran, he ran and the forty-foot ran . . .'

A mine of rich romance was Sarah, with her inexhaustible tales, her fund of rollicking humor—but a romance that did not end well. For when the family moved to Illinois she just had to be sold. So for the last scene in the story of Sarah, she was about to be taken to her new master. The tears were rolling down her cheeks, her hands were gripping the bedpost to keep back screams, and my mother was standing there heartbroken, a little Kentucky girl.

There was a book—I gathered, a very objectionable book—that had caused a great deal of hard feeling on the subject; a book that never showed its face in our house: *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, it was called.

'Although,' my mother conceded, 'I know some things . . . But they were exceptional cases.'

One of these exceptional cases—'For the most part, the slaves were kindly treated, even spoiled'—came under my mother's observation when still a child.

A friend once took her for a walk and was strolling beside her, smiling and chatting lightly until—

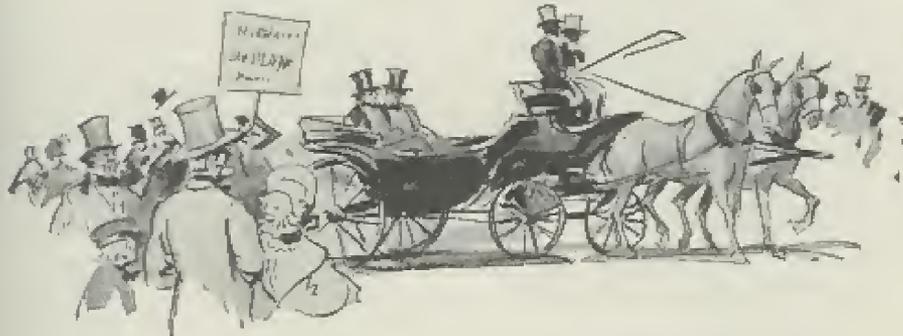
'Wait for me here, darling; don't stir from the spot till I come back.' Pretty, daintily dressed, she passed through the trees out of sight.

Now, to be told to stand immovable in a footpath by one however pretty or daintily dressed put spurs to my mother. Accordingly she slipped through the wood till she came upon an obscure hut. Was her friend hiding inside? Too young as yet to appreciate the obligation of setting a mother's example, she peeped through a chink in the wall of logs, to be transfixed with horror. A black woman, stripped to the waist, was being furiously lashed by the charming lady who had been waiting the convenience of such time as she could properly attend to her prisoner.

During the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis in 1876, excitement was intense. I was only six, but surely no one was more enthusiastic. I grew as familiar with Tilden's name and, presently, with the name of Hayes, as if they belonged to our church over on 17th and Olive. The Joint High Commission surely held its meeting just around the corner. A bad mess they made of it! To me a 'Democrat' was a man always right who couldn't get anywhere. How well I remember my bewilderment on learning that Tilden had not wished success to the Southern Cause—that he was that curious Centaur, half-man, half-beast, known as a 'Northern Democrat,' as one should say, a diving bird, a flying fish.

For me, the Lost Cause! It was the man in gray, going down to defeat before the more powerful man in blue, who attained the poetic glamour of the Scottish Chiefs, the mellowness of romance that belongs only to unfinished dreams.

There was so much talk about the currency in our home, that it never occurred to me we didn't have as much of it as we wanted. On our tongues, 'greenbacks,' 'inflation,' and 'redeemable certificates' were as common as the weather. I was as accustomed to the 'Tweed Ring' and 'Credit Mobilier' as to 'Antigone' which my father was translating from the original for a magazine. I was perfectly aware that not only had Horace Greeley said, 'Go West, young man,' but that he'd been a bitter pill to us Southern Democrats. We had stood behind his back, but with tears in our eyes. As for 'old' Carl Schurz—was he ever young?




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—he was 'for' Hayes; that settled him.

Those were the days when nobody believed one man was as good as another; you took a side, then. But often, to my childish mind, issues were sadly confused. Some of my Southern kin had freed their slaves before the war and paid wages to such blacks as refused freedom. Not a soul at 1706 Chestnut but was glad slavery was over. And yet the word 'Abolitionist' was always spoken in a lowered tone as one should say, 'the devil.' And look at the 'Tweed Ring.' Its enormity was discovered and proclaimed by Benjamin F. Bristow. He fought it so hard that he almost got himself into the President's chair (how I should have liked to see that chair!). He was our own 'Cousin Ben Frank,' and we knew him to be a 'Black Republican.'

Also there was my brother coming home after his first few weeks at the public school ('where he should never have been sent'), his eyes big, his voice hushed—

'Mamma! Did your people fight against my country's flag?'

Verses That Lincoln Wrote

(Continued from page 5)

greatly enjoyed music such as he could appreciate. I have heard Philip Philips tell of Lincoln's admiration for the hymn *Your Mission* and have seen in his possession Lincoln's written request that he repeat it. He loved such music. He loved negro minstrels, a boisterous but wholesome form of amusement, and it was in them that he first heard and always loved *Dixie*.

He had an excellent ear for rhythm, and an almost faultless ear for rhyme. He had a good degree of skill in poetic expression, if that term may be understood within the limits of what he considered poetry.

Where did he get his poetic forms, his meters, his moulds for his poetic composition?

The answer is plain; he got them from the hymns of his boyhood. All the preachers, however illiterate, knew the distinctions of meter. They were accustomed to announce that a given hymn was 'sung to the use of common meter,' or it might be, long meter or short meter. None of these meters ran into pentameter or hexameter. They were trimeter or tetrameter or combinations of these. In these three forms, each foot had two syllables, one long and one short. Short-meter stanzas had four lines, three feet in the first, second and fourth, and four feet in the third line; in other words the syllables were 6, 6, 8, 6. Common meter was an alternation of tetrameter and trimeter, 8, 6, 8, 6. Long meter was made up of four feet in each of its four lines, 8, 8, 8, 8.

IN Lincoln's attempts at poetry these forms are used. The predominant form was common meter.

I wonder to what tune he mentally sang his lines? If he had written in short meter, the tune would have been that of *Wicked Polly*. But when he sang to his own muse in common meter, what tune hummed as an accompaniment through his mind? Probably the old tune *China*. No other tune has been used in so many funerals in the United States. It was more popular in its day than *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere* will ever be. That also was in three-four time, with many stanzas as written and many more as sung:

'Why do we mourn departing friends?'

All of the lines we are now to consider are in this meter. Some lines attributed to him we are not sure about, but of the longer poems there is no question.

