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THE PUBLIC SPEAKER'S SCRAPBOOK

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BY

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New York WHITTLESEY HOUSE *London*

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Preface

"What to say and how to say it" is a trite phrase that still haunts the worried speaker. Textbooks and collections of speeches have their uses, but they still leave one somewhat blank before the onrushing event. Where is the idea, the story, the novel twist that will give a speech the semblance of originality or distinction?

The author has had the hardihood to attempt a book that will not only present concisely the principles and psychology of public speaking, but will also give ample material for that next speech. He has searched a great many speeches and books for the paragraphs, hints, cues, stories, and illustrations that will, he hopes, supply the substance, decoration, laughs, and eloquence for a variety of addresses. Even the experienced and resourceful speaker will find things here that he can use effectively.

A number of topics are classified in the chapters, but the index is much more detailed and will direct the reader to selections for practically every theme of interest to audiences.

It is hoped that as a reference book for talk and thought this collection of wisdom, wit, and intellectual stimuli may have a cultural and creative value in addition to its immediate availability for the public speaker.

BOSTON, MASS.,
June, 1935.

WILLIAM G. HOFFMAN.

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WILLIAM G. HOFFMAN.

BOSTON, MASS.,
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THE PUBLIC SPEAKER'S SCRAPBOOK

CHAPTER I

DEAD OR ALIVE?

What do you want for your speech? A good story, an illustration, a "wisecrack," a neat paragraph, a beginning that "makes them sit up," an ending that makes them wish they could hear you again? Well, I think you will find them all here. Some can be used just as they are; others may need a little adaptation. We are all pirates in words and ideas. Even the resourceful and brilliant Oscar Wilde, struck by a witty remark of Whistler's, exclaimed, "I wish I'd said that!" "Never mind, Oscar," came the quick reply, "you will."

These are the things no textbook can teach. We can all make up our little talks or lectures, but we crave to entertain and stimulate, as well as to inform. We fear that our plain statement of fact will be dull and barren. This uneasy quest for decoration, laughs, and thrills is the urge of a sound intuition. Audiences want something more than facts. Facts are dead unless they serve a want. Encyclopedias, dictionaries, and reference books are storehouses of facts that few people look at until they are after a fact that will serve an immediate want of profit or pleasure. Exposition, explanation, and teaching are often futile because the audience feels no use, no want, for them.

Exposition must become drama, must reach the motives and wants. Drama is always quick with life. It means movement, action, and the stirring and satisfying of fundamental desires. This is the only sure way to interest men and women. We are emotional bundles of eager demands, and reasoning interests us only as it serves these wants.

The speaker's job, then, is to dramatize his material. What do audiences want? What does everybody want? A better job, maybe, or more money, better health, more power and success. You want people to think well of you. You want to be a handsome, cultured person of some influence in your neighborhood. You want some fun, entertainment, excitement. The psychologist says you find things agreeable or disagreeable. A speaker gives you a pleasure or a pain. If he is good, he gives you pictures and images that please you. He gives you, most of all, sympathy, understanding, something that touches the lonely heart.

You are not so selfish as this catalogue of wants might imply. You have higher wants, too. You want to be generous, courageous, kind, patriotic—of some use to others. You want to respect yourself and will listen to anyone who can give you faith in yourself. "Look into thy heart and write," said Philip Sydney a long time ago. To know yourself is to know all men.

But if at the core human nature is everywhere the same, it is not enough to be yourself. That point of view will keep you direct, sincere, and bold, but may tempt you to overlook the fact that you are also

different from other men. Be other-minded as well, objective and subjective both. Your audience may not have the same interest or experience in your subject. They may not see it related to any of their serious wants. It may have no significance for them, and so may fail to draw out of them the proof of good talk—question, speculation, response. You see, it will not do just to tell them, to "unload" or "deliver" facts. A salesman does not deliver a lecture to his "prospect." He searches for the sparking, suggestive ideas, for something that starts action in the mind of his listener. He ties the article to a want.

The dramatic technique poses a question and keeps us in suspense. How will the thing turn out? Drama puts us in situations of conflict, challenge, unexpected release, humor. It tells a story of men and women. It takes us through adventure, variety, and escape. We take part in a zestful chase for the answer or the meaning.

So speaking must have some allure, some thrill. Nothing is more discouraging than to have a speaker dryly announce his topic, tell us under what heads he will treat it, and then proceed doggedly to explain everything the audience has foreseen in a flash. If he reads a manuscript, we see the pile slowly diminish, and we speculate in torture about the last sheet.

A good speech is a winding road through attractive country. Something beyond the curve must always beckon, something that keeps alive curiosity and suspense. Attention implies change, variety, the novel

agreeably combined with the familiar. Do not mistake winding for rambling. Winding avoids the overfamiliar straight line of monotony, but it is going to a desired destination. Every good speech makes a point.

Dull speakers make points clearly enough, but these are usually too obvious or unimportant. Philosophers of speech tell us there are four main purposes in talk: (1) to inform, (2) to impress, (3) to convince or persuade, (4) to entertain. All four may be present in the one talk, but speakers often fail to see which should dominate and suggest the vital point. A Fourth of July orator will be pretty tiresome if he intends to inform his listeners about the history of the nation. They may know as much about it as he does, and they do not want to hear about it anyway. They come to be thrilled, to get a sense of exaltation and exultation out of the fact that they are Americans. So the speaker will do better with the second purpose, to impress. He may point out the advantages and dangers in a great republic. He may arouse his audience from slumbering complacency by showing what intelligent, alert, patriotic citizenship really means. He may persuade them to take action on some public issue. He may entertain by a vigorous, concise, imaginative treatment of his subject. For to entertain implies more than wit or humor. It means essentially interest, escape, and release from the boredom of the commonplace.

Selection is another great principle of effective speaking and writing. You may have selected the

right point of view and the right purpose, but you have still to select the vital issues in your subject. When you select, you omit most of the explanation and argument that wearies the flesh and the spirit. Imagine that you are discussing your subject with a friend. You would not think of beginning with a long rigmarole about the history of the question. His squirming impatience would soon cut you short. Hear the cries of an anguished audience: "I know all that," "What's the difference?" "Come to the point."

Not long ago I listened to a stock argument against capital punishment. It was the same argument given by college debaters twenty-five or fifty years ago. Capital punishment does not deter, does not punish, is unchristian, brutalizes a community, and is being given up by progressive countries. But times change, and issues change in importance. These points still have their validity, but they will not of themselves carry conviction. Indeed, they had better be omitted altogether as too familiar, and just now a bit exasperating. Can't you hear the indignant hum from many in the audience? "That's the gush that fills our jails and makes the thugs and gangsters laugh at us. Why, a lot of the states have tried this sentimental rot and have had to go back to executions."

To begin at the beginning is often poor psychology. It may be better to begin at the end, that is, with the latest development or situation in a question. If you disapprove of capital punishment, you should foresee the attitude cited above and begin perhaps with our present jury conditions. Juries will not convict for

murder. Too many jurors have secret aversions to the death penalty, or they are intimidated, bribed, or wheedled into acquittals. Capital punishment deters juries more than it does criminals, and is therefore impractical. Life imprisonment is a more civilized and obtainable sentence, the more so because it allows opportunity for new evidence to correct ghastly error.

When you come to the presentation of your speech, remember that the idea of drama is just as helpful. A play is lively, pointed conversation. So is public speaking. Cultivate a friendly, direct, and personal manner. Audiences appreciate a little dignity and distinction, too, but are repelled by the formal atmosphere of one-way lecture or oratory.

There are no set rules for posture and gesture. Be easily erect and buoyant. A slouchy bearing suggests dubious and slouchy preparation. It disappoints the hope of pleasant adventure. Life in the eyes, head, shoulders, and trunk is eloquent. Look into the eyes of your audience and take in everybody, just as in conversation you take pains to neglect no one in the group. Use notes sparingly. They "let down" your drive, the attention sags, and the "spell" is broken. Memorize three or four words as the leading points of your talk. They will be cues enough. Don't of course memorize the speech. Have a plan and enough illustrations of your leading ideas. Then go over the material silently or aloud, as your temperament finds more congenial, until it falls easily into a pattern of words, in much the same way that a salesman, by many repetitions, "sets" his canvass without trying

to memorize it. Don't worry about a little stumbling or hesitation. They are more natural and less objectionable than a mechanical, too rapid, too rhythmic, and impersonal delivery.

As for voice, speak up. Look at the last rows. Aim at them and you will be heard by everybody. Lift up the voice in an easy, deliberate, semi-chanting tone. Don't shoot the words out and down like line drives from the batter, but send up easy looping flies for those in the outfield to gather.

Last of all, in preparation and presentation, be yourself. You will learn a great deal from models of speech composition, from observing how others begin and end, how they develop ideas and keep audiences interested. I hope you will be able to adapt a great deal in this book to your own needs. But there is always the note of authority in the successful speaker. He talks out of his own experience, out of well-considered reading, out of mulling things over for himself. He is not merely an echo or a book review. "Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string." Self-reliance is expressed in all true personality.

Will you take your fourteen points now? Well, at any rate, when you have to think about that speech:

1. Remember they want something.
2. Consider the purposes of speech—and the least of these is to inform.
3. Keep them guessing.
4. Explain less; narrate more.
5. Don't tell them; put it up to them.

6. Give them a situation, a problem, a conflict, or a challenge. Dramatize.
7. Have a plan.
8. Select and omit.
9. Find the live issue.
10. Be conversational, not exhibitional.
11. Look alive.
12. Speak up.
13. Be the other fellow.
14. Be yourself.

CHAPTER II

HOW TO BEGIN

A thoughtless beginning is almost fatal. Just when the listener is sitting up, perhaps mouth agape, when curiosity is high and dramatic, the speaker often disappointingly lets down the tension by an absent-minded, indifferent, or perfunctory start. Not that he should say something spectacular or theatrical or unnatural. But his opening remarks should reflect an awareness of audience psychology. The attention that awaits a speaker is rare, and it is simply tragic to lose it in a first clumsy moment.

One thing that will hold it is a concise, pleasant, not too conventional greeting. You are not a chapter of a book or an article in a magazine. You do somehow have to say "How do you do?" Good manners have a most insinuating eloquence. You cannot proceed effectively without the confidence and good will of the audience. A touch of intimacy is essential, and sincerity and easy dignity will easily avoid gush.

Another principle of approach is to suggest preparedness. The mock-modest apologetic manner and the sincere excuse for unreadiness are equally depressing. Don't spoil the show by implying that you are going to be rambling, superficial, or dull. Begin cheerfully and do the best you can. A sense of

inadequacy is felt by the best of speakers. It is a good thing, too, because it keeps away smugness and complacency. But don't needlessly discourage your audience. You may turn out to be pretty fair.

A third element in the good beginning is suspense. Don't tell your audience what you intend to do. Don't give them at once an outline or a summary of your ideas on the subject. Who wants to hear the rest of the story when he already knows the plot and the ending? Keep your listeners guessing and don't give the answers until you have played up some exciting questions. See how this principle is violated in the following introduction:

> Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Traffic Club: My address will be concerned primarily with the St. Lawrence Waterway project; but, inasmuch as the St. Lawrence is only one of a number of waterway enterprises designed as a part of a general program for the rehabilitation of our waterways and their coordination into one great system, I shall begin my address by devoting a few moments to the history of the revival of interest in water transportation and to the part that waterways have played in the development of this country.

The speech was really very interesting, but the threat to go into the history of so much water made it doubtful whether the address would be anything but a "wet blanket."

Most speakers have a tendency to neglect the beginning. When they have enough substantial material worked into shape, they have the satisfaction of having plenty to lean upon; if the speech is not to be read, they give no thought to the begin-

ning or the end. Teachers of public speaking often insist on a speech plan of three parts: introduction, body, and conclusion. They do not allow the student to forget to bait the hook (we do not really regard the audience as fish) and to give the line a good clinching pull at the end.

If we may continue this dubious figure of speech, let us examine the kind of bait that is effective—or rather the several kinds, for the good fisherman has a variety.

"The Economics of Industrial Advertising" sounds appallingly serious and heavy, rather indigestible coming so soon after one of the bountiful American Plan breakfasts they serve here in Atlantic City.

And in truth to cover all the processes and functions of industrial advertising embraced in such a broad subject, would furnish the filling for a 500-page, gilt-edged, leather-covered mausoleum, and if I should attempt such an *opus magnum* here, it would serve my widow right for tying up to such a foolhardy man.

So be not alarmed—my sympathies are all with the audience. Moreover, I have been an advertising manager myself in an industrial concern, have heard the big boss say, "Business is booming—we certainly have a fine lot of salesmen on the road." I have seen the sales manager called to account for a decrease in business, and heard him chant the famous alibi ballad—"There must be something the matter with our advertising."

JESSE H. NEAL.

Here is a man who is not awed by the grand subject assigned him for a convention address. He makes an intimate contact with his audience by a disarming lightness of touch and a saving sense of humor.

There is a story told about a professor who was discussing with his colleagues the manner in which the subject of love had been treated in a recent novel, when someone interrupted him with the question: "Professor, have you ever been in love?" The Professor stopped short, answered "No!" and withdrew from the gathering. Several months later he returned to a similar meeting with the announcement: "Gentlemen, let us begin the discussion all over again: I have remedied the defect!" I used to think that story clever, but its point has disappeared for me, now that, having been to Palestine, I stand before you, and you ask me: "Well, what have you to say?" It seems to me now that the Professor, after his adventure, if it was a true adventure, would have been much less prepared to discuss the subject than before: the deeper his emotions had been, the less able he would have been to give them form. And if the story goes to illustrate anything at all, it is the fact that the Professor had been conducting an academic experiment: he was still a professor—and not a lover.

MAURICE SAMUELS.

A humorous story that genuinely illuminates a serious point just made or about to follow is frequently a good beginning. Much depends upon the mood of the audience and the nature of the occasion. There are times when such an introduction might violate good taste or seem frivolous. The story has the advantage of holding the initial attention in suspense.

A recent editorial in a conservative metropolitan newspaper, after commenting on the crisis in American law and the palpable inadequacy of our legal machinery in our large cities to the tasks of administering justice and maintaining the general security in the urban industrial society of to-day, reminded the

legal profession that the legislatures are filled with lawyers (it might have been more accurate to say filled with members of the bar) and yet the net product of their activity is but to add to the density of what the editor was pleased to call the legal fog. The conclusion was that "the business men and workers" of the country would have to take hold, and, by some means not specified, give us an effective organization and administration of the public agencies of justice.

ROSCOE POUND.

Dean Pound begins with a striking illustration of the dissatisfaction intelligent persons and reputable newspapers feel toward his own profession. He states at once, and with a simple eloquence, a fundamental difficulty and problem for his fellow-lawyers. Here is a challenge and question to occupy the listeners for the rest of the speech.

I thank you for the privilege of appearing before you tonight. My chief purpose is to persuade you if I can that there is an agricultural problem demanding solution and that the problem is in no sense a class problem or a sectional problem, but is the problem of all the people and of all sections of the country. I appreciate the fact that there has been a disposition in the industrial and commercial centers to minimize the problem or altogether brush it aside. It is very hard when we see the proofs of prosperity all about us to realize that this state of things does not exist everywhere.

FRANK O. LOWDEN.

The former governor of Illinois begins simply and somewhat bluntly. But he presents a contrast and a conflict and an understanding attitude toward the apathy and misunderstanding that many audiences may have toward his subject.

(To the National Electric Light Association) For me, a humble consumer rather than a producer of light, to attempt to electrify or even merely to enlighten an audience of this extraordinary composition would seem to be not only a display of superlative audacity but an enterprise of presumptuous supererogation. In the absence of any apparent necessity for additional enlightenment, my effort, therefore, can be justified only by the fact of the constant need of keeping actively alive the universal sense of responsibility for the right uses of information already possessed. Men know much which they do not understand, and they understand much which they do not have the moral sense or power to utilize profitably to themselves and their fellow men. Just as there are vast sums of material capital in the world which are either not employed at all or employed unprofitably or hurtfully, so there are stupendous amounts of that more essential capital consisting of revealed facts and acquired information which are deplorably unused or misused. In other words, our progress in the mere acquirement of material and mental capacity appears to have been embarrassingly faster than our development of capacity for its wise utilization and constructive consumption. Outstanding, therefore, above all the general needs which are manifest today is that of an enlarged and quickened sense of individual responsibility—and it is as essential to our economic as to our moral welfare and progress. Only in the reflected light of these meditations and through the strength conferred by these convictions am I able to find an excuse for my peculiar evangelistic endeavors on this and similar occasions.

"And God said, let there be light; and there was light." Since the first and greatest Electrician thus recognized and provided for the prime essential of human progress in His newly-created Earth, the universal search has been for more light with which to illuminate the processes of civilization and banish darkness from the pathway of man's advancement against the eternal resistance of physical and spiritual obstacles. In our marches forward, we can proceed no further than the

candles of understanding throw their beams and no faster than we overcome with light, the shadows of the unknown. The object of all research, of every experiment and test, of thought itself, and of every conscious act is to discover light.

JOHN E. EDGERTON.

Mr. Edgerton sounds like the scholar in business. His verbal dexterity gives him distinction. He makes puns and figures of speech with the words *electric* and *light*, and projects an air of sardonic humor, intelligence, and wide reading.

Gentlemen: In your graver hours, you successful business men think of literature as an amusement with which women and children divert themselves while two-fisted executives are directing the world's work. In more indulgent moods, perhaps you concede that literature is the paper frill with which dainty persons take hold of the lamb chops at the banquet of life. The secretary of your dinner club explained to me the conception of the literary profession prevalent among your members. He has courteously invited me, if I have any criticism of the "rating" which you give the literary profession, to explain—frankly, as man to man, "what the devil is the use of literature anyway—such stuff as we are producing nowadays."

I will be as frank as possible. But I doubt whether I can tell you here what I have in mind. The place is too public. There are too many of you here—too many successful business men staring with blank incredulity at the strange apparition of an unsuccessful author in your midst. I am not, you see, a hardened public speaker. In fact, I do not much approve of public speaking as a profession. Almost by necessity, public speaking leads to charlatanism. The orator must speak in headlines and capital letters. He must simplify and dilute. He must roar out, with punching emphasis and without modulation, what ought, in the interest of truth, to be uttered

conversationally or in an undertone, with delicate shadings and qualifications. Jove, Jehovah, all the gods, are represented as having voices that could have filled Madison Square Garden without effort or the use of amplifiers; yet They never attempted to address the Jewish or the Greek people *en masse;* all the important "messages" were delivered to one or two auditors in lonely places in the mountains. No matter how hard a man tries, he can seldom speak truth to more than two or three persons at once.

STUART PRATT SHERMAN.

This must have been intensely interesting because of the novelty of its point of view, of its humorous and almost sneering frankness. Sherman cut out the palaver. What he said about public speaking and his audience no doubt made some of them blush.

In his oration in memory of the first Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian War, Pericles commended the fitness of the Athenian public funeral, but doubted the wisdom of any speech, declaring that where men's deeds have been great they should be honored in deed only, and that the reputation of many should never depend upon the judgment or want of it of one, and their virtue exalted or not, as he spoke, well or ill. I can, in some faint measure, comprehend what was passing in the mind of the great Athenian as I stand here today, in this chamber which has often resounded with his own lucid eloquence, to seek to make clear in brief speech the character and achievements of Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States.

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN.

Great names always intrigue us, especially if they can be brought near in a dramatic situation that resembles something in our own experience. Alderman

here made a tactful and impressive reference to the seriousness of his own problem.

The Committee which, on your behalf, did me the honor of asking me to speak before you, emphasized the wish that I give you something in the nature of a "message to young business men." I protested that such things are almost invariably trite and that, moreover, pretty nearly everything which can be said in that line has been said, and said much better than I can do it. I argued that, from the Ten Commandments down to the latest popular "uplift" writer in the press, a vast literature of "do's" and "don'ts" is at your disposal and that, were I able to give you the quintessence of wisdom, you would still go out and run your heads against stone walls and insist upon learning your lessons in your own way in the fascinating and adventurous school of experience, as many generations have done before yours and many will do after yours. My objections were overruled, amiably but firmly. Therefore, what is now coming, you have brought upon yourselves by proxy, and your grievance is not against me, but against your Committee.

OTTO H. KAHN.

Mr. Kahn wins the good will of the students by this amiable objection to the triteness of his subject and the futility of advice. He implies, too, something that these bored young men appreciate—that he knows they must have heard too many talks of this nature already. He gives them hope that the usual run of earnest commonplace will be omitted.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies, Fellow Practitioners, and Young Lawyers: I feel that I need no introduction to the lawyers of America. In this distinguished company I feel assured that I

do not speak in a stranger's voice—but in my own. For many years my name has been a household word—among the members of my own family. Whether the premonitory rumbles of coming greatness have preceded me here, I know not. In my own state I am not known solely as a lawyer. My fame is also titular: I am called "judge" by the obsequious office boy, and by the janitor—"where thrift may follow fawning." But my preeminence rests on no firmer foundation than authorship of a work upon an important legal subject. And in justice to myself and my state I must say that I owe my juristic rank, and such name and fame as I bear, to my "domestic relations."

It would be superfluous for me to say that this is the happiest moment of my life, because it is—not. After-dinner speaking is an effort to appear at ease and happy, though fearful and tumultuous. It is indeed an unusual accomplishment. It is the *pâté de foie gras* of oratory—a conditional rather than a normal mode of expression. The archetype of the art is the impromptu speech. It is often an unplumed squab for flight, and heavy with "the stuff that dreams are made of"—the art that's long when time is fleeting. It attains its perfection *ex post facto*, or retroactively; that is, after the banquet hall's deserted, and the speaker is homeward bound alone. How pregnant then and cheerful are the words of philosophy: Sweet are the uses of—retrospection.

Upon this occasion I urge no claims to offhand powers of eloquence. I cannot say, and it would be vain for me to assert, that this is an extemporaneous effort. The weight of internal evidence would crush the contention; and the faithful years of laborious preparation would shrink aghast at such wild asseveration, and put to shame my base ingratitude. On the contrary, behold in me the sophomoric apostle of the midnight oil—a sedentary sacrifice to a young life's masterpiece!

F. CHARLES HUME, JR.

If you can do this stuff, it is great, on the right occasion. Hume is out to entertain, and his facetious-

ness, fooling, and literary exhibitionism are amusing and in good taste.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society: While your poetic souls are attuned to the sweet music of the last speech, I must chide the Fates which compel me to so suddenly precipitate upon you a discussion of a practical nature, especially when at the very outset I must begin to talk about clams. For when we begin to consider wampum we have to begin to consider the familiar hard-shell clam of daily use, which was the basis of wampum. At this stage of the feast, after the confections contained in that eulogium passed upon you by the Governor of Massachusetts (Frederick T. Greenhalge), and after that private parlor-car, canvas-back-duck, cold champagne view of consolidation taken by the great trunk-line president (Chauncey M. Depew), can you endure anything savoring of the clam? Would you not prefer to go home and sleep upon what you already have? Yet every loyal son of Long Island ought to be partial to clams. The Mayor (Charles A. Schieren), who typifies what a German head can do in a contest with an Irish appetite, should love them because they reside within the city limits, and have ceased to vote in Gravesend. You, Mr. Chairman, as a lawyer, ought to tolerate the clam, for there are two sides to the case, and there's meat inside. Our friend the preacher (Rev. Samuel A. Eliot) knows that they are as good every day in the week as they are on Sunday. Dr. Johnson (Dr. J. G. Johnson) there favors them as part of his internal revenue system. The Mugwumps cannot object to them, because they change from side to side so easily. The Democrats ought to like anything that is always digging a hole for itself, and the Republicans cannot but be patient with what comes on top at the change of the tide. So, gentlemen, I present to you the clam. Professor Hooper (Franklin W. Hooper) tells me to call it the Venus Mercenaria, but we shall have to wait for our free public library before venturing so far.

JOSEPH C. HENDRIX.

A sample of humor when puns were more popular than they are now. The friendly pokes at various dignitaries seated at the head table are as enjoyable now as ever.

Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. President, and Gentlemen: I must confess to you that I came here with very serious thoughts this evening because I have been laboring under the conviction for a long time that the object of a university is to educate, and I have not seen the universities of this country achieving any remarkable or disturbing success in that direction. I have found everywhere the note which I must say I have heard sounded once or twice to-night—that apology for the intellectual side of the university. You hear it at all universities. Learning is on the defensive, is actually on the defensive, among college men, and they are being asked by way of indulgence to bring that also into the circle of their interests. Is it not time we stopped asking indulgence for learning and proclaimed its sovereignty? Is it not time we reminded the college men of this country that they have no right to any distinctive place in any community, unless they can show it by intellectual achievement? That if a university is a place for distinction at all it must be distinguished by the conquests of the mind? I for my part tell you plainly that that is my motto, that I have entered the field to fight for that thesis, and for that thesis only do I care to fight.

WOODROW WILSON.

As president of Princeton Woodrow Wilson was as eloquent on questions of education as he was later on politics. This talk to the Phi Beta Kappa chapter at Yale begins with a bold and stimulating challenge.

The American Democracy is mobilized to-day to wage a war of extermination against privilege and pillage. We prime our guns against bureaucracy and plutocracy. We march against

the centralization which threatens the liberties of the people. We fight for the Republic of the fathers, and for the recovery of the covenant from keeping of a caste and class. We battle for the honor of the Nation, besmirched and bedraggled by the most brazen and shameless carnival of corruption that ever blackened the reputation of a decent and self-respecting people.

We stand for the spirit of the preamble of the Declaration that is made a mockery; for the Bill of Rights that is ignored; for the social and economic justice which is refused; for the sovereign rights of States that are denied; and for a return to the old-fashioned civic integrity of a Jackson, a Tilden, a Cleveland and a Wilson. We stand for the restoration of the Government to the people who built it by their bravery and cemented it with their blood.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS.

We all like exciting words, and the less we are experienced with them the more they fascinate us. We like rhythm and swing, alliteration—"privilege and pillage," "bureaucracy and plutocracy," "besmirched and bedraggled," "carnival of corruption." We lick our chops at handsome phrases like "the people who built it by their bravery and cemented it with their blood." The speaker and the audience are both rather conscious of the fact that here is a fine chance to let go, to have a good time, to go on a spree with language. Mr. Bowers certainly thrilled and entertained in that speech.

Compare the following introduction with that of Mr. Bowers. The purpose is different. Mr. Dawes is proceeding cautiously to make Republicans out of doubtful voters and so he tries to surround his argument with an air of sympathetic detachment.

The campaign is nearing its close, the two party platforms, both of them too long and too argumentative perhaps to have been carefully read and considered by the majority of our voters, have been presented and discussed. We are hearing from the partisans of both sides the strong and inconsistent claims which are always incident to the close of a national contest. The confusion of appeals thickens.

If the average citizen in voting made up his mind as to his duty by mentally weighing the opposing arguments, he too might be confused in reaching his decision, but he does not do so. On the contrary, as the argument becomes more voluminous and acrimonious, his mind becomes clearer, for he is applying his common sense to the situation.

The average man will go to the polls on November 6 with some one great consideration in his mind which determines his vote—not a half dozen considerations. When asked, he will be able to state that consideration in a few words and those words will be his interpretation of the common sense of the situation. If one can now define what the common sense of the situation is as visualized by the average man, we will have the argument most acceptable to voters as a guide to decision. In addition he will be brief, for common sense demands brevity.

Common sense tells us that the real and overshadowing issue in this campaign urged by the instincts, and uppermost in the consciousness, of the average voter is the issue always dominant when tranquillity and prosperity exist in the country. That issue is the maintenance of prosperity.

Now the average voter realizes that the maintenance of prosperity depends upon the maintenance of general confidence.

CHARLES G. DAWES.

How effective that one word "prosperity" was! It was like the "full dinner pail" with which McKinley beat Bryan's "16-to-1." Wants win pretty regularly over reasons.

In presenting an argument it is often best to begin by defining your terms. People may only think they disagree with you, and a concise explanation at the outset may prevent a great deal of misunderstanding. Professor Seligman's patience and care, as shown in the next passage, removed considerable bias and prejudice.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: In beginning a debate of this magnitude it is pertinent to inquire what the words mean. What do we really understand by Capitalism and what by Socialism? Unless we are clear about that, we are wandering in a maze of uncertainty. Now, by Capitalism, I think we may understand that form of industrial organization where the means of production—and by that I mean primarily under modern technological conditions, the machine and the funds required to work the machine—are in the control of private individuals. The difficulty of defining Socialism is that while Capitalism is an institution, Socialism is only a theory, unless indeed we accept the sporadic examples that we find in the middle of the nineteenth century in this country, and unless we also accept the gigantic enterprise that is now being conducted by Soviet Russia. There are all manner of forms of Socialism and Socialistic theory. There is the anarchistic Socialism. There is the State Socialism. There is the sentimental and scientific Socialism. And finally there is the Guild Socialism. What is worse, the Socialists themselves are by no means in agreement. The scientific Socialist, the Marxist, scorns the sentimental Socialist. The Marxian Socialism is supposed to be interpreted by the Menshevik Socialist, but the Menshevik is put by the Bolshevik Socialist in the ranks of the bourgeois. So that you have your choice of the different brands of Socialism as a theory. But as an organization, as an industrial form, all these various forms and kinds of Socialism are permeated by one common idea. That is, that the control

of the methods of production, that the control of capital—for, of course, Socialists like everyone else concede the necessity of capital—that the control of capital shall be in the hands of the group and that there shall be no room for private rent, private interest or private profits.

E. R. A. SELIGMAN.

The best speakers have a practical personal touch. They seem to enjoy people and know how to meet them. They do not overlook an opportunity to make a pleasing reply to the chairman's introduction. They keep well in mind the occasion, the nature of the audience, prominent men and women whose presence should be observed, and historical associations that may be effectively used. They charm by a thoughtful adaptability.

Ramsay MacDonald knows how to collect these possibilities and project them into appealing beginnings. He can touch the heart, much as Wilson did, without gush or sentimentality. On his visit to America in 1929 he spoke at a dinner of the Council of Foreign Relations. He began as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency and Gentlemen: It was a very kindly thought of those responsible for the arrangement of these dinners to invite me to come and break bread with you at your table. You were certainly not unknown to me, because for some time now I have read a magazine for which you are responsible, both with pleasure and with profit. I refer to *Foreign Affairs*. And when I heard that the chairman, who is by my side at the present moment, Mr. Root, was to take the chair, the honor that you had done me by sending me your invitation was indeed crowned with a glorious pleasure.

Only for the first time have I met Mr. Root in the flesh. It is a very, very long time ago since I learned to respect him as one of the conspicuous workers in the cause of international peace.

And tonight, when I meet him again sitting so bravely under his heavy load of years what comes to my mind is Simeon waiting on the steps of the temple for the Messiah's appearance. My hope and my prayer, sir, is that you may feel in these days, when the cause of peace has been so substantially advanced, some of those feelings that must have animated Simeon on that great occasion. I am speaking to you and I see you, but outside from one end of America to the other, and also I am told across the Atlantic itself, I am addressing an unseen audience who hear a voice but see no man.

I have a feeling, sir, that that audience has already been addressed from the columns of innumerable newspapers that have recorded the heartening transactions of the last week. They have followed the course of the negotiations day by day. And every time that your President and myself have been able to renew the hope to give them greater satisfaction as people watching for peace, they have cheered and have upheld us in our efforts.

The beginning of a speech should not be planned too precisely. Your best opening may be a reference to something the chairman may say about you. It is often necessary to make some response to his introduction. Otherwise you may seem negligent, complacent, thoughtless, or just too inexpert to alter your beginning.

Ordinarily it is not necessary to thank a chairman for his compliments. If he is too profuse, a little disarming deprecation of a genial sort is in order. Many distinguished persons have to attend dinners in their honor and listen to extravagant or otherwise

embarrassing eulogies of themselves. Sometimes they cannot avoid referring to these when they rise to speak. Much can be learned from the way they handle these situations.

The following passages disclose varying degrees of modesty, sincerity, poise, humor, and sentiment.

However hardened a public speaker may be, and in however many places he may have spoken, he cannot rise for the first time in Birmingham Town Hall before a Birmingham audience without feeling a thrill of emotion. For a generation this great hall was associated throughout England with the names of two of our greatest orators—John Bright and Joseph Chamberlain.

Though we who are called, so far as we are able, to fill their places in the struggle of to-day, may fall far short of them in eloquence, we can at least be stimulated by their example, so that we do not fall short of them in sincerity of purpose and in truth, and in an honest endeavor to improve the condition of our people.

STANLEY BALDWIN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Missouri Bar Association: I find it extremely difficult to make appropriate acknowledgment of the very great compliment that has been paid me here this afternoon in the remarks of your President and Mr. Hocker. When I received the invitation from your President to come to address you, in the exuberance of the moment, little contemplating what I was letting myself in for, I immediately wired my acceptance. When the day was approaching for the event, I began to feel the fear that is now embarrassing me. I have not come here to deliver a speech. This will be a rambling talk on subjects with which you are at least as familiar as I am. Several of the newspaper men who are here asked me to furnish them with a manuscript of my address. I told them, as I tell you, there is none. I have never taken myself sufficiently seriously to write a speech on any subject.

I have always considered it dangerous from more points of view than one. If you write a speech and read it, experience tells that the last pages are generally read to the writer; if you write a speech and commit it to memory, there is always the possibility of forgetting it in the midst of delivery. Then the speaker is lost.