There exists in the collection of Oliver R. Barrett the original manuscript of eight lines in Lincoln's handwriting, which, so far as is known, is his own composition. It is written in a melancholy mood characteristic not only of his own feeling in matters of this kind but also that of his time:

Time! what an empty vapor 'tis!
And days how swift they are:
Swift as an Indian arrow—
Fly on like a shooting star!

The present moment just is here,
Then slides away in haste,
That we can never say they're ours,
But only say they're past.

If this is indeed Lincoln's, it is crude in form and expression compared with lines he later wrote. The mood, the thought, are quite akin to his own, but the literary form is inferior to what we find later.

LINCOLN'S most serious attempt at poetry on his own account was made after his visit to Indiana in the autumn of 1844. He made his journey in the interests of the presidential candidacy of Henry Clay. The political speeches which he delivered took him through the southern part of the state and brought him to his old home. He tells the story in the letter to Andrew Johnston, who had been a lawyer in Illinois but had removed to Richmond, Virginia: 'In the fall of 1844, thinking I might aid some to carry the state of Indiana for Mr. Clay, I went into the neighborhood in that state in which I was raised, where my mother and only sister were buried, and from which I had been absent about fifteen years. That part of the country is, within itself, as unpoetical as any spot of the earth; but still, seeing it and its objects and inhabitants aroused feelings in me which were certainly poetry; though whether my expression of those feelings is poetry is quite another question. When I got to writing, the change of subject divided the thing into four little divisions or cantos, the first only of which I send you now, and may send the others hereafter.'

The first poem which he sent to Mr. Johnston from Tremont, Illinois, where Lincoln was attending court, was dated April 18, 1846, and this is the 'poem':

My childhood's home I see again
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones
lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seen hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases by;
As bugle-notes, that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We're known, but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of
play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them, to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong man-
hood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I bear the loved survivors tell,
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

Soon after the first letter he wrote to Johnston again, May 7, 1846, and sent him the next canto of his poem. His letter and poem follow:

'Friend Johnston: You remember when I wrote you from Tremont last spring, sending you a little canto of what I called poetry, I promised to bore you with another sometime. I now fulfill the promise. The subject of the present one is an insane man; his name is Matthew Gentry. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of the rich man of a very poor neighborhood. At the age of nineteen he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled into harmless insanity. When, as I told you in my other letter, I visited my old home in the fall of 1844, I found him still lingering in this wretched condition. In my poetizing mood, I could not forget the impression his case made upon me. Here is the result:

But here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains—
A human form with reason fled
While wretched life remains.

When terror spread, and neighbors ran
Your dangerous strength to bind
And soon, a howling, crazy man,
Your limbs were fast confined:

How then you strove and shrieked aloud
Your bones and sinews bared;
And fiendish on the gazing crowd
With burning eyeballs glared;

And begged and swore, and wept and
prayed,
With maniac laughter joined!
How fearful were these signs displayed
By pangs that killed the mind!

And when at length the drear and long
Time soothe thy fiercer woes,
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose!

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its strains I've stole away,
All stealthily and still,
Ere yet the rising god of day
Has streaked the eastern hill.

Air held her breath; trees with the spell
Seemed sorrowing angels round,
Whose swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the listening ground.

But this is past, and naught remains
That raised thee o'er the brute;
Thy piercing shrieks and soothing
strains
Are like, forever mute.

Now fare thee well! More thou the
cause
Than subject now of woe,
All mental pangs by time's kind laws
Hast lost the power to know.



In the autumn of 1844, Lincoln's speeches took him through Southern Indiana and brought him to his old home.

O death! thou awe-inspiring prince
That keepst the world in fear,
Why dost thou tear more blest ones
hence,
And leave him lingering here?

'If I should ever send another, the subject will be a "Bear Hunt."

'Yours as ever
A. Lincoln.'

The other poem called the 'Bear Hunt' to which he refers in his second Johnston letter was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* in February, 1925, with an introductory article by Charles T. White of the *New York Tribune*. This is the longest of all the poems of Lincoln, twenty-two stanzas in length.

A wild bear chase didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night with
fear
And bears preyed on the swine.

But woe for bruin's short-lived fun
When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun
For vengeance at him fly.

A sound of danger strikes his ear;
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled rough.

On press his foes, and reach the ground
Where's left his half-munched meal
The dogs, in circles, scent around
And find his fresh-made trail.

With instant cry, away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water
splash
And shout the brisk halloo.

Now to elude the eager pack
Bear shuns the open ground,
Through matted vines he shapes his
track,
And runs it, round and round.

The tall, fleet cur, with deep-mouthed
voice
Now speeds him, as the wind;

While half-grown pup, and short-
legged fice
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell, a mingled din—
The woods are in a rear—

And round and round the chase now
goes,
The world's alive with fun—
Nick Carter's horse his rider throws,
And Mose Hill drops his gun

Now, sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue,
When as, to force him from the track
An ambush on him sprung.

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
And fully is in view—
The dogs, new fired by the sight
Their cry and speed renew.

The foremost ones now reach his rear;
He turns, they dash away.
And circling now the wrathful bear
They have him full at bay.

At top of speed the horsemen come,
All screaming in a row—
'Whoop!' 'Take him, Tiger!' 'Seize
him, Drum!
Bang—bang! the rifles go!

Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee,
Nor mind that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be
Conceited quite as you.

It goes without saying that none of this poetry of Abraham Lincoln had any literary value, but it is of value to us in connection with a study of what Lincoln considered poetry. He had a good ear for rhythm and his rhymes were accurate. Moreover his work was painstaking. His stanzas were in the familiar tetrameter and trimeter form. Lincoln would have called it common meter. Much common meter poetry is content with one rhyme in each stanza, the end of the second and fourth lines rhyming, but Lincoln almost without exception rhymed the first and third as well as the second and fourth. In all the forty-three stanzas of these three cantos there is only one exception to this rule. That is in the second stanza where he had a figure of speech that seemed to him so fine he sacrificed his rhyme to the figure!

'O Memory! thou midway world
'Twi'x earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones
lost
In dreamy shadows rise.'

He employed several figures of speech, similes and metaphors and they were rather well chosen.

Of course his rhymes followed his pronunciation. The verbs 'rear' and 'tear' rhyme with 'bear.' Most of Lincoln's neighbors would have said that 'the b'ar would r'ar and t'ar.' Lincoln pronounced 'bear' correctly, but the two verbs rhymed with this noun. Considering his pronunciation his rhymes were almost perfect.