MAX D. STEUER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Lotos Club: The cordial invitation which I received for this occasion was made doubly cordial in that I was informed I would not have occasion to make a speech. (Laughter.) Therefore, I have come with a clear conscience, notwithstanding the fact that I am afraid I shall be unable to rise to the occasion as measured by your distinguished President; but I am deeply grateful for the warm welcome which you have given me and for the generous words of your eloquent and distinguished President. It is especially pleasant and gratifying to hear them in the present congenial surroundings. Notwithstanding a keen sense of inadequacy and undeserving, it is especially gratifying to me, and it is delightful to come here, and for one evening at least to lose one's self in a place of such brilliant good-fellowship and gracious hospitality.

ANDREW W. MELLON.

I am sure you all sympathize with me in the feelings which naturally almost overpower me on such an occasion. Many testimonials you have already given me of your affection and of your regard, but this far exceeds them all, and I am deeply touched that so many of you have come long distances, and at great inconvenience, to bid me God-speed in the new venture I am about to undertake. Pardon me, if I speak of myself, in spite of Montaigne's warning that one seldom speaks of one's self without some detriment to the person spoken of. Happiness comes to many of us and in many ways, but I can truly say that to few men has happiness come in

so many forms as it has come to me. Why I know not, but this I do know, that I have not deserved more than others, and yet a very rich abundance of it has been vouchsafed to me. I have been singularly happy in my friends, and for that I say "God be praised." I have had exceptional happiness in the profession of my choice, and I owe all of this to you. I have sought success in life, and if, as some one has said, this consists in getting what you want and being satisfied with it, I have found what I sought in the estimation, in the fellowship and friendship, of the members of my profession.

SIR WILLIAM OSLER.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Association: It is a pity after such a fine speech as your chairman has delivered about me that this is not a Trade Association where there might be an opportunity to pick up a few clients. However, no business is to be secured by a lawyer talking to a group of carnivorous competitors. (Laughter.)

EMORY R. BUCKNER.

Mr. President, and Members of the New York State Bar Association: I assure you that your President has put me perfectly at ease by what he said. (Laughter.) It is a fine thing to know that you are inured by fifty-one years of experience to the sort of thing that you are about to have inflicted upon you. (Laughter.) It is also a very gratifying thing to know that you have chosen to speak to you tonight a lawyer who is distinguished as a farmer. (Laughter.) Now, when I heard those things said, I felt that you ought to be absolutely at ease. (Laughter.)

OWEN J. ROBERTS.

Now, I suppose the proper caper for me, in view of this sudden and unexpected happening, is to give an imitation of the look of a startled fawn, but speaking very freely as between man and woman—I mean man and man—I will confess to you that I really don't know how a startled fawn looks. . . .

"However," as the English orator—except those who are with us tonight—is wont to say when he doesn't know what to say next, and needs time to spar for his succeeding thought, and to catch his second wind—"However," please consider me as feeling and looking like the greatest surprise party that ever was invented, or any old thing in the line of surprises, and also the very grateful, if a bit fussed, recipient of your undeserved bounty. My common or garden variety of language is altogether inadequate and insufficient to enable me to express the fifty-seven varieties of feeling that are chasing up and down and all around my subway system as I arise, at the unexpected call of the Chairman, realizing as I arise my utter inability to arise to the occasion.

"However"—and this time also, "Be that as it may," if I am forced as a last resort, to indulge in the stereotyped "I thank you," "I thank you," please believe, that plain and commonplace though these words may be, they come straight from my heart of hearts and cover a multitude of emotions that I am altogether unable to voice in polite language.

GEORGE T. WILSON.

Mr. Chairman, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen: Of late years the public have been trying to tackle me in every way they possibly can, and failing to make anything of it they have turned to treating me as a great man. This is a dreadful fate to overtake anybody. There has been a distinct attempt to do it again now, and for that reason I absolutely decline to say anything about the celebration of my seventieth birthday. But when the Labour Party, my old friends of the Labour Party, invited me here I knew that I should be all right. We have discovered the secret that there are no great men, and we have discovered the secret that there are no great nations or great States.

We leave that kind of thing to the nineteenth century, where they properly belong. Here you all know that I am an extraordinarily clever fellow at my job. But I have not got the "great-man feeling." You have not got it either. My

predecessor in my professional business, Shakespeare, lived in a middle-class set, but there was one person in that set who was not a middle-class man. He was a bricklayer, and when, after Shakespeare's death, the middle class generally started to celebrate Shakespeare by issuing a folio edition of his works (I haven't come to that yet but I have no doubt some one will do it), all the middle class generally wrote magnificent songs about the greatness of Shakespeare. Curiously enough, the only tribute ever quoted or remembered to-day is the tribute of the bricklayer, who said: "I liked the man as well as anybody did this side of idolatry."

Now that is the feeling which I hope is prevalent. I am beginning to be bothered very much by idolatry, on the one hand, and superfoolishness, on the other. One wants to keep away from that. One wants to continue in the path of the bricklayer. Always keep on this side of idolatry and try to get rid of the great men; then perhaps we shall get rid of the great nations, and then we shall be happy.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. President, Friends and Fellows of the Union League Club: It is very hard for me to speak after what has been said. If I were to try to describe my own life I should say that I have done what came to my hand to do, as well as I could.

I would not be thought to take all the wonderful and gracious things that have been said about me too seriously. They affect me deeply. This gathering of my old friends in the Club affects me deeply. Everything said has been most grateful to me, because it is the assurance of friendship. That is the great thing. That is the solace of age, friends and the memories of friends, and those memories gather about me here. I was a boy when I came into the Club, 23 years of age. For the ten years between 1868 and 1878, when I was married, this was my home. Before me now rise the faces of a great multitude of the finest and noblest youths possible to conceive. They have all passed, but the Club goes on.

ELIHU ROOT.

That rather detailed review of my career in Kansas brings to my mind the experience of a Washington correspondent of a New York newspaper who, not long ago, had been requested by telegraph to procure a story on a rather sensational happening at Washington. The telegram from the managing editor in New York City to the correspondent said: "Send all the details. Never mind the facts." But Fred was indeed gracious in his introduction, and I appreciate it, and I appreciate the cordiality of your reception.

I shall now make a confession, which is that a little applause goes far with a United States Senator. It is not often now that he can get a cordial welcome—at least there are times when he doesn't receive a cordial welcome—so applause is rather sweet to the ears of a United States Senator.

I think that I come from probably the most abused legislative body in the world; that is to say, we are hammered, harpooned, razzed, and criticized a little more, I believe, than any other legislative group I know anything about, and I shall admit, too, that probably a good deal of it is deserved. If I had time, however—if I had something like half an hour to spare—I would undertake to put up an alibi for the Senate.

Will Rogers came to our city of Washington, and he expressed himself, on that occasion—a big dinner at one of the leading hotels—very frankly and somewhat brutally, some of us thought, on his impressions of Washington. When he spoke of the United States Senate, he said: "About all I can say for the United States Senate up on the hill is that it opens with prayer and closes with an investigation."

Even General Dawes—who is very highly regarded by most of us who had seats in the Senate at the time of his service as Vice-president—got out of patience with us. After he had presided over that group for something like four years I once heard him refer to the Senate, in a public assembly, as the "cave of the winds." The President gets peeved with us occasionally, too. I happened to be in the White House last winter, and it was just by chance that on that day there had been

born to the Hoover "junior" family, a son, and of course the President was pleased with that event. It also happened to be the day that the Senate turned down an important appointment—had refused to make a confirmation—and the President was rather out of patience about that, and remarked; "Well, here is one fellow who will not have to be confirmed by the United States Senate."

ARTHUR CAPPER.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the National Foreign Trade Council, Ladies and Gentlemen: I hope you will find, those of you who are visiting our city, that there is one element in our municipal life in which there is no depression, and that is hospitality. Judging by the program and by the gentlemen on the platform, representatives of some of our very outstanding organizations which mean so much to us, there will be much food for thought and many pleasant amenities provided for you—and if they are quite up to what we know from past experiences they should be, I think I shall claim them as one of the advantages of this administration.

I am here to bid you a very genuine and a very sincere welcome into our city. We are mindful in this great community of the necessity of such conferences and deliberations as you are about to indulge in. After all, the City of New York, with its attractions recognized throughout the world, could not have been what it is if it were not for the commercial, the financial and industrial activity that is carried on within it and that is representative of the city. We are intensely interested in what you are thinking about and we shall watch impatiently for the conclusions which may be the outgrowth of this meeting.

JAMES J. WALKER.

My Friends of the Unseen Audience: Under these peculiar circumstances which find me abroad in London and you, my unseen audience, at home in the United States, it would be a far greater pleasure to me if modern science could collect

the voice of the American people and bring it over here to me for my inspiration and guidance rather than take my own voice and distribute it among you. Nevertheless, while I can neither see you nor hear you, I can get comfort from talking to you.

HENRY L. STIMSON.

I begin, men of Athens, by praying to every god and goddess that the same good-will which I have ever cherished toward the commonwealth and all of you, may be requited to me on the present trial. I pray likewise—and this specially concerns yourselves, your religion, and your honor—that the gods may put it in your minds not to take counsel of my opponent touching the manner in which I am to be heard,—that would indeed by cruel!—but of the laws and of your oath, wherein (besides the other obligations) it is prescribed that you shall hear both sides alike. This means not only that you must pass no precondemnation, not only that you must extend your good-will equally to both, but also that you must allow the parties to adopt such order and course of defense as they severally choose and prefer.

Many advantages hath Aeschines over me on this trial; and two especially, men of Athens. First, my risk in the contest is not the same. It is assuredly not the same for me to forfeit your regard, as for my adversary not to succeed in his indictment. To me—but I will say nothing untoward at the outset of my address. The prosecution, however, is play to him. My second disadvantage is the natural disposition of mankind to take pleasure in hearing invective and accusation, and to be annoyed by those who praise themselves. To Aeschines is assigned the part which gives pleasure; that which (I may fairly say) is offensive to all is left for me. And if, to escape from this, I make no mention of what I have done, I shall appear to be without defense against his charges, without proof of my claims to honor; whereas, if I proceed to give an account of my conduct and measures, I shall be forced to speak frequently of myself. I will endeavor, then, to do so

with all becoming modesty; what I am driven to by the necessity of the case will be fairly chargeable to my opponent who has instituted such a prosecution.

DEMOSTHENES.

I am not unappreciative of the hardships experienced by exporters. Certainly, we in the Department of Commerce who are down at the "receiving end" of 15,000 problems hurled at us every day, know, after all, the actual degree of hardship in this country—though a certain proportion of the woes appear to be the figment of a tortured imagination. There is undoubtedly in the export field not a little cause for grief and genuinely grave concern.

But just about the time that all of us were getting ready to have a good cry over the general uselessness of export, along comes a dapper young gentleman, a prince of the British royal house, who has traveled far and wide, with admirable facilities for observation, and in the great stronghold of export, he tells four thousand of our competitors on the other side of the Atlantic that if they want to succeed they have to go out and do the job the way the Americans are doing it. Now, of course, that is taking all the joy out of your grief.

JULIUS KLEIN.

It may be that your ovation arises from the fact that I am going abroad shortly to remain a long time. (Laughter.) The subject assigned to me is "The Hoosier Abroad." Therefore I shall speak now regarding the Indiana Society of New York City. (Laughter and Applause.) Horace Greely said, "Young man, go west." Horace believed that the west would be easy for any man brought up in the east. A great many eastern men acted on his advice and came out to the middle west. The residents of the middle west looked them over and said, "If that is what they have back east, it should be comparatively soft for us," so they all started back east with the result that to-day the most distinguished pugilists, journalists,

and muckrakers in New York City are natives of Indiana or one of its dependent states. (Applause and laughter.)

GEORGE ADE.

History informs us that Leonardo da Vinci, the painter of one of the world's masterpieces, "The Last Supper," possessed one of the greatest minds of all time. He was not only a painter and sculptor of the first water, but also a noted architect and engineer. Da Vinci seldom depended on the methods of others, but introduced new features and principles in solving the problems of the day. He created many new engineering works and machines, and introduced the diving bell, the army tank, the breech loading cannon and foresaw the possibilities of modern transportation with the airplane. Over four centuries ago, he actually experimented with an airplane equipped with propellor and spring engine. We cannot all be da Vincies, but every one can take a leaf out of this great Master's book and not depend on beaten paths to keep abreast of this age of engineering marvels. Many transportation companies realize this and are discarding ancient and set ideas.

MARTIN SCHREIBER.

Chairman Bengough, Your Honor the Mayor of Vancouver, representatives of the Provincial Government and Municipalities, representatives of the organized labor movement of the city and of the province: I express to you all, on behalf of the officers and delegates in attendance at this convention, our deep appreciation for the very cordial welcome you have extended us this morning. We are looking forward in happy anticipation of a delightful visit with you. We know we shall go from here, when our labors are ended and our work completed, carrying with us most fond memories of a delightful stay. And we want you, our fellow workers in the Dominion of Canada, the representatives of all classes of people, to accept our visit here as more than a friendly gesture. We want you to accept and interpret our visit to Canada and to the

city of Vancouver as evidence of a sincere desire to promote and strengthen the bonds of friendship which exist between the people of the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

WILLIAM GREEN.

Mr. Bracken very courteously failed to mention that I am not the regular speaker of this afternoon. I am only a substitute. The regular speaker, I am told, was suddenly and without warning hit with a large order in which there was a profit. The doctor said his condition was very grave, but that he would be out in a few days.

I should say in advance that by special permission of the National Foreign Trade Council and the Export Managers Club of New York, instead of speaking on the subject of, "Where Shall We Export, and How?" that the text of my sermon today will be, "Shall We Export?—And How!"

PAUL R. MAHONY.

President Green and Delegates to the Convention: I deeply appreciate this opportunity to address this convention. It has been ten years now since I addressed an American Federation of Labor Convention. That was in Denver in 1921, and I must have delivered an unusually bad speech, because the consequences were most deplorable. I went home, had pneumonia, and almost died. I never did learn exactly what happened to the delegates. I hope the consequences will not be so serious this morning.

EDWARD KEATING.

In ancient times men built their temples so that worshipers at the altars should face the rising sun. The location of a structure, thus to face the light, eventually came to be defined by the verb "to orient." Thence the noun "orientation" was developed as significant of articulation with and adjustment to one's environment. This word has been largely adopted by formal education as expressive of certain clarifying processes which are deemed essential to making its work effective.

ERNEST M. HOPKINS.

I am more than touched, if you will permit me to begin rather seriously, by the way you have greeted me tonight. When I was in Washington, there was a story in reference to a certain President, who was not popular with some of his own people in a particular Western state. One of its Senators went to the White House and said he wanted a friend of his appointed postmaster of Topeka. The President's Private Secretary said: "I am very sorry, indeed, sir, but the President wants to appoint a personal friend." Thereupon the Senator said: "Well, for God's sake, if he has one friend in Kansas, let him appoint him!"

There have been periods during which the dissembled eulogies of the able press and my relations with about every politician of every party and every faction have made me feel I would like to know whether I have one friend in New York, and here I feel I have many.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Again it is a great pleasure to welcome you to this meeting, to see the interest you evidence in everything connected with our great Institute, to see the happy contented smile of so many of you who have made good reports, even though there may be the smile of uncertainty upon the faces of a few who thought last week they were very rich and who are not quite so rich this week. (Laughter.) Above all, to note your apparent lack of interest in the stock market. I remember once being on a trip with a very eminent gentleman, who always took the trouble to tell us that he had no interest in the price of securities when the rest of us knew he had; and so we had fake telegrams sent, and we would get down in the morning and read them as if they were stock quotations; and, looking over his great shaggy brows, endeavoring to find out what these telegrams were about, being certain they had reference to the stock market, he could not stand it any longer, and said, "Not that I give a damn, but what is Amalgamated Copper doing this morning?" (Laughter.)

CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

If I did not feel so thoroughly convinced that the subject of hospital libraries should be brought before this association, I would hesitate to take part in this program. I cannot help remembering the boy whose father said to an influential citizen, "I want you to find a government position for my boy." "Is he intelligent and a hard worker?" he was asked. "No, if he were, I would use him on my farm," was the answer. Being a government librarian—and a hospital librarian at that—well, that's a combination hard to live down! Fortunately, however, flanked with a goodly number of my kind at this conference, and believing so thoroughly in my subject, I venture to negotiate the handicap.

ELIZABETH POMEROY.

CHAPTER III

FINDING AND DEVELOPING IDEAS

A few vague notions are all most of us have when we begin to get ready for a speech, and these are usually so tangled or so slight that they look pretty flimsy for a talk of more than two minutes. A playwright or a novelist has much the same feeling when he sits down to consider a simple idea and proceeds to give it meaning and significance over a course of many pages. The point of "Babbitt" or of "Holiday" can be told in a sentence. In fact, the ideas were familiar enough before these works were written, but as developed by Sinclair Lewis and Philip Barry they took on a stimulating and fruitful quality that was new and sustained.

Most of us, indeed, cannot hope to tell anything new. The value of our talk must be found in the fresher point of view, in the illustrations, in the interesting pictures of our experience or that of others. All discourse is a combination of narration, description, explanation, and argument. You may give the history of a case, say what a thing looks like, explain the nature and relationships of a problem, recommend a course of action, and give reasons to make it convincing.

Before you set yourself to the business of discovering usable material, it is best to consider your problem

in the light of a specific point. Your general subject, advertising, let us say, is too broad and meaningless. You drift about aimlessly and without design. The result may be only a rambling, pointless collection of odds and ends, interesting perhaps, but not unified into a single driving and animating point. The scientist does not simply experiment. His research is a search for something definite. He is not just "fooling around" with his material and equipment. He is looking for a cheaper but satisfactory substitute, or an engine that will run as efficiently with less fuel, and he makes some intelligent guesses to give direction to his work. "Advertising" will become alive with direction when it is reduced in scope to "Waste in Advertising," "Making Direct Mail More Effective," "Using National Mediums to Reach Industrial Markets," "Finding and Analyzing the Market," or some other goal that suggests a line of action.

The major steps in the explanation or reasoning will occur to you almost at once. Your work will consist in finding illustrations, comparisons and contrasts, causes and effects. You will consider common objections, strike at indifference, and make your discussion practical and provocative. The phrase "for instance," though not spoken frequently, should be insistently active in your conscious and subconscious mind. How? What? Where? Why? When? Who? are the probes that bring to light the details that give your generalities their only real significance.

This persistent attack will soon give you more detail than you can use. You have conquered flimsi-

ness, but still face the danger of congestion and of irrelevant and uninteresting accumulation. Cut the stuff to fit your purpose. Take for granted that the audience knows something about the subject, and that there are some things it does not want to be bothered with. There is an old saying among writers: "Leave more in the inkwell than you take out." Conciseness does not necessarily mean brevity. It allows ample talk for clearness and emphasis, but avoids the dull repetition of ideas that have been sufficiently stressed.

Make a simple plan of procedure. Three or four main heads ought to be enough. After your introductory greeting begin with something vital. You have attention, something precious and hard to hold, and it is a crime to lose it through a slow and perfunctory recital of unimportant preliminary matter. Take your cue from conversation or conference. You need not be blunt or unattractive, but be direct.

Success in speech-making so often depends upon the right point of view. Audiences get tired of the same old facts and the same old arguments. Perhaps they cannot be avoided. Facts are said to be stubborn things. But their significance should encourage a variety of interpretation. We must use them, but how? The obvious answers are often wrong. Then again, a "fact" sometimes is not a fact at all. Surface implications may be quite different from the true but hidden relationships. "Figures don't lie" may be only a figure of speech. It is easy to talk in terms of what one wishes to believe. We are often

propagandists without knowing it. It is these constant reiterations by the two parties of a dispute or issue that make the honest and thoughtful observer exclaim, "A plague o' both your houses!" The most profitable speakers look for adjustment and conciliation. They know there is some truth in a divergent or contrary view widely held. There always is. The problem is to separate that truth from entangling and confusing error and to incorporate it in a policy that will convert opposition into support. Honesty, patience, and thoughtful and imaginative consideration of a subject are so scarce that the combination, in practice, is usually called originality.

Three speeches on railroads follow. Each has a different point of view. The first is given by a speaker who admits he is a propagandist trying to persuade an audience that disagrees with him. He begins with a disarming introduction, mentions points of common agreement, and then goes firmly to the business of showing oversights and errors in the logic of those who think rivers and canals can give genuinely cheaper transportation than the railroads. He manages to give an air of restraint and truth-seeking in a situation where he might have blundered into a slough of suspicion, resentment and active ill will.

Senator Brookhart, on the other hand, voices the audience's belief in the efficiency of water transportation. He is among friends and does not need to be cautious. He is certainly a bit careless of grammar. But his speech is spontaneous, vigorous, and inter-

esting. His chief point is that figures furnished by railroads are a snare, more deceiving than revealing.

Mr. Dunn's speech is more closely knit because it was completely planned before delivery. Senator Brookhart's is chiefly a rebuttal of the arguments just presented by Mr. Dunn. Its arrangement is consequently looser. This does not, however, imply a lack of preparation. The senator had no doubt given the substance of the talk many times.

Both these speakers are good, but they have the air of special pleading that warns us to suspend judgment. The third speech, given by J. R. Turney, a railroad executive, is concerned with the competition of the truck with the railroad. Its rare virtues are: honest confession of insufficiency; scorn of the plea, "Tax busses and trucks so that their rates will be as high as ours"; and a courageous and practical attempt to show how the railroads can substantially improve their service and lower their rates. It is a gospel of study, hope, and self-reliant action delivered with good-humored poise and grace of expression.

Mr. Turney has followed the principles of thinking as set down by John Dewey in "How We Think." This passage might well be committed to memory:

> Upon examination, each instance (of thinking) reveals, more or less clearly, five logically distinct steps: (1) a felt difficulty; (2) its location and definition; (3) suggestion of possible solution; (4) development by reasoning of the bearings of the suggestion; (5) further observation and experiment leading to its acceptance or rejection; that is, the conclusion of belief or disbelief.

Outlines precede the complete text of these interesting speeches. They will show you at a glance the importance of plan, method, and a vigilant awareness of the nature of your audience.

THE TRANSPORTATION SITUATION

AN ADDRESS BY SAMUEL O. DUNN, EDITOR, *Railway Age*, BEFORE THE NATIONAL RIVERS AND HARBORS CONGRESS, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 10, 1930.

Introduction.

1. Tempted to speak here because of pleasant reception years ago. Believe in development of harbors, but not of rivers and canals.

Body.

1. Railroads drifting toward disaster.
   a. Smallest return in 35 years (with exception of 1921).
   b. Railway executives and railway labor organizations urge change in government policies.
   c. I. C. C. corroborates dubious prospect for railroads.
   d. Revival of general business will not solve railroad problem.
2. Unfair rate regulation of Interstate Commerce Commission.
3. Competition of Government-aided means of transportation.
   a. Motor busses.
   b. Panama Canal.
   c. Great Lakes, inland waterways.
4. How to arrest this drift toward disaster.
   a. Competing means of transportation should be treated as the railroads are.
   b. Government should stop subsidizing inland waterways.

(1) Total cost of carrying freight on railroads cheaper than that on inland waterways.
   (*a*) New York State Barge Canal.
   (*b*) Ohio River System.
   (*c*) Mississippi River System.

Conclusion.

1. American people taxed heavily and unnecessarily to support transportation competing with railroads.
2. Study the entire transportation system.

Mr. President, gentlemen of the Rivers and Harbors Congress: I am probably the most hardened of railroad propagandists to which you have heard allusions made this morning. I confess that I hesitated about accepting the invitation to come here because of known differences of opinion, but I recalled that about 12 years ago I accepted an invitation to address this body upon the subject of Government ownership of railways and that, whether the address did any good or not, I was listened to with the utmost courtesy, and I appreciate greatly the honor of being invited to "play a return engagement."

You represent the advocates of all forms of waterway development. Transportation on the ocean and the Great Lakes is much cheaper than by rail, and I agree with those who believe that our harbors should be developed to make these deep waterways as useful as possible. I entirely disagree with those who believe that a vast expenditure of public money for the development of an extensive system of rivers and canals is desirable. I hope before I finish briefly to discuss that question; but first, I wish to say something about a transportation problem that far transcends in importance the question of waterways. Our most important means of transportation, the railways, are drifting straight toward disaster. If you do not believe it, investigate the facts yourselves. Three former members of the Interstate Commerce Commission recently have said that the situation of the railroad industry, con-

sidering both present and prospective conditions, is the worst in history. I agree with that statement.

I have never heard or read a recent discussion by any prominent advocate of inland waterways, from President Hoover and Secretary of War Hurley down, who has not conceded and emphasized that the railways must, for a long time, be the "backbone of our transportation system." Most or all of you are more dependent upon the railways for transportation service than you are, or for years will be, upon all other means of transportation.

It is often said that we must consider all our means of transportation as a single system, develop and maintain the strength of all of them, and coordinate them in order to get the best results. It is obvious that, in any such program, the effects upon the railways of the public policies adopted must be considered.

The percentage of return earned upon their investment by the railways this year will be, excepting in 1921 and the years when the war-time guaranties were in effect, the smallest for 35 years. This will be in spite of the fact that such drastic retrenchments have been made that the number of their employees in September was 262,000 less than in September, 1929, and thus far this year has averaged less than in any year since 1909. What is of even more importance is that, in view of experience during the last decade, the railways can not look forward with confidence to any such large increase in their traffic, when business revives, as enabled them to recover their earning power after past depressions.

Both the Association of Railway Executives and the principal railway labor organizations, including especially the five great train-service brotherhoods, recently have adopted resolutions urging changes in the Government policies now being applied to the railways, under which competing means of transportation are subsidized without being subjected to the same kind of regulation that the railways are, and, as a result of which, large amounts of traffic are being diverted

from the railways and many thousands of railway employees in all parts of the country are being thrown out of work.

Since the middle of this year the railways, as a whole, have spent less upon the maintenance of their properties than in any year since 1917. Although they have made such drastic retrenchments, they have earned at the annual rate of only 3.5 per cent upon their property investment.

None of you will believe that the Interstate Commerce Commission would exaggerate the gravity of a situation which has been created largely by its own policy. Allow me, therefore, to read you some extracts from the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1930, which has just been made public. The commission recites that, in the first eight months of this year, the net operating income of the railways available for interest and dividends declined $273,000,000, or nearly 33 per cent. Then it proceeds:

"If railway finances were suffering only from the fact that a recession in business is being experienced as in other industries of this country and of the world, it might be sufficient to point out that, in judging of railway income, one should in fairness consider the good and bad years together. But a different and more threatening financial difficulty confronts the railways. This is the effect of the competition of other forms of transportation."

Having called attention to the fact that railway passenger earnings in 1929 were $414,000,000 less than in 1920, the commission continues:

"The prospect of a continued expansion in freight business to offset the further loss in passenger business is darkened by the competition of water lines, pipe lines, and trucks, and by changes that may check the growth in demand for ton-mileage, such as economy in the use of coal, changes in the location of industry, and the relatively slower growth of transportation."

The present condition of the railways is, of course, largely due to the prevailing business depression. It is only partly

due to that cause, however. A revival of general business will not solve the railroad problem. It can be solved under private ownership only by relieving the railways of influences which, throughout the 10 years the transportation act has been in effect, have prevented them from earning anywhere near a fair return, even when general business has been extraordinarily good, and the full destructive effect of which upon earnings has become manifest only since the depression came.

The most important of the adverse influences to which I refer are, first, the rate-regulating policy of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and, second, the competition of Government-aided means of transportation.

The transportation act of 1920 directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to so initiate, modify, and adjust rates as to enable the railways under good management to earn a fair return. As the railways, since rates were reduced in 1922, have constantly earned less than a fair return, it has been the commission's duty under the law to adjust rates upward. It has not performed that duty, and average revenue per ton-mile has constantly declined.

In addition to a policy of regulation of rates which has disregarded the constitutional rights and economic needs of the railways, they have been suffering throughout the last decade from huge losses of passenger earnings and from a startling decline in the growth of their freight traffic. From 1890 to 1900 their freight business increased 86 per cent; from 1900 to 1910, 80 per cent; from 1910 to 1920, 62 per cent, from 1920 to 1929, less than 9 per cent.

The enormous decline of passenger business and the great reduction in the growth of freight business have been largely due to Government policies which have resulted in the railways being completely denied equality of opportunity in competing with other means of transportation. Motor coaches and trucks have been able to make low rates because they have been allowed to use highways built at public expense

without being required to pay anywhere near enough for their use to reimburse the public for the cost they have caused it.

The number of motor busses increased 820 per cent between 1920 and 1929. Motor trucks have increased in size and resorted to the use of trailers, until we now have, all over the country, what are virtually trains operating on highways, which are not only taking huge amounts of traffic from the railways but are destroying the highways and making difficult and dangerous their use by private motor vehicles.

During the period of nine years ending with 1929, when railway freight business increased less than 9 per cent, the number of registered motor trucks increased 236 per cent. Competition of steamships using the Panama Canal has rapidly increased in severity, and from 1921 to 1929 the tonnage handled through the canal increased 637 per cent. Between 1920 and 1929 the number of tons handled on inland waterways, exclusive of the Great Lakes, increased 94 per cent.

The Government, by taxation of the public, has provided other means of transportation with subsidies that have enabled them to compete so effectively with the railways. Meantime the railways are subjected to regulation of rates which further cripples them in meeting competition. The rates of ocean carriers operating through the Panama Canal are not regulated, and at the same time the railways are denied the right to make low rates to the Pacific coast to meet water competition. Carriers by both highway and waterway are allowed to practice any discriminations they please between shippers and communities in making rates, while the railways are required to publish and maintain their rates without discrimination.

To avoid immediate financial disaster, many of the railways are resorting to retrenchments in maintenance such as could not long be continued without most serious effects upon the condition of their physical properties. In spite of their retrenchments many of them are earning so little net return that

their credit is being seriously undermined. If their physical properties get into bad shape and their credit is so seriously damaged that they can not raise new capital, the resulting deterioration of their service will cause very heavy losses to every branch of industry and commerce in this country.

What needs to be done to arrest this drift of the railroad industry toward disaster and to enable it to continue to render good service? The railway executives of the country have given a great deal of very serious study to that question and at a recent meeting in New York agreed upon a statement of the policies that they believe must be adopted by our State and National Governments to meet this situation. The substance of the policies enunciated by them is that competing means of transportation should be treated as the railways are, in order that the railways may be able to compete with them on equal terms.

Now, I am not here to contend that the present very serious and threatening condition of the railroad industry is a reason for stopping the development of other means of transportation. What I do contend is that our Government policies should be so changed that every means of transportation will be forced to pay out of its earnings all the costs directly or indirectly incurred in rendering its service, and that they shall all be similarly regulated, in order that all transportation service, whether passenger or freight, shall be rendered by that means which can handle the traffic at the lowest total economic cost, allowing for differences in the speed, reliability, and other qualities of the service rendered. I do not think any man here would publicly contend that the Government should use its regulating power and the money of the taxpayers to divert from the railways to other transportation agencies traffic that the railways can handle at a lower cost than these other agencies.

One of the principal arguments formerly advanced for the development of inland waterways was that it was impossible to expand the railways sufficiently to handle our increasing

traffic. During the first 90 years of their history the principal problem of the railways was that of sufficiently expanding their facilities to handle a rapidly growing traffic. The average annual increase of railway freight business during the nine years ending with 1929 was only one-third as great as the average annual increase throughout the preceding 30 years, and there are no conditions or tendencies that warrant the belief that there will be any need in the future for development of waterways to relieve the railways.

Nobody can deny that better freight service can be rendered by rail than by rivers and canals. Therefore, the crucial test of the desirability of extensive development of inland waterways is whether they can provide cheaper transportation than the railways. It is often said that waterways can handle bulky commodities at lower cost, and that railways should be relieved of handling them and left to handle only more valuable classes of commodities, from which, it is said, they derive more profits. It happens, however, that it is from the transportation of bulky commodities that the railways actually derive their largest profits, because of their heavy loading per car. Furthermore, it is not true that inland waterways can carry bulky commodities cheaper than railways, if all the costs of water transportation be considered.

I contend without any hesitation, that all kinds of freight can be handled more cheaply by railways than by inland rivers and canals. The only cost paid for the transportation of freight by rail is the freight rate charged. The cost of transportation by inland waterway is divisible into two parts. The first is paid by the public in taxes and consists of interest upon the investment made in improving the waterway and building terminals, and the expense of maintaining them. The second consists of the rates paid by shippers.

Now, on sound principles of economics, what should be our objective? Should it be to reduce freight rates entirely regardless of the effect on taxes? Plainly, if the development of waterways will result in reductions of freight rates, it will

also result in increases of taxes. As taxes in this country are twice as great as railway freight earnings, I can hardly believe anybody would contend that taxes are so unimportant, and freight rates so important, that the national prosperity would be promoted by securing a saving of freight rates at the cost of a larger increase in taxes.

How, then, do the total costs of transportation by inland waterways and by railways in this country compare, and how may we reasonably expect them to compare in the future? For many years we have been improving inland waterways and actually have had transportation by both water and rail. There is an abundance of information regarding costs of rail transportation, but, in spite of all the claims made, remarkably little reliable and satisfactory information regarding costs of inland water transportation. For many years estimates have been given to Congress and the public regarding proposed waterway improvements, including the traffic that would be handled, the expense of improving and maintaining the waterways, and the savings in transportation costs that would result, but those who have made these estimates seldom have come forward after the money has been spent with clear and conclusive evidence regarding the results attained.