This does not prove that Lincoln was in any true sense a poet. He was not, but he had some elements of the poet in his make-up. We do not know that he gratified his love for this form of expression in the composition of other jingles. So far as we are informed, this threefold attempt to ride Pegasus and go a-woeing of the Muse was his last. Lincoln was himself not much of a hunter. When a boy he shot a wild turkey with a rifle, but after that he never felt like pulling the trigger on wild game but he delivered with real zest and ardor the story of the bear hunt of which he must have been a witness.

Lincoln really hoped that his poems would be published and gave Johnston permission to publish them in a letter from which the following is quoted: 'I am not at all displeased with your proposal to publish the poetry, or doggerel, or whatever else it may be called, which I sent you. I consent that it may be done. Whether the prefatory remarks in my letter shall be published with the verses, I leave entirely to your discretion; but let names be suppressed by all means. I have not sufficient hope of the verses attracting any favorable notice to tempt me to risk being ridiculed for having written them.'

A moment's notice of the 'moral' of the third and longest of this trilogy may close this article. It relates to the 'fice.' A 'fice' is a small, nervous dog. The adjective applied to some meddlesome, irritable people, 'ficy' is an accurate description. A 'fice' is a valuable dog in hunting a bear, for he gives an irritating bark, and a quick snap, and is gone before the clumsy bear can strike, while a large dog is often killed

by bruin. Still, it is a ridiculous sight, when the bear is dead, to see the insignificant 'fice' approach, growl, seize the dead bear and shake himself in an attempt to shake the carcass, and thus proclaim himself the dog that killed the bear. Lincoln had witnessed that trait in human life, and it afforded him occasion for a rather salutary lesson in this mirthful form.

These 'poems' are not great literature, and I do not know that anyone has ever given them a worthier name than doggerel. But I think them rather better than doggerel. And I am glad that the last and longest of them was not a poem of melancholy.

Coin Collecting— Neglected Hobby

(Concluded from page 13)

Through little-traveled byways the trail leads, possibly to a 'find,' but more often to disappointment, because the layman has an exaggerated idea of the value of the old and thinks if he possesses a coin a hundred years old it ought to be worth a mint in new money.

I have followed the rumor of old coins to its lair, have interviewed reluctant owners, who looked at me with cold suspicion and took me for a highwayman when I told them their treasures were worthless and refused even to make a bid for them.

A short time ago a farmer sent me a registered package of coins to look over, but informed me that no offer for less than \$500 would be acceptable, since some of the coins were so old that they did not even have dates. After spending three or four hours looking over the accumulation I decided that if I offered to pay twenty-five cents a pound for them I would be cheating myself. When I returned the coins, incidentally at my own expense, positively refusing to buy any and informed the owner of their real value, I received a letter by return mail that expressed the opinion that I had studied under Captain Kidd or one of his brother pirates.

In another instance a gentleman informed me that he had some coins which he might sell if I bid enough for them. Since he lived in another state, too far away to get there on ten gallons of gas, I wrote him to send the coins for inspection. I received the reply that the collection consisted of a silver dollar eighty years old and twenty one-cent pieces almost a hundred years old, but that he would not trust any man with them, no matter how well recommended, suggesting, however, that I could come to him and he might show them to me. I decided that I would not further put him into temptation.

What is the lure of the little pieces of paper called postage stamps? Why did a wealthy collector of Utica send an agent all the way to Paris simply to gain a 'one-cent red' of British Guiana, 1856? What prompted collectors to bid \$20,000, then \$30,000, then \$32,000, finally \$32,500 for this rarity? Facts like this indicate philately's grip on the hearts and minds of kings and children, financiers and coal-heavers, all over the world. There is fun, exercise and sometimes a little profit in coin and stamp collecting.



And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire—
Wheels right and left, and upward
rears,
With eyes of burning fire.

But leaden death is at his heart—
Vain all the strength he plies,
And, spouting blood from every part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies!

And now a din some clamor rose,—
'But who should have his skin?'
Who first draws blood, each hunter
knows
This prize must always win.

But, who did this, and how to trace
What's true from what's a lie,—
Like lawyers in a murder case
They stoutly *arguify*.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood
Arrives upon the spot,

With grinning teeth, and up-turned
hair
Brim-full of spunk and wrath,
He growls, and seizes on dead bear
And shakes for life and death—

And swells, as if his skin would tear,
And growls, and shakes again,
And swears, as plain as dog can swear
That he has won the skin!

IN JOHN CARTER BROWN LIBRARY answers are given to questions regarding anything printed before 1801 which relates to America.

When, in 1740, Nicholas Brown, aged 11, of the famous Brown family in Providence, Rhode Island, became possessor of the *Secretary's Guide* or *Young Man's Companion*, and wrote his name on the flyleaf, he doubtless did not dream that he was starting what would later be one of the oldest libraries in America.

But Nicholas Brown, his son, seems to have had the makings of a real collector, for he got together no small amount of the popular literature of his time, mostly sermons, and his son, a third Nicholas, began in his twenties to buy the classics and literature of the Old World, together with some few books relating to America. But the grace of the older culture fascinated him, and the young collector decided to make Italy his home. On departing, he sold the American portion of his library to his younger brother, John Carter.

When a very young man, John Carter Brown bought books of travel as they appeared in the booksellers' catalogs, and noted in their margin any reference to his native state or its founder. And then, as the study of the present leads to that of the past, he began buying books like Anne Bradstreet's *Tenth Muse, Lately Sprung up in America*, or Ward's *Simple Cobbler of Agyvram*, until before long he discovered that his chief interest lay in books relating to America.

At Valencia there was a certain Obadiah Rich, American consul and lover of books, who occasionally would collect a trunk full of old volumes and travel to London with them. He opened in London a bookstore of his own and issued a catalog of books published on America for a hundred years, beginning 1701.

Henry Stevens, of Vermont, seized the Rich catalog as a cat pounces upon a mouse; Mr. Brown interleaved his copy, checked off the books as he procured them, and on blank pages added titles not included in the list.

For Americana was becoming popular as the world commenced to realize that the new continent was a very considerable part of it. A French scholar, Henri Terneaux, working quietly and alone in his study, had been surpassing both American and English collectors, and, when his library came up for



The John Carter Brown Library.

A Treasury of Books

The John Carter Brown Library

By MAY B. WHITING

sale, Henry Stevens, of Vermont, was on the spot to secure for John Carter Brown some of the most important items.

This was a big gain for the Americana at Providence. All the great rival collections, except one, were dispersed at auction or became part of public libraries. James Lenox, of New York, continued to be the *bete noire*, and, at his death, the Lenox collection, now belonging to the New York Public Library, surpassed, in some important features, the Brown Americana.