For more than 20 years I have studied such data as have been available regarding comparative costs of transportation by rail and inland waterways in this and other countries. Every figure at which I have ever arrived has convinced me more strongly that the total cost of transportation by inland waterway is almost invariably higher than by rail. The Bureau of Railway Economics, which is maintained by the railways, but which is generally recognized as an organization whose statistical studies are made with the utmost care, recently has completed and published an exhaustive comparative study of rail and inland waterway costs in this country, which strongly supports the views I have expressed for years. Some of its conclusions are as follows:

In 1929 the average total cost of carrying a ton of freight 100 miles on the New York State Barge Canal was $1.94, made up of 45 cents as the boatman's actual charge for transportation (or the direct freight rate), and $1.49 paid by the public in taxes for expenses of operating, maintaining, and repairing the canal, and interest on the State's investment in it. As contrasted with this total cost of $1.94 for carrying one ton of freight 100 miles on the canal, the eastern railroads would have performed the same service for an average charge of $1.09, or 43 per cent less than the total canal cost.

In 1928 the average total cost of carrying a ton of freight 100 miles on the Ohio River system was 82.4 cents, made up of 40 cents as the direct cost of transportation, and 42.4 cents paid by the public in taxes for interest on Government funds invested in improving the river and for maintaining the dams, wickets, and river channel. On the seven principal railways paralleling the Ohio, the average charge in 1928 for carrying a ton of freight 100 miles was 88.3 cents, but due to the winding course of the river, for every 100 miles of rail haul the river haul averages 150 miles. Therefore, for the movement of a ton of freight between two points 100 miles apart by railroad, the average costs of transportation was $1.236 by river and $0.883, or almost 30 per cent less, by rail.

On the Mississippi River, in 1928, the average total cost of moving a ton of freight 100 miles was 74.5 cents, made up of 40 cents as the direct cost of transportation, and 34½ cents paid by the public in taxes as interest on the Government's investment in river improvements and for maintenance expenses. On the eight principal railways which roughly parallel the river the average charge in 1928 for carrying a ton of freight 100 miles was $1.009. But here again, because of the curving course followed by the river, the mileage by river between various points averages at least one-half again as much as the mileage by rail. In other words, between two towns 100 miles apart by rail, the water distance would average

150 miles. It would thus cost, to haul a ton of freight between these two points, $1.12 by water and $1 by railroad.

It must also be considered that in each of these cases the service by rail would be better and more valuable than that by water.

If those who favor the development of inland waterways decline to accept these figures, let them come forward with better data—not merely figures regarding comparative freight rates by rail and water, but reliable data regarding total costs such as would be convincing to any trained student of business and economic problems. The public is being asked to invest hundreds of millions of dollars in inland-waterway improvements, and in support of this expenditure it is being given information such as would not induce a business man to invest a dollar of his own capital.

The Nation has to-day a railway system which is being operated efficiently and is more than adequate to all the demands being made upon it. When it is proposed to develop another system of transportation by the expenditure of public money which, it is claimed, will carry freight at less cost, the burden of proving that claim obviously rests upon those who make it. As this other means of transportation is to be provided by increasing the taxes of the public, it is obvious that its development can not be economically justified except by showing that it will almost certainly cause a reduction in what the public must pay for freight transportation that will exceed the increase in taxes it will make it necessary for the public to pay.

Formerly one of the principal arguments made for the development of inland waterways was that the introduction of this form of competition would force down railway rates. Now, we are often told that the development of waterways will not injure the railways—that waterways and railways do not compete with, but supplement each other, and that waterway development will so stimulate traffic as to increase the

amount of it for both waterways and railways. I call your attention to the fact that in the statement of the Interstate Commerce Commission from which I quoted early in this address it referred specifically to the "competition of water lines." The commission is not deceived, and it would be foolish for the public to deceive itself. Every economist knows that inland waterways always have been and always will be competitors of the railways, and the more extensively they are developed the more traffic they will take from the railways—not because the cost of transportation on them is less, but because a large part of that cost is defrayed by the taxpayer.

The American people have a right to have any kind of transportation they want, and to spend their money in any way they please in order to get it. But what they have a right to do is one thing, and what it is wise for them to do is another thing.

The public, and especially business men, profess to want, among other kinds of transportation, good railway service rendered by railways owned and managed by private companies; and yet they are allowing and even urging their governments to so subsidize other means of transportation with the taxpayer's money, and to so differentiate between them and the railways in regulation, that railway rates are kept too low, enormous amounts of traffic are being diverted to other means of transportation, and our ability in the future to maintain the earning capacity and service of the railways under private ownership is being seriously threatened.

I urge each of you to study our entire transportation situation in this country, present and prospective, and only after such study to decide in what way your influence upon the Government's transportation policy shall be exerted both in your own self-interest and in the interest of the entire public. (Applause.)

WATERWAYS AND RAILWAYS

AN ADDRESS BY SMITH W. BROOKHART, FORMER UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IOWA, BEFORE THE NATIONAL RIVERS AND HARBORS CONGRESS, DECEMBER, 10, 1930.

Introduction.

1. Glad you invited representative of railroads.

Discussion.

1. An old cry of alarm—railroads drifting toward disaster.
   a. Heard first in 1906—no more convincing now than at that time.
2. Railroads not the worst sufferers.
   a. A million and a half farmers have lost their homes or property since 1920.
   b. 10 to 25 per cent of these losses due to extortionate railway rates.
3. Esch-Cummins law fixed value of railroads at almost 19 billions when market value was less than 12 billions.
4. Government fixed 5¾ per cent return on that value, water and all.
5. Great profits in supplies sold to railways by corporations owned by railways.
6. Depreciation goes into operating expenses, and public pays.
7. Waste of competition charged to the people.
8. During war-time government operation railroads padded expenses by hundreds of millions.
9. Further subsidies after the war.
10. Railroads should be last to condemn subsidies to others.
11. Railroad monopoly should not control busses.
12. Railroads attempt to evade taxes.
13. Railroads give out misleading figures in regard to cost of transportation on inland waterways.

a. Only one river completed.
b. Traffic not yet developed.
c. Railroads fighting waterways because they know water rates will be cheaper.

Conclusion.

1. If railways cannot operate their roads in competition with waterways, Uncle Sam can.

Gentlemen, I am glad, indeed, you invited the representatives of the railways to present their side of this question. Nothing is lost by hearing the other side of any proposition. I am also glad that Mr. Dunn so frankly admitted that he was the "hardest boiled" of the railway propagandists and I can assure you that, after 25 years' experience with his railway economics, I can testify to the absolute truth of that statement.

Now, I notice his claim that the railways are drifting toward disaster. How familiar that sounds to me! I heard that first away back in 1906. That was the song that was sung when we started out to get the law for the regulation of the railways, the Roosevelt regulation proposition; the railways were going to disaster and the railways were getting into trouble and their credit was being destroyed. I heard that same song when we went before the commission later, after the law was enacted, to reduce some three or four million dollars of railway discrimination against my own State. I heard that same song again when they came with the advanced-rate cases and wanted to raise them 10 or 5 or 15 per cent. All the time they came with that tale of the railroads facing disaster. Well I remember in one of those cases where Clifford Thorne—and here is one of his men here now—worked up a statement of their railroad credit and compared it with the Government of the United States for 15 years, and it was a little bit steadier, a small fraction steadier, than the Government of the United States itself—and has been during all those years of howling railway calamity.

Now, this fight is with the railways. As Mr. Moore said here, they are fighting us, but I have been a soldier a little myself and I always defend by counterattack; I do not stand still and let the other fellow do all the advancing. I am going to tell you something about the other side of this railway proposition.

Now, where are the calamities in this country? Who is it that is suffering under this economic situation at the present time? A million and a half farmers in the United States since 1920 have lost their homes or property as the result of this economic situation, and from 10 to 25 per cent of the cause of that was due to excessive railway rates in the United States. Agriculture has been in a constant state of depression. Its capital has been depleted more than the book value of all the railways in the whole United States in that time, and the railways have been contributing to that by their extortionate rates; they have been contributing a large percentage toward that situation.

I am not going to stop either by telling you that their rates were extortionate in general terms. That don't mean anything. I want to give you some of the facts: I was helping to prepare a law that was to be the transportation act of 1920, but the law I was preparing was something like what the Canadians have done with their railways, and then, all at once, the author of that law changed front entirely and took a law that the railways themselves wanted—the Davies-Warfield bill. I was in conference over it many times before it was finally adopted as the Esch-Cummins bill, and that is the bill the railways themselves were proposing. So this 1920 transportation act is their law, not our law.

That law gave to the Interstate Commerce Commission a command: first, to fix the value of the railroads, and laid down the rules and regulations for doing it; and the commission, starting about the 1st of March—the law was passed the 1st of March, 1920—completed its job about the 1st of September and fixed the value at $18,900,000,000, and, at the

time that value was fixed, the market value of the same railroads, as shown by the quotations of their stocks and bonds on the stock exchange, where they listed them for sale and did sell them to you or anyone else who would buy them, was about $11,750,000,000. I have ample assurance of that from C. W. Barron and Theodore Price and there is no doubt about that being the situation as to the actual value of the railways, and yet, by the terms of this law, they sold these roads to the people of the United States for $18,900,000,000, with more than $7,000,000,000 of water in that valuation; and then, after doing that, the command went into the law directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to levy rates on the people of the United States high enough to pay, first, all operating expenses—that includes all those taxes they complain about—and over and above all those expenses pay a return, first fixed at 6 per cent and then at 5¾ per cent, on all of that value, water and all.

Now, is 5¾ per cent a reasonable return for a railroad investment? Do you know what the return of this United States is? Do you know what we are producing in new wealth in the United States every year, after we have our living and the expenses of our industry paid for? I have an estimate of it here: The census estimate from 1912 to 1922 shows it is about 5½ per cent a year, but in 1922 the war inflation had not all been squeezed out yet—most of it in agriculture had been, but not in other businesses—so the National Industrial Conference Board estimates it up to 1928, and these latest figures are the ones I am quoting. They are the latest I have, and going up to that date it is reduced back down to 4¼ per cent.

When you take the whole history of the United States, from the signing of the Declaration of Independence down to the date that we are talking about, we have produced less than 4 per cent of new wealth each year. If all we produced in this country were given to capital alone, and it were evenly distributed then, throughout the history of the

country, we would only get a return of little less than 4 per cent.

Have we a right to come in by law and prescribe rules and regulations and rates of return for capital in railways that will give them 5¾ per cent upon $7,000,000,000, even of water? Have we that right when the American people can only produce 4 per cent, or about that, a year? If there is any business in this country that reaches out to all the people that ought to parallel the average earnings of the country, it is the railway business. And they have collected off us on that item a large amount, although they did not collect all under that guaranty of the law. They do not like me to call it a guaranty, because they say it is not; it is only a command of the law to get the return above the operating expenses. Therefore, they say it is no guaranty.

Of course, it was not any guaranty that the money would come out of the Treasury of the United States; it was a guaranty that it would come out of the pockets of the people; that is a lot nicer guaranty, I presume. But it commanded the commission to get it out of your pocket. They did not get it always. The reason was that you did not have enough to pay it. I think that not only the farmers were unable to pay their share but a million and a half lost out in this economic situation. That is only one item in this railway situation.

Now, then, as to the supplies of the railways: the rails, the cars, the locomotives, about everything they use is furnished to them by some inside corporation owned and operated by the same big men operating the roads; and when they sell those things to a railroad they never sell them at the lowest prices they can afford to sell them to a railroad but at the highest prices they can collect out of your pockets under the guaranty of the law, because all the wear and tear and depreciation goes into operating expenses, and you pay it all. So there are two or three hundred million dollars more of excess profits over and above this 4 per cent that the American people can produce, and that is taken in railway rates that

way. Now, that is not all either. There is the waste of competition. They have admitted this. Edward Dudley Kenna, of the Santa Fe, in his book said that the waste of competition in the United States was more than $4,000,000,000 a year, and yet they collect that, too, in their system.

The capitalization of unearned increment amounts to another two or three hundred million dollars per year. So when we get down to actual facts there is more than a thousand million dollars a year taken from the people of the country to sustain the railways since the Esch-Cummins Act became law, to pay a return on this $7,000,000,000 of legalized subsidy given them, together with these other items.

You know about the public lands, of course. There were 158,000,000 acres—that is, about as much land as there is in the entire State of Texas; it is an area four and a half times as big as Iowa—and Mr. Dunn figured out there was a $50,000,000 benefit to the United States in offsetting of that subsidy here to-day. But that is not all the subsidy. Here is another one in this railway law; this was out of the Treasury of the United States.

This law guaranteed the war-time profits for the first six months after March 1, 1920, and that was to be paid out of the Treasury of the United States if the rates did not produce it. And then what happened? Well, I have what happened right here; here it is, a whole volume of it. It is told by the railway employees before the committees of the Congress of the United States.

First, during this Government operation they padded their expenses by several hundreds of millions of dollars and they did it for the purpose of discrediting the Government of the United States in the operation of the railways. I do not hesitate to make that charge anywhere and I have the testimony of the railway employees by the thousands to prove it anywhere. There is no doubt of it.

Well, after getting this guaranty, after preparing and padding all these accounts for two years and two months,

then they got this railway law with this guaranty for the war-time profits for six months. The reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission show they increased the operating expenses $1,485,000,000 more in 1920. That is the year of this six months' guaranty. That is nearly a billion and a half dollars.

Perhaps four or five hundred millions of that they can charge to increased wages, but the balance of it can only be charged to every kind of graft known to the science and art of grafting, to get subsidies out of the Treasury of the United States. Well, they got it. That made a deficit. That made a deficit of $529,000,000. Think, $529,000,000! And we wrote checks on the Treasury of the United States and paid it as a subsidy to the railways to guarantee, not their losses, not their damages—we paid all that two or three times over, too—but to guarantee their war-time profits, and that during a period that ended almost two years after the war was over.

Now under that situation, do you think that a railroad has any business to go around to the farmer and say: "You won't get cheaper transportation by water," and won't have the Government establish a subsidy to build that waterway after taking all those things from the Government itself and getting a law that gives them, by its operation, a $7,000,000,000 subsidy in value. That, I say to you, is the last argument that they have any right to make against us, that subsidy argument.

Now, let us see; I want to meet these points. The railroads reduced their employees. Yes; and the capital in the railroads got the benefit and not the employees.

Then he said they had the lowest return in 35 years. That was on passenger business, I believe he said. But how has it been during all the years gone by? We are in this period of depression brought on by all these special privileges given to the railroads and other industries, and they always took the particular time that is bad and presented that to you instead of taking a series of years. I never, in the rate cases or any-

where else, saw them present a picture of economics, a fair analysis of the whole situation over a period of years; they always doctored and fixed things up, and in the end it is so intricate that the ordinary person can not figure out and detect the plan they use; but here it is: He says they only got 3½ per cent on their property investment. Well, the whole American people got only 4¼ per cent, and that figures everything to capital and does not allow any proper increase to labor, invention, genius, management, or anything else. Three and one-half per cent would be about right if it were on an honest value, but it is on a value that is 40 per cent, probably, higher than it ought to be, and you can figure that out as being about 7 per cent higher or 3 per cent more than the American people can get as a return on their property.

Now, what about the busses? You are not concerned directly with that. But I don't want the railway monopoly to have control over the busses. I want to see them develop as an independent system, too, and if it can handle this transportation cheaper for all the people it is entitled to do it. Perhaps the kind of competition that will come will bring the railways to realize that in the end they will be compelled to take the water out of this capitalization and to take out these excess profits of their favorites—inside subsidiary companies—and when these things are done then I will be ready to consolidate them and stop the waste of competition, that other gigantic item, also.

Now, about taxes: First, what a terrible thing are taxes. I looked in the report the other day and I saw the railroads of the United States are paying about 7 per cent, $7 out of $100, of their gross income in taxes. Then I looked into agriculture, and I found that they were paying about $28 out of every $100 of gross income, and I am ready to present to the Congress of the United States some cases showing the grossest attempts to avoid taxation by a crowd of the biggest railways in the United States. There is something to be said about that. The whole story is not near told of taxes.

Now, about the cost again. Mr. Dunn frankly admitted that the cost of ocean and lake transportation is less than the cost by rail. And it is less, and very much less. I have here his Bureau of Railway Economics book. This is the method they have always followed when they set out to fight us on these various propositions, and it leaves out the cost of the lake traffic and the ocean traffic. It is not in here. It looks to me as if there ought to be room enough in this book for that. How about all these rivers? There is only one river in the whole lot that is really completed; that is the Monongahela, and when they come to give the figures of the cost of the Monongahela River they tie it into the whole Ohio River, and that was not completed until recently, and, of course, the traffic is not developed.

And another thing, our Inland Waterways Corporation has not been allowed to operate on the Ohio River. I think we will have to get them permission to do that, too. (Applause.) And take all these other propositions, all these figures he has given here, and there is not a one of them that is given for a fully developed situation, with a big volume of traffic such as it will be when the work is completed and the traffic developed.

Therefore these figures are valueless, and while I concede that inland transportation may be higher in cost than transportation on the Great Lakes—that, however, will depend again on the volume of traffic—yet, nevertheless, when we get all the development we will find that our waterway traffic will be less in cost than the rail traffic, even on their fantastic theory. They would not fight us so hard if that were not true. They know it is true. They figure up a lot of these imaginary things that they say are part of the cost of the inland waterways transportation.

I won't take the time to-day to figure up the extent of all the expenses of the railways, either. I remember that not long ago 40 per cent of the railways in the United States were in the hands of receivers, all at one time. What happened in that case? All the little stockholders who paid in their millions and

hundreds of millions of dollars were thrown out, and that is one of the hidden expenses of the operation of the railroads that is hidden down deeper and crookeder than any taxes that the railroads have to pay in any development.

MR. WEBBER (interposing). What about the express companies and the telegraph companies?

SENATOR BROOKHART. Let me tell you about that. I missed the express companies and I missed the telegraph companies. They all come in under these subsidiaries of the railways, and the Pullman Co., the refrigerator cars, and the oil-tank cars. There is no end to this thing. I did not come down to tell you the whole story because that would take too long. I came only to tell you a few of the high spots in it. All of these companies are dipping out of the railroad business three or four times this 4 per cent that the American people can produce.

I want to say in conclusion to the railways of the United States: If you can not operate your roads in competition with the lower rates of the inland waterways, your Uncle Samuel can. (Prolonged applause.)

THE MOTOR TRUCK—A THREAT AND AN OPPORTUNITY

AN ADDRESS BY J. R. TURNEY, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ST. LOUIS SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY, BEFORE THE ASSOCIATED TRAFFIC CLUBS OF AMERICA, AT TULSA, OKLAHOMA, OCTOBER 28, 1932.

Introduction.

1. Heaven a place without motor trucks.
2. Loss of business.
3. Three remedies suggested.

Body.

1. Voice of defeat.
   a. Admits truck a better mode of transportation.
   b. Wants government to tax truck out of existence.

2. Voice of despair.
   a. Laws and bureaus to handicap trucks.
   b. Equality before the law would not solve problem.
      (1) Less than three per cent of trucks are common carriers.
3. Voice of self-reliance.
   a. Futile to ask shippers to patronize poorer service.
   b. For fifty years competition has invaded our merchandise business.
   c. Causes are:
      (1) Wasteful packing.
      (2) Incomplete carriage.
      (3) Inflexible schedules.
      (4) Interminable delays.
      (5) Wasteful practices.
      (6) Non-bearable rates.
      (7) Unintelligent classification.
4. Freight rates are what the traffic will bear.
   a. Long distance rates on raw materials low.
   b. Rates on higher grade traffic consequently high.
   c. Trucks take advantage of this characteristic.
5. The opportunity.
   a. Red ball freight trains average much greater speed than trucks.
   b. Railroads should modernize their terminal facilities.
   c. Railroads should use trucks in limited terminal and distributive spheres.
   d. Coordinated parcel post service.
   e. New kind of sectional box cars.
   f. Abandonment of expensive urban freight house terminals.
   g. L. C. L. transportation divorced from carload transportation.
   h. New rates for L. C. L. to meet truck competition.
6. The objective.
   a. A coordinated service of immense benefit.
      (1) One transportation agency for everything.

(2) Greater speed with dependability and reliability.
(3) Cheaper transportation.
(4) Great reduction in number of trucks and switch-engines that delay traffic.

Conclusion.

1. Criticism harsh because service can be much better.
2. Railroads can regain dominance in transportation.
3. Lines from Aeneas.

To railroad men, Heaven is a place where there are no motor trucks, and a future Hell holds no fears. For the first time in its history, the railroad faces a competitor who challenges its supremacy. Not a day passes, but by new applications of this modern instrumentality our rate structure is further disrupted and our business filched. The seriousness of the situation cannot be exaggerated.

The L. C. L. merchandise originated by railroads in 1929 was but 68 per cent of that originated by them in 1916 or in any of the succeeding five years. There was a further decline of 17 per cent in 1930. During the last decade, merchandise originated in carloads increased 30 per cent. The relative amount of merchandise available for transportation measured by the Bureau of Census Production Ratio, increased during the same period 50 per cent. This increase was due, doubtless, in a large measure to the growing tendency of merchants to buy upon a daily rather than a seasonal basis. If the L. C. L. merchandise tonnage in 1930 had been equal to that in 1920, the gross revenue of American railroads would have been increased 5 per cent. If the carriage of merchandise by rail had increased at the same rate the production of merchandise increased during this period, rail revenues would be 11 per cent greater, or in money over one-half billion dollars.

Competition of the motor truck is as serious for carload freight as it is for L. C. L. or parcel traffic. Millions of revenue are also being lost by the diversion of thousands of carloads

of automobiles, tires, cotton, cottonseed, livestock, vegetables, fruits and other farm products, and miscellaneous manufactures from the rail lines to the trucks. Unless some way is quickly found to stop this drain of our traffic, disaster must follow.

Out of the resultant chaos and babel in railroad circles, three remedies are being voiced; two vociferously. Recently a third has begun to make its puny voice heard. The remedies are those of defeat, of despair, and of self-reliance.

The defeatist would concede that the motor truck offers a better mode of transportation than the railroad, and that the latter's only hope of salvation lies in persuading the people to tax or legislate their more efficient competitor out of existence. The demand is an echo of that heard when the cotton spindle met the spinning wheel, and again when the railroad challenged stage coach and steamboat. It is an attitude of cowardice which will fail in this generation even as it failed in those. If and to the extent that the motor truck is a better or cheaper transportation instrumentality, it will and should supersede the train. Man has yet to refuse to accept a more efficient tool of his genius merely because it renders obsolete his present tools. Otherwise he would still be using stone hatchets. Such laws as are necessary to make the highways safe for public travel and to protect the highways against undue wear by limitations of size, speed, safety and types, together with special taxes for the use of the highways, will be demanded by the public in its own interest. Any attempt by the railroads to use this public sentiment as cover under which artificially to perpetuate obsolete facilities and practices will in time most severely react upon themselves.

The voice of despair sings in the same choir with that of defeat. It urges that the trucks be shackled with the same red tape and regulation as the railroads are shackled. It views industrial progress in transportation as a game conducted solely in the interest of the players and, therefore,

proposes to handicap the trucks, not because regulation is needed to protect the public in dealing with the trucks, but solely in order to equalize the competitive opportunities of the two kinds of carriers. The same purpose could be much better accomplished by liberating the railroads of some of the governmental interference under which they now labor. Indeed the present is an opportune time to revise our entire scheme of regulation. For nearly half a century, this country has been engaged in a vast experiment of governmental regulation of the railroads. The original laws were based on the sound economic principle that the railroads as quasi-monopolies should be prevented from practicing extortion and discrimination. In recent years this principle has been abandoned for that of administrative control of operations by bureaus. Our legislatures, year after year, in an attempt to bolster up a failure due to the inherent shortcomings of this false economic theory, have passed more and worse laws. Today the authority of management largely resides in governmental bureaus on the one hand, while on the other hand complete responsibility is borne by the dehorned railroad executives—so-called. Nor will an impartial survey show that these extreme measures of governmental interference have accomplished any public benefit which would not have been accomplished by the basic statutes themselves. That rates after thirty years of regulation are no more reasonable or non-preferential than they were before the government took over the job, is shown by the reports to Congress of the Commission itself. Thus in 1930, when dealing largely with rates which it had previously considered or fixed, the Commission found four times as many instances of discrimination as it did twenty years before when dealing wholly with carrier made rates. Laws are necessary to insure reasonable and non-discriminatory rates and practices. A special tribunal to enforce those laws is equally necessary. Those laws, however, could be embraced in the space now required for the index to the commerce act, and the tribunal should be quasi-

judicial instead of an administrative bureau. Manifestly if the public interest requires regulatory laws and a regulatory tribunal for one class of common carriers it requires the same laws and same jurisdiction for all classes alike—railroads, trucks, forwarders and domestic water carriers. The present intolerable condition in which we find one carrier tied down and its competitors, including the United States Government, wholly unfettered, is as repugnant to principles of common honesty as it is to those on which our government was founded. But even when obtained such equality before the law would fall far short of meeting the truck problem. Of the six million motor trucks now operating, less than three per cent are common carriers and more than 80 per cent of all highway freight is borne by privately owned or operated trucks which under our constitution are immune from state or federal regulation.

Let us stop deluding ourselves that somehow, somewhere, somebody will solve this truck problem for us. When you discarded your toy fire engine and your tin soldiers you quit expecting visits from Santa Claus and his reindeer. To meet this situation the railroad must rely upon itself. If it is futile to ask that the red-tape which is throttling our progress be removed, it is more than hopeless to expect Congress to rescue us by paternal legislation, or shippers to patronize a poorer or more costly service merely because of our need for the business. No such condition faces us. Every click of singing wheels on our magnificent steel highways ought to beat into our craven hearts the message that the railroad is not whipped; that in it we have the most efficient and economical carrier in the world; and all that is necessary in order for it to render a service incomparably better and cheaper than any competitor is for those of us who use it to adapt it and ourselves to modern progress. Only by this means can we hope to retrieve our lost traffic.

Why is it so easy for the trucks to take our L. C. L. traffic? The answer is not hard to find. Originally American railroad

traffic consisted largely of L. C. L. business distributed from sea or river ports. The railroads made possible industrial development in the interior which called for cargo loads. Furthermore, through the imposition of added volume upon the existing plant by means of larger cars, heavier loading, longer trains and fewer train miles, the railroads improved their carload service until they became the dominant transportation utility. On the contrary, however, little or no improvement has been made in our merchandise service in a century. For the most part, we handle it as we did when we operated wood-burning locomotives on wooden axles. We abandoned the way-freight as obsolete for through carlot service only to make it the back-bone of an L. C. L. service which is not much better than it was when trains tied up for darkness and a speed of fifteen miles an hour was tempting Providence. The railroad, during a century of inertia, has surrendered its parcel traffic to each succeeding competitor which has arisen to challenge it. First the Express Messenger, sensing the railroad's failure, met the demands of its parcel patrons by expanding his 18-inch portfolio into a 70-foot express car. Next the parcel post met the demand for the carriage of still smaller parcels which both the express company and the railroad scorned. Then the freight forwarders and consolidators who through superior management take our traffic from us by using our own facilities more efficiently than we use them ourselves. Now while we whistle in the dark the trucks are taking what is left of our parcel business. Fifty years during which competitor after competitor has successfully invaded our merchandise traffic ought to make us suspect that something is wrong with that service. The irony of the situation is that three of these competitors use our own facilities to give a better service than we give. The trucks themselves are beginning to awake to the fact that they can do the same thing. The fault, therefore, lies not in the railroad facilities but in our own failure to use them intelligently. The progeny of this century of inertia are inept

containers, wasteful packaging, incomplete carriage, inflexible schedules, interminable delays, wasteful practices, non-bearable rates and an unintelligent classification.

The railroad has attained the economy of the heavy train-load only at the expense of increasing the size of its cars and the weight of its carload. So long as our patrons bought seasonally this constant increase in the size of the freight container was an advantage rather than a handicap. But our patrons no longer buy seasonally. Ours is the day of reduced inventory and hand to mouth buying. Our cars have become entirely too large for the purchase needs of many of our patrons. The result is that our average box car load is about 50 per cent of its capacity and it costs us more to haul our box cars than it does the freight they contain. The truck takes the business by affording a flexible container in units of approximately one-fourth carloads. The railroads are confronted with the choice of losing a substantial part of their carload business, or of radically reducing carload minima without, however, sacrificing operating efficiency by diminishing car and train loads.

Only by an increase in size and weight does the container which we offer for the transportation of parcel freight differ from its predecessor—the ox-cart. Ignoring the progress in shock absorption which has been made by other industries, we insist that the shipper, at great expense to himself, make our container safe by a packing which will protect the shipment against anything short of an earthquake. Our past experience with express and parcel post service ought to have opened our eyes to the fact that our container was not suitable for parcel traffic. If they have not been opened by the trucks, we are indeed blind. The truck offers a container admirably suited in size for the transportation of parcels and built on modern, scientific principles of shock absorption. As a result it dispenses with the need for these rigid packing requirements and therefore saves the shipper not only time but the expense of complying with these requirements which in some cases exceeds

the freight charges. There is small wonder that the truck is playing hob with our merchandise traffic.

An essential requirement of a successful parcel freight service, and one shirked by the railroad but met by all competing agencies, is the requirement of complete service. Other than the fact that we have never done so, there is no reason against and every reason why the railroad should transport freight from warehouse to warehouse. From the shipper's standpoint it is difficult indeed to understand why he should be put to the trouble and inconvenience of making three contracts—one with the railroad and one each with draymen at each end of the line, when the railroad holds itself out as a carrier. Storedoor pick-up and delivery explains why many a former L. C. L. patron has sought the complete service afforded by the trucks. Railroads, years ago, by means of private sidings afforded warehouse to warehouse delivery to a large number of carload shippers. Until recently a substantial part of our patrons utilized team tracks and bore the cost of transfer of carload freight. The truck meets their needs and saves them the inconvenience and expense by backing the container up against the warehouse dock.

The railroad dealing in the movement of a large number of cars between many points cannot accommodate itself to the needs of the individual shipper. It, therefore, seeks to make the shipper conform his operations to the railroad's schedules and practices. These schedules frequently make it possible to give overnight service where it is demanded but not in sufficient volume to justify an additional train. In such cases the service suffers. This is not true of the truck. The only consideration which determines its schedule, particularly in the handling of carload freight, is the requirements of the particular shipper.

Except in comparatively rare instances the methods of the railroads are conducive to delay rather than speed in transportation. Since there is rarely coordination between the drayman and the railroad a failure upon the part of the former to reach

the freight house before the closing hour, may result in a 24-hour delay. Few appreciate the time required for the movement of cars through our terminals. Of the total life of a freight car, approximately 90 per cent is spent in terminals, switching, loading, unloading and around shops: only 10 per cent spent in line haul movement. No small part of the blame for this situation is due to the railroad's insistence that freight be brought to its right-of-way. As a result it has been compelled to construct expensive freight house terminals adjacent to the commercial center of the city thereby encountering congestion and impeded movement. Again, unless the shipment is destined to break bulk point, days may be required for its transfer to the way-freight which will eventually deliver it. When it finally reaches destination it must be warehoused while the consignee is notified of its arrival by mail. It spends an average of thirty-six hours awaiting the delivery drayman. While in line haul the shipment may have attained a speed of thirty-five or forty miles an hour, yet due to these archaic methods of handling, the over-all speed of the movement from consignor to consignee is under ten miles an hour. Compare this service with the truck. It calls for the shipment. It does not play tag about a congested terminal but as soon as it is loaded it hits the pike. On through overnight runs some of these trucks attain an average over-all speed of thirty miles an hour. On distributing runs, they average twenty miles an hour including stops for deliveries. They deliver the goods immediately upon arrival. The keystone of the success of the truck is that it can and in many cases does consistently give overnight service within a range of 350 miles.

While the freight train is ideally designed for the distribution of cars, it is a miserable excuse as a distributor of parcels. There is hardly any rail operation which is as extravagant as the distribution of L. C. L. freight by a local or way-freight train. Our average load of L. C. L. is less than five tons in a container whose net capacity is forty tons and whose tare

weight is twenty tons; that is, we haul four pounds of car for each pound of L. C. L. freight. Consider the utilization of at least a hundred thousand dollars worth of equipment and the time of at least five men to unload a hundred weight of tobacco on which the total freight charges are far less than the cost of unloading it. A truck can and does perform the distribution service of parcels at way-stations far better and cheaper than the train can possibly do it. Again where overnight service is required a volume of traffic insufficient to warrant an additional train at a cost of several dollars per train mile is more than sufficient to warrant several truck units at a cost of 30 cents per mile.

The freight rate structure of this country is basically a value-of-the-service structure. To use a more descriptive, but opprobrious term, our rates are what the traffic will bear. This is necessarily so because our raw materials moving long distances must do so at rates close to the marginal cost of transportation in order that they and their products may compete in world markets with the products of other countries which are largely water-borne. As a consequence, the rates upon other traffic, and particularly upon high grade traffic, are higher than they would be if constructed solely upon a cost basis. Since manufacturers provide the revenue out of which the carriers, in the last analysis, must exist, any depletion in that traffic can be attended only by serious consequences, particularly to the shippers of low-grade commodities. The trucks have taken advantage of this characteristic of our rate structure and have made the rates upon high-rated commodities lower, and in some instances much lower than the rail rates. While the consequences from a revenue standpoint as well as in the effect upon the lower-rated commodities may prove far-reaching, the truck cannot permanently compete with the railroad for carload traffic because the railroad, as we will hereafter see, can handle traffic cheaper than the truck and, therefore, can undersell it.