Yet it was a fair and loyal rivalry, without personal animosity. Mr. Lenox was a friend of Mr. Brown, and his neighbor at Newport during the summer. Winters he enjoyed the advantages of a direct European mail from New York, and Mr. Brown was sometimes put to it to overcome this handicap.

Once, when he was at Saratoga, a catalog reached him, offering for sale the only known copy of the Dutch *Vespucius*. Mr. Lenox had doubtless received that same catalog a day earlier, and quite likely his order was now on the Atlantic. Mr. Brown got in touch with a friend in New York who sent a cable to Amsterdam, and procured the book.

Henry Stevens, of Vermont, served also as European agent for Mr. Lenox and he sometimes had a difficult time of it between the two. On one occasion he purchased for Mr. Brown the only known perfect copy of the *Pictorial Columbus*, for which Mr. Lenox had sent in a bid. Now it happened that this was the very book that Mr. Lenox felt he could never have another happy day without, and, as a technical question arose as to which bidder it should go, Mr. Brown generously relinquished it. It was fifty years before another copy

came on the market. Then Mr. Brown's son bought it and the gap in the collection was filled.

Many of the books could tell a story of their lives as strange as the adventures recorded in their pages. There is the only known perfect copy of the *Libretto*, giving the account of Columbus' third voyage, bought by a Florentine bookseller from a peasant and offered to the library by cable. There is a book bearing the queer, symbolic signature (although there is some possibility of its being a forgery) of Columbus, and

another which belonged to his son, with his signature and record of his library. There are the books of the unhappy Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, the confidential letters of George Washington, and, with a curious human interest, his personal cashbook with entries up to a week or so before he died.

And the library itself, with all its strange and awesome books which it would seem no one in the world could read, is a very human place.

Pictures tell their story through the centuries more simply than do words, and the section of a Ptolemaic maps is most fascinating. There is the Old World atlas of 1472 with which Columbus was doubtless familiar, the atlas prepared by Agnesis at the command of Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor, for his son, Philip II, and the Waldsmüller *Cosmographic Introduction* with its notable suggestion that as both Europe and Asia were named for women, it was time mere man had a chance.

Champlain has left us a beautiful manuscript now in the John Carter Brown Library with plentiful illustrations drawn and colored by his own hand. In it we get some idea of how the new continent in all its pristine freshness looked to eyes fired with imagination and wonder of what the new discoveries might mean. In the same way the Bay Psalm Book, the first work of printing in the New World, shows us the religious fervor of the colonists and their starved desire for poetry.

With all its atrocious rhymes and horribly contorted phrases, it was so well loved that practically the whole edition was worn to shreds.

The copy in the John Carter Brown collection belonged to Richard Mather himself, the principal composer of the book, and, among bibliophiles, it is considered a treasure indeed.

Chats with Office Callers



From Maysville, Kentucky, comes a letter submitting an article on Clemenceau as the most remarkable of great men in the historical record because he retains his faculties at the age of eighty-five . . . But there have been others. What of Sophocles and of Humboldt and of Michelangelo who were going strong when they died at the age of ninety? What of Fabre? What of Hobbes who died when 92? And Diogenes, at 91? And Franklin, and Watt, and Talleyrand, and Herschel, at 84? And Hugo and Goethe, at 86? And Newton, at 80? And Buffon and Palmerston, at 81? And Galileo and Beranger, at 78?



'To get more black flies in Greenland,' said *the Geologist* recently returned from the Arctic, 'it will be necessary to make the flies smaller. Throughout our entire inland trip it was necessary to wear head nets at all times. The mosquitoes seemed to disappear early in August, and I am quite willing to believe that the black flies crowded them out. . . . But if the insects are unfriendly the Eskimos are decidedly the opposite. The Danish Government has been at pains to educate them and at the same time help them to retain their ancient customs. Schools have been established in which Eskimos are the teachers and lessons are given in their native tongue. If a native desires to learn Danish he will be taught the language, but no effort is made to cram such unwanted knowledge down his throat. As a result of this and other wise governmental moves on the part of Denmark, the Eskimos of Greenland are a happy, honest people, peaceful and on friendly terms with their governors and white visitors.

'We noticed particularly the absolute honesty of the Greenland native. Probably because the struggle for existence is acute within the arctic circle, their earliest traditions make personal property inviolable, and we were able in utmost safety to leave any part of our equipment in the open and unguarded over long periods. No Eskimo will touch an article which does not belong to him without the owner's approbation—something left on the ground is considered cached and is therefore taboo.'

The talk fell on archeological discoveries, lost civilizations and conquest, one day. *The Explorer*, who seemed to have been everywhere, and the man who seemed to have read everything relating to discoveries regarded *the Book Reviewer* with a certain astonishment. For the Reviewer was a man who liked his game and took things seriously. And he was full of Henry Dwight Sedgwick's book on Cortes the Conqueror, holding with his author that Cortes stood on a high plane as hero and civilization maker.



The Explorer demurred. He pointed to the existence of monoliths, and to evidences of Aztec and Peruvian culture, and to recent archeological discoveries, and to the Maya calendar stones, saying that they gave abundant evidence of civilizations which had been wiped out by Spanish conquerors. He held that there had been destructive waves when martial people swept down upon quiet and unoffensive people, wiping out that which promised to grow into a civilization, and destroying ethical systems.



The Bookman was full of facts. He held that the purpose of the Spanish conquerors under Cortes and Pizarro was no different from the purposes of pirates and buccaneers. To conquer and to destroy, to enslave, to enrich themselves at any cost, were their aims. They brought, not order, he held, but disorder, unrest, destruction. The governments for which they fought were seats of foul forms of corruption. And Spain and Portugal died as world powers because there was nothing behind their pushings forward but the greed for gold. For social and moral improvement they cared nothing. The pretence of religion was a cloak to cover the nakedness of bare spoliation.



The Poet contended that the translator of poetry could either alter the original material so that it would become a native thing; or, retaining the original, must create a new dialect, as it were.

Somehow, that remark evoked no excitement, perhaps because a man who had been to the American Library Association at its annual meeting in Atlantic City came in. He had a mission, and it was to persuade people to read aloud in the family circle. The lady from Tulsa, Oklahoma, wanted to know the titles of books which were suited for both old and young. So *the Librarian* named these:

Ruskin's *King of the Golden River*.
Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*.
Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*.
Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*.
Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and *Black Arrow*.

Thus the talk swung back to a former one. But the Librarian declared it was an important subject, and wanted expressions from readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. So please write, care of Office Chats.



But the prize for odd things told goes to *the Old Railroad Man* who spoke of early pioneer conditions in the Walla Walla valley when the line which is now the Walla Walla branch of the Northern Pacific railway was first laid down. In places, the roadbed was made of rawhides, and beams were used instead of rails. For transit, the locating engineers used a whisky flask half filled with water. Graders and scrapers were handmade, and a team of forty oxen pulled them. Instead of pilot, the engine carried a platform, and hounds to chase wandering cattle rode on it. Operation ceased during a hard winter, for wolves ate the rawhides.



Then there was *the Dog Lover* who had tales to tell of the intelligence of his pets, and who wanted to try a kind of evolutionary experiment as suggested by Galton thus: 'It would be an interesting occupation for a country philosopher to pick up the cleverest dogs he could hear of and mate them together, generation after generation, breeding purely for intellectual power, and disregarding shape, size and every other quality.' He foresaw a super-dog. But the man with him foresaw new trouble, with his super-dog conscientiously believing man to be inconvenient and a deterrent to canine liberty.



Talking of faultfinders with the times, *the Historian* from Columbus, Ohio, said that the breed had always existed. He spoke of Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, published in 1577, which contained a complaint that too many chimneys were being built, that mattresses were being used instead of straw pallets, hence people were growing softer and more feeble. Also, he said, in the Middle Ages shirts were denounced as luxuries, and men were pilloried for wearing them. Voltaire, in his day, declared that England had reached the pinnacle of prosperity and no further advancement was possible. Xenophon spoke of the effeminate Persians who actually used gloves to protect their hands. The first man to carry an umbrella (Jonas Hanway) in England was hooted on the streets for his cowardice.



Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: Will you give me the meaning of the names of the states in the United States?

ANSWER: Following is a list such as you request, giving the generally accepted meanings of our state names:

Alabama, Indian; 'here we rest.'
 Arizona, Aztec; 'silver bearing.'
 Arkansas, 'Kansas,' the Indian name for 'smoky water,' with the French prefix 'arc,' bow or bend in the principal river.
 California, *cubiente forno*, Spanish for 'hot furnace,' in allusion to the climate.
 Colorado, Spanish; meaning 'colored,' from the red color of the Colorado River.
 Connecticut, Indian; 'long river.'
 Delaware, named in honor of Lord Delaware.

Florida, named by Ponce de Leon, who discovered it in 1512, on Easter Day, the Spanish *Pascua de Flores*, or 'Feast of Flowers.'

Georgia, in honor of George II of England.

Idaho, Indian; meaning unknown.
 Illinois, from the Indian 'Illini,' men, and the French suffix 'ois,' together signifying 'tribe of men.'

Indiana, Indian land.
 Iowa, Indian; 'beautiful land.'
 Kansas, Indian; 'smoky water.'
 Kentucky, Indian; for 'at the head of the river,' or 'the dark and bloody ground.'
 Louisiana, for Louis XIV of France.
 Maine, from the province of Maine, in France.

Maryland, for Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I of England.
 Massachusetts, place of great hills (blue hills southwest of Boston).

Michigan, the Indian name for a fish weir. The lake was so called from the fancied resemblance of the lake to a fish trap.

Minnesota, Indian; meaning 'sky-tinted water.'
 Mississippi, Indian; meaning 'great father of waters.'

Missouri, Indian; meaning 'muddy.'
 Montana, Latin; 'mountainous region.'
 Nebraska, Indian; meaning 'water valley.'

Nevada, Spanish; meaning 'snow-covered,' alluding to the mountains.
 New Hampshire, from Hampshire County, England.

New Jersey, in honor of Sir George Carteret, one of the original grantees, who had previously been governor of Jersey Island.

New Mexico, from old Mexico.
 New York, in honor of the Duke of York.

North and South Carolina, originally called Carolina, in honor of Charles IX of France.

North and South Dakota, Sioux Indian; 'Lakota,' 'Nakota,' or 'Dakota'; 'allies.'

Ohio, Indian; 'beautiful river.'

Oklahoma, Indian; 'red people.'
 Oregon, from the Spanish 'oregano,' wild marjoram, which grows abundantly on the coast.

Pennsylvania, Latin; meaning Penn's woody land.

Rhode Island, from a fancied resemblance to the island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Tennessee, Indian; meaning 'river with the great bend.'

Texas, origin of this name is unknown.
 Utah, Ute Indian; meaning unknown.
 Vermont, French; green mountain.

Virginia, in honor of Elizabeth, the 'Virgin Queen.'

Washington, from George Washington.
 West Virginia, former western part of Virginia.

Wisconsin, Indian; 'gathering of the waters,' or 'wild rushing channel.'

Wyoming, Indian; 'large plains.'

QUESTION: I would like to know if Benedict Crowell ever served as Secretary of War?

ANSWER: Benedict Crowell was Assistant Secretary of War while Newton D. Baker was Secretary of War, and may have served as Acting Secretary of War in Baker's absence, but was never official Secretary of War.

QUESTION: Will you advise to whom to write for personal attention in regard to pensions or World-War adjustments, with effective results, as to the merits of each case?

ANSWER: Write to the United States Veteran's Bureau, Washington, D. C., or to the Congressman from your district, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: On what date did Newton D. Baker take office as Secretary of War in Wilson's Cabinet?

ANSWER: March 9, 1916.

QUESTION: When did Joshua W. Alexander take office as Secretary of Commerce?

ANSWER: Joshua W. Alexander was Secretary of Commerce from December 16, 1919, to March 4, 1921.

QUESTION: In a recent issue of 'Questions and Answers' THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT answered a question as to what was meant by the caliber of a navy gun. Several of our correspondents took exception to our reply. This answer in the first place was furnished us by the Navy Department. Upon referring the criticisms to them we received the following reply:

ANSWER: 'Perhaps the definition in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was not sufficiently clear, but even so the correspondents who have written THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are wrong, as they infer that the caliber of a gun is the length of a gun in relation to the diameter of the bore. To be exact, the length of the bore of a gun is measured in terms of the caliber. For instance, the bore of a fifty caliber twelve-inch gun is fifty feet long. The entire gun will measure from three to five calibers longer inasmuch as in the rear of the bore is the chamber which varies in length in different types of naval guns.'

QUESTION: Please tell me where I can secure a complete list of the publications issued by the government, and how can I secure the *Congressional Record*?

ANSWER: The Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., will send a list of publications on request; also the *Congressional Record*.

QUESTION: How long did J. W. Anderson act as Secretary of Commerce, before Joshua Alexander took office?

ANSWER: There is no record of J. W. Anderson ever having served as Secretary of Commerce.

QUESTION: Some time ago, I read of a Congressional Committee being appointed to investigate oil and gasoline prices. I have not noticed any reports of their findings. Has the investigation been abandoned or will they report this coming session of Congress?