Other parcel carriers including express, postal and truck have simplified their classification and their rate structure. The railroad L. C. L. classification comprises 700 pages of unintelligible jargon which no layman understands and about which no two experts can agree. It is a modern Doomsday Book. It discourages L. C. L. traffic by its lack of intelligence, its illogical ratings as well as by its illiberal packing requirements. Under the value-of-the-service theory wide variations in carload ratings are necessary. Since, however, L. C. L. traffic is but 10 per cent of the traffic the need to apply such a theory to it is not apparent, particularly in view of the fact that although the variation between the highest and lowest L. C. L. rating is 700 per cent, that between the average rating (weighted by revenue) and the lowest rating is but 12½ per cent.

Our red ball freight trains carrying full tonnage frequently attain an average speed between terminals of 35 to 40 miles, and actual maximum speeds of 60 miles per hour. Their over-all speed, including terminal delays exceeds 20 miles per hour. The express and parcel post utilize passenger schedules and attain average over-all speeds from 35 to 40 miles per hour. In more recent years limited merchandise trains have attained the same average speed. The truck, save under the most favorable conditions, cannot attain an average over-all speed greater than 30 miles per hour. The railroad, therefore, has it within its power to outdistance the truck if some way can be found to overcome its terminal handicaps.

Excluding pick-up, delivery, overhead and general expense, the most economical truck unit consisting of tractor, semi-trailer and four-wheel trailer having approximately the cubical capacity of a carload, will cost not less than 25 cents per mile to operate. The average out-of-pocket cost per rail car mile is six cents, which excludes all terminal expense. I use out-of-pocket costs simply to obtain a common basis of comparison. Furthermore, an additional car upon the train can be added without greatly increasing the cost, while

each new truck unit means the complete duplication of the cost.

While the truck is superior to the train in flexibility, in size and kind of container, terminal speed and as a distributor of parcels, it is hopelessly outclassed by the train in line haul, speed, cost and capacity. The bare statement of these facts which are almost self-evident compels the conclusion that the railroads need only modernize their practices, efficiently utilize their rail facilities for line haul and supplement them with trucks in the limited terminal and distributive spheres within which the truck is obviously superior in order to render a cheaper and better service than a competitor operating wholly by truck. A modern, coordinated transportation will recoup the freight traffic which has been lost not only to the trucks but to the express agency, parcel post and forwarders as well. The steps necessary to furnish that kind of railroad service seem radical only because of the stagnation of a century to overcome, in both the operating and traffic departments of the railroad.

A coordinated parcel service will postulate that our operating men and their technical advisers will take advantage of every improvement in the science of transportation, whether directly connected with railroads or not. It will require the designing of a new kind of sectional box cars, equipped with the most modern shock-absorbing devices, with bodies which are quickly interchangeable between rail car and truck. It will mean that through the use of these sectional car-bodies, the trucks will do a large part of the switching now done by rail. It will mean also that the train will perform the terminal to terminal movement, handling and distributing cars, and that the truck will perform the terminal movement, handling and distributing parcels. It will permit the abandonment of expensive urban freight house terminals and the substitution of transfer platforms located in outer terminal yards, over which parcel freight will be transferred between cars and trucks. Finally, L. C. L. transportation will be largely if not

entirely divorced from carload transportation and a new limited L. C. L. freight train operating on a passenger schedule will appear.

If what I have described is unorthodox operation, that which is to come is nothing short of traffic heresy. We must divorce our L. C. L. rates and rate making from our carload rates. They have nothing in common. Our complicated L. C. L. classification is as out of place as a corset at the seashore and ought to be as extinct as a miniature golf course. Our L. C. L. rates ought to be stated in not more than two classes and in zones as large if not larger than the parcel post zones. They should provide for the handling of all parcels of whatever size larger than a letter. We should insist on a simplified accounting with respect to parcel freight and if possible install a system approaching as nearly as feasible the use of zone and weight stamps. Finally, to meet the carload situation, we must revise our minimum weights to accord with the new sectional cars and wherever necessary reduce our rates on high-rated commodities to the level of truck rates. Such a step so far from reducing the carrier's revenue, by increasing our load per car and reducing the ratio of tare to net load, will actually increase our net. For instance, two half cars with a minimum weight of 25,000 pounds each will produce more net revenue on a fourth class rate than one car with a minimum of 30,000 pounds at the third class rate.

Such coordinated service will be of immense benefit to the public. It will provide it with one transportation agency capable of transporting anything from a package of carpet tacks to an electrical transformer. This agency will afford a speed in freight service yet unattained by any other form of transport and with the dependability and reliability of the railroads, and since traffic will be regained in substantial volume it ought also result in cheaper transportation. A final, but by no means the least benefit to the public, is that it will greatly diminish the number of trucks which are now hogging our intercity highways and at the same time greatly

reduce the number of switch-engines which are blocking our city streets by transferring the load of the line-haul truck to the rails and the load of the switch engine to the truck.

While I may have been harsh in my criticism of what I consider to be the shortcomings on the part of the railroad, it is only because I believe it is capable of so much better service than we now obtain from it. While the railroads are now surrounded by competing agencies which threaten them on every hand, I for one believe that the railroads have within their grasp the opportunity again to attain the dominance in transportation which they formerly held. And with those of you who are privileged to slave for the industry, I indulge the hope which Aeneas offered his men when they were somewhat similarly situated:

> You that have seen grim Scylla rave,
> And heard her monsters yell,
> You that have looked upon the cave
> Where savage Cyclops dwell,
> Come, cheer your souls, your fears forget;
> This suffering will yield us yet
> A pleasant tale to tell.

CHAPTER IV

HOW TO CONCLUDE

We say good-by in many ways. It may be merely a nod, it may be a concise phrase that hints we are through, it may be a carefully planned passage to get a specific effect. Short, informal talks are often better without deliberate, calculated endings, but even they should leave a sense of completeness. The egg or the orange has a shape that reminds one of a speech, which begins on a plane of calm, mild getting-ready, and swells in substance and interest until it reaches its climax, and then subsides rather swiftly, but not dully, to its conclusion.

At any rate, it is well to have a definite ending in mind. What the speaker says last is remembered first by the audience. When he has hinted that he is about to conclude, he will spoil everything if he continues to plod along looking for a place to stop. The audience is already in the mood to leave and is impatient with this failure to wind up the business promptly. Annoyance is the only response to "one thing more," "as I said before," "I urge you once again," "I forgot to say," and the other pathetic delays of the speaker who is through but does not know it.

In long papers or addresses it is good practice to conclude with a paragraph that vitally restates the

central idea. Do not give a summary or at least do not announce it as such. No one wants to hear what he has just heard. Notice in the illustrations that follow how neatly the speakers isolated the main point and fixed it firmly, at the last moment, in the minds of their listeners.

I should not worthily represent here the profession to which I belong if I did not say in closing that liberal education is an end in itself, apart from all its utilities and applications. When we teach a child to read, our primary aim is not to enable it to decipher a way-bill or a receipt, but to kindle its imagination, enlarge its vision, and open for it the avenues of knowledge. The same is true of liberal education in its utmost reach. Its chief objects for the individual are development, inspiration, and exaltation; the practical advantages which flow from it are incidental, not paramount.

For the community the institutions of higher education do a like service. They bring each successive generation of youth up to levels of knowledge and righteousness which the preceding generation reached in their maturity. Public comfort, ease and wealth are doubtless promoted by them; but their true and sufficient ends are knowledge and righteousness.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

So it comes down to a question of our inheritance, and what we are going to die of. Look back and take the records of your family, of your forefathers, and see what they died of. Did they have rheumatism? Did they have heart disease? What proportion of them had heart disease? That is your danger. How many of them got apoplexy? How many of them had defective nervous systems?

The condition now exists that each man is dying his individual death, and it is up to us to see if we can't reach him in some manner and persuade him that it is worth while, when he is 40 years of age, to go in and be looked over to see if he

can't be helped and to keep his old machinery from going to pieces from neglect.

CHARLES H. MAYO.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will detain you no longer. I hope that I have made it clear that we conceive the end of education on its literary side to be to make a man and not a cyclopedia, to make a citizen and not a book of elegant extracts. Literature does not end with knowledge of forms, with inventories of books and authors, with finding the key of rhythm, with the varying measure of the stanza, or the changes from the involved and sonorous periods of the seventeenth century down to the staccato of the nineteenth century, or all the rest of these technicalities of scholarship. Do not think I contemn these. They are all good things to know, but they are not ends in themselves. "The intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and he will less value the others." Literature is one of the instruments, and one of the most powerful instruments, for forming character, for giving us men and women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage, and inspired by that public spirit and public virtue of which it has been well said that they are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man. Bacon is right, as he generally is, when he bids us read, not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and to consider. Yes, let us read to weigh and to consider. In the times before us that threaten deep political, economic, and social controversy, what we need to do is to induce our people to weigh and consider. We want them to cultivate energy without impatience, activity without restlessness, inflexibility without ill-humor. I am not going to preach to you any artificial stoicism. I am not going to preach to you any indifference to money, or to the pleasures of social intercourse, or to the esteem and good-will of our neighbors, or

to any other of the consolations and necessities of life. But, after all, the thing that matters most, both for happiness and for duty, is that we should habitually live with wise thoughts and right feelings. Literature helps us more than other studies to this most blessed companionship of wise thoughts and right feelings, and so I have taken this opportunity of earnestly commending it to your interest and care.

JOHN MORLEY.

In one word, the ultimate reason for the greater effectiveness of spoken than of written matter is simply this, that the latter is dead and silent, the former quick with the glow and vitality of intelligence and emotion. In certain scientific observations you must eliminate what is called the personal equation; but in good speaking, the personality of the speaker, instead of needing to be discounted, is that which lends its special value to the result. What reaches the auditor is not thought frozen into abstract form, but thought welling warm and fluent from a living source. In reading a book or report the whole burden of the process is thrown upon the reader. In listening to a spoken address more than half the burden is borne by the speaker; or rather, activity and receptivity become almost indistinguishable. Charged alike with the electric force of sympathy, the minds of speaker and hearer meet and mingle in a common medium of intelligence and emotion.

JOHN CAIRD.

This is the expected type for talks of information, interpretation, or argument, but many talks are pleas for action. Their conclusions would naturally be incisive, decisive exhortations to do something about it.

Sir, it is with great regret that I have felt it necessary to detain the House so long; but on a subject of so much dif-

ficulty it was imperative upon me to do so. I will now, however, after thanking the House for the patience and attention with which they have been so good as to listen to me, conclude with offering up an ardent prayer that by the course which they may adopt they will for a second time set the world a glorious example of a commercial nation weighing commercial advantages light in the balance against justice and religion; that they will achieve the great object of extinguishing slavery, gradually, safely, but at the same time completely,—a result the more to be desired, if accomplished by a yielding on one side and the other, which may make both sides forget extreme opinion, and which will exhibit a great and proud example of a deliberative assembly, reconciling conflicting interests, liberating the slave without inflicting hardship on his master, gratifying the liberal and humane spirit of the age without harming even those who stand in its way, and vindicating their high functions moderately, but with determination, and in a manner honorable to the people of whom they are the representatives, and acting in a manner on this important question which will afford a sure pledge of a successful termination of the glorious career on which they are about to enter.

EDWARD G. F. STANLEY, EARL OF DERBY.

Some will see nothing in all this idea of following the facts, despite the evidence accumulated that it is the only way. Such men will pass, and the buyers that once knew them will know them no more. Others will wait and see. Some of these will overwait and pay the penalty in reorganization and refinancing. Some will never see. "They have eyes and see not." They are always with us. They, too, will weep and wail. A few see, and will hasten to act.

E. ST. ELMO LEWIS.

Demosthenes must have given anxious thought to the last words of his most famous oration, "On the Crown." He was defending his reputation, perhaps

his life, before a great outdoor court of cynical and fickle Athenians. After several hours of narration, argument, invective, and appeal he begins his conclusion with a terse restatement of what is expected of the good citizen. Somewhat egotistically, as we look at it here, but convincingly, if we read the whole speech, he associates himself with the general mass of decent citizens, and puts his enemies in the position of traitors. He closes with a short prayer that is a shrewd bit of psychology. He and his audience are one; his accusers are the treacherous foes of God and Athens.

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen,—so may I speak of myself and give the least offense:—In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and pre-eminence of the commonwealth; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit, you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished. Only see. When my person was demanded—when they brought Amphictyonic suits against me—when they menaced—when they promised—when they set these miscreants like wild beasts upon me—never in any way have I abandoned my affection for you. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honor, the power, the glory of my fatherland, these to exalt, in these to have my being. I do not walk about the market place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those whom I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men who rail at Athens, as if in so doing they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrive by the distress of Greece,

are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you! If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling! But if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves; exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance!

DEMOSTHENES.

When a speaker has discussed grave problems that are fraught with danger to the state or to the audience, he sometimes anticipates the question: "How do you really feel about all this?" And so we have endings that express warning, hope, courage, confidence, congratulation, and regret.

I have shown—very cursorily indeed, but in a manner which your intellects will fill up—the extraordinary, unparalleled, and complicated nature of the political problems with which political parties in England have to deal; and I have asked you, on my own behalf and on behalf of other politicians busily engaged, for your assistance. At the same time, gentlemen, I do not wish you to suppose for a moment that I am alarmed as to the future. My state of mind when these great problems come across me—which is very rarely—is one of wonder, or perhaps I should say rather of admiration and of hope, because the alternative state of mind would be one of terror and despair. And I am guarded from that latter state of mind by a firm belief in the essential goodness of life, and in the evolution, by some process or other which I do not exactly know and cannot determine, of a higher and nobler humanity. But, above all, my especial safeguard against such a state of mental annihilation and mental despair is my firm belief in the ascertained and much-tried common sense which is the peculiarity of the English people. That is the faith which, I think, ought

to animate and protect you in your political future; that is the faith of the Tory democracy in which I shall ever abide; that is the faith which your club can, and I hope will, widely and wisely propagate; and that is the faith which, dominating our minds and influencing our actions on all occasions, no matter how dark and gloomy the horizon may appear to be, will contribute to preserve and adapt the institutions of our country and to guarantee and to consolidate the spreading dominions of the Queen.

RANDOLPH H. S. CHURCHILL.

In all seriousness, let me ask, when will the tides of legislative invasion and control of individual conduct cease? Not, I fear, until people, goaded beyond endurance, turn upon their reforming tormentors, demand a halt, and then enforce it. We are gorged with nostrums, experimental legislation, welfare legislation, mandatory legislation, prohibitory legislation, regulatory legislation, bureaus, commissions, and boards; invasions here, and invasions there, until law has become synonymous with tyranny in its most searching and sinister forms.

Voltaire said that every lover of liberty seems determined to destroy her. It is as true now as ever. If we would preserve its remaining fragments, we would do well to recall and observe the precept of the Hebrew prophet: "Stand upon the old paths, walk in the ancient ways, observe them well, and be not driven unto change."

CHARLES S. THOMAS.

Ladies and gentlemen, the ethics of our profession have been made the subject of infinite debate. On the whole through the generations and through the centuries they have sustained the force of every hostile animadversion that has been made upon them, and in dark and critical days in every great democracy in the world the advocates of the country by their devotion and their courage have made themselves the principal

maintainers and buttresses of liberty. It was well said that under a despot the quality of rhetoric counts for little, but in every free country it counts for much. It has been that quality, the quality of rhetoric—infinitely flexible, admitting of infinitely various applications; emotional it may be when attuned to an emotional cause, dry and analytic when the occasion calls for that form of forensic skill—is the greatest gift which God gave to man, and it is exhibited, I deliberately state my conclusion, more conspicuously and more bountifully by the legal population of the great Democratic countries of the world than by any section of any population which the world in its gradual progress towards complete civilization has reached.

THE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts,—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

WOODROW WILSON.

In conclusion, I hope I may be permitted to say that as a former Chicagoan I am sorry that I cannot bring you a message of cheer with reference to the St. Lawrence Waterway. I have lived in this vicinity for the greater part of my life, and I know how we would like to have Chicago rival New York as a great entrepôt of commerce. We would like to be able to go down to the Lake front and taste salt water, we would like to be able to smell the smells of the Orient, and we will never be quite happy until the flags of all nations have had a chance to unfurl themselves before Chicago breezes. But as a realistic objective economist I can only bring you the facts as careful analysis has revealed them; and I know enough about Chicago business men to know that they would very greatly prefer to have me bring them the actual results of our analysis, whatever the conclusions reached, than to bring them glittering generalities based upon our desires rather than upon our possibilities.

HAROLD G. MOULTON.

No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Narration and description are the eloquence of eulogy and commemorative addresses. The end of the

story is the end of the speech. A touching allegory or a beautiful "fade-out" gives the key to the character or the definite inspiration of the hour.

But near the ruins of the fort, a spring which the battle had defiled, buried and dried up, has now come to life again. From the depths of the earth, it has found its way toward the life of the sky, and its water is so clear, so fresh, so pure, that the tired and weary pilgrim of the battlefield may stop and drink of it. And so we all feel today—day of the dead, and day of the living—that it is near that spring we must kneel down, to draw from it, among tragic and cruel memories, beautiful and pure reasons to live and love.

ANDRÉ MORIZE.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of the healing billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With a wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully to the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Questions, quotations, and anecdotes are usually impressive. The words of revered personages, especi-

ally prophetic utterances that have at last found their mark, are final.

He set before those who would come after Him, a life of self-discipline, and His great Apostle prescribed: "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." An anemic gospel that lays no claims upon discipline makes no appeal to strong, virile men and women. We shall hardly challenge the awakened and self-reliant youth of our time, by presenting to him an easy way of salvation. Lowered standards or a loose code of ethics substituted for the discipline of Christ has lost the Church a large following among the youth, and impaired its influence with men and women of strong convictions. Let us be admonished by the ancient word: "If the trumpet give forth an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

JAMES EDWARD FREEMAN.

Gentlemen: I have but a few more words to trouble you with: I take my leave of you with declaring that all this freedom which I have been endeavoring to assert is no more than the ancient freedom which belongs to our own inbred Constitution; I have not asked you to acquit Thomas Paine upon any new lights, or upon any principle but that of the law, which you are sworn to administer. . . .

Engage the people by their affections, convince their reason,—and they will be loyal from the only principle that can make loyalty sincere, vigorous, or rational,—a conviction that it is their true interest, and that their government is for their good. Constraint is the natural parent of resistance, and a pregnant proof that reason is not on the side of those who use it. You must all remember Lucian's pleasant story; Jupiter and a countryman were walking together, conversing with great freedom and familiarity upon the subject of heaven and earth. The countryman listened with attention and acquiescence, while Jupiter strove only to convince him:—

but happening to hint a doubt, Jupiter turned hastily around and threatened him with his thunder. "Ah! ah!" says the countryman, "now, Jupiter I know that you are wrong; you are always wrong when you appeal to your thunder."

This is the case with me—I can reason with the people of England, but I cannot fight against the thunder of authority.

Gentlemen, this is my defense of free opinions. With regard to myself, I am, and always have been, obedient and affectionate to the law;—to that rule of action, as long as I exist, I shall ever do as I have done to-day, maintain the dignity of my high profession, and perform, as I understand them, all its important duties.

THOMAS, LORD ERSKINE.

Let me read you a few sentences that are to me among the most impressive in American political history. When you remember the name of him who wrote them and the date at which they were written, you will agree with me that their significance is profound. These were the words of Abraham Lincoln written in April, 1859. Fix the name and the date and listen:

"It is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation. . . . The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them 'glittering generalities.' Another bluntly calls them 'self-evident lies.' And others insidiously argue that they apply to 'superior races.' These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect—the supplanting of the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers, of returning despotism. We must repulse them or they will subjugate us. . . . All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence

by a single people, had the coolness, forecast, and capacity, to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

My fellow Americans, let us think on these things. Let us determine here and now to do these things.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

CHAPTER V

HOW TO INTRODUCE A SPEAKER

Speeches may be classified under many heads: speeches of welcome and greeting; speeches of presentation and acceptance; speeches of introduction; orations, eulogies, sermons, after-dinner speeches, debates, radio talks, and so on, but they are all developed and controlled by the same principles of courtesy, good taste, and imagination.

In introducing a speaker you should be guided by the thought that the audience has not come to hear you. You should be brief. Next, you should not be tempted to talk at length on the speaker's subject, or handicap or embarrass him or diminish the force of his remarks by a preview. I once heard the governor of a state introduce American and English college debaters. The subject was the League of Nations. The governor should have confined himself to the encouraging interest attested by the presence of a huge audience and to the profit and pleasure to be had from a meeting of this kind, and he should have given a cordial greeting to the young men from distant shores. Instead, the governor gave a long-winded argument of his own on the League of Nations, made himself an extra debater on one side, compelled changes in the plans of the speakers, and wearied and disgusted the audience with his show of bad taste.

A little imagination soon finds the significant thing to say. If the speaker really needs no introduction, do not use that fatuous phrase, but confine yourself to a sentence or two. Well-known persons do not need the laborious, pseudo-eloquent introductions they usually get. A brief, graceful tribute is always effective, but, if it cannot be done simply and with apparent ease, it is best not attempted. Shailer Mathews introduced President Wilson to a great gathering in Chicago with these words: "Ladies and Gentlemen: The President." That was appropriate and impressive. Why gild the lily? Grover A. Whalen introduced Colonel Lindbergh at the official reception given him in New York on his return from his flight to Paris with the bare announcement: "Colonel Lindbergh." This was sensible. Thousands had been shouting their welcome to the hero of the hour; many more thousands were "listening in." Everybody was impatient to hear the Colonel himself. No introducer could get favorable attention by delaying the great moment.

Of course, these situations were unusual, and you may never be faced with anything like them. You need never be quite so meager. Most speakers do need introduction. Audiences want to know something of their background, their experiences, their notable achievements, their present positions. They want to know in what way the speaker is qualified to discuss the subject he presents.

We cannot always avoid stereotyped phrases, but it is not really necessary to say: "We are indeed

fortunate in having with us this evening," "It is a pleasure and a privilege to introduce," or any other of the conventional expressions that have been ridiculed of late. The formal, stately attitude is, in fact, often out of place. The chairman's business is to project cheerfulness and good will, and to whet the appetite of the audience for what is coming.

Do not lay it on too thick, however. Extravagant, prolonged compliment is embarrassing to both the audience and the speaker. Such an introduction once brought this reply from Chauncey Depew: "Mr. Chairman and friends: In my sixty years on the platform, I have been introduced by all sorts and kinds and conditions of men and women, but never in my life have I been frescoed and rubbed up and down and painted so vividly and multifariously as I have been by the chairman tonight."

Before introducing the speaker, or the first speaker, if there is more than one, the chairman should greet the audience. He too has to say, "How do you do?" Whether he presides at a convention, a dinner, a general meeting, or a conference, he should begin with a reference to the purpose of the meeting, or to the signs of interest shown by the size of the audience, or to coming meetings or speakers. These preliminary remarks make an easy approach to the business of introducing the speaker and save a short introduction from seeming abrupt.

The following illustrations show a considerable variety. Some could easily be improved, but all give

useful clues and suggestions for the chairman who lacks authoritative experience.

In New York City there are only two kinds of persons, those who have bought homes from Joseph P. Day and those who will buy from him just as soon as he gets around to them.

It is scarcely necessary to tell you that Mr. Day is the world's outstanding real estate salesman. I should hesitate to attempt to say how many billion dollars worth of real estate Mr. Day has sold in his active life time, but I will say that a billion dollar realty transaction means no more in his life than the sale of a tin cup does in the life of a Woolworth store girl.

Mr. Day has arrived at his position of master salesman because he is a dynamo of energy, knows the value of advertising, and is an incurable optimist. He started in life as a wholesale dry goods salesman, but this was too slow for his excessive energy. At the age of 21, he started a real estate and insurance business along entirely new lines. The path that others had trod had no lure for him. He blazed trails rather than followed them, and his enterprise combined with his sound judgment have resulted in notable achievement.

Mr. Day's activity as a realtor has brought him in close contact with transportation men and has made him realize the value of good local service. Furthermore, he was for a long time identified in advisory capacity with one of the New York transportation lines. He is a director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which owns a billion and a half dollars worth of real estate mortgages in the United States and Canada.

I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Joseph P. Day, of New York, who will address us on "Accessibility, A Major Factor in Urban Property Value."

J. H. HANNA.

Gentlemen: In reliquishing the duties of President of this organization I do so with the knowledge and comforting thought that you have elected a successor who is eminently

qualified to direct the affairs of this organization for the coming year. I speak from first-hand knowledge for I have had the advantage and pleasure of working with Mr. Jones for the past ten years. He is a cool, clear thinker, deliberate and just in his judgment, sincere in his services to this Association, an individual of whom you may justly be proud as your President. I commend you on your choice and I congratulate Mr. Jones on having the great distinction, the privilege and the pleasure of serving the organization as its President. It is therefore my privilege to introduce to you Mr. C. H. Jones, President-Elect of the American Electric Railway Engineering Association.

L. D. BALE.

The Chairman simply has to announce that in his humble opinion you are going to have a real treat. You have not only got three good speakers but you have got three excellent and intensely interesting subjects. Now, I have had a chance to look over some of the speeches, two of them in fact, and I am going to urge you to stay through this session, because there is a variety here that I think is going to hold your interest and is going to be very, very worth while.

The first address is on the very interesting topic, "When the Accepting Bank Fails." Now, there is an expert going to handle that subject. I think most of you know him personally and you know that he has an enviable record in this particular field of achievement as an officer of the National City Bank. I take a great deal of pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Wilbert Ward.

LEWIS E. PIERSON.

I suppose by this time I should have become very callous to the job of being toastmaster for the Club. I seem to have done a great deal of overtime in this work the past few months, but the illustrious line of Past Presidents which have preceded me and the admirable way in which they have carried off

the colors make me realize that I have had a very difficult job to fill.

Of course, in saying this I do it with a sort of selfish motive because next week I expect to be kicked out of this job and I hope to be elected to that fraternity of wall flowers. So I say this with malice aforethought in the hope that I may retain their good will until at least after the election.

I also feel somewhat embarrassed tonight because I am surrounded to my right and left by talent which we have gleaned from the commercial and the diplomatic channels of the government as well as some very outstanding brains of the industrial leaders of the commercial field.

Then too, in looking about the room, I see evidences of conviviality which have not been passed up to the speaker's table. I almost feel as if I am in a world by myself. I am somewhat reminded of the college student who was looking over his latest edition of *Campus News* and he was very much surprised to read the notice of his death. He rushed to the telephone and called up his pal, and said, "Bill, have you read the college *Campus News?*"

"Yes."

"Did you hear that I died?"

"Yes, where are you talking from?"

I hope in this spirit you will bear with me and grant me your indulgence. First of all, I want to take this opportunity to express our appreciation to O. K. Davis and his able corps of assistants in the National Foreign Trade Council, who have assisted us in every way possible to make this meeting a success. Also, in the name of the Export Managers Club of New York I extend to each and all of you a most cordial welcome. It is pleasant to fraternize tonight with those whose business activities are motivated from the same common ground. We hope you will thoroughly enjoy the evening and return to your desks with a good impression of our Club, its activities, its personnel, and with a renewed determination to win further laurels for American overseas trade.

Our guest tonight has been a staunch friend of the Export Managers Club of New York, ever since his first appointment in Washington. We have been looking forward to an occasion when we might signally honor him as Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Tonight this opportunity is presented, and coming at a time when there are so many here attending the convention, we feel the occasion a most auspicious one.

Those of us who carry the responsibility for overseas trade of our companies have found it increasingly difficult of recent months to keep up our courage in the face of various upheavals abroad, especially when here at home rather insidious remarks have been circulated at times against export in general. So, tonight, if there be anyone present who needs special encouragement I am confident he will receive it from the address we are about to hear.

Dr. Klein needs no introduction and I shall not attempt to give him one. He is personally known to most of us. But in presenting him I am impressed to quote the words of Frederic William Wile, who has described him as follows:—"practical idealist, dreamer, scholar and international business go-getter of Uncle Sam." And so he is. He is not content to sit at his desk and theorize but he has taken frequent and extensive trips right into the field not only here at home in connection with the domestic work but abroad, to gain a first hand knowledge of our problems and then analyze them for us.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I feel it an especial privilege to present to you our honored guest, Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce.

ROGER L. BRACKEN.

We had expected to have the Mayor with us at this time. He is, as you know, a very busy man, and his time is not always his own, so he may possibly be a little late and we may have to change the program a little—all of which reminds me of a story. This is about a man who had gone out west to

sell a large bill of goods. He met some friends going out on the train and they had a good time and played a little poker on the road and he had had a little bit of luck and wired his wife every night just how much he had won so she could have the winnings—which are always bad arrangements, but we sometimes make them. Then on his way back (he had had a very good trip), he stopped off at Saratoga for a week in the racing season. Here he lost persistently and he wired each night to his wife how much he had lost. On the second day she became a little discouraged and called him up and said, "I can't understand why you should win so much on poker and lose so much on the races." He said, "The only trouble is that I can't shuffle the horses." We may have to shuffle the program just a bit.

But, as you know, every organization, every business, every effort at this time, is always the lengthened shadow of an individual—a perfectly trite statement but a perfectly true one. These things do not merely happen—a big organization like the Foreign Trade Council can only exist because some leading spirit actuates its operations and controls its destiny. This organization has been fortunate since its inception, eighteen years ago, in having only one leader, and it is the prayer and hope of all of us that for many years to come we will continue only to have one leader. I consider it more than a usual honor to have the pleasure of presenting that leader to you, your Chairman, Mr. Farrell.

WILLIS H. BOOTH.

It is a matter of regret that we are not going to have the distinguished President of the University address us. However, as compensation, we have an opportunity to pay our homage to a man who has established himself among the classics and still is very active in the American Library Association.

Beautiful as the building is, convenient as it is, intelligent in all its appointments and temptations, we all realize that that alone would not establish the library. It requires the individual genius of a director. That individual genius is

still more to be honored because of the rare modesty which controls it. I shall give way with high regard and pleasure to the representative and spokesman of the University, whom the President has chosen to greet us, Mr. Andrew Keogh, the University librarian.

ADAM STROHM.

We are here to enjoy the highest privilege that this choice fellowship, with the pleasant memories of sixty years, can offer. We give our greeting to one who is of the very fibre of this Club, who has directed its activities, has reinforced its patriotic purposes, and has endowed it in perpetuity with his example. Whatever may be the reluctance of the "abstemious muse" to "weave a crown for living brows," we have no such hesitation. We owe it to ourselves to pay this tribute, and it is in accord with our happiest tradition. Here the garlands of esteem and affection have been placed upon the living brows of Evarts, of Choate, of Porter, of Depew, to mention a few of those we have delighted to honor, and in our hall of illustrious men, who hold the only patent of nobility in this Republic, that of worth of character, distinction of attainment, and preeminence in service, no one has higher place than our guide, philosopher and friend, Elihu Root.

This is the nearest approach that we can make in this country to the gift of an earldom. How fortunate of all men are those rare heroes of life, who emerge from the long strife untouched, who survive animosity and attack, who have risen above the possibility of detraction, and possessing vigor of body and mind and secure in the recognition of their achievements, obtain the reward of their unstinted labors in the serenity of age blessed with the most agreeable retrospect. "It is pleasant," said Socrates, "to grow old with good health and a good friend." But it is best to grow old, not only with health and friends, but with memories of the worthiest actions. We greet one tonight who has all the blessings that age can win and hold.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

We have another very good friend, a great servant, a man who is continually rendering service to the organized labor movement. He edits a great labor paper, a paper with a punch in it, and he is the man who puts the punch in the paper. You know that the railway group, representing the transportation workers of the United States and Canada, own a great labor newspaper, one that has made a most profound impression upon the minds and opinions of the people of both nations. Our distinguished friend has had a most wide and active career. He is a newspaper man, a gentleman, an ex-Congressman, and one who can tell our new Congressmen something about his experiences. I wish I could say some more nice things about our friend whom I know so well and respect so highly, but I am not going to take the time to do that now. I am just going to present to you the Honorable Edward Keating, editor of *Labor*.

WILLIAM GREEN.

It is indeed a pleasure to welcome so many of you at this Office Appliance luncheon, and it has given me the opportunity to greet many old friends and to meet others of you who have been merely names before. I shall take but a moment of your time, for all of you are familiar with the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and the work of the Specialties Division. I do want to say that, in these days of shrinking exports and reduced sales in the home market, the office equipment industry is not showing a yellow streak but is preparing for better days, cooperating with foreign agencies, improving its products, sharpshooting at the few bright spots on the horizon. There are bright spots; old equipment is wearing out, the desire to acquire new business accessories is just as keen as ever, and your industry will be among the first to enjoy the benefits of renewed purchasing power from abroad.

This meeting, in tempo with the spirit of this convention, has been programmed with a view to giving each of us some

perspective in the midst of this fog, and I do not know of any one better qualified to do that job than the genial dean of typewriter sales. It is a pleasure and privilege to present to you Mr. M. S. Eylar, Vice-President of the Underwood Elliott Fisher Company. Mr. Eylar.

ERIC T. KING.

On behalf of the Export Managers Club and the Foreign Trade Council, I am especially happy to extend you a cordial welcome.

The general theme we are to discuss this afternoon is Export Merchandising, a subject so closely related to our everyday problems, that I am confident we are assured a most interesting and enlightening session. The theme has been carefully divided into three parts, and each division delegated to the member whose experience particularly fits him for the subject assigned.