ANSWER: The Federal Trade Commission is still investigating this matter. They hope to finish their report in time to submit it at the next session of Congress.

QUESTION: What are the salaries of Representatives and Senators of the United States?

ANSWER: \$10,000 a year.

QUESTION: Is President Coolidge serving a second term?

ANSWER: Coolidge became President at the death of President Harding in 1923, and served the remainder of his term, but he has been elected President by the people only once. Coolidge is in the same situation as was Roosevelt in this respect. Technically, Roosevelt was not elected for two terms, but the people accepted it as two terms and refused to elect him for what they considered a third.

I Read in the Papers

Gilbert K. Chesterton scores another bull's-eye in his readable magazine, *G. K.'s Weekly*. This time he draws a comparison between 'secret diplomacy' and 'secret democracy.' He writes: 'You may have secret diplomacy; you cannot have secret democracy. Democracy is dead without information. If the people are misinformed about the main facts, we cannot even say that they vote wrong, but rather

Chesterton on 'Secret Democracy'

that they do not vote at all. At best they are voting about something else; something that does not exist. The old defenders of democracy never dreamed of defending this sort of democracy. They assumed that public affairs would be public. They had not foreseen the rise of two things, the dominant things of our own time. The first is the financier who remains entirely unknown; and the second is his servant or debtor, with an "organ of opinion," who decides for everybody what shall be unknown and what known. Till these two monopolies are broken, the whole notion of the citizen is nonsense; and some rude reaction may at any moment sweep it away.'

¶ ¶ ¶
'In Brazil no educated man gets drunk,' affirms a visitor from that country. Brazil's educational system is worth studying.—*Buffalo News*.

¶ ¶ ¶
Here's a case of many marriages. Cross the border of the state of Chiapas, Mexico, and whether you can produce a certificate of marriage or not, you are compelled by law to marry again if your wife is with you; also to pay the customary fee. So the National Railway of Mexico has petitioned the government to change matters, as passengers routed that way find many marriages a tax upon the pocketbook. The petition might have carried the old Dutch proverb: To marry once is a duty, twice a folly, thrice madness.

¶ ¶ ¶
We don't believe gasoline is only four cents a gallon in Berlin, but if it is, that settles the question as to who won the war.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

¶ ¶ ¶
And here is the ex-Kaiser out with the opening chapter of his memoirs in the *London Spectator*. The core of his first installment might be summed up in this passage. 'The memory of any child born in Berlin must be tinged with a military color.' For there you have the mainspring. The child ruler was dressed in a uniform, armies were his toys, military titles his



pleasure. And a child's mind is susceptible of impressions. A child's mind is like a sensitive photographic film, and what is printed stays. And for the child Kaiser, Arms and Force were the high and holy things. So wise men will denounce all that stupidity of warping, avoiding any of that kind of fertilization of young soil in their own cases. Like begets like. You can't make an arrow out of a pig's tail, says an old Irish saw.

¶ ¶ ¶
There is very little a professional humorist can do to improve on the report that the two Tariff schedules reduced after three years of arduous labor by the Tariff Commission are those on live bob-white quail and paint-brush handles.—*Detroit News*.

¶ ¶ ¶
For three hundred years the English people have been trying to decide what to call their neighbors north of the river

Are They Scots, Scotch, or Scottish?

Tweed. Are they to be known as Scots, Scotch or Scottish? When the Government ruled that 'The Scotch Education Office' there was more confusion. Sir James Barrie says in *What Every Woman Knows*: 'Have you forgotten the grandest moral attribute of a Scotsman, Margaret, that he'll do nothing which might damage his career?' Then Burns, with his *Scots Wha Hae Wi Wallace Bled* supports the preference for Scots, although he used the adjective Scotch to some extent. Sir Walter Scott relates that King George IV once said that 'The Scots are a nation of Gentlemen.' Dr. Samuel Johnson said, 'The noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England,' but then he was not an authority on Scotland. In the case of Sir Walter

.....
The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. 1, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set \$1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.
.....

Scott, however, he in his earlier writings used the term Scot, Scottish and Scotch quite impartially, but later in his career seldom used the word 'Scotch.' However, one of his earliest published works was the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Scotland derived its name from the tribe of Scots or Scoti, who came from the north of Ireland, and acquired a dominating influence over the Picts, the original inhabitants of the country. St. Columba, the apostle of the Picts, was himself a Scot from Ireland.

¶ ¶ ¶
Half of what we eat keeps us alive; the other half keeps the doctors alive.—United States Senator Copeland.

¶ ¶ ¶
Here, culled from a book review, are two queer epitaphs collected by W. H. Beable. First from a headstone in a cemetery at Hawk's Ferry, Nevada.

To Lem S Frame, who during his life shot 89 Indians, whom the Lord delivered into his hands, and who was looking forward to making up his hundred before the end of the year, when he fell asleep in Jesus at his house at Hawk's Ferry, March 27, 1843.

And this which is to be seen at St. Mary's, Cheltenham:

Here lies John Higgs,
A famous man for killing pigs,
For killing pigs was his delight,
Both morning, afternoon and night.

¶ ¶ ¶
'Maniac, refused bank loan, bombs Pittsburgh bank.' Our local banker will please take note.—*Asheville Times*.

¶ ¶ ¶
An excellent description of a typical Chinese brigand is given by Mrs. Malcolm King in *The English Review*. The man

Describing a Chinese Bandit Chief

described is Chou, formerly one of Wu Pei-fu's lieutenants. 'The general was apparently delighted to see them,' Mrs. King says, 'and asked a lot of amusing questions, evidently deeply curious as to foreign ways. He had none of the social stiffness of the educated Chinese, and it was therefore possible to get a better idea of his character as a man. Although unwashed, his delicately cut features and exquisite long fingers gave him the appearance of fine quality that so many of the Chinese possess, and about his eyes and forehead he had that touch of asceticism and inherent culture noticeable in some of the temple priests. In reality he was a daring soldier of fortune with but one absorbing aim, the desire for wealth. For this end he carelessly ran enormous risks, knowing full well that, if he failed, the Chili war lord, Wu Pei-fu, who had been his former commander-in-chief, would without a moment's hesitation have him beheaded. He told his visitors frankly that his ambition was to amass sufficient riches to enable him to slip quietly down the great river to Shanghai, and there, in the safety of international protection, enjoy cinemas and theaters, and contact with foreign life. With this end in view, no doubt, his men were again rifling the mint, and as the two white men were getting into their chairs, a string of coolies passed, bearing heavy wooden boxes full of cash.'



Briefly Told



A 'PORCUPINE CORK' to guard bottles containing poisons has been devised. It is fitted with sharp glass spikes which bristle in every direction.

NEARLY ALL THE PLAYS being presented in Paris theaters this season were written by dramatists under thirty years of age.

RUBBERIZED WALL PAPER which may be washed or disinfected is being used in hospitals and certain public buildings.

A MASSACHUSETTS MAN, rejected in 1861 as 'not strong enough' for the Union Army, died recently at the age of 104.

THE PLATYPUS OR DUCKMOLE of Tasmania is among the rarest of creatures, having the bill of a duck, the fur of a seal, and a pouch like a kangaroo.

THE AMERICAN LAW authorizing soldiers and sailors to make a *nuncupative*, or oral will at sea, comes down from the time of Caesar.

AN OSTRICH CAN outrun an Arabian horse.

DUE TO STANDARDIZATION, only twenty to thirty different types of straw hats are now made in Germany. Formerly more than two hundred were made.



A TOKYO RESTAURANT makes a specialty of juicy fried snakes.

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS IN Madrid must have their heads shaved every four weeks, under penalty of law.

A REJECTED SUITOR IN Brooklyn was awarded \$500 by a jury to reimburse him for the expense of his campaign.

THE KODIAK BROWN bear attains the greatest weight of all bruins, often weighing almost a ton.

NEARLY \$10,000,000 is destroyed each year through the Chinese custom of burning small pieces of gold leaf on certain anniversaries.

EDMOND HOYLE, WHOSE name is most freely linked with the words, 'according to,' died 157 years ago at the age of ninety-seven. His first 'Short Treatise on the Game of Whist . . . ' had a title of no fewer than 125 words.

PAPER CAN BE MADE from practically anything that can be pounded into pulp.

THERE ARE FEWER red-haired girls in the movies than any other type. Only twenty were found out of 2,400.

IN FRANCE CHICORY, the poor man's drink, is taxed at sixty per cent of its selling price, while champagne pays only 1 per cent.

GLOVES WERE WORN by the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews.



CHILDREN IN THE REMOTE sections of Northern Ontario where there are no schools are receiving instruction in railroad coaches. The cars, equipped with every facility including a small library, pay periodical visits to the remote sections, remaining at each from three to six days.

ALTHOUGH ONLY FORTY-SEVEN years old, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, Europe's only reigning woman sovereign, bids fair to enjoy one of the longest reigns in history. She became nominal queen at the age of ten.

LONDON IS ATTEMPTING to popularize clothing made from woven bamboo. Tailors say the cloth is suitable for general use and can be made at much lower rates than cotton or woolen fabrics.

WILLIAM THE CONQUERER bestowed upon the inventor of a particularly delicious soup the 'Lordship of the Manor of Addington,' with full revenues and honors.

NATIVES IN THE CONGO use cooking utensils of ivory.

IN ANCIENT TIMES there was a tradition that onions thrived best when stolen from a neighbor's garden and transplanted.

A GREAT HEAD OF WATER still flows from the rock wall of the Wady Ain Guderat, the only spring of its kind in Sinai, Arabia. This is the spot where Moses struck water from the rock and whence the twelve spies were sent into Canaan.



THE INSIDE OF THE stomach has been successfully photographed for the first time by a German doctor.

A SEVENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD missionary in Formosa has undertaken the task of translating the Old Testament into the Amoy dialect. He expects to finish the work in three years.

AN ELEPHANT SELDOM sleeps more than four or five hours a day.

A SWEDISH CASTLE BUILT in 1499 contained a central heating plant in the basement with conduits through the walls.

THE FARTHEST KNOWN star is about 1,293,-572,675 billion miles from the earth.

IN ANCIENT TIMES man's flocks were his only possessions and constituted his money. When coins were introduced, many had cattle stamped upon them; and the Latin word for cattle, *pecus*, still survives in our word *pecuniary*.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK has brought suit to recover damages from the owner of a truck which ran into a tree on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, thus rendering the tree 'unfit to adorn.'

ALTHOUGH HE WAS deprived of books and pen while incarcerated in an Italian prison, Cesare Cantu, the historian, passed the time by writing with a toothpick and candle smoke on the back of a map and on scraps of paper. The resulting book, *Margherita Pasterla*, with one exception, is regarded as the most popular historical novel in the Italian language.



FREE SCHOLARSHIPS are to be given to musicians who are willing to utilize their talent entertaining the sick in New York hospitals.

A CANDY IS MADE in China of sugar and rose petals.

AMERICAN FILMS WILL be barred from Italy if plans of a recent motion picture merger carry. Only films of Italian manufacture will be shown.

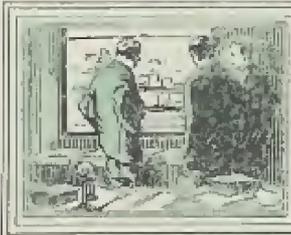
CELEBRATED ARTISTS of forty nations who have received their training in Paris and who wish to recognize their intellectual debt to France are planning a sale of their works, the proceeds to be turned over to the 'save-the-franc' fund.

DUST CLOUDS ASPHYXIATED scores of persons in a storm in Paraguay recently.

CAKES, BAKED BY London bakers with special messages in the icing, are frequently used to patch up lovers' quarrels. Tons of these cakes are sent each year to South Africa, Australia, Singapore, and other parts of the world.

FRANCE PROHIBITS the export of potatoes.

THE GROUND IN SIBERIA freezes to a depth of 100 feet.



NOTES · COMMENTS CRITICISMS

Subscription Price in the United States and its Dependencies is 10 Cents a Week, 50 Cents a Month and 5 Dollars a Year. Single Copies 1 Cent. Outside the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, \$1.50 a Year; 2. Outside the U. S. and our address, 3, Wabasha St., St. Paul, Minn.

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the benefits that will derive to the church from the five-day week.

From Stewart Gilman, Mayor of Sioux City, Iowa, comes a vigorous plaint concerning the article, 'The Bond Orgy of the States,' which was one of a series on taxation recently published.

I notice in your issue of October 9th, an article on Page 2, containing a statement that Sioux City, Iowa, has a population of 75,000 and an indebtedness of \$2,000,000.

This statement is correct, but why pick on Sioux City and give us unfavorable advertising when there are other places which are much smaller which have a larger debt and other places which are quite a bit larger, that have a debt that is enormously more per capita?

Sioux City's population is approximately 85,000 and its debt is approximately \$2,300,000, it having been decreased \$200,000 since 1924.

Des Moines, which has a population in the neighborhood of 130,000, has an indebtedness of \$10,766,000 and that has increased \$102,000 since 1924.