Following the precedent established at previous meetings of the Export Managers Club of New York, we will have a period of general discussion immediately after each presentation. It is our hope that you will accept this invitation to freely express your views, that these discussion periods may be of real benefit. We have found that the free interchange of ideas and opinion are of inestimable value, in emphasizing the essential points raised when the subject is presented. Any contributions you can give, therefore, to help make this meeting of greater value to each one of us will be appreciated.

The first phase of the session topic will be, "Where Shall We Export, and How?"—and will be covered by Mr. Paul R. Mahony, Executive Vice-President, The International B. F. Goodrich Corporation, New York. Fortunately, Mr. Mahony arrived home from an extensive trip abroad only last week, and in spite of pressure of work facing him, he agreed to step in and pinch-hit for us. This is the spirit which makes membership in the Club worth while. Mr. Mahony needs no introduction, as he has been long and favorably recognized as one of the leading exporters of the country. Mr. Mahony.

ROGER L. BRACKEN.

Members of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents and Guests: Each succeeding year, as I call these Conventions to order, the character of the audience seems to change. One year, you are thrift pioneers; another year, post-graduates in applied economics; yet another, reserve builders. Today, you are apostles of self-reliance. These designations are not contradictory. They strikingly emphasize the many ways in which life insurance is woven into the economic fabric of our two countries—Canada and the United States.

We are most happy to have so many of you with us on the occasion of this, our Silver Birthday Party. As apostles of self-reliance and as friends, you come not only from the executive offices, but also from the field. Your companies—member and non-member—represent nearly all of the vast legal reserve life insurance protection that is now in force in Canada and the United States. It is especially pleasing to see so many of the elder statesman of life insurance here at our Twenty-fifth reunion. It is satisfying, too, to note and record the presence of representatives of the official supervisory forces of the two countries. We are delighted to welcome, in addition, leaders from other fields of national business and economic activities, who come here today to help us consider some of the problems of a particularly trying period. We hope that all of you will enjoy your stay here as much as we enjoy having you with us.

It will be my pleasure, in a moment, to turn the Convention over to the gentleman who has been selected to act as your Chairman. His career of more than forty-eight years in the life insurance business—from mail clerk to president—typifies self-reliance. You know so much about that career that I shall not dilate upon it here. He has many activities, beyond even the wide influence of life insurance, in the social and economic affairs of the nation.

Gentlemen, I take pleasure in presenting to you your Chairman, Mr. Frederick H. Ecker, President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Mr. Ecker!

GEORGE T. WIGHT.

Ladies and gentlemen, visitors and guests at the Fifty-first Convention of the American Federation of Labor: It is a great honor that my colleagues have conferred on me today to represent them in the trade union movement of British Columbia in extending to you a welcome to our city. The City of Vancouver has not the historic background of many cities in which you have been accustomed to meet. Our city is a new city and one of the very latest models, and what we lose in age we hope we have made up in the very short space of time which has elapsed between the time that trees grew right on the site of the building you now occupy and the present time. We appreciate the great distance many of you have traveled to attend this convention and we accept the convention as a compliment to the trades and labor movement of this city and to the province, as a compliment and recognition of the movement that we have built up.

Our problems, that we have, are similar to those you have left in your own home towns. The situation of this city on the shores of the Pacific Ocean is such that we look for a great deal of trade from the Orient in the building up of our city. We are all conversant with the fact that across that great ocean are many thousands who are starving and in famine stricken areas. I think the problem we have is a greater one than the problem they have on the other side of the ocean. These questions are questions that will be dealt with at this convention, and the world is waiting, I might say, anxiously waiting, for the pronouncement of this convention on that paramount question of unemployment.

I shall not take up a great deal of your time this morning, as we have very able speakers to address you. I want to say, in closing, that we hope your stay with us will be a pleasant one. We have arranged a series of entertainments for you, announcements of which will be made from day to day. We trust that your deliberations will be of benefit, not only to the people who sent you here and the people you represent, but to all our people resident on the North American Continent.

I will now introduce Mr. Clarence Herrett, Vice-president of the Vancouver, New Westminister and District Trades and Labor Council.

PERCY R. BENGOUGH.

It is seldom, indeed, that the head of a local transportation company has the pleasure of introducing one of his own directors to a national gathering of this kind. I have that pleasure today, and the director whom I am going to present is internationally known in the business world. I refer to Mr. Merle Thorpe, editor of *The Nation's Business* and a member of the Capital Traction Company board.

Mr. Thorpe is recognized as one of the country's foremost speakers and writers on business subjects. As editor of the nation's leading business magazine, he is in a position at Washington to keep closely informed regarding business trends and especially regarding legislation affecting business. He is in great demand as a speaker and has spoken in every large city in the United States.

Over the network of the National Broadcasting Company he delivers weekly talks on "How's Business?" President Aylesworth says that no feature of its kind has received such response from the public. Requests for more than 200,000 copies of the talks made in recent months have been received.

The Nation's Business magazine is published by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, with headquarters at Washington. When Mr. Thorpe took over the magazine twelve years ago it had a paid circulation of less than 1,000. Today the magazine has 320,000 subscribers, which include the leading business executives of the country.

Mr. Thorpe's successful editorial policy has been based on the theory that there is plenty of romance in business and that business subjects can be handled in an entertaining and readable manner without sacrificing any of the subject matter. This policy has made the magazine one of the outstanding publication successes in the last decade. Mr. Thorpe's editorials are constantly quoted in other publications.

In addition to acting as editor, Mr. Thorpe also has been responsible for the business activities of the magazine, involving nearly $3,000,000 yearly, and therefore brings to his addresses first hand information of business problems coupled with an editor's ability to present what he has to say forcefully and entertainingly.

Until Mr. Thorpe became a director of an electric railway he never realized how much work a man could do in a day if he really tried. So now in addition to his editing, broadcasting and working on traction problems and discharging duties on various civic boards, he latterly has become special assistant to Mr. Walter S. Gifford, of President Hoover's Committee on the Unemployed. A man as active as Mr. Thorpe, who knows our problems, certainly will have something worth while to say to us.

Mr. Thorpe!

J. H. HANNA.

Before introducing the first speaker on our program, I want to warn our audience that, accidentally or otherwise, the program this year seems to have gone Presbyterian with a bang. Not only is it flooded with Presbyterians, but more than that, with Presbyterian ministers' sons. Our first speaker this morning, Major Willian Duncan Herridge, K.C., D.S.O., M.C., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Canada to the United States, is of Scotch-English ancestry and the son of a Presbyterian minister. This afternoon we are to hear from a life insurance president who is the son of a South Carolina Presbyterian minister of Scotch antecedents, and tomorrow from another speaker who is the son of a Presbyterian minister of English lineage.

Major Herridge, as the son of a minister, continues in the family tradition, and, as another kind of minister, preaches another kind of gospel—international good-will. Prior to entering the diplomatic service, Major Herridge had a record as a brilliant student, a brave soldier in the World War, and an

able lawyer. Since the War he gradually became more and more interested in politics, and it is said that he has recently been characterized by the Opposition press as the "Colonel House" of Ottawa. Be that as it may, last March he was selected as the chief representative of his country to the United States. It is with great pleasure that I now present to you Major William Duncan Herridge.

FREDERICK H. ECKER.

We are now to have the privilege of listening to United States Senator Arthur Capper, who, as you all know, hails from the broad plains of Kansas. He has served his state as governor and, for many years, has represented it in the United States Senate. He has had an active career in publishing in which he won his way upward from the position of printer on *The Topeka Daily Capital*, until today he is owner of that paper, as well as a number of other widely-known publications. His career as a public servant and his wide experience in journalism provide the background for the subject upon which he will speak, "A Plea for National Unity."

Senator Capper, being of Quaker extraction and a native of Kansas, is well supplied with the pioneer spirit. This is proved by the fact that he was the first man in Topeka to own one of the then new-fangled bicycles, when the old high-front-wheel type went into the discard. He was also the first Topeka purchaser of an automobile. It is recorded that shortly thereafter he invited Mrs. Capper to take a ride with him. "I'll just take it around the block to warm up," he advised Mrs. Capper. She waited on the curb while he moved off and in a few minutes he came back down the street. Mrs. Capper took a step to get in but the car continued on its way. This happened three times before the car was finally brought to a stop. "Why didn't you stop the first time?" inquired Mrs. Capper. "Well," he replied, "it takes an infernally long time for this car to warm up."

The Senator not only is a pioneer but a master salesman. In one of his campaigns for the Republican nomination for Senator, an automobile party, including the speaker to appear at an opposition meeting, was late and was rushed to the county seat at a rate defying all speed laws. Suddenly there appeared in the middle of the road a young woman who signalled the driver to stop. He did so. "Well," cried the party in chorus, "what is it?" The smiling young woman held out a magazine and inquired, "Would any of you gentlemen care to subscribe to *Capper's Weekly?*" Not only does this reveal the Senator's sales methods but also his political perspicacity. What is more to the point, the institution of insurance has no more understanding nor better friend. It is a great honor to present to you the Hon. Arthur Capper, United States Senator from Kansas. Senator Capper!

FREDERICK H. ECKER.

CHAPTER VI

HOW TO IMPROVE THE VOICE

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

If Byron is right, many a good man should go to the devil for help. He will be consigned there anyway because we cannot hear him, because he drones in a monotone, because his voice is shrill or harsh or nasal, or because he sounds labored, singsongy or crude. Voices are usually poor because people do not listen to their own. They are not conscious of them except in song, and the fact is that the music of speech is much more important.

It is true that, as we improve our tastes through general education, we become more aware of the qualities of voice. We listen with amused impatience to the grunts, the yaps, the squawks, the squeals, the "say-lissen," "oh-my-God" intonation and enunciation, and try to subdue our own eccentricities to a quiet pattern of an undistinguishable kind. But this negative care makes negative personality. We really have to recover the unconstrained, easy, cheerful utterance of childhood. Children make correct tone instinctively until they are reproved for making too much of it and are admonished to speak more politely. Self-consciousness, diffidence, embarrassment then

prey upon the voice and reduce it to a muffled, restricted, strained, and colorless organ of expression.

A good voice has three basic qualities—purity, flexibility, and strength.

Purity implies that tone is produced correctly, that it is free of the impurities of nasal twang or tight jaw or squeezed back-throat strains or the anemic sound that lacks breath support. Purity is studied under three heads: breathing, relaxation, and resonance.

So much is taught and written about breathing that it sounds like a pretty deep and mysterious thing. Still, every baby breathes correctly, and every cat and dog. Watch any of them when they are sleeping. Notice how their tummies rise and fall. That is natural, correct breathing, and you breathe just like that when you lie on your back. Lightly press your fingers below the ribs, in front. Inhale easily and deeply and notice how the diaphragm distends, presses out. The diaphragm is a dome-shaped muscular structure. As the lungs fill, they press down, like enlarging sponges, on the diaphragm, and push it down, flattening it somewhat. As you exhale and the pressure is released, the diaphragm goes back and accelerates the flow of breath up through the windpipe and over the vocal chords. This is what makes tone, and good tone requires adequate breath support, a firm column of air that is abundantly replenished by expanded lungs and the diaphragm piston. Breathe deeply, easily, and often, and exhale a little more slowly during speech. That

is, do not let tone run down and get quavering, wheezy, or breathless through rapid utterance or trying to say too much on one breath. Speak more deliberately on a lower pitch and pause often enough to inhale and keep an ample reservoir of breath. Hold the chest fairly high—not too "chesty"—so that the ribs will not interfere with the expanding lungs. Keep the stomach in.

You may do all this quite naturally in life breathing, or you make take shallow breaths, especially if you lack sufficient exercise to compel more active and vigorous breathing. But live tone cannot come from anemic breathing. The thin, dry, dead sound made on insufficient breath lacks buoyancy and power. It has an indifferent and unimpressive quality.

Many persons have a hard, constricted, throaty sound because they think of tone as starting at the vocal chords. They have a tendency to squeeze and cluck and make muscular strains that irritate and tire the throat and at the same time destroy the smooth, mellow, natural tone. Think of tone as starting in the stomach, down where the vocal action really begins.

Try three simple exercises and get the feel of this:

1. Open the mouth well and pant. Place the hand on the stomach to note the rhythmic rise and fall of the diaphragm.
2. Vocalize the pant. With the mouth well open and with the same rhythmic breathing as in exercise 1, say "uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh (*u* as in *but*).
3. Say on one breath, with the same rhythmic chant as before: "uh—uh—uh utter as many words as you can

on one deep breath held back without distress and voiced to make tone without waste." Stop at "distress" if the sentence is too long. Chant deliberately with a sense of releasing words from the stomach.

The feeling for centralized breathing, the sense of fullness around the waistline, comes by being aware of its necessity, by thinking about it. In all the variety of voice work it is only "thinking makes it so." High notes, low notes, emotional color, intellectual edge, pause, deeper breathing, all come by thinking them.

The hardest thing to acquire and maintain is the open throat, so vital for relaxed, free, rounded tone. The utterance is hard, dry, and unsympathetic because of tight lips, tight jaw, and tight throat. Imagine you are to take a drink of water. Take up the glass, lift it almost to the lips, and open the mouth as if you are about to swallow. Now you have instinctively opened the throat. Look into the mirror as you try this again and notice how the soft palate and the triangular uvula attached to it rise up and away from the tongue. Still looking into the mirror, yawn and see the same effect, and note how the tone is directed to the front of the mouth. That is the achievement of all good practice—the forward-placed tone. Aim the tone at the front upper teeth, where they join the hard palate. Yawn and pretend to drink until you establish the open throat easily and naturally.

Singing helps. Sing a phrase like "Oh come, all ye faithful" and, on the same breath, slide into the conversational tone. Try this on one breath: "oh come, all ye faithful—oh come, all ye faithful—oh come,

all ye faithful—oh come, all ye faithful." Sing the first two; speak the second two, holding the throat in the same position. Try the same exercise with "Oh say, can you see," "My country, 'tis of thee," and other song phrases.

Prolonging syllables—chanting—is the surest way of cultivating good tone. The singing speaking voice is the ideal. Even in the most natural, rapid, or casual speech there should be a hint of chant or prolonged utterance.

Practice in singsong, rhythmic fashion these lines:

1. And the sun went down and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
   But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
2. By Nebo's lonely mountain,
   On this side Jordan's wave,
   In a vale in the land of Moab,
   There lies a lonely grave.
3. God of our fathers, known of old—
   Lord of our far-flung battle line—
   Beneath whose awful hand we hold
   Dominion over palm and pine.
4. O! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
   As it runs through the realm of tears.
5. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
   Or close the wall up with our English dead!
6. For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angles named Lenore—
   Nameless here for evermore.

Practice long vowels in words like these: *seem—deep—boom—roam—whoa—wild—blithe—farm—barn.*

You cannot swallow or gargle *w*. Practice it in words like *way, we, wye, woe, woo.*

A good lip consonant is *b*. Say slowly: *bale, bard, bean, bloom, bowl, by, boost.*

For getting the mouth well open, practice *foh-fah—foh-fah—foh-fah.* To make sure the mouth is open enough, place the first two fingers, one above the other, in the mouth, on saying *fah.*

To loosen a tight jaw, practice yawning. Another good exercise is to relax the whole body. Let the head drop forward on the chest. Let the jaw drop, mouth opening as it will. Shake the head slowly and gently from side to side. Let the jaw hang and feel heavy and limp, as the hand does when it flops relaxed from the wrist.

The third element in correct voice production is resonance. *Resonance,* according to the Latin derivation, means *to sound again.* The tone made at the vocal chords is so slight that the ear alone would scarcely detect it. It is amplified and enriched by your loud speaker, by vibrating against the bony structure in your chest, mouth, and head. You must literally use your head in speech. Think the tone forward and up into the head. Hum-m-m-m and feel the vibrations on the upper lip, in the front of the face. Placing the tone is finding the focal point in the front of the mouth toward which you steadily direct the stream of breath and sound. Some like to think of tone as a fountain of vocalized breath that spurts from the stomach up to the bridge of the nose and drops out through the nostrils.

Practice a front nasal resonance by pronouncing and exaggerating words that contain *l*, *m*, *n*, and *ng*. Speak the following list slowly and roundly: *home, nome, loam, zoom, boom, loom.*

Think of the words *clear, golden, bell.* Aspire to an *uplifted, bright, ringing* voice that can also reach without effort the depths of gravity and pathos.

Memorize the phrases you like best from the following list, and chant and recite them frequently to open the throat and to develop resonance.

1. Hum-m-m and intone more morning songs.
2. Alone, alone, all, all, alone,
   Alone on a wide, wide sea.
3. Nine—unknown—men—in—Maine. (Run the words together.)
4. Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!
5. Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me!

The open throat can easily be made a natural and habitual condition by practicing two types of sentences. One is the upstroke of questions, the other is the downstroke of final low notes that can only be made audible and clear by keeping the throat open and the tone forward on the lips. Note how the first group lifts the tone up and out.

1. I say, old chap, are you there?
2. Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?
3. Will ye give it up to slaves?
   Will ye look for greener graves?
   Hope ye mercy still?
4. And did those feet in ancient time
   Walk upon England's mountain green?

Speak the following group roundly, impressively, with an easy downward stroke. Strike that last low note with something in reserve. Do not squeeze the throat and gasp the final words with a strained, husky, difficult sound. Bring the tone well forward on the lips. Say *wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh* ten times as a bit of preliminary practice and continue the open-throated chanting quality while drilling on the quotations.

1. Run to your houses, fall upon your knees.
   Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
   That needs must light on such ingratitude.
2. Into each life some rain must fall,
   Some days must be dark and dreary.
3. I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
   Than such a Roman.
4. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
   Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
   To the last syllable of recorded time;
   And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
   The way to dusty death.
5. Darker and darker the black shadows fall;
   Sleep and oblivion reign over all.
6. *Wishes* run over in loquacious impotence, *Will* presses on with laconic energy.
7. Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

Practicing these exercises will greatly improve the comfort, clearness, and melody of your voice. In public speaking, however, you must also have strength, power, and volume. You should never shout or yell, because you wish to give the illusion of conversing with your audience. But if you are inaudible or indistinct, you might as well not be speaking

at all. Get the habit of looking at and addressing the last row of listeners. Many speakers annoy with low, weak tones because they look only at the first rows. Their eyes do not search the back of the room and so their voices are never aimed and thrown out to the longer distances. Do not bat grounders to the infield; send up comfortable, soaring, arching high flies to the outfield. And while we are on this baseball analogy, keep in mind that the batter, as he walks up to the plate, swings two or three bats to exercise and limber up so that his business swing on what the pitcher offers him will be confident and easy.

You must also exaggerate in voice practice. Speakers are afraid of their voices. They should try all kinds of reading aloud and speaking up until they acquire a bold and cheerful attack. Read aloud the following passages, vigorously and dramatically. Put yourself into the situation. Visualize the speaker and imitate him. See Grattan on the floor of the Irish Parliament, overwhelming Corry, who had dared to accuse him of treason, with a measured and precise scorn and invective. Make him heard.

Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order—why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time . . .

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask him why not "traitor" unqualified by

an epithet? I will tell him; it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councilor. I will not call him fool because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and the freedom of debate, by uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councilor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

Now imagine that you are Daniel Webster speaking to a vast outdoor gathering that has assembled to do honor to the few surviving veterans of Bunker Hill. Imitate as well as you can the resonant, booming, chanting, uplifted quality with which Webster sent his voice out over that audience.

Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw

filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

Try another passage from Webster. He himself is imagining that he is John Adams arguing for the Declaration of Independence. Put power, deliberation, and impressiveness into the reading. Use the questions to get a good ringing upstroke in the voice and hold it. Make good pauses.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are you not, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague, near you; are you not both already the proscribed objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port bill, and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of

our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

Ease and power are necessary in speaking, but they are not enough. There must also be flexibility, variety, the inflections that show discrimination and precision in the shading of meanings and ideas, and the tone colors that put warmth and life as well as clearness and volume in expression.

Just as the singer tries himself in a variety of songs to develop emotional richness and to get power and beauty up and down the scale with easy control, so the speaker's only practical way of making his own voice responsive is to read aloud—oratorical prose for the chanting, resonant quality, and verse of all kinds for its musical language that opens the throat and encourages the singing quality. The dramatic stuff is good, too, even the melodramatic. Go after it with gayety and abandon. For practice it is not a bad idea to tear a passion to tatters, but hold a little in reserve so as not to tear the throat. In trying to express passages of sublimity, tenderness, love, delicacy, or gentle melancholy, you open the throat,

bring the tone forward on the lips, and reach for the sympathetic quality, which is the only thing that can really charm an audience.

Get into the mood, atmosphere, and meaning of the following passages. Read them as if you understood and enjoyed them. Grave or gay, stately or trivial, powerful or subtle, they challenge you to intelligent and varied interpretation. Pause is eloquent in speaking and reading. It is the actor's best trick for attention and emphasis. Study opportunities for its effective use in these passages.

1. Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time,—he will do it better,—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation in its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

CARLYLE.

2. So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

3. The lettuce is to me a most interesting study. Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that

you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is, however, apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains, like few people I know; growing more solid, and satisfactory, and tender at the same time, and whiter at the center, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction and keep the company smooth; a pinch of Attic salt, a dash of pepper, a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means, but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrasts, and a trifle of sugar. You can put anything, and the more things the better, into salad, as into a conversation, but everything depends upon the skill of mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is the select circle of vegetables.

CHARLES D. WARNER.

4. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

TENNYSON.

5. "A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I'm sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

DICKENS.

6. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again!
Hail! Hail! Oh sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!

KNOWLES.

7. Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults and breathe their awful harmony through those caves of death and make the silent sepulcher vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into gushes of sweet melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about those lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders,

compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful,—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls, the ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee, it is rising from earth to heaven; the very soul seems wrapt away and floating upward on this swelling tide of harmony.

IRVING.

8. He faced his audience with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simple colloquy—a gentleman conversing. How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it—how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion, and happy anecdote, and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram, and limpid humor, like the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

One of the chief tests of speech everywhere is enunciation. There is little charm in a person whose intonation and utterance are not agreeable. The quality is not always the same. Voices in the several sections of the country are noticeably different, but all attractive voices have an easy precision in giving words their acceptable sounds. This really comes

under the head of what we call good manners. Words should not be given in phrases with the heavy, labored completeness of their printed appearance. Talk naturally compresses and elides and clips many phrases in a socially correct way. We do not always pronounce every word fully. We say "ladies'n gentlem'n," "bread'n butter," and sometimes we come pretty close to "What'n th' world'r you trying t'do?" But it is characteristic of sloppy enunciation to carry this tendency too far, as in *lib'ry, reelly, di'mond, reco'nize, guvmunt, libidy, m'not'nous, w'en, Wad jeh say? How juh workkit?*

The fact is, speech becomes lazy. The tongue and lips and jaw are not energetic enough in making the right contacts and articulations. Improvement comes only through a new attention and awareness. The ear must listen with a greater sensitiveness to the good and the bad. There are degrees of social error. Some violations are intolerably crude, others do not offend so deeply, a few are so common in all walks that they are excusable.

The best practice for overcoming vulgar, indifferent, indistinct enunciation is to read aloud passages of literary prose, prose that rises above colloquial commonplace and that demands more dignity, exactness, and sustained energy of articulation. Here are a few samples.

1. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there;

and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where. You may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And keeping the figure a little longer, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiseling and patientest fusing before you can gather one grain of the metal.

RUSKIN.

2. The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of

having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defense is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

MACAULAY.

3. The nature of Philosophy condemns its followers to wander forever in the same labyrinth, and in this circumscribed space many will necessarily fall into the track of their predecessors. In other words, Coincidences of doctrine at epochs widely distant from each other are inevitable.

Positive Science is further distinguished from Philosophy by the incontestable *progress* it everywhere makes. Its methods are stamped with certainty, because they are daily extending our certain knowledge; because the immense experience of years and of myriads of intelligences confirm their truth, without casting a shadow of suspicion on them. Science, then, progresses, and must continue to progress. Philosophy only moves in the same endless circle. Its first principles are as

much a matter of dispute as they were two thousand years ago. It has made no progress, although in constant movement. Precisely the same questions are being agitated in Germany at this moment as were being discussed in ancient Greece, and with no better means of solving them, with no better hopes of success. The united force of thousands of intellects, some of them among the greatest that have made the past illustrious, has been steadily concentrated on problems, supposed to be of vital importance, and believed to be perfectly susceptible of solution, without the least result. All this meditation and discussion has not even established a few first principles. Centuries of labor have not produced any perceptible progress.

LEWES.

4. At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, Doctor?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said, who had been in the Northern Ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and, really, the sublimity, of the sight. Its great size—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height—its slow motion as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodding against the clouds; the dashing of

the waves upon it, which breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

5. There was something singular in the style and economy of his table that contributed to pleasantry and good-humor—a coarse, inelegant plenty without any regard to order or arrangement. A table prepared for seven or eight was often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen. When this pressing difficulty was got over, a deficiency of knives and forks, plates and glasses, succeeded. The attendance was in the same style; and it was absolutely necessary to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that you might be supplied before the first course was over. He was once prevailed on to furnish the table with decanters and glasses for dinner, to save time and prevent the tardy manoeuvres of two or three occasional, undisciplined domestics. As these accelerating utensils were demolished in the course of service, Sir Joshua could never be persuaded to replace them.

But these trifling embarrassments only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment. The wine, cookery, and dishes were but little attended to, nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amid this convivial, animated bustle among his guests, our host sat perfectly composed, always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eaten or drunk, but leaving every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peer, physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians, composed the

motley group, and played their parts without dissonance or discord. At five o'clock precisely dinner was served, whether all the invited guests were present or not. Sir Joshua was never so fashionably ill-bred as to wait an hour, perhaps, for two or three persons of rank or title, and put the rest of the company out of humor by this invidious distinction.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

6. For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is! it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought: of so beautiful a shape is it, that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other: yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no, look unto Endymion, the moon's minion, who slept three score and fifteen years; and was not a hair the worse for it!

THOMAS DEKKER.

7. I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will study the English language, you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so; and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance, when I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that on searching I found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Do

not call a spade a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry; let a house be a house, not a residence; a place a place, not a locality, and so of the rest. Where a short word will do, you always lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of your meaning; and in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or of pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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CHAPTER VII

PROVOCATIVE PARAGRAPHS

You know how it is in talk. The party is dull until somebody starts something. The chap who can toss us a bone of contention is good company. Lively, good-natured discussion, even argument, is one of the most exhilarating sports. The mind contains many things that are not found by deliberate search; it needs keys, and cues, and reminders. We fumble about in hazy thought and inarticulate expression until someone catches the gleam and puts it so clearly that it throws a flood of light on our own obscure hunches.

Our leaders do not always lead us somewhere else, or tell us something we did not know. They bespeak our own attitudes and ideas more confidently and persuasively. The country waits for the right word to focus attention and isolate ideas and pierce through the cloudy, confused wrangling on popular issues; then the election is over.

But better than those who agree with us are those who disagree with us. They provide the difficulties, the obstacles, without which, say many psychologists, there is no genuine, active thinking. They challenge us, compel us to restate our positions more convincingly; or they move us to accept modification, or

even drastic change, in our opinions. They will not let us be satisfied with merely wishful thinking.

The paragraphs given below are called provocative because they will, I hope, provoke readers out of certain thoughtless, conventional, routine points of view. They need not, perhaps should not, be accepted as the whole truth on the subjects they deal with. If they cause a little flurry and excitement in the mind, and encourage a more vitalized preparation in speechmaking, they will have achieved their purpose. Many of them can be read to audiences as texts to illuminate or qualify, or to condemn and confound. They are challenges that give the speaker something to talk about.

Advertising

Doctored Impulses.

The product is considered, and the agency and its experts run down the table of available chords upon which to play. Shall it be snob copy, keeping up with the Joneses, an appeal to class prejudice, vanity, shame (halitosis), the accusing finger of scorn, the dear old flag, flattery, envy, fear (four-out-of-five), home and mother, greed, the pathetic desire for cultural advancement, or sex appeal? (The last type of copy is selling goods faster than any other technique at the present time.) These carefully prepared and doctored impulses, in the hands of trained canvassers and agents, and on a million printed advertisements, billboards, and letters, are frequently no fairer to the consumer than had the seller hit him over the head with a club, left a bottle of colored tap water beside him, and picked his pocket. The nearer the patient approaches a state of complete hypnosis, the more signal the honor to the advertiser.

Stuart Chase.

First American Advertiser.

I used to wonder what was America's secret of success in advertising, until I learnt from a chance meeting with a countryman of yours that you had had an early example, and had lived up to the lesson which it had taught. After alluding to the discovery of America by Columbus, my acquaintance added that a certain gentleman adventurer with the picturesque and intriguing name of Amerigo Vespucci arrived so soon after him that he managed to return home before him, and get the account of his adventures circulated and accepted, and his name given to a land the extent of which he could have had no conception. The story stuck to me, and apart from any question of historical accuracy, seemed to indicate considerable in an age when advertising as we know it today did not exist, and enterprise has always been the dominant note in American advertising.

SYDNEY J. WALTER.

Selling a Parade.

You have a message which seems old to you because you have known it so long, but a new generation has arrived that does not know it.

You are not selling a standing army, you are selling a parade; part of your market every year is passing out and another part is coming in. The part that is coming in is a generation more susceptible to advertising than any generation we have ever had.

CHARLES COOLIDGE PARLIN.

AMERICA AND AMERICANS

America the Rich.

We had come from one of the poorest of lands to the richest under the sun. But among the Aztec villages we found no unemployment and no visible economic suffering, while here on the sidewalk of the Queen City of the Republic, where, it is

alleged, thirty mechanical slaves are equipped to serve the needs of every man, woman, and child, were fifteen hundred men without work and without food. For hours they will stand here (one has just collapsed) until to a thousand of them are given tickets, entitling the holder to tramp some miles to the south, and there hours later receive twenty cents' worth of food.

STUART CHASE.

Discovery of America a Curse?

A hundred years ago little heed was paid to the anniversary of the discovery of America; but in France, amid the spasms of the Revolution, a few prize essays were written, and what do you think was their general purport? It was generally agreed that the discovery of America had been an almost unmitigated curse to mankind, because it had led to greater wars—such, for example, as the Seven Years' War—than had ever been seen before. Only one benefit, said these humanitarians, had come from the discovery, and that was the use of quinine in averting fevers. But stay, said some of the prize essayists; in this general verdict of disparagement we can seem to see dimly one exception. Two or three million of English colonists are scattered along the coast of that unpromising wilderness; they have just won their independence; and in them rests the hope of mankind for the future of the western world. Theirs is the legacy of Columbus if they fulfill the promise with which they have started.

JOHN FISKE.

American Architecture.

A building that one cannot readily see, a building that reduces the passerby to a mere note, whirled and buffeted by the winds of traffic, a building that has no accommodating grace or perfection in its interior furnishing, beyond its excellent lavatories—in what sense is such a building a great work of architecture, or how can the mere manner of its

construction create a great style? One might as well say, with Robert Dale Owen, that the brummagem gothic of the Smithsonian Institution was a return to organic architecture. Consider what painful efforts of interior decoration are necessary before the skyscraper-apartment can recapture the faded perfume of the home. Indeed, it takes no very discerning eye to see that in a short time we shall be back again in interiors belonging to the period of the ottoman and the whatnot, in order to restore a homely sense of comfort and aesthetic ease to the eviscerated structure of the modern fireproof apartment. What chiefly distinguishes our modern American work in this department from that of the disreputable 'eighties is that the earlier architects were conscious of their emptiness, and attempted feverishly to hide it: whereas our moderns do not regard emptiness as a serious lapse, and are inclined to boast about it.

There is a sense, of course, in which these modern colossi express our civilization. It is a romantic notion, however, to believe that this is an important or beautiful fact. Our slums express our civilization, too, and our rubbish heaps tell sermons that our stones conceal. The only expression that really matters in architecture is that which contributes in a direct and positive way to the good life: that is why there is so much beauty to the square foot in an old New England village, and so little, beyond mere picturesqueness, in the modern metropolis. A building stands or falls, even as a pure work of art, by its just relation to the city around it. Without a sense of scale—and the skyscraper has destroyed our sense of scale—the effect of any single building is nullified.

LEWIS MUMFORD.[1]

Let us consider the achievement of beauty in architecture. Our prophets of despair would have us keep the ambulance around the corner to carry off the corpse of its alleged empty pretensions and colossal failures. It is true that a few of Mr.

[1] "The Golden Day," Boni & Liveright.

Mumford's "Continental architects," to whom he goes for opinion, have within the last decade been lavish in their praise of the really great achievements of American architecture—private, public, and business structures. "Your great cathedrals, which you call office buildings," as Lord Balfour expressed it. (It goes without saying, of course, that Mr. Mumford's "Continental architects" are European since this continent is too insignificant in both civilization and area to get a capital "C" from the intelligentsia.) But even this praise of our fine achievements, when admitted by the Mumfords, is contrasted with "the mediocrity of the scene," as they phrase it. They ignore what every schoolboy knows, that aside from the Acropolis and a few architecturally created centers, the Athens of Pericles was a town of such ugly, adobe-like houses set in such dirty alleys that one wonders how the philosophers who lived there could endure it for another day. But America's compensation is in her glorious buildings, civic centers, and practical parkways (which are said to have redeemed Athens) *plus* the advantages of mass production apparently overlooked by our supercritics. They seem to have disregarded the necessity of the large production of objects of the lesser arts and the necessary duplication of an article so charming that it must accommodate a populace of some hundred and twenty millions. They ignore the insistent genius which serves commerce and serves in such a fashion that beauty has not been sacrificed even in the five- and ten-cent stores.

HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS.

Americans in 1841.

The Americans have many virtues, but they have not Faith and Hope. I know no two words whose meaning is more lost sight of. We use these words as if they were as obsolete as Selah and Amen. And yet they have the broadest meaning, and the most cogent application to Boston in 1841. The Americans have no faith. They rely on the power of a dollar;

they are deaf to a sentiment. They think you may talk the north wind down as easily as raise society; and no class more faithless than the scholars or intellectual men.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Faith in America.

"Visit our forty-two story L. C. Smith Building and look down on our growing city," urges Seattle, in a frenzy of enthusiasm.

"Visit our three-story Faneuil Hall and look up its history," replies Boston with a deprecating smile.

In the seventeenth century, a committee of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, appointed to investigate the agricultural possibilities of the country, reported that there was little cultivable land west of Newton, Massachusetts. In a later century, Senator Benton, in an eloquent speech in Congress, proved conclusively that there could never be any successful settlements beyond the Rocky Mountains. Even our universities have failed to see their future large enough. They have planned and located each building as if they thought it would be the last one. In 1820, the regents of the University of Indiana, having spent $2400 on a building to house the entire university, apologized for their extravagance. "We are aware," they admitted, "that the plan proposed may be opposed on account of its magnitude." A generation ago, the regents of the University of Illinois, in dedicating one of those monstrosities of the "Late General Grant" period of architecture, declared that it would meet all the needs of the University for a century to come.

Even west of Boston, it seems, men sometimes lack faith in the possibilities of their country. A Kansas farmer, they say, having ordered and received two windmills, sent one back, fearing that there might not be wind enough for two. And that was in Kansas, where—if Dr. Lindley can be trusted—a man does not run after his hat when the wind takes it away; he merely thrusts his hand into the air and takes another hat.

WILLIAM T. FOSTER.[1]

[1] "The Spirit of the West." *The Atlantic Monthly.*

American Adolescence.

"Sobald er reflektirt," said Goethe of Lord Byron, "ist er ein Kind." Byron was one of the great natural forces in literature—all praise to him for that—but of maturity, the best assurance of a right interpretation and right use of personal experience of the world and its affairs, he had none. So, too, the composite American is one of the greatest natural forces that have ever appeared in human society. Perhaps it is as such, and such only, that Nature proposes to use him, and she may intend to fade him out and supersede him when this function in her inscrutable economy is fulfilled—she has never been any too scrupulous about turning such tricks—and, if so, it would be hazardous to tamper with the fundamentals of a training that fits him for her purpose. Our system seems to have been constructed in anticipation of just this purpose on the part of Nature; it confirms him in a perpetual adolescence, permits his inner adjustment to the world and its affairs to proceed by a series of juvenile, casual, and disorderly improvisations—Sobald er reflektirt ist er ein Kind.

ALBERT J. NOCK.[1]

Antiques.

Tradition, atmosphere, the echo of lost footfalls, ivy. We envy Europe keenly, and to assuage our humiliation we invade her yearly and bring back objects on which so many more generations of men have sat, from which so many more generations of women have eaten, than have ever eaten off or sat upon anything of our own. But it is an unsatisfactory method, and the antiques, though we have acquired the greater part of them, are not numerous enough to create an atmosphere. Besides, we now realize that an atmosphere is all the more valuable for being indigenous. One party would have us roll our own atmosphere from Indian tobacco, but we are too wise to be persuaded that the Indian is indigenous. Only we ourselves are indigenous, and the atmosphere must be all our own.

[1] "American Education," *The Atlantic Monthly.*

We are shockingly poor in objects, in furniture, art, churches, ruins; and the accumulation of enough of them to constitute a really thick native atmosphere is a long job.

ROBERT LITTELL.[1]

Athletic Asceticism.

The whole upward movement of our later American culture indicates a type of athletic asceticism as the necessary and inevitable corollary of our civilization. We can't have the sort of civilization that we want, unless we can produce in abundance characters of this type—the type of athletic asceticism.

I choose the word asceticism because it will be noticed and challenged, under the impression that asceticism means something sour, crabbed, thin, starved. But asceticism, etymologically, does not mean that. Asceticism is a Greek word which means gymnastic. It means the rule and discipline of the athlete. It is not the self-denial and mortification of a morbid mind. It is the self-control and the self-development of a healthy mind. It is not a determination to suppress the life of the body; it is a determination to express the life of the body in forms of accomplished grace and perfected strength. It is the voluntary choice of a man who is in training for power, in training for joy—the joy of contending in the Olympic dust for the crown of wild olive and for the applause of all Greece. Athletic asceticism is nothing but the intelligent application of logic to conduct. Asceticism is the discipline of a man who knows what he wants, and takes all the means to get it, and rejects all that interferes with his getting it. It makes him choose the means to be clean and fit and clear-eyed and swift. It makes him reject what leads to fat on his muscles, and mist in his eyes, languor in his blood, and dullness in his brain. He makes a religion out of the things that his heart desires, and he cheerfully consigns the other things to hell. And he feels the desirability of his object so powerfully, that he lifts up his hands to the gods—the young Greek

[1] "Read America First," Harcourt, Brace.

athlete lifts up his hands to the gods, and prays for victory in his race.

"Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless," said George Meredith in a beautiful letter to his son, "but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks."

STUART P. SHERMAN.[1]

Barbarism in America.

The first trait is that barbarians, whether they live within or without, come in hordes. They look alike, they paint their faces alike, they use the same slang, indulge in the same passing fad, repeat the same standardized, newspaper-editorial-derived opinions, read the same tabloids, crave the same sensations, look at the same motion pictures, listen to the same radio programs. Barbarians come in hordes, and I should say that any tendency to ignore or minimize the individual variations among us, to turn us into a horde, is a barbarian tendency.

Barbarians like big things. They do not discriminate. They want violent sensations. They are children of nature, not of culture. Their love of bigness and gaudiness is expressed in their jewelry, their ornamentation, their tattoo. . . .

Barbarians tend to destroy what they cannot understand. Anything that they cannot understand is wrong. Hence, the destruction of Rome, the resistance to the Renaissance. The barbarian mind is controlled by custom and tabu and herd opinion; it discourages intellectual variation and novelty. Barbarians are always convinced that highly civilized people are wicked and that they ought to be destroyed.

Finally, barbarians are adolescent, almost infantile in their point of view. Their world is a world of magic. They believe that the universe is governed by principles that correspond to their own infantile wishes; if they wish a thing to be so it must be so.

[1] "Points of View," Scribner's.

The conditions of modern life—industrialism, democracy, public school education—have worked not so much to civilize the barbarian mind as to organize it and make it powerful. All the old traits persist in the New Barbarism; all that is changed is their superficial modes of expression. For centuries, since the break-up of medieval culture, power and opportunity have been shifting to a new centre of gravity in the lower-middle-class strata of society. People living on these levels have seized the power and opportunity—using them to their own advantage—before they have attained cultural values of their own. They have become so extraverted in the struggle for advantage that not many have found time for intellectual maturity.

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN.[1]

Bigger and Better.

At one stage of our growth, everything desirable seemed to depend, and to a great extent really did depend, upon steady and rapid increase in size. The man who joined a community and did his utmost to hasten its growth was not simply an additional unit in a population which might have been just as happy and prosperous without his being numbered among it, but he was recognized as adding to the prosperity and furthering the ambitions of every other member who had already cast his lot and invested his work or money in the community. On the other hand, each man who left the community decreased the prospects of success for all the others. Criticism of faults, or even a cold appraisal of facts, might deter others from coming. Especially after the West started on its development, almost every settlement was a wild gamble. A cluster of houses might be a potential Pittsburgh, Cleveland, or Chicago, or after a dozen years of hard work and the sinking of the settlers' capital might relapse into wilderness. Individualists as the settlers were, in many

[1] "Civilizing Ourselves," Norton.

respects, success in State building could come only by cooperation. The man who shouted "bigger and better" cooperated. The man who criticized or went back East was considered not only a "kicker," but a dangerous enemy to growth, who should be overwhelmed with scorn. Such men, as one newspaper said in 1841, were "recreants," "worse than drones, for they impede the labors of the industrious." Men who doubted success in any direction whatever "ought to receive the withering scorn and derision of a nation which claims to have no superior in knowledge and the arts."

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.[1]

ART

Art Keeps Us Young.

Art is a veritable "fountain of youth." The ancients had a saying, "Those whom the gods love, die young." I would interpret that saying to mean not that those favored by the gods die young in years, but that by the grace of the gods they remain young to their dying day, however long that be deferred. I venture to question whether there is any tonic as stimulating, any gland-transplantation as rejuvenating, as is the quickening of the blood, the stirring of the inner, deeper self, which the powerful medicine of art can bring about. Those who love art and are truly susceptible to its spell, do die young in the sense that they remain young to their dying day.

OTTO H. KAHN.

Simplicity in Art.

"You see, in this highly ornamental ware the flaws of the material don't show, and you can cover up a blow-hole or the like by wreaths and beading. But this plain ware has got to be the very best. Every defect is apparent."

And there, if you please is a conclusive comment upon the whole business—a final basis of comparison of all things

[1] "The Epic of America," Little, Brown.

whether commercial or artistic; the bare dignity of the unadorned that may stand before the world all unashamed, panoplied rather than clothed in the consciousness of perfection. We of this day, we painters and poets and writers—artists—must labor with all the wits of us, all the strength of us, and with all that we have of ingenuity and perseverance to attain simplicity.

FRANK NORRIS.[1]

BOLSHEVISM

I reject Bolshevism because it means the complete elimination of personality. At Lenin's funeral an orator said: "He was a personality, but we hope that it will no longer be necessary to evolve personalities in the future."

GERHART HAUPTMANN.[2]

BUSINESS

A Philosophy of Business.

The motive of success is not enough. It produces a short-sighted world which destroys the sources of its own prosperity. The cycles of trade depression which afflict the world warn us that business relations are infected through and through with the disease of short-sighted motives. The robber barons did not conduce to the prosperity of Europe in the Middle Ages, though some of them died prosperously in their beds. Their example is a warning to our civilization.

. . . . . .

A great society is a society in which its men of business think greatly of their functions. Low thought means low behavior, and after a brief orgy of exploitation, low behavior means a descending standard of life. The general greatness of the community, qualitatively as well as quantitatively, is the first

[1] "The Responsibilities of the Novelist," Doubleday Doran.

[2] From "Glimpses of the Great," by George Sylvester Viereck, Macaulay.

condition for steady prosperity, buoyant, self-sustained, and commanding credit.

ALFRED N. WHITEHEAD.[1]

A New Conception of Property.

What our generation is slowly learning is the folly of accepting the claims of the business man to supremacy. Exactly as we have come to insist that the relation between states must be built upon the assumption of their subjection to principle, that their will, in other words, is unfitted for supremacy over other wills merely by reason of its power, so in the world of industry it is dawning upon us that the authority of business men must be referable also to principle. We have been taught, for instance, by Mr. Justice Holmes that even so sacred a phrase as liberty of contract is meaningless unless we set it in the context of equality of bargaining power. We have learned from experience of social legislation that there are certain minimum conditions of wages, hours of labor, education, in the absence of which men cease to be men. We have insisted that the individual is entitled in the sphere of politics to the protection which consists in choosing those by whom he is to be governed; and the corollary is being forced upon us that he will choose to be governed by those whose purpose is the fulfilment of his wants. But those wants, in their turn, are incompatible with such a sphere for the profit-making motive as the nineteenth century regarded as its legitimate field. They involve a conception of property as a return to service deemed by the community to minister to the good life. Property, we are beginning to say, is justifiable, where it results from effort made for ends and in ways of which the community approves. We are beginning to look upon it not, as in the American Constitution, as a sacred right, but as a return made to one who performs a function which society regards as beneficent. We are seeking, that is to say,

[1] From "Business Adrift," by Wallace B. Donham, McGraw-Hill.

such a regulation of the profit-making motive as will make the business man the servant, and not the master, of the State.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

CHARACTER VERSUS INTELLECT

"Intellect, criticism—pah! A donkey who has character is more useful." (Foch) The verdict has the ring of truth, but it shows only one face of the coin. Yet in its one-sidedness it is fully true of Foch, and thereby provides yet another contrast between him and Napoleon. For was it not Napoleon who scornfully said of his British foes, the foes who had foiled him, that theirs was an army of lions led by donkeys?

B. H. LIDDELL HART.[1]

CHILDISH PATTERNS

When a childish disposition is carried over into an adult environment the result is a radically false valuation of that environment. The symptoms are fairly evident. They may appear as a disposition to feel that everything which happens to a man has an intentional relation to himself; life becomes a kind of conspiracy to make him happy or to make him miserable. In either case it is thought to be deeply concerned with his destiny. The childish pattern appears also as a deep sense that life owes him something, that somehow it is the duty of the universe to look after him, and to listen sharply when he speaks to it. The notion that the universe is full of purposes utterly unknown to him, utterly indifferent to him, is as outrageous to one who is imperfectly matured as would be the conduct of a mother who forgot to give a hungry child its lunch. The childish pattern appears also as a disposition to believe that he may reach out for anything in sight and take it, and that having gotten it nobody must ever under any circumstances take it away.

WALTER LIPPMAN.[2]

[1] "Foch," Little, Brown.

[2] "A Preface to Morals," Macmillan.

City Charters

If the chief purpose of a city charter is to provide a governmental mechanism which only the seasoned politician can understand, then most of our charters are marvellously adapted to that end. The charters of Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit and San Francisco all run over more than two hundred pages of print. On almost every page one finds provisions that are designed to make somebody a check on somebody else. But the boss has no checks placed upon him. He is a free agent. He cuts the red tape, goes straight for results, gets them, and renders an account of his stewardship to nobody. People go to him because they know that he has the power, while their own representatives have not. Bossism, it would seem, is bound to exist so long as nobody but the boss has power to get results and get them quickly.

William Bennett Munro.

College

Evils of College.

First and foremost, college delays entry into life's work by four years. Secondly, a habit of excessive leisure is definitely established. Let it be even cultural, gentlemanly leisure, devoted to reading magazines, or writing verse, or discussing the universe. Excessive leisure it nevertheless is. It makes for the type of junior whose main talent is in speeding a car and sponging on "the governor"—the "six-foot, clean-cut, energetic, athletic (but lazy) American manhood" our magazine fiction writers are so fond of. A subtle disdain for what the Germans call *Alltag* (week days) develops; a lack of power of concentration upon a day's work, unless there is some promise of a thrill or a kick in it.

I. M. Rubinow.

College Graduate.

You are being graduated with a label of education which in the case of nearly every one of you is a grotesque misfit.

After four years in these academic shades, your favorite periodical is *The Saturday Evening Post*, your best liked author is whoever wrote the current success in the bookstores, your favorite melody is "The Indian Love Call." You have studied several foreign languages, not one of which you are able to read or speak, and the chances are overwhelming that you will never again open a book written in one of them, or attempt to utter more than one or two halting sentences while making one of your conducted tours through the duller parts of Europe. Your study of economics has not ruffled a hair of the sleekness you will display as a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, and one of the Red-hunting societies of Professional Patriots. You will support by your indifference, if not more directly, the municipal corruption in your community from which you and your friends among the business men in all probability will derive a substantial profit. Your course in science will boil down to an ability to identify the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen. The chances are strongly against your ever opening a serious book again if it makes any taxing demand upon attention and memory. Your recreations will infallibly come down to four: the movies, bridge, golf and driving your car along congested highways on Sunday afternoons.

BRUCE BLIVEN.[1]

Working One's Way through College.

There has been too much deification of the boy who works his way through college. It is natural, in a democracy, that this should be the case. A few fellows derive benefit from the experience of having to earn their own way, but the vast majority do nothing of the sort. To them it simply means that these plastic years of young manhood are clouded by financial anxieties which haunt the soul and depress the spirit. It involves a denial of leisure moments at a time when these would be of the highest value. It compels the student to cut

[1] Baccalaureate, *The New Republic.*

corners, to forego many cultural advantages which the college environment provides, and sometimes to undermine his health as well. Many a man does not learn the real cost of working his way through college until he has passed into the fifties. Then he finds that there are prematurely frayed-out nerves to be entered on the debit side of the account. It is my conviction, after having taught more than ten thousand college students during the past quarter of a century, that nine-tenths of those who had to earn their way to a bachelor's degree would have been better off without any such handicap.

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO.[1]

COMMERCE SAVES CIVILIZATION

It has struck me, in looking back over the history of the world, that commerce has always been the mainspring which has saved civilization itself. I was so struck particularly in the analysis of the recovery from the so-called Dark Ages, and there is a little story which business men have a right to appreciate. In the Dark Ages, when the civilization of Egypt, Rome, and Greece had been overwhelmed and the known world had reverted almost to utter barbarism, when science and medicine were prostrate, until three quarters of the students at Oxford died and a quarter to a half of the entire population of England perished in a plague which today would be inexcusable in the light of the knowledge of medicine and science which we possess; when people huddled around a feudal castle in such utter misery that there was almost a total extinguishment of any flame of knowledge except that which the church barely kept alive; when religion became a superstition; when fast days became the universal custom of peoples in Europe, and fast days with its rule against flesh created a demand for fish, difficult to satisfy inland because of the lack of refrigeration. Then some ingenious Dutchman found a way to dry the herring and thus transport it into the interior of Europe. The British were quick to value it, the seas began

[1] "Quack-Doctoring the Colleges," *Harper's Magazine.*

to swarm with carriers, ships following the flow of the herring into the Baltic and seeking commerce for the seasonable inactivity; commerce began to expand in the Baltic and in the Black Sea, spices and carpets, rugs and wines and a thousand other things of commerce. Venice, seated at a transfer point, in control of a passage over the Alps, became for three hundred years mistress of the world. The silt of earnings of commerce settled through all these countries; schools began to open; universities were established; there grew more knowledge and enterprise and ambition until it blossomed in that splendid era of individual genius which is pictured by Dante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and Cellini. Then came the restless energy which sent Magellan around the world, returning with only eighteen of the 140 sailing; in the voyage of Columbus, leaving his garrison of 44 men in a new world—men never heard of afterwards.

JULIUS H. BARNES.

COMMUNISM OF CAPITAL

Communism is a hateful thing and a menace to peace and organized government; but the communism of combined wealth and capital, the outgrowth of overweening cupidity and selfishness, which insidiously undermines the justice and integrity of free institutions, is not less dangerous than the communism of oppressed poverty and toil, which, exasperated by injustice and discontent, attacks with wild disorder the citadel of rule.

GROVER CLEVELAND.[1]

COMMUNICATION

The freeborn citizen of Rome in the time of Cicero was no worse off than a Frenchman of Napoleon's day in the matter of communications.

[1] From "Grover Cleveland," by Allan Nevins, Dodd, Mead.

My friends in England who may be listening will not, I am sure, challenge the statement that England, no less than other countries, was backward in providing means of communication, chiefly because of her wretched roads. The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that as late as 1685 a Viceroy on his way to Ireland was five hours in traveling fourteen miles.

Perhaps the most striking incident in America illustrating the cost of inadequate communications is the bloody battle of New Orleans. In that battle hundreds of men died whose quarrel had already reached an honorable adjustment in the Treaty of Ghent. The battle began the day that the Treaty was signed.

CLARENCE H. MACKAY.

CONVERSATION

The art of conversation consists of the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate and you must sympathize; you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating, and the habit of listening. The union is rather rare, but irresistible.

DISRAELI.

CRITICS

Certainly even such cripples as we critics are today are badly needed. If we do not resist the pressure of advertising and the menace of standardization, who will? Who else will expose the tricks of the facile mediocrity and discover the virtues of the obscure and reticent innovator? Who else will define the assumptions upon which the artist half-consciously bases his work? Who will rescue from dusty shelves the ignored achievements of the past and point out their significance for the future? Who else is to reckon the literary bearings of philosophy and psychology, estimate the cultural import of social reforms, assay the influence of racial traits and national

characteristics? We admit that we do these things badly, but who else would do them as well?

ANONYMOUS.[1]

CULTIVATING CHARACTER

We get a good many men at Princeton from certain secondary schools who say a great deal about their earnest desire to cultivate character among our students, and I hear a great deal about character being the object of education. I take leave to believe that a man who cultivates his character consciously will cultivate nothing except what will make him intolerable to his fellow men. If your object in life is to make a fine fellow of yourself, you will not succeed, and you will not be acceptable to really fine fellows. Character, gentlemen, is a by-product. It comes, whether you will or not, as a consequence of a life devoted to the nearest duty, and the place in which character would be cultivated, if it be a place of study, is a place where study is the object and character the result.

WOODROW WILSON.

CULTURE

The Raw Needs Cultivating.

"May not every man in England say what he likes?"—Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying,—has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the *Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behavior of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every man should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he

[1] *The Forum Magazine*, March, 1932.

fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Chamber of Culture.

Even the smallest town in America thinks it is incomplete unless it has a board of trade or a chamber of commerce. Those are profit-making organizations. They deal with trade and commerce. They mobilize the resources of the community in thought and power and interest in pursuit of the specific activity that they are organized to promote. Why not have a board of higher education? Why not have a chamber of culture? That is what a university is. It occupies the same relation to the life of the community on its higher side as the board of trade and the chamber of commerce do toward the commercial and material life of the community. A university is a chamber of culture, and I apprehend that men like you and me can do no better thing than to support a university, which, like mercy, is a thing twice blessed—it blesses him that gives and him that takes. It is a blessing to the young people to provide for them the opportunities of the larger and wider life, but it is even more a blessing to us, because it gives us, in our maturity, as the shadows lengthen, some means of partaking in the life of the young.

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER.

DEPRESSION

Values in the Depression.

The speed, the excitement, the extravagance of the closing epoch have brought us nowhere but to unhappiness. There has been a general deflation not only of prices but of values. And in that deflation hitherto unperceived values have come to the center of attention. It is not altogether depressing to live in a period that has discovered its own foolishness and

recognized it must put its house in order or perish. It is not altogether bad to live in an era where the cool and efficient skepticisms of science promise us freedom as well as power. It is scarcely a hopeless epoch that provokes not only the dreamers but also the practical men of affairs to take thought of how to make the world fit for human beings to live in. From the point of view of a rational society we are at the very beginning of things, and it is ours to shape them. A god could not ask more.

IRWIN EDMAN.[1]

Then and Now.

One of the good minor effects of present conditions is the increased interest in other periods of industrial depression. The *Herald* republished a month or two ago a large advertisement which consisted mainly of a passage from Macaulay. It was so written that almost without a change it applied as accurately to our present problems as to those of another day. A few days ago, a striking cartoon by Carl Rose, entitled "And the World Still Lives to Tell the Tale" was based on an article which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, Oct. 10, 1857. A long-faced mourner of today, despairing of the future, couldn't state things more lugubriously. The financial experts have told of a number of depressions in which society was just as despondent as it is today. Recently a Boston merchant, after reading a *Herald* editorial by Prof. Thomas N. Carver, was reminded of another bit in Macaulay, and finally ran down this striking sentence:

"Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the people by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties—by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair prices, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property, by

[1] *The Forum Magazine*, January, 1932.

diminishing the price of law, and by observing strict economy in every department of the state."

BOSTON HERALD.

Depression in 1837.

The tremendous growth in population in the United States, the expansion westward, the development of manufacturing and machinery, had all resulted in wild hopes and created a hectic atmosphere of "prosperity." Although the real railroad age did not begin until about 1848, lines were begun and planned in the early thirties. Everywhere the demand for interchange of goods led to the demand for transportation, and as constitutional scruples had become sufficiently strong to preclude the national government from undertaking to provide transportation facilities, and private corporations were not yet sufficiently developed to do so, an era began in which the individual States, more amenable to the whim of the voter, plunged into the most fantastic extravagances to build roads, canals, and railways. With all this came the demand for currency and credit, and newly chartered banks were scattered over the country like confetti. The more feverish "prosperity" became, the madder the uprush of prices and demand for credit. In 1830 the per capita issues of paper money were only $6.69. By 1837 they had risen to $13.87. The price of land, as well as of other commodities, shot up as a whale spouts. Western lands on which in 1830 a lender might have hesitated to lend a thousand dollars, seemed, by their prices, to warrant double that by 1837. But it was not only the West that lost its head. Just as, in 1928, financial advisers were cautioning the gullible public that if it did not buy stocks immediately at any price, it might never have a chance to buy American "equities" again, so all sorts of rumors were put about in 1834 and 1835. It was said, for example, that the timber of Maine was nearing exhaustion, and timber lands jumped in some cases from five dollars up

to fifty an acre. Building lots at Bangor soared from three hundred dollars to a thousand. In the South, prices doubled and trebled. Between 1830 and 1835, the assessed value of real estate in New York City jumped from $250,000,000 to $403,000,000. The sales of government land to settlers and speculators rose from less than $5,000,000 in 1834 to over $25,000,000 in 1836, most of the huge sum being borrowed from banks on absurd valuations and hopes.

Quite apart from President Jackson's war on the Bank of the United States and the unfortunate aspects of national finance, the bubble had swollen to such dimensions that the smallest pin could prick it. In May 1837, the banks suspended specie payment by general consent, and the panic was on. All the Western and Southern and some of the Northeastern States had involved themselves in huge bond issues for improvements with no regard to their economic value, and the crash included public as well as private credit. Values melted. In North Carolina, farms could be sold for only 2 per cent of their supposed worth. In Mississippi, slaves who had recently been purchased for twelve to fifteen hundred dollars each were offered for two hundred dollars cash. It was said that in Alabama practically the entire property in the State changed hands, and that 50 per cent of all in the United States did so. Feeling against the banks, which would have been extremely virulent in any case, was rendered more so by a staggering list of defalcations by officers, which grew day by day. New York was like a dead city. Boats lay idle at the docks and all building operations ceased. It took two years for the full effects to be felt in the West, and five before the nation began to recover. The rich saw fortunes swept away and the poor faced absolute destitution. In New York, six thousand men working on buildings were discharged. Within five months from the suspension of payments, nine tenths of all the factories in the Eastern States had closed, and fifty thousand employees in the shoe trade in Massachusetts were

idle. From a half to two thirds of the clerks and salesmen in Philadelphia were without work. At New Bedford forty whale ships were laid up. Throughout the entire industrial sections of the country, the suffering of the working class was intense. In the South, plantation owners had to sell slaves for whatever they would bring to buy food to feed the rest. Owners of land, whether speculators or bonafide farmers, were overwhelmed with debt which it was impossible to pay, and were lucky to keep a roof over them. The debauch was over and the nation lay prone.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.[1]

DICTATORS

That question (who will dictate?) is and will be the great preoccupation of the crowd during the rest of the century. Every crowd is motivated by the will to power, every crowd has a mania to play the dictator. Already in America we have witnessed the attempted dictatorship of the Anti-Saloon League and the Ku Klux Klan. The American Legion, organized labor, organized groups of capitalists, Fundamentalists, Catholics, Protestants, Freethinkers, professional groups, national societies of one sort or another—any organized group aspiring to power through increase in numbers will try to set up a dictatorship, with or without the Constitution of the United States, and even now does so both over its own numbers and over all other people so far as possible. As I have said again and again, the psychology of the crowd shows that it is no respecter of persons—except its own heroes, in whom it sees an image of itself; it wants liberty only to make its own peculiar propaganda; it conceives of freedom chiefly as its natural or God-given right to lord it over its rivals.

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN.[2]

[1] "The Epic of America," Little, Brown.
[2] "Civilizing Ourselves," Norton.

EDUCATION

The Educated Classes.

In almost every one, if not in every one, of the greatest political controversies of the last fifty years, whether they affected the franchise, whether they affected commerce, whether they affected religion, whether they affected the bad and abominable institution of slavery, or what subject they touched, these leisured classes, these educated classes, these titled classes have been in the wrong.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

Education in Action.

He (Dewey) questions whether the pure intellect which tradition honors is as untainted as its devotees suppose. Philosophers are also human beings, with their own senses, dimensions, affections, passions. Aristotle, for example, was not merely pure intelligence. He was an upperclass Greek with the prejudices of his class against the lower orders. He thought that pure intellect made it unmistakably clear that the non-Greeks were barbarians and deserving of nothing better than subjection to their Greek superiors.

Dewey delights in showing how through the ages this alleged pure reason gave the sanction of a seeming eternality to what was after all only the vested interest or the custom of a given time and place. Philosophers and preachers have not been exempt from the weakness of the old woman who, on being asked by a friend whether she had ever journeyed in an airplane, replied, "No, and I don't intend to ride in one. I stick to railroad trains, the way the Good Lord intended his creatures to travel." Slavery, disease, the subjection of women, come to mind. Today "the will of God" is against socialism or pacifism, or any other such disagreeable proposal.

DEVERE ALLEN.[1]

[1] "Adventurous Americans," Farrar and Rinehart.

Education Is Discrimination.

When the ancients said that knowledge is knowledge of the good, they meant in part that with the increase of knowledge comes better discrimination. If education is *for* anything it is that we learn to choose the good. By the "good" I do not mean good in general, or good as an abstraction of philosophical discourse, nor the conventionally good. I mean any excellence whatsoever. In order to see and appreciate excellence, you must yourself have struggled for it. He who has never striven to surpass himself, surrounds himself with the shoddy, the second-rate, the cheap. In matters of taste, of sentiment, of good workmanship, he cannot distinguish between that which is genuine and that which is imitation. In matters of taste there is much which is purely arbitrary and conventional, so that what is good taste in one age may be bad taste in another. Nevertheless, there is a psychological soundness in our use of the word taste to designate certain judgments of worth. It implies some degree of self-restraint, a sensitiveness to subtle stimuli which comes with the habit of giving attention to minute differences of quality. In contrast, animals which gulp down their food hastily and in great quantities do not pause to taste it. Similarly, the mind which has not disciplined itself "swallows things whole," as we say. It is not disturbed by the incongruous or the hideous. It is sensitive only to coarser stimuli; it prefers the hackneyed, the raucous, the loud and flashy.

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN.[1]

FAITH RENEWED

Nineteenth-century science, as we saw it, confining itself to purely physical investigation, believed in a process that made for eventual ruin. Twentieth-century thinking, as we have likewise seen, thinks of a world not going to ruin, but developing into new forms. If this latter thought is true,

[1] "The Meaning of a Liberal Education," Norton.

there is, then, an upthrust in nature, a power of self-augmentation. As we note this self-augmentation developing into organic life and eventually into that powerful initiating source of new configurations which we call psychological life, we are led to the question: Is not this the true nature of reality? Is there not in nature an *elan*, a quickening vitality, an urge toward more widely functioning wholes? And is not this what we can mean by the reality of God? . . .

The conception, in short, that reality is a process of self-defeat is one that is at the farthest remove from the most significant philosophic thinking of our day. . . .

Need we then be left with a despairing sense of the complete insignificance of our life? Need we feel crushed before a universe too vast for us to compass? Or worse, in order to signalize our self-respect and our utter veracity, need we stand erect before the omnipotence of that universe and fling it our angry defiance?

The universe, as we now seem to see, is life of our life, spirit of our spirit. It is in us and of us. It moves in all our members. But if this is so, then every creative act we perform, small though it may be, every wish for the more nearly complete, and every will to get it achieved, is our personal triumph in a universe that triumphs with us.

H. A. Overstreet.[1]

Faith and Reason

The Vatican Council seems to declare that atheism is unthinkable or illogical. I do not think it is; it is only "absurd," in Lotze's sense of the word. It is absurd, because it reduces the world to a chaos, a malignant trick, or a sorry joke. But we cannot get on in any science or any art or any serious pursuit without postulating that the world is none of these things. It has been said that in every philosophy a point is reached where a man must trust himself. This is to admit that even in purely secular studies and enterprises we must perform

[1] "The Enduring Quest," Norton.

an act of faith. How this works in actual science we may illustrate from the following words of Professor Huxley: "Sit down before fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, to follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses Nature leads you, or you shall learn nothing." I do not know whether the Professor realized what a great act of faith he was performing in affirming this principle. The man of science has faith that the real is rational, and sits down like a little child to find out by experiment all that this means. The religious man has faith that the real is spiritual, and sits down like a little child to find out all that this means. In both cases wisdom is justified of her children.

WILLIAM RALPH INGE.

FATALISM

The narcotics of ignorance and superstition and the tyrannies of unfortunate religions are in evidence with backward nations and peoples. Such people are fatalists. Fatalism is well named. It is fatal indeed. If the future is to bring only what the gods have ordained, why struggle for better things? Be satisfied with conditions as they are. Settle down and be comfortable. The result of such philosophy is predictable: it is intellectual stagnation. I do not know of any condition more potent for restraining the progress of the world than is the intellectual contentment which accompanies the fatalistic and deterrent religions.

WILLIAM WALLACE CAMPBELL.

FATE OF GREAT PRESIDENTS

The outstanding presidents of American history have all met the same fate. Washington harmonized the jealous forces of our nativity; his worshipers would have made him king; the crowd came to regard him in their hearts as the rabble did Caesar. Jefferson—the antidote to Washington and Hamilton—surrendered his daring conviction of decentralization and

stirred the pride of the new nation by his unexpected Louisiana Purchase; he died a forsaken old man at Monticello. Jackson won over his states rights followers by his bold subjugation of the nullifiers of the Union; he was the demi-god of Demos, but he left the White House in the hands of an army of spoilsmen. Lincoln saved us from secession, but his assassin killed the loneliest figure in our history.

When ex-president Roosevelt returned from his African exploits, he recovered for a moment the prestige besmirched by congressional misrepresentation. After a brief literary flare, a couple of vaudeville comedians in a skit were discussing the great naturalist's African discoveries; a lull in the dialogue was followed by the query of one of them: "What ever became of him?" We might never have been able to give an adequate answer to the Philistines had not his enemies' hatred of Wilson forced them to choose the ills they forgave in T. R. rather than to fly to those they knew not of.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

FREE WILL

"I believe with Schopenhauer: We can do what we wish, but we can only wish what we must. Practically, I am, nevertheless, compelled to act—as if freedom of the will existed. If I wish to live in a civilized community, I must act as if man is a responsible being."

"Do you mean to say that you did not choose your own career, but that your actions were predetermined by some power outside of yourself?"

"My own career was undoubtedly determined, not by my own will, but by various factors, over which I have no control, primarily those mysterious glands in which nature prepares the very essence of life, our internal secretions."

ALBERT EINSTEIN.[1]

[1] From "Glimpses of the Great," by George Sylvester Viereck, Macaulay.

Fixed Terms of Responsibility

When we elect a President for four years, we know that the policies he stands for will be the policies of national administration for that length of time. That defined responsibility for a stated term of years was not an accident. It rested on the profound human truth that certainty is the only atmosphere in which confidence can live. It has a new meaning today. As against our constitution of fixed terms of responsibility, runs the European theory of so-called Responsible Ministry. Under that European theory, government may be changed over night. The policies of an administration under which international ventures are made, or long-range projects planned, may be altered completely by a sudden re-grouping of blocs or cliques, naturally antagonistic, in their national legislature. We should realize in times like these the genius with which the provisions of our constitution were framed. It should give us new pause as to any changes in that carefully thought out theory of government. We can not say what Europe should do in respect to their governmental structure and their constitutions. That is their choice. But they must harmonize with a necessary assurance of continuity of government responsibility that will re-create a confidence that will venture the necessary overseas credits.

Julius H. Barnes.

Four Guideposts

In our companies, however, we adopted about three years ago four guideposts. They have served us well. They never yet have led us off the trail. We have a good deal of confidence in them. I will tell you what they are, and recommend them for your consideration. It is not a formula, as I say. It is not a panacea. They are simply four guideposts, that have seemed to lead us toward where we are trying to go. We call them "the four C's," and those C's stand for four words: Contact, Conference, Confidence and Co-operation.

E. K. Hall.

The Future of History Writing

One in public life may desire others to have illusions about it, but he has none. He is quite often depressed by the feeling that the best he has done will never be known, although he may take comfort in the thought that that is also likely to be true of the worst. He grows to be somewhat pessimistic of the future of history. He may be able to follow the line of truth through the fascinating fabric of current narrative, but who can do this without the knowledge of a participant? If contemporaneous descriptions are so incomplete, he wonders what will be the nature of the ultimate record. Doubtless, in time, authentic material will be available, but perhaps the chief ground for anxiety is that authentic material is piling up at such an appalling rate that no one can master it. If the work of the Department of State is two or three times greater than it was eleven years ago before the great war, that work is evidenced by masses of documents, which taken separately each day one may hope by untiring effort to subdue but in a long period attain an incredible and unconquerable magnitude. When I think of the telegrams, falling like snowflakes in a thick storm upon the desk of the Secretary of State, of the dispatches, the instructions, the many interviews with impressions given and received, which are a part of each day's experiences, of the study of the corps of specialists and the direction and supervision that enter into almost every phrase of these voluminous papers, of how much needs to be accurately known to appraise even a single important official act, of the distractions of prejudice, I feel that I should rather try to construe the Sherman Act than to be a historian with a conscience. His only chance of happiness will be that he can never know how wrong he is. The lawyer is so embarrassed by the mass of decisions pouring in upon him that he is apt to flee from his library and content himself with the assurance that he knows what the law ought to be. The historian may be compelled to take refuge in his intuitions, his appreciations

of tendencies, and his assumptions as to personalities and motives. The truth would seem to await a strange fate in being overwhelmed and buried by facts. If here and there through extraordinary industry it emerges, it must compete with thousands of other items before a people vexed with a multiplicity of interests. I suppose we shall have to be content with impressionism. But no one cares to think how he would look in an impressionistic picture. It may indeed be more flattering than a study in detail, but he has no assurance of that.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

GREAT MEN

Great men rarely come alone; large trees seem larger when they dominate a forest; there they are at home. There was a forest of minds around Voltaire; that forest was the Eighteenth century. Among those minds there were summits, Montesquieu, Buffon, Beaumarchais, and among others, two, the highest after Voltaire—Rousseau and Diderot. Those thinkers taught men to reason; reasoning well leads to acting well; justness in the mind becomes justice in the heart. Those toilers for progress labored usefully. Buffon founded naturalism; Beaumarchais discovered, outside of Molière, a kind of comedy till then almost unknown, the social comedy; Montesquieu made in law some excavations so profound that he succeeded in exhuming the right. As to Rousseau, as to Diderot, let us pronounce these two names apart; Diderot a vast intelligence, inquisitive, a tender heart, athirst for justice, wished to give certain notions as the foundation of true ideas, and created the encyclopedia. Rousseau rendered to woman an admirable service, completing the mother by the nurse, placing near one another those two majesties of the cradle. Rousseau, a writer eloquent and pathetic, a profound oratorical dreamer, often divined and proclaimed political truth; his ideal borders upon the real; he had the glory of being the first man in France who called himself citizen. The civic

fiber vibrates in Rousseau; that which vibrates in Voltaire is the universal fiber. One can say that in the fruitful Eighteenth century, Rousseau represented the people; Voltaire, still more vast, represented Man. Those powerful writers disappeared, but they left us their soul, the Revolution.

VICTOR HUGO.

"HIGHBROW" AND "LOWBROW"

Twenty, even ten years ago, it would have been universally assumed that the only hope for American society lay in somehow lifting the "Lowbrow" elements in it to the level of the "Highbrow" elements. But that quickening realism which belongs to contemporary thought makes it plain on the one hand that the mere idealism of university ethics, the mere loftiness of what is called culture, the mere purity of so-called Good Government, left to themselves, not only produce a glassy inflexible priggishness on the upper levels which paralyzes life; but that the lower levels have a certain humanity, flexibility, tangibility which are indispensable in any program: that Tammany has quite as much to teach Good Government as Good Government has to teach Tammany, that slang has quite as much in store for so-called culture as culture has for slang—that the universities, while emphatically not becoming more "practical," must base their disinterestedness on human, moral, social, artistic, and personal needs, impulses, and experience.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

GREAT GODS

The truth is the great Gods of this world are God-belly, God-peace, God-wealth, God-honor, God-pleasure, etc. These Gods must not be blasphemed, that is, evil spoken of or provoked.

ROGER WILLIAMS.[1]

[1] From "Roger Williams," by James Ernst, Macmillan.

Hammer or Anvil

Here is something which you should remember all through your military career: He who fails to act, must succumb. In war, there is only one alternative: either you must be a hammer, or you will be made into an anvil.

Paul von Hindenburg.[1]

High Chair and Electric Chair

The right people are working on the wrong end of the problem. If they would give more attention to the high chair, they could soon put cobwebs on the electric chair. They lay too much stress on what the wrong people do, not on why they do it; on what they are, instead of how they got that way.

Danny Ryan's mother said it all when she held out her arms to her son in the cell next to mine and cried: "Danny, boy, how come you so?"

Jack Black.

Home Owner

It has been said that a man will not shoulder a gun and fight for a boarding house. Neither will he mow the lawn of a boarding house, or plant flowers, or trim the hedge, or pave the street, or hire a policeman, or provide a fire department. The destiny of our nation does not lie in furnished rooms for light housekeeping. A civilization resting upon the slender shoulders of boarders and roomers, renters and roamers, is built upon uncertain sand and doomed to dissolution.

The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome crumbled because it was founded upon the unwilling backs and unconcerned hearts of landless slaves. When rulers gave bread and circuses to the masses as part of the loot they wrenched from conquered nations, the masses were content, but when the sunshine faded and invaders clouded the horizon

[1] From "Hindenburg," by T. R. Ybarra, Duffield and Green.

they could not be coaxed or clubbed into defending a land they did not own.

WALTER B. HILTON.

THE ILLUMINED HORIZON

The loggerhead turtle lays its eggs on a sandy shore, and when the young ones are hatched out they dig their way to the surface and make for the sea. By careful experiments Professor G. H. Parker of Harvard has shown that the young loggerheads are not guided by hearing or smelling the sea, nor do its waters in the strict sense come within their vision. But the loggerheads have an inborn bias to make for the more illumined horizon. If an upward slope is artificially arranged, they will creep uphill if it is toward the opener light; if a barrier like a fence is arranged so that the more illumined horizon is inland, then inland they will go. On the floor of a tub the little creatures crawl about at random, for the prospect is equally dull all around; but if the tub is inverted and the adventurers are placed on the platform, they will make unerringly in the right direction and topple over toward the sea! Comparing great things to little, we may liken man to these loggerheads; he has, on the whole, a bias for making toward the more illumined horizon. The question we wish to ask is: *What new prospects are before us?*

SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE

The only human activity that has always been of extreme importance to the world is imaginative literature. It is of supreme importance because it is the only means by which humanity can express at once emotions and ideas. To avoid controversy I am perfectly ready to concede that the other arts are of equal importance. But nothing that is not an art is of any lasting importance at all, the meanest novel being humanly more valuable than the most pompous of factual works, the most formidable of material achievements or the

most carefully thought out of legal codes. Samuel Butler wrote an immense number of wasted words in the attempt to avenge himself for some fancied slight at the hands of Darwin. But, in spite of these follies, *The Way of All Flesh* is of vastly more use to us today than is *The Origin of Species*. Darwin as scientist is as superseded as the poor alchemist in the Spessart Inn: so is Butler in the same department of human futility. But *The Way of All Flesh* cannot be superseded because it is a record of humanity. Science changes its aspect as every new investigator gains sufficient publicity to discredit his predecessors. The stuff of humanity is unchangeable. I do not expect the lay reader to agree with me in this pronouncement but it would be better for him if he did. The world would be a clearer place to him.

FORD MADOX FORD.[1]

IMMORTALITY

"Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Everything that has a beginning," Hauptmann thoughtfully replied "must have an ending. Life can have no end because it has no beginning. We cannot escape eternity. We escape the consciousness of eternity only because the human memory is an imperfect instrument."

"Do you believe in the survival of personality?"

"I believe in reincarnation. I believe that we have lived before. Having lived lives in the past, we shall no doubt live other lives in the future, but I do not think that immortality is personal. It is inconceivable that any power could be so cruel as to give us an eternity of ourselves.

"I could imagine no harsher sentence than solitary imprisonment of the soul in itself. That opens vistas of hell rather than of heaven. Life cannot expose any of its creatures to such torments. We continue to live, but we change. The World Spirit absorbs us. Only life is eternal."

"And what," I queried, "is the purpose of life?"

[1] "Return To Yesterday," Horace Liveright.

Hauptmann shrugged his Olympian shoulders,

"I do not know. According to a German Proverb, fate sees to it that no tree grows high enough to brush against heaven. I always knew that. I now know that they do not grow very high at all. My philosophy teaches me the wisdom of cheerful resignation. . . . I believe God himself is resigned."

"Why do you continue to strive and to work?"

"I obey an innate urge. I play chess not for reward, but for the sake of the game. In life as well as in art, I work out problems not for the sake of gain, but for the pleasure which I derive from activity. I fancy that some of your great captains of industry continue to work for the same reason, even after they have amassed fantastic fortunes.

"The self-same urge may impel God to go on with creation. In the *Bhagavadgita*, the King of the Gods says to King Arjuhe (Song 3, Verse 22): 'There is nothing, O son of Prtha, in the three worlds which I must still accomplish, nothing unattainable that I must still attain, yet I continue to labor.'"

GERHART HAUPTMANN.[1]

INJUSTICE IN A REPUBLIC

Whether Republics have usually perished from injustice need not be debated. One there was, the most renowned of all, that certainly did so. The injustice practiced by the Athens of the age of Demosthenes upon its citizens, and suffered to be practiced by one another, was as marvellous as the capacities of its dialect, as the eloquence by which its masses were regaled, and swayed this way and that as clouds, as waves,—marvellous as the long banquets of beauty in which they reveled,—as their love of Athens, and their passion for glory. There was not one day in the whole public life of Demosthenes when the fortune, the good name, the civil existence of any considerable man was safer than it would have been at

[1] From "Glimpses of the Great," by George Sylvester Viereck, Macaulay.

Constantinople or Cairo under the very worst forms of Turkish rule. There was a sycophant to accuse, a demagogue to prosecute, a fickle, selfish, necessitous court—no court at all, only a commission of some hundreds or thousands from the public assembly sitting in the sunshine, directly interested in the cause—to pronounce judgment. And he who rose rich and honored might be flying at night for his life to some Persian or Macedonian outpost, to die by poison on his way in the Temple of Neptune.

RUFUS CHOATE.

JEFFERSON ON PUBLIC EDUCATION

For some reason that I have never been able to discover, Mr. Jefferson seems to be regarded as a great democrat; on public occasions he is regularly invoked as such by gentlemen who have some sort of political axe to grind, so possibly that view of him arose in this way. . . . When Mr. Jefferson was revising the Virginia Statutes in 1797, he drew up a comprehensive plan for public education. Each ward should have a primary school for the three R's, open to all. Each year the best pupil in each school should be sent to the grade school, of which there were to be twenty, conveniently situated in various parts of the state. They should be kept there one year or two years, according to results shown, and then all dismissed but one, who should be continued six years. "By this means," said the good old man, "twenty of the best geniuses will be raked from the rubbish annually"—a most unfortunate expression for a democrat to use! At the end of six years, the best ten out of the twenty were to be sent to college, and the rest turned adrift.

As an expression of sound public policy, this plan has never been improved upon. Professor Chinard . . . thinks it quite possible that those who formed the French system had this plan before them. Whether so or not, the French system is wholly in accord with Mr. Jefferson's hard good sense in accepting the fact that the vast majority of his countrymen

were ineducable, and with his equally hard realism in permitting this fact to determine the fundamentals of his plan. . . .

Artemus Ward once said the trouble with Napoleon was that he tried to do too much and did it. Just this is the trouble with American education. In my judgment, the indications are simply that the whole school population of the country, above the primary grade, should be cut down by 90 per cent. . . . I make bold to believe that nine tenths of our student population, in university, college, grade schools, and secondary schools, have no more justification for being where they are than they would have for an intrusion upon the French Academy or the Royal Society; and that unless and until this mass is cut adrift the prospects for American education will show no improvement worth considering.

ALBERT J. NOCK.[1]

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

I wanted to pave the way for the unification of the great interests of Europe, just as I had unified the parties in France. . . . Europe would soon have become one nation, and any one who travelled in it would always have been in a common fatherland. . . . Sooner or later, this union will be brought about by the force of events. The first impetus has been given; and, after the fall and the disappearance of my system, it seems to me that the only way in which an equilibrium can be achieved in Europe is through a league of nations.

NAPOLEON.[2]

LIBERTY AND LAW

Society's greatest peril is the demagogues who teach and the ignorant classes who believe that there is such a thing as liberty. The planets have no liberty; they follow the moon in tidal waves. When the river refuses to keep within its banks,

[1] "American Education," *The Atlantic Monthly.*

[2] From Ludwig's "Napoleon," Boni and Liveright.

it becomes a curse and a destruction. It is the stream that is restrained by its banks that turns the mill-wheels for men. The clouds, too, have their beauty in that they are led forth in ranks, and columns, generaled by the night winds. And in proportion as things pass from littleness toward largeness they go toward obedience to law. Because the dead leaf obeys nothing, it flutters down from the bough, giving but tardy recognition to the law of gravity; while our great earth, covered with cities and civilization, is instantly responsive to gravity's law. Indeed, he who disobeys any law of nature flings himself athwart her wheels, to be crushed to powder. And if disobedience is destruction, obedience is liberty. Obeying the law of steam, man has an engine. Obeying the law of fire, he has warmth. Obeying the law of speech, he has eloquence. Obeying the law of sound thinking, he has leadership. Obeying the law of Christ, he has character. The stone obeys one law, gravity, and is without motion. The worm obeys two laws, and has movement. The bird obeys three laws, and can fly as well as stand or walk. And as man increases the number of laws he obeys, he increases in richness of nature, in wealth, in strength, and influence. Nature loves paradoxes, and this is her chiefest paradox—he who stoops to wear the yoke of law becomes the child of liberty, while he who will be free from God's law wears a ball and chain through all his years. Philosophy reached its highest fruition in Christ's principle, "Love is the fulfillment of the law."

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

LIBERTY VERSUS SECURITY

How will liberty fare in a world somewhat painfully adjusting itself to the necessary collectivism of a machine age?

We shall make a better approach to our question if we face a few facts fairly and squarely. The first is that the average man to-day would, if he had to choose, gladly exchange most of his theoretical liberties for economic security. This is true not merely because, as we shall see, those liberties are so theo-

retical, but also because the average man likes to travel with the crowd. He does not want to stray far from his own herd, especially if his herd has good pasture. Moreover there is no tyranny over the mind worse than the tyranny of constant anxiety over to-morrow's bread. After the problem of economic security is fairly well settled, or if it should appear that greater liberty is a condition of the highest economic well-being, then the problem of liberty may be more acute. But for the next decade, perhaps the next generation, that government or social order will be assured of popular support which seems to be doing as well as, or better than, its neighbors in preventing such depressions as we now endure or at least in protecting its victims from the worst consequences of our economic stupidity, even if that same government deals ruthlessly with many of the liberties of free speech, free press, and free association.

NORMAN THOMAS.[1]

MACHINERY, ESCAPE FROM

Most people are not wholly at ease in the modern world, and they are willing to pay well for the illusions that momentarily soften and disguise it. They find, perhaps, that they can bear it more contentedly—noise and confusion, hurry, everlasting tension—by virtue of the hours in which, consciously or not, they pretend that it does not exist. For its steely common sense they substitute the fairy-book life of the movies; from the spiritual oppression of skyscraper and subway they escape into lath-and-plaster medievalism. And at the end of a day's work they go home thankfully to houses that look as little like an office building as possible; that deny office buildings, deny the twentieth century, deny that machines were ever invented. The corners of their spirit, rubbed raw by machinery, are soothed by hooked rugs and pewter and

[1] "As I See It," Macmillan.

prints; by old things (even by poor copies of old things) that breathe the serenity of a simpler age.

ALEXANDER COBURN SOPER.[1]

MAN

What Man Is For.

Aristotle placed before his mind's eye the figure of a living man, in all the plenitude of his manhood. He saw him there standing erect, alert and ready, with the fire of life radiating from his person, with all his powers, aptitudes, capacities, and versatilities imprinted on his body and expressed in his countenance. Aristotle looked him up and down; examined the attitudes and parts of him one by one; his upright carriage, his eye gazing into the distance, his lips breaking out into speech, and above all his hands, his wonderful hands with their five mysterious fingers. Then, putting the parts together, he took in the vision as a whole, deeply meditating on the subject before him; and finally, with a directness rare in philosophy, he asked himself this question—What is this fine creature *for?* What does the cut of him suggest? Happiness? Smooth-flowing enjoyment? Not at all! That fine creature is for *action.* With that keen eye of his, looking out into the distance for opportunities, with that alert figure ready to start forward, with those five mysterious fingers eager for occupation, and with all the rest of him, who can doubt for a moment that this creature was meant for *action*—for undertaking difficult enterprises, for embarking on long expeditions by sea and by land, for achieving the highest excellence on a thousand roads, for enduring tremendous strains and protracted vigils, for sweeping and majestic operations, for standing hard knocks from fate and from circumstance—aye, and for giving hard knocks in return? Action the end of him! Action the meaning of him! Action is what the fine creature is

[1] *The Forum Magazine,* January 1932.

for! It came in a flash and down went the first principle of Aristotle's anthropology—*the end of man is an action.*

L. P. JACKS.

Man and Nature.

Man does not fight nature. On the contrary, what we call "fighting nature" is merely man's refusal to remain within the narrow areas in which he finds himself. He struggles to release himself into wider areas. His ethical codes, for example, mark the development of more adequate ways of functioning. Thus he fights his limited nature, not Nature.

In point of fact, creatures which we ordinarily regard as so intimately parts of nature that we always think of them when we use the word "nature" are largely isolated from wide relationships with nature. They move within exceedingly limited fields. They have only the smallest contact with the nature around them. Man, on the other hand, has the power to make contact with nature far more widely. When, for example, he discovers the movements of the planets, the laws of chemical combinations, the sequences of the seasons, the principles of organic growth and decay, it is not an exaggeration to say that he is far more intimately and understandingly a child of nature than the armadillo that noses about ignorant of all these matters.

It seems that we need to impress upon ourselves this rather novel idea, for the reverse one has too long held sway. *Man is far more a child of nature than any of the animals or plants around him.* And he is increasingly a child of nature as the growth of his intelligence makes him able to make contact with nature more widely.

But if this is true, then a profoundly important further fact is true. What man exhibits in himself—of qualities and processes—belongs to nature, indeed, *is* nature on the level of humanity. When we regard matters in this light, it is seen

that man exhibits in himself far more of what nature is and can be than do any of the animals or plants around him.

H. A. OVERSTREET.[1]

MASS PRODUCTION

Its Weakness.

Mr. Jesse R. Sprague cites the hypothetical case—which he claims to be typical—of a manufacturer of brass door-knockers. The manufacturer has established a local reputation for beauty and excellence and turns out twenty door-knockers a day which cost him one dollar each to manufacture, and sell for two dollars. A go-getting corporation buys him out and proceeds to install mass production, reducing the cost to fifty cents. But sales resistance is found to be stiff in the door-knocker field. In order to dispose of thousands a day, a nation-wide selling organization must be created, and a national advertising campaign duly launched, with sales managers, demonstrators, lecturers, counsels on public relations, and the celebration of National Door-Knocker Week. As a result of these heroic efforts—and heroic costs—it is found that the price must be raised to four dollars. But at four dollars the public will not buy in sufficient quantity, and the concern goes into receivership. "It is possible by Big Business tactics to force this quantity of door-knockers on the public, but such a pace could be maintained only by too extravagant an outlay. When the time was ripe, little business simply stepped back into the place from which it had been evicted." Machine production—every factor being taken into consideration—had proved two or three times as expensive.

STUART CHASE.

Not for the Old World.

To adapt the Old World to the essentials of mass production, it would be necessary to suppress not only the economic

[1] "The Enduring Quest" Norton.

frontiers which too often separate the raw material from the factory and the factory from the consumer, but also the political frontiers which perpetuate distinct types and stages of civilization side by side. After all, the very nationalities which a man from Kansas or Nebraska will good-naturedly advise us to suppress as out-of-date and incompatible with the Fordization of Europe are our inheritance, and they bring with them their own languages, customs, and intellectual culture. Yet from the economic point of view, this development of personalities is a handicap, and it would be preferable to pass everyone through the same mill. We of the Old World tell ourselves sadly that in Europe mass production and civilization do not go together.

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED.[1]

MODERNISM

An original mind has no more respect for modern ideas than it has for any other ideas. All ideas are human. All are stamped with the sign-manuals of our race; short-sightedness, maliciousness, unimaginative literalness, complacent dogmatism, parrotlike pedantry.

JOHN COWPER POWYS.[2]

MEMORY

Thurlow Weed's remarkable memory seemed unimpaired to the last, and he recalled with great accuracy long lists of names of men who were politicians in the various counties when Monroe ran for President—sixty years before.

"You seem to remember as well as ever," I said to him one day.

"Better than ever," he answered. "If I had not cultivated my memory, I should have been a dismal failure."

"Did you make a systematic effort to improve it? Or did it improve by use?"

[1] "America Comes of Age," Harcourt, Brace.

[2] "A Philosophy of Solitude," Simon and Schuster.

"I had to adopt a regular method, and I hit on one that was very effective. I will tell you about it for the benefit of other young men. I got married in 1818, when I was working in Albany as a journeyman printer. In a few months I established a newspaper for myself, and some of my friends thought I was 'cut out for a politician'—that is, I probably impressed my views strongly on those about me. But I saw at once a fatal weakness. My memory was a sieve. I could remember nothing. Dates, names, appointments, faces—everything escaped me. I said to my wife, 'Catherine, I shall never make a successful politician, for I cannot remember, and that is a prime necessity of politicians. A politician who meets a man once should remember him forever.'

"I recalled what had been said of Henry Clay: that he could go around a room and be introduced to fifty persons and on mingling with the company call every man by his right name. I thought also of the colored fellow who officiates at the grand hatrack in the vestibule of the Saratoga Hotel, and who, as the hundreds of guests flock out of the dining room, hands to each one instantly the hat, shawl, parcel, book, or whatever has been deposited there an hour before.

"My wife told me," continued Mr. Weed, "that I must train my memory. So, when I came home that night, I sat down alone and spent fifteen minutes trying silently to recall the events of the day. I could remember little at first; now I remember that I could not then remember what I had for breakfast. Finally I could recall more. Events came back to me more minutely and more accurately. After a fortnight or so of this, Catherine said, 'Why don't you tell it to me? It would be interesting, and my interest in it would stimulate you.' Then I began a habit of oral confession, as it were, which I followed almost fifty years. Every night, just before retiring, I told my wife everything that I could recall that had happened to me or about me during the day. I generally recalled the very dishes I had had for breakfast, dinner, and tea; the people I had seen and what they said; the editorials I

had written, and an abstract of them; the letters I had sent and received, and the very language used as near as possible; when and where I had walked or ridden—everything, in short, that had come within my knowledge. I found I could say my lesson better and better every month and every year, and, instead of growing irksome, it got to be a pleasure to run over the events of the day in review. I am indebted to this discipline for a memory of somewhat unusual tenacity, and I recommend the practice to all who expect to have much to do with influencing men."

WILLIAM A. CROFFUT.[1]

NAMES

The world is scared of names. . . . What wonderful noise and sound have those three Greek names, Idolatry, Heresy, Blasphemy, made in the world, to the scaring and affrightment of the poor people.

ROGER WILLIAMS.[2]

NEARSIGHT AND FARSIGHT

There are all sorts of phrases which describe nearsight but which farsight over-rules. Nearsight says, Charity begins at home. Farsight adds, But does not end there. Nearsight would say, A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Farsight would say, What kind are in the bush and can I get them? Nearsight would say, Thus I have been taught. Farsight would say, Is this teaching true? Nearsight would have you live in a parish and be a parochial business man. Farsight would have you live in the world and draw upon the richness of it all for the enlarging of your life. It is one of the great phrases of the Old Book, and an inspiring one, which says, "Thou hast taken me and thou hast set me in a large place."

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD.

[1] "An American Procession," Little, Brown.
[2] From "Roger Williams," James Ernst, Macmillan.

Optimists Reproved Again

The men who are forever slapping one on the back and saying that everything will come right are bad enough, but more intolerable are those persons who will persist in slapping humanity itself on the back and regarding all life with an unchanging grin of approval. We have not had so many of these vulgarly optimistic philosophers among us of late, but their influence is still felt in the opinion of our time. There are not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in their philosophy, because, in the first place, their philosophy does not dream. Stupidity, downright insensitiveness, is the secret of such optimism, which fits as much as it can of life into its bright little boxes and blandly ignores the rest. It is at its worst when it is based upon a creed of mechanical progress, believing that humanity can be saved by its comforts and conveniences. Who does not know the man who, in his heart of hearts, is convinced that the fact of twenty-five pins being sold for one halfpenny is a blow at, say, the doctrine of original sin? Or him who can now ignore the "still, sad music of humanity," simply because the voice of Mr. George Robey can be heard at both Dundee and Gloucester in the same evening? Or those who prefer to concentrate upon the future, and believe that once all rooms are built without corners and electric light is found in every village, desire shall not fail and the mourners shall go about the streets no more? It is such thinkers as these who—to borrow once more the words of their greatest enemy, the Preacher—come in with vanity and depart in darkness, and whose names shall be covered with darkness.

J. B. Priestly.[1]

The Orator and the Writer

There is a significant distinction between the orator and the writer. The orator must be prepared to move a mass of men at once. The writer addresses himself to one man at a

[1] "I for One," Dodd, Mead.

time. If Conrad had been asked to write a story for a million readers, I fancy he would have desired to reach them all and to entertain them all. But certainly he would have refused to "write down," to coarsen and vulgarize his truth, or to take the individual color and flavor out of it. His problem would have been to induce that elephantine public to incline its great ear near enough to overhear him telling his story, with all its fine shadings of truth, into the ear of one intelligent crony. That is the way good stories are told.

To seize a megaphone and to become the mouthpiece of a political party, or of a church, or of a traditional interest, or of a social class, or of the Army or the Navy, or big or little business, or feminism, prohibition, or other organized reform, that is an easy and safe form of authorship, which at once insures you a constituency and a backing and a bodyguard. It places you in the organized world. It makes you a part of the elaborate system of institutions in which we live and have our being.

But the young generation in which we are now living is obviously weary of listening to every type of "official spokesman," who goes on pouring out the "truth" to which he has been committed by the makers of his platform, by the code of his class, by the Good and the Beautiful as defined in 1880, by the Constitution of the United States, by the Apostles' Creed, or by the Book of Genesis. What the "official spokesman" says, may be as nutritious as boiled potatoes and as wholesome. But to the fastidious taste of the coming generation it lacks flavor. It is obnoxious from a lack of individual distinction. It is flat with a kind of mild, respectable, decorous insincerity.

STUART PRATT SHERMAN.[1]

PASSING THE BUCK

I was reading recently, that once upon a time the peasants of a French village desired to give their parish priest a barrel

[1] "Points of View," Scribner's.

of wine; the plan was that each parishioner should contribute one bottle—the cask was provided and on the Sunday of the presentation each parishioner went up and emptied his bottle into the barrel. When the tap was turned, pure water came out. In the subsequent explanation each parishioner pointed out that if the others had done their duty his contribution would not have been missed; that if they did not do their duty, he would be exonerated from any obligation to do his, so that nobody was to blame. That, ladies and gentlemen, may be described as a classic instance of "passing the buck."

WILFRED ANDREWS.

PHYSICS AND FLUX

The learned physicist and the man in the street were standing together on the threshold about to enter a room.

The man in the street moved forward without trouble, planted his foot on a solid unyielding plank at rest before him, and entered.

The physicist was faced with an intricate problem. To make any movement he must shove against the atmosphere, which presses with a force of fourteen pounds on every square inch of his body. He must land on a plank traveling at twenty miles a second round the sun—a fraction of a second earlier or later the plank would be miles away from the chosen spot. He must do this whilst hanging from a round planet head outward into space, and with a wind of ether blowing at no one knows how many miles a second through every interstice of his body. He reflects too that the plank is not what it appears to be—a continuous support for his weight. The plank is mostly emptiness; very sparsely scattered in the emptiness are myriads of electric charges dashing about at great speeds but occupying at any moment less than a billionth part of the volume which the plank seems to fill continuously. It is like stepping on a swarm of flies. Will he not slip through? No, if he makes the venture, he falls for an instant till an electron hits him and gives him a boost up again; he falls

again, and is knocked upward by another electron; and so on. The net result is that he neither slips through the swarm nor is bombarded up to the ceiling, but is kept about steady in his shuttlecock fashion. Or rather, it is not certain but highly probable that he remains steady; and if, unfortunately, he should sink through the floor or hit the ceiling, the occurrence would not be a violation of the laws of nature but a rare coincidence.

By careful calculation of these and other conditions the physicist may reach a solution of the problem of entering a room; and, if he is fortunate enough to avoid mathematical blunders, he will prove satisfactorily that the feat can be accomplished in the manner already adopted by his ignorant companion. Happily even a learned physicist has usually a sense of proportion; and it is probable that for this occasion he put out of his mind scientific truths about astronomical motions, the constitution of planks and the laws of probability, and was content to follow the same crude conception of his task that presented itself to the mind of his unscientific colleague.

SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON.[1]

PIONEERS TO BLAME

With pioneering, America ceased to be an outpost of Europe. The Western communities relapsed into an earlier and more primitive type of occupation; they reverted to the crude practices of the hunter, the woodsman, the miner. Given the occasion and the environment, these were necessary occupations; the point to be noted, however, is that, uninfluenced by peasant habits or the ideas of an old culture, the work of the miner, woodsman, and hunter led to unmitigated destruction and pillage. What happened was just the reverse of the old barbarian invasions, which turned the Goths and Vandals

[1] "The Domain of Science," in "Science, Religion and Reality," Joseph Needham, editor, Macmillan.

into Romans. The movement into backwoods America turned the European into a barbarian. . . .

The Puritan did indeed pave the way for the extroverts that came after him; but what he really sought was inner grace. The pioneer debased all the old values of a settled culture, and made the path of a dehumanized industrialism in America as smooth as a concrete road. . . . All three, Puritan, pioneer, and business man, came to exist through the breakdown of Europe's earlier integrated culture; but, given the wide elbow-room of America, each type tended to develop to its extreme, only to emerge in succeeding generations into the composite character of that fictitious person, the average American.

LEWIS MUMFORD.[1]

POETRY AND POETS

There is no word in America more hated than the word "poet." This is because poems have been used to punish students in grammar and high school; and as they grow up, in college and university. Standard poems are rubbed in like salt from the day the poor youngsters can read at all. This will continue indefinitely unless all poetry is thrown out of the grammar schools, high schools, colleges and universities, and poetry becomes a volunteer game, as baseball and football are—something to be discovered out of study hours. The first curse, then, of the poet is the freight-car load full of perfectly meritorious literature textbooks pouring into the smallest town every year; the second is the schoolma'am rubbing these textbooks in.

Then there is a third curse—the art-store panel of the portraits of dead poets. It is hung up all over the land, from the first-reader rooms to the little seminar rooms for the postgraduates at the great universities. This art-store panel is a picture of seven senile, spiteful, educated, over-bearing old gentlemen with long whiskers and long hair, and the atmos-

[1] "The Golden Day," Liveright.

phere of executioners. They all look like the kind of quick workers that would steal pennies from a dead child's eyes. I have seen the pictures of most of these men in their youth. They were handsome boys, regular sheiks; they really looked like the young miniatures of Shelley and Keats and Byron.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

PROFESSIONS AND THE MIDDLE CLASSES

The curse of England is the obstinate determination of the middle classes to make their sons what they call gentlemen. So we are overrun by clergymen without livings, lawyers without briefs, authors without readers, and clerks soliciting employment, who might have thriven as bakers, watchmakers or innkeepers.

T. B. MACAULAY.

PROVERBS

There is a race of narrow wits that never get rich for want of courage. Their understanding is of that halting, balancing kind which gives a man just enough light to see difficulties and start doubts, but not enough to surmount the one or to remove the other. They never get ahead an inch, because they are always hugging some cowardly maxim, which they can only interpret literally. "Never change a certainty for an uncertainty," "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," are their favorite saws; and very good ones they are, too, but not to be followed too slavishly. Of what use is it "to be sawing about a set of maxims to which there is a complete set of antagonist maxims?" Proverbs, it has been well said, should be sold in pairs, a single one being but a half-truth.

WILLIAM MATHEWS.

PSYCHOANALYSIS

It seems to me that psychoanalysis is not always salutary. It may not always be helpful to delve into the subconscious. The machinery of our legs is controlled by a hundred

different muscles. Do you think it would help us to walk, if we analyzed our legs and knew exactly which one of the little muscles must be employed in locomotion and in the order in which they work?

Perhaps . . . you remember the story of the toad and the centipede? The centipede was very proud of having one hundred legs. His neighbor, the toad, was very much depressed because he had only four. One day a diabolic inspiration prompted the toad to write a letter to the centipede as follows:

Honored Sir:

Can you tell me, which one of your hundred legs you move first, when you transfer your distinguished body from one place to another, and in what order you move the other ninety-nine legs?

When the centipede received this letter he began to think. He tried first one leg, then the other. Finally he discovered to his consternation that he was unable to move a single leg. He could no longer walk at all! He was paralyzed! It is possible that analysis may paralyze our mental and emotional processes in a similar manner.

ALBERT EINSTEIN.[1]

PIONEER VERSUS PROSPERITY

In Nebraska, as in so many other States, we must face the fact that the splendid story of the pioneers is finished, and that no new story worthy to take its place has yet begun. The generation that subdued the wild land and broke up the virgin prairie is passing, but it is still there, a group of rugged figures in the background which inspire respect, compel admiration. With these old men and women the attainment of material prosperity was a moral victory, because it was wrung from

[1] From "Glimpses of the Great," by George Sylvester Viereck, Macaulay.

hard conditions, was the result of a struggle that tested character. They can look out over those broad stretches of fertility and say: "We made this, with our backs and hands." The sons, the generation now in middle life, were reared amid hardships, and it is perhaps natural that they should be very much interested in material comfort, in buying whatever is expensive and ugly. Their fathers came into a wilderness and had to make everything, had to be as ingenious as shipwrecked sailors. The generation now in the driver's seat hates to make anything, wants to live and die in an automobile, scudding past those acres where the old men used to follow the long corn-rows up and down. They want to buy everything ready-made: clothes, food, education, music, pleasure. Will the third generation—the full-blooded, joyous one just coming over the hill—will it be fooled? Will it believe that to live easily is to live happily?

WILLA SIBERT CATHER.[1]

RELIGION

The human mind, no matter how highly trained, cannot grasp the universe. We are in the position of a little child, entering a huge library, whose walls are covered to the ceiling with books in many different tongues. The child knows that someone has written those books. It does not know who or how. It does not understand the languages in which they are written.

The child notes a definite plan in the arrangement of the books, a mysterious order, which it does not comprehend, but only dimly suspects. That, it seems to me, is the attitude of the human mind, even the greatest and most cultured, toward God.

We see a universe marvelously arranged, obeying certain laws, but we understand the laws only dimly. Our limited

[1] "Nebraska," from *The Nation*.

minds cannot grasp the mysterious force that sways the constellations.

ALBERT EINSTEIN.[1]

ROOTLESSNESS

Miss Hopkins describes the rejuvenation of a certain Connecticut countryside: a colony of Slavs has settled there, and under their hands, as she puts it, the tired, disconsolate soil is recovering its health. These new colonists do not fight the land—that is her theory—they love it; whereas, with the old New Englanders, it was just the other way. "The Puritan forefarmers," says Miss Hopkins, "lived in perpetual conflict with nature. They 'wrested a living from the soil.' They were never reconciled to being farmers. Each farmhouse had its shelf of books—and they were not about agriculture. Every family tried to put one son into the ministry. The daughters had a term at the nearest female seminary . . . The New England farmers took and took and took from the land, and they hated the land they looted. The land held back more each year. The struggle grew fierce. Abandoned farms all over the country are the result. The humans fled from the conflict. The soil had—nervous prostration!" At last, under the new peasant ownership, and although, as Miss Hopkins says, the newcomer knows nothing of scientific farming, the land has gradually come back into bearing, for "the land likes the change"; and all this region of the Housatonic has once more a future. . . .

It is certainly conceivable, the argument might run, that most of the evil features of our civilization are due to a false relationship in this country between man and the soil. Some original misunderstanding, as it were, between the human organism and the source of its vitality—to what else do they point, those sinister phenomena with which we are so familiar, our habit of incessant motion, the inconstancy of our personal

[1] From "Glimpses of the Great," by George Sylvester Viereck, Macaulay.

relations, the externalization of our life, its want of depth and tranquillity, the superficiality of our literature, our idealization of business? What is the missing link between our life and the traditional life of humanity? All wisdom, all religion, all art, all values, in fact, have, in the general experience of the race, sprung, if not from the soil, at least from man rooted in the soil. America has gone off at a sort of tangent, inventing such words as "Rube" and "hayseed" to signalize its temperamental divorce from the natural fount of its energy; and America has paid for this in the drying-up of its own "collective unconscious," in the mediocrity of its creative life. That missing link one might well find in the character of the original settlers and the traditions they established for their descendants, in the fact that they were not indeed peasants but townspeople and artisans, in large measure, of a bookish, genteel tendency, and ill-adapted to elemental circumstances. Merely to make this point would be to reset much of American history in a key at once tragic and realistic.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.[1]

RUBBER-STAMP MINDS

We need to recognize that often when we suppose ourselves to be thinking, we are really only reaching for the machine-made stereotype of some stiff notion which obviates the necessity of new thought. We seize upon old patterns and ink these across the fresh outlines of any new idea which has the misfortune to resemble them. Inside the ticket windows of country railroad stations one may see hanging on the wall by the ticket seller's hand the convenient rows of rubber stamps by which he registers on the ticket the place of destination. If the town to which the traveler wants to go is not important enough to have a stamp already with the name, the ticket-agent can manage to write the name on the ticket as a brand-new designation. But at the ticket-windows of too many minds no such flexibility is considered necessary. An

[1] "Sketches in Criticism," Dutton.

idea must be routed to one of those stock destinations for which the rubber-stamps of pre-existent notions are provided; and if the idea does not want to be rubber-stamped, then it can stay at home.

WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE.[1]

SCIENCE AND STATESMEN

The victories of statesmanship are ludicrous beside those of the engineer, the research worker, and the technician. The entire social structure of Japan is undermined by a relatively simple chemical formula for the transforming of cellulose into fibre: silk yields to rayon, and all the planning of a century of politicians and business leaders is wrecked. Four or five inventions and discoveries dealing with fertilizers and farm machines have, in the past decade, combined to ruin 500,000,000 farmers and their families throughout the world, in spite of everything legislators and editors and social workers and agricultural bureaus have been able to do by way of relief or remedy. The best laid plans of five thousand keen railway executives and their political aides have been shattered by improvements in concrete construction and in motor trucks. England perishes today, as an empire, because of half a hundred scientists who have given to England's rivals freedom from her coal and from her factory goods. . . .

No! Man will be saved from his own stupidities only by science; not by religion, nor by moral drill, nor—least of all—by laws. If America wants a Five Year Plan that will put her ahead five centuries, let her close the White House and kick every banker and broker and manufacturer out of every pontifical conference; let her cease drafting new laws for two or three years, while a few thousand genuine scientists who are not Yes-Men for corporations ascertain which unexploited inventions and discoveries might be quickly turned to account, without too greatly disturbing affairs. There are hundreds of such, many of them pigeonholed in patent files or else lying

[1] "On Being Alive," Scribner's.

unused for lack of financial backing. Let our political pundits finance the free experimenting with new ideas, no matter how remote and abstract they may appear to laymen; the only proviso being that a committee of scientists and engineers uninfluenced by slick profiteers passes judgment on the ideas as worthy of inquiry.

WALTER B. PITKIN.[1]

SCIENCE HAS NOT THE LAST WORD

Gone too from the minds of many is the old view of science as a kind of bed-rock knowledge which has the last word to say about everything, the one and only right of way to reality. Science has no such exalted *metier*. It proposes to describe and formulate the measurable and impersonally verifiable facts of experience, to which certain methods of observation and experiment can be applied, and also to give a historical account of the actual way in which things and organisms have come to be as they are. Its questions are What, Whence, and How? But it declines to ask the question Why? For it is not its business—that is, not in the line of its methods of descriptive analysis—to inquire into the purpose or significance of the evolving world as a whole. The word *ultimate* does not occur in the scientific dictionary, and science leaves interpretation to philosophy and religion.

SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON.[2]

SELF-DISCIPLINE

One of the Fathers of the Desert once compared the love of praise to an onion. When stripped of one skin it is found to be sheathed in another, and as often as you strip it, you will find it still protected. The same might be said of self-love. It is not enough to put it to death once by a definite act of self-surrender; it must be put to death daily. Beneath each sheath of

[1] "A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity," Simon and Schuster.

[2] "The New World of Science," Atlantic Monthly Press.

self-regard and vainglory there is another; and if we think the soul can be stripped of it once and for all, we have still to learn the very elements of the spiritual life. There is no magic word of surrender that will annihilate self-seeking. One true act of surrender is sufficient to dethrone self, but the uncrowned king becomes the murderous conspirator; and nothing short of a life's discipline, a daily dying to self, not in pious imagination, but by a succession of stern, practical acts of self-denial, will rout the enemy. Until we have begun to understand this and to turn it into practice, we have not set foot upon the path to power.

EMILY HERMAN.[1]

"SHOWING UP" AND "SEEING THROUGH"

For a decade and more we have been subjected to this "showing up" process, with the result that the trend has been to make our literature all surgery and no tonic, our churches the dissecting rooms of dead superstitions rather than clinics of the soul and our colleges the producers of side-line cynics instead of mental and moral athletes who enjoy the game of living. But is this post-war reaction from sentimentalism proving an approach to reality? In "seeing through" the falsities of the old hypocrisies are we coming to see the truth about ourselves? Or may it be that the stressing of the will to disbelieve is as fatal to truth as the overemphasis on "the will to believe?" William James once asked a provocative question—"What proof is there that dupery through hope is so much worse than dupery through fear?" It is a query which the present day might well ponder.

RALPH W. SOCKMAN.[2]

SOUL

You cannot throw away all the old dualism between soul and body which has been a tradition of faith and a habit of

[1] "Creative Prayer," Clarke & Co., Ltd., London.

[2] "Morals of Tomorrow," Harper.

feeling for ten thousand years without falling into every sort of nervous malady, into every sort of unhappiness, into every sort of despairing futility.

It is no use saying that modern Scientists have totally given up the use of the word "soul." They may have given up the word. They cannot help making use of the thing. The truth is that humanity's belief in the soul through such vast aeons of time is enough to have half-created the soul. This indeed is the whole point! Perhaps it has half-created it; and even now the crowd-consciousness of our age is engaged in trying to destroy what the anonymous generations have almost succeeded in creating.

JOHN COWPER POWYS.[1]

SPENDING WISELY

Any simpleton can save up his dollars, but the wisest of men cannot save up opportunities—they must be used as they come. They go on coming, it is true, but they come increasingly to younger men. The opportunities offered to the older man are less and less objective, and more and more subjective. They are opportunities for the spirit, and make so few demands upon the purse that the problem of wise spending almost disappears. It would be idle to say just when this point is reached, for it comes to different men at different ages. But it comes to all normal men and with sufficient definiteness to be easily recognized. The time to begin the accumulation of a surplus has arrived when the whole income can no longer be spent to legitimate advantage. A man may be forty, or forty-five, or even fifty before the hour for accumulation strikes. Before that hour he would much better risk the poor-house than to hoard a penny which might have been exchanged for a larger personal experience. In a word, I am advancing the dangerous doctrine that a young man on the quest of personal good fortune may not morally save until he can no longer morally spend. A rational scrutiny of one's affairs does not

[1] "A Philosophy of Solitude," Simon and Schuster.

inquire how much one can save but how much one can wisely spend.

ANONYMOUS.

STUPIDITY

We all know that lack of stimulation makes people dull. The mechanism of this is now fairly understood. The nervous system grows and refines its interlacing cell patterns with use. Within certain low limits, it will develop under only slight stimulation; but it never reaches a high level without considerable variety and intensity of experience. Then too, such experience must come early in life. The child must see, hear, taste, feel and smell many things, hearken to talk on all sorts of topics, observe many kinds of people, and visit strange places. He must apply himself to a variety of studies and exercise his muscles in many ways. Now, apply these commonplaces of psychology to your analysis of the typical career of a moujik's child in a lost farm village of the blacklands a hundred miles from a sizable town. Think especially of his first twenty winters. These are little more than a series of hibernations. Indeed, in a few parts of Siberia, the moujiks practise *latka*, or "winter sleep," in a manner startlingly like the bears. The entire family remains in bed about twenty-two hours out of twenty-four. An immense urn of tea is lighted up for the whole winter, and around it are placed hunks of black bread, all within reach of the sleepers. For a minute or two daily each member rouses enough to sip tea and nibble bread; then back to sweet dreams of Nirvana! Naturally, as no work is done, and as everybody sleeps on top of the huge porcelain stove, little energy goes lost; hence little need be eaten. When spring arrives, everybody is well rested. But how about the mind? It sinks into a stuporous inactivity and stays there.

WALTER B. PITKIN.[1]

[1] "A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity," Simon and Schuster.

THINKING

Clear Thinking.

By clear thinking I do not mean logical thinking. I do not mean that life is based upon any logical system whatever. Life is essentially illogical. The world is governed now by a tumultuous sea of commonalities made up of passions, and we should pray God that the good passions should outvote the bad passions. But the movement of impulse, of motive, is the stuff of passion, and therefore clear thinking about life is not logical, symmetrical thinking, but it is interpretative thinking, thinking that sees the secret motive of things, thinking that penetrates deepest places where are the pulses of life.

Now scholarship ought to lay these impulses bare just as the physician can lay bare the sea of life in our bodies. That is not scholarship which goes to work upon the mere formal pedantry of logical reasoning, but that *is* scholarship which searches for the heart of a man. The spirit of scholarship gives us catholicity of thinking, the readiness to understand that there will constantly swing into our ken new items not dreamed of in our systems of philosophy, not simply to draw our conclusions from the data that we have had, but that all this is under constant mutation, and that therefore new phases of life will come upon us and a new adjustment of our conclusions will be necessary. Our thinking must be detached and disinterested thinking.

WOODROW WILSON.

Begging the Question.

The fallacy of begging the question consists in taking for granted that which has to be proved, and is of great importance, because the fallacy is very difficult to detect and explain, and occurs in several different ways. Sometimes it arises from giving a name to a thing, and then supposing that we have explained the thing. A wise man, as well as a child, may

reasonably ask, why can we see through a glass window? Nobody has been able to give a reason why glass, crystal, and various solid things can be seen through, while most solid bodies cannot. But we sometimes hear it said that we can see through glass "because it is transparent." This is clearly begging the question; to say a thing is transparent is neither more nor less than to say you can see through it. The French dramatist Molière ridicules fallacies of this kind very cleverly. The father of a dumb girl wants to know why his daughter is dumb. "Nothing is more easy than to explain it," says the physician Ignorelle; "it comes from her having lost the power of speech." "Yes, yes," objects the father, "but the cause, if you please, why she has lost the power of speech?" Ignorelle is quite ready with an answer: "All our best authors will tell you that it is the impeding of the action of the tongue."

JEVON.

Earned, Not Learned.

Respecting the *discovery of truth*, Jesus sedulously avoided controversy about truth. He would be ill at ease in the midst of the back-fence bickerings that have shamed and sterilized so much of the religious life of the last decade in America. He was content to embody eternal verities in parables which communicated to those who could see everything that was necessary, although they proved nothing by elaborate logic. He did not seek the shallow victories of the debater. For he knew that truth must be earned rather than learned—a principle that is equally valid for the saint in quest of God and the savant in quest of wisdom. He knew that men are not led to God by a battle of wits, and that truth is a flower that does not grow on battlefields.

GLENN FRANK.

TRENDS OF THE TIMES

These trends are the substitution of self-expression for self-discipline; of the concept of prosperity for that of liberty; of

restlessness for rest; of spending for saving; of show for solidity; of desire for the new or novel in place of affection for the old and tried; of dependence for self-reliance; of gregariousness for solitude; of luxury for simplicity; of ostentation for restraint; of success for integrity; of national for local; of easy generosity for wise giving; of preferring impressions to thought, facts to ideas; of democracy for aristocracy; of the mediocre for the excellent.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

TRIUMVIRATE

We all remember a little group of Romans known as the Triumvirate—Caesar, Crassus and Pompey. Now "triumvirate" is a good big word, a dignified word, but if these three Romans were operating in Philadelphia today and were manipulating the public utilities instead of the corn supply, we would not call them a triumvirate, we would call them "the gas-house ring."

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO.

TOLERANCE

Tolerance is indeed a noble virtue if it is a true charity of mind and a hesitation to judge until the full facts are known, but it offers as much opportunity for the cant of a modern Pecksniff as did the old Pharisaism. There are several counterfeits which pass for tolerance. One is lazy-mindedness, the hypocritical tolerance of those who do not think or those who shirk the responsibility of forming a judgment on the whole moral situation. Another is indifference, false because there is no true tolerance unless one really cares. Still another is sentimentalism, refusing to judge or oppose because we feel a certain virtuousness in so doing. And the worst counterfeit of tolerance is the sheer self-interest which argues that we want others to have a good time when in reality our real motive is that others may think well of us. Thus we seek a reputation for tolerance by allowing unwholesome ideas to pass unpro-

tested, and even by parading our own indulgences in order to demonstrate that we are not puritanical.

RALPH W. SOCKMAN.[1]

VICIOUS VITAMINES!

The knell of Occidentalism and the industrial system was struck not on the fields of Flanders nor was the doom pronounced in Leningrad. Our civilization died when first in a laboratory the word "vitamine" was pronounced. The dreadful word "enzyme" of my young manhood was bad enough because it tended to make western mankind self-conscious about its food. It had at least the merit of telling you not to eat refrigerated or canned foods. But the vitamine has at last broken the spirit that manifested itself on the peak of Darien or the field of Plassey. We shall never again see a Cortes or a Clive. Not even perhaps a Custer!

FORD MADOX FORD.[2]

WASTE

Economic Value of Waste.

This discovery of Mr. Henry Ford should be called the Theory of the Economic Value of Waste. If people can be educated to the full realization of their function as wasters, if they can be taught to throw things away before they are worn out, the demand for these discarded commodities will be enormously increased, and our rate of production can be doubled, tripled, quadrupled, what you will. If people can be taught to waste enough, they can be kept busy for at least eighteen hours a day replacing the wasted commodities. By this system business *need never face a saturation point. For, though there is a limit to what a man can use, there is no limit*

[1] "Morals of Tomorrow," Harper.
[2] "Return To Yesterday," Liveright.

to what he can waste. The amount of production possible in a properly wasteful society is thus seen to be simply enormous.

KENNETH BURKE.

Waste in New York.

Take New York City, for example. The congestion of its streets puts a premium on death and injury, and adds enormously in transportation cost to every article the city dweller buys, and to every structure built. I know a building where four hundred bricklayers stand in rows, trowel in hand. Yet so great is the pressure of traffic below them, that never more than a single hour's supply of bricks can be stored in advance—which means a constant stream of trucks delivering hand to mouth. And when the trucks are halted in a traffic jam—as they often are—the masons stand idle. But that idle time goes into the cost of the building. As land values shift, it has become a recognized practice in New York to look on construction as a short-term investment. Thus, instead of lasting their hundred years or so, buildings erected twenty, even ten years ago—perfectly sound buildings many of them—are torn down and scrapped. New buildings spring up, only to be scrapped, undepreciated, in their turn. Consider the colossal cost, the gigantic waste, of such a program. Consider the cost of digging a subway, which, when it is finished, far from relieving congestion, has only accelerated it. Consider the cost of furnishing water, gas, sewerage, electricity, telephone service, foodstuffs, to a city so badly planned; think of the unbelievable number of bottlenecks through which all these services must pass. Think of the plumbing which has to be renewed on the average every eight years, at a labor cost twice that of the original installation. Yet the technical arts can tell us how to install plumbing which will last a generation. Consider the absurd terminal facilities, the half-loaded milk wagons, the hauls and the cross-hauls, the additional cleaning due to the lack of smoke prevention. Above all, consider the enormous parasitic population of New York: the middlemen,

the speculators, the ticket scalpers, the prostitutes, the bootleggers, the dope peddlers, the flunkies, door openers, washroom dusters; the purveyors of the ultra, the modish, and the snobbish.

STUART CHASE.[1]

WESTERN VERSUS CHINESE CIVILIZATION

Western civilization, wherever it penetrates, brings with it water-taps, sewers, and police; but it brings also an ugliness, an insincerity, a vulgarity never before known to history, unless it be under the Roman Empire. It is terrible to see in China the first wave of this Western flood flinging along the coasts and rivers and railway lines its scrofulous foam of advertisements, of corrugated iron roofs, of vulgar, meaningless, architectural forms. In China, as in all old civilizations I have seen, all the building of man harmonizes with and adorns nature. In the West everything now built is a blot. Many men, I know, sincerely think that this destruction of beauty is a small matter, and that only decadent aesthetes would pay any attention to it in a world so much in need of sewers and hospitals. I believe this view to be profoundly mistaken. The ugliness of the West is a symptom of disease of the soul. It implies that the end has been lost sight of in the means. In China the opposite is the case. The end is clear, though the means be inadequate. Consider what the Chinese have done to Tai Shan, and what the West will shortly do, once the stream of Western tourists begins to flow strongly. Where the Chinese have constructed a winding stairway of stone, beautiful from all points of view, Europeans or Americans will run up a funicular railway, a staring scar that will never heal. Where the Chinese have written poems in exquisite calligraphy, they will cover the rocks with advertisements. Where the Chinese have built a series of temples, each so designed and placed as to be a new beauty in the landscape, they will run up restaurants

[1] "The Dogma of Business First," *Harper's Magazine.*

and hotels like so many scabs on the face of nature. I say with confidence that they will, because they have done it wherever there is any chance of a paying investment. Well, the Chinese need, I agree, our science, our organization, our medicine. But is it affectation to think they may have to pay too high a price for it, and to suggest that in acquiring our material advantages they may lose what we have gone near to lose, that fine and sensitive culture which is one of the forms of spiritual life? The West talks of civilizing China. Would that China could civilize the West!

G. Lowes Dickinson.

Wilson's Belief in God

Woodrow Wilson was a deeply religious man. Men who do not understand the religious spirit need not even try to understand him. No man in supreme power in any nation's life, since Gladstone, was so profoundly penetrated by the Christian faith. He was sturdily and mystically Christian. He took God Almighty in earnest as the Supreme Reality, and he carried Him into his home and saw His Immanence and guidance in private and public life. He had the habit of prayer, and he read and reread the English Bible. Through all his speeches flamed the glory of an insistent belief that morality and politics should march hand in hand. Many of his tendencies, perhaps the most of them that occasioned debate and censure, sprang from his pragmatic belief in God. There was actually such a thing as God's will to this man; and when he thought he had divined that will, he knew the right, the absolute right, and he was prepared to stand on that, if friends deserted him or he parted company with friends, if applause came or if the blow fell. "Interest divides men; what unites them is the common pursuit of right," was one of his great utterances, and not unlike the stout-hearted old mediaeval bishops, he stood ready to wield sword or bludgeon if the foe showed his face. "God save us from compromise"; "Let's stop being merely

practical, and find out what's right," were phrases often on his lips.

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN.

WOODROW WILSON'S FAVORITE LIMERICK

For beauty I am not a star;
There are others more handsome by far.
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it.
It's the people in front that I jar.

WRITE AS YOU TALK

My father was a man of great intellectual energy. My best training came from him. He was intolerant of vagueness, and from the time I began to write until his death in 1903, when he was eighty-one years old, I carried everything I wrote to him. He would make me read it aloud, which was always painful to me. Every now and then he would stop me. "What do you mean by that?" I would tell him, and, of course, in doing so would express myself more simply than I had on paper. "Why didn't you say so?" he would go on. "Don't shoot at your meaning with birdshot and hit the whole country-side; shoot with a rifle at the thing you have to say."

WOODROW WILSON.

WORK

Listen to Arnold Lunn's summary of the accomplishments of John Wesley: "Wesley was on the road for more than forty years, during which time he traveled a quarter of a million miles, preached more than forty thousand sermons, crossed the Irish Channel fifty times, and wrote more than two hundred books. During those forty years, Wesley averaged twenty miles of traveling per day. Sometimes he rode as much as a hundred miles within the twenty-four hours. Such is the bare, bleak statistical record of the most active and crowded life ever lived by mortal man. . . . Two hundred and thirty-

three original works. There are a few men who could produce such a formidable array of volumes with the aid of secretaries and dictaphones, if they had nothing else to do. But Wesley wrote all his books with his own hand. Few subjects escaped his pen. He wrote several histories (England, Rome, etc.), a book on logic, and a treatise on primitive physic just to put the doctors in their place. He compiled Hebrew, Greek and French grammars, and an excellent English dictionary. In addition to his original works, he edited a magazine and abridged and revised many scores of books by other writers. . . . At the age of eighty-three, he was piqued, to discover that he could not write more than fifteen hours a day without hurting his eyes, and at the age of eighty-six, he was ashamed to admit that he could not easily preach more than twice a day! We notice in his Diary an increasing tendency to lie in bed in the morning, sometimes as late as 5.30 A.M. But such lapses were uncommon. . . . In his eighty-sixth year, he preached in almost every shire of England and Wales, and often rode from thirty to fifty miles in the day."

KIRBY PAGE[1]

WORKING WITH A PURPOSE

A purposeless life is a life of fatigue. We all know from personal experience how tired we may become while doing nothing, but let us once find an outlet for our energies, some object upon which to expend them, and our instinctive powers awake us to life. The Sea of Galilee is fresh and blue, and gives life to living creatures within its sunlit waters not because it receives waters, but because it gives of them freely. The Dead Sea is dead, not because there is no supply of fresh water, but because it permits no outlet. It is therefore stagnant and deadly; no fish lives in its waters, nor is any beast to be found upon its shores. It is a law of nature—a law of life—that only by giving shall we receive. None is so healthy and fresh as he who gives freely of his strength, and

[1] "Living Creatively," Farrar and Rinehart.

thereby liberates his impulses and instinctive powers into quickened activity.

J. A. HADFIELD.

YOU CAN'T CHANGE HUMAN NATURE?

Gone too is the inhibiting belief that there are certain evils which cannot be got rid of. Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose. The poor are always with us, we are told, and whoring, which has been from the beginning, will continue even unto the end. Disease has tentacles like Hydra, we are told, and to lop them off merely means that they grow again. The serpent of sin lies coiled and uncoiling forever at the roots of the tree Yggdrasill. "You cannot change human nature" is one of the most frequently reiterated falsities. These widespread strongly clutching beliefs as to the conservation of evils must be left behind. The history of modern medicine and hygiene is enough to give them the lie; and, although education cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears, it can make decent citizens out of very unpromising materials. The fact is that evolution is going on, and, on the whole, integratively.

J. ARTHUR THOMSON.[1]

[1] "The New World of Science," *Atlantic Monthly*.

CHAPTER VIII

ILLUMINATING ANECDOTES

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to pray for a good analogy or story to point up an idea. If the writer feels this need, the public speaker is even more justified in helping himself to anecdote and fable.

It is true that there is nothing more tiresome or trivial than a string of allegedly funny stories. A speaker should not be a vaudeville performer even when he is a professional entertainer. He should preserve his amateur standing by having a more or less serious idea to which his jokes are relevant.

I once heard a professor of psychology, who of all men should have known better, say to a crowd at a fraternity smoker: "I'm not going to make a speech. You don't want to hear one. You want a few laughs. I've got some jokes here. I haven't memorized them, so I'll read them." The effect was terrible. The professor patiently waited after each story, and the men dutifully laughed. There was no charm, no excitement, no sport in this. The professor simply did not play the game, and he might have got by so easily. If he had no serious matter to pin his jokes to, he could have found it in the jokes themselves. Anecdotes and stories all reveal something of human nature—its courage, cowardice, hope, generosity,

stupidity, meanness. A story may illustrate several things and may be appropriately used on almost every occasion. Some speakers build their lighter, more informal talks around a few significant stories kept in a folder for reference.

A story sometimes only slows up the progress of the speech and irritates the audience. There are occasions when attempts at comic relief are a pathetic intrusion. Earnest, vigorous speech often marches too fast to brook delay.

But a cheerful, friendly manner is always desired. And the real test of humor, remember, is not in telling stories, but in getting a little gayety and amusement out of the occasion, out of the audience, the chairman, and yourself. Try to get a laugh without telling a story. That is not so easy, and it is the reason why we prefer to retail other people's comedy.

We have good precedent. Abraham Lincoln was the most remarkable story-teller of his day. He enjoyed swapping stories, but even his charitable disposition and modest dignity were sometimes offended when certain privileged visitors to the White House asked for a story. He replied to one of them:

I believe I have the popular reputation of being a story-teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense, for it is not the story itself, but its purpose or effect that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others, or a laborious explanation on my own part, by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story so as to save wounded feelings and yet serve the

purpose. No, I am not simply a story-teller, but story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress.

The material that follows has been selected for its availability to the public speaker. Most of the selections have been taken from speeches. All have passed the test: Could a speaker use this to illustrate a topic or an idea commonly discussed? The captions give suggestions, but the reader will often find the stories available for other generalities and situations.

A few "don'ts" may be in order. Don't say, "That reminds me of a story." Don't tell a dialect story, if you are not pretty good with the dialect. Don't tell a long or complicated story. Don't tell a story at all if you don't feel at ease with it. Don't tell irrelevant stories. Don't start with "There were two Irishmen." Don't put everything on Pat and Mike.

Advertising versus Salesmanship.

Finally one of the old-timers got up; he was the dean of the force and it could be seen that his word would carry a lot of weight. He pulled his order book out of his pocket, and addressing the badly battered advertising manager, said, "Here is the thing that brings orders to this house, my order book here and the order books of my fellows around the room here. Now I would like to ask you if you can show me a single order that advertising ever put on my order book?" Then he sat down with an air of having administered the knock-out punch.

The advertising manager was a diplomat—an advertising manager has to be a diplomat or he will wind up at the automat. He wanted to avoid a controversy so he said, "Yes, my friend, I will answer your question, if you will first answer one of mine. Will you show me a single load of hay that the sun ever put in the barn?"

In a few words he expressed the whole philosophy of results as applied to that particular business. It wasn't the business of the sun to put the hay in the barn, and it wasn't the business of advertising to put orders on the man's order book; it was the business of advertising to make it easier for the salesman to get orders in the regular way.

To epitomize the thought—the salesman who can confine his work to *harvesting* has an overwhelming advantage over the salesman who is compelled to plow, harrow, fertilize, sow and cultivate.

JESSE H. NEAL.

After-dinner Speaking.

Can you imagine "rare Ben Jonson" arising, and solemnly saying: "We have with us to-night a young gentleman who has come down from the country so recently that the straw is hardly out of his chin beard—I believe he has written some sugared sonnets and some entertaining plays. It gives me pleasure to introduce Mr. William Shakespeare, who will speak upon the elevation of the stage." (Applause and laughter.)

Or, can you imagine that other, the later but not greater Johnson—Sam Johnson—at those other great gatherings in the "Mitre," rising and saying: "We are now finished with our dinner, and the post-prandial exercises will be begun. Mr. Burke will read a paper on the necessity of a central bank. Mr. Garrick will speak upon the influence of Shakespeare upon our stage. Sir Joshua Reynolds will speak upon Ancient and Modern Arts."

I think most of the spirit and character of those rare occasions would have gone with the development of after dinner speaking as we have it to-day. When the time for after-dinner speaking comes I always remember those lines of Gay. I think they were written in the "Beggar's Opera," if I am not greatly mistaken:

> So comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
> A dreadful reckoning, when men smile no more.

JAMES M. BECK.

American Play-boy.

Some one said profoundly that Theodore Roosevelt's life was the ultimate dream of every typical American boy: he fought in a war, killed lions, became President, and quarreled with the Pope. The years in the Bad Lands constituted another role that every boy plays in imagination. Roosevelt wore