The indebtedness of Dubuque, which has a population of about half that of Sioux City, is \$2,457,000 and increased \$44,000.

The population of Waterloo is 40,000 with an indebtedness of \$2,108,000.

These figures that I am giving you are taken from a Report Municipal Accounts Iowa, issued by the Auditor of State for the year 1925.

I certainly object very much to the kind of advertising that appears in this article. The present administration has been reducing the indebtedness of this city, not increasing it and our indebtedness is very much below the average.

I do not know who this man Crowther is who wrote this article, but if he knows anything about his subject, he ought to pick out some other city beside a city which has one of the lowest per capita debts of any city of its size in the country, and the least that your magazine can do is to publish some sort of a statement which will correct this impression.

This administration has been reducing the indebtedness of the city and I certainly feel that such a statement as the one contained in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of October 9th, is absolutely unfair and uncalled for.

Stewart Gilman, Mayor.

Had Mayor Gilman consulted *Who's Who* he would have discovered that 'this man Crowther' (Samuel Crowther) is the author of numerous authoritative magazine articles and books.

A. M. SOMMERVILLE STORY, noted British war correspondent and writer, was formerly editor of the *Continental Daily Mail* and president of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris. He is the author of several books. (p. 3)

WILLIAM E. BARTON is probably the outstanding Lincoln biographer of the day, his *Life of Lincoln* being regarded as standard. His articles on Lincoln as a poet are the result of exhaustive research. (p. 4)

GWLAD MATTHEWS recently passed six months in Palestine, Syria and Egypt, studying conditions in those countries. (p. 6)

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH is the wife of Herbert Asquith, son of the Earl of Oxford and stepson of Margot Asquith. Her parents are the Earl and Countess of Wemyss. (p. 8)

J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS is the author of *Fran*, *Little Fiddler of the Ozarks*, *Agnes of the Bad Lands*, *The Picture on the Wall* and other fiction. His home is in Missouri. (p. 12)

WESTERN STARR is an attorney who has made a special study of current legislation. (p. 14)

THOMAS L. MASSON, former managing editor of *Life*, now associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, once wrote a play which lasted three days on Broadway. He therefore feels himself eminently qualified to discuss dramatic critics. (p. 16)

GEORGE F. PAUL is a Chicago writer. (p. 20)

Widely divergent views of the A. E. F. court-martial system are held by DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers. Here are two typical letters, one from a brigadier general who is president of the Reserve Officers' Association of the United States, the other from a former private:

I have read with interest the articles entitled, "Our Court Martial System," by James W. Beckman, which were published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of September 4, 11 and 18, 1926. I must say that I am not in sympathy with Mr. Beckman's unjust criticisms of the Army Court Martial system.

Many of my old associates of the A. E. F.; who are now in civil life, agree with me that these articles are of a vindictive nature, misleading, and do not give an accurate picture of the court martial system as was conducted in the A. E. F. and is now conducted in our Army.

Every one realizes the high standard of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and its fearless stand for truth and justice, and I do not believe you would permit the publication of these articles if you realized they misrepresented the facts and were erroneous. In order that the public may have all the facts regarding this important matter, I would like to suggest that you send a representative to interview the War Department with a view to correcting any erroneous statements or inferences which may have resulted from the publication of these articles.

Roy Hoffman,
—Brigadier General, Infantry Reserve.

Where did that ex-private of the American Expeditionary Forces serve who criticized your A. E. F. court martial pieces as bunk. Personally I doubt if there was a company of boys over there some of which could not point direct at work of similar nature—in varying degrees—to the un-American work you have pictured. I agree with him that your magazine used to be good, and add that it is improving continually. The worst criticism I have for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is that it should be a daily rather than a weekly.

—A Buckeye A. E. F. Ex-Buddy.

In next week's issue Carl Sandburg will discuss a letter written ninety years ago describing Abraham Lincoln as a country postmaster. The two-thirds rule of the Democratic Party will be analyzed by Aaron Hardy Ulm.

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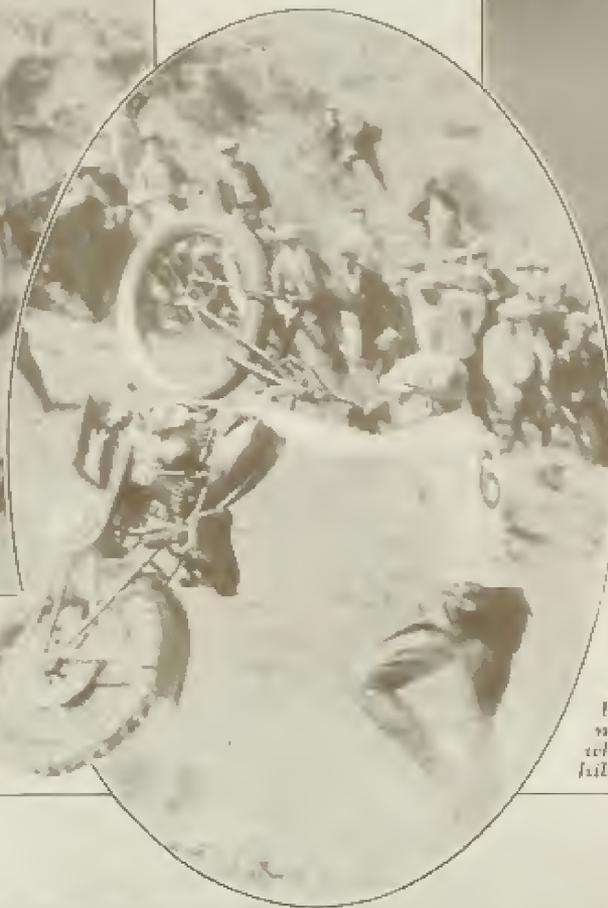
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When Time Hangs Heavy—

In the busy round of every-day affairs *we* find very little that's exciting, but here's what the *other fellow* is doing.



Genuine high-jumping. This climber on Mt. Rainier, Washington, knows many of the crevasses are bottomless, yet the true mountaineer's spirit in him won't let him shun the risk.
—International News.



Oval—Worse than a bucking broncho is this sputtering motorcycle. There are limits to which it cannot be driven. This fall proved the limit. —Wide World Photo.



Above—In the brief time this daring canoeist was in the air, over the Seine River, he swung the craft right side up and cleared his body of it. Then he climbed in. This feat is insignificant compared to his 'paddle cruise' from Canada to Rome.
—Helen Photo.



The thrill of admiration on the part of the crowd is as nothing compared to the thrill of achievement on the part of the intrepid aviator who risks his life and plane in this hazardous undertaking. —Wide World Photo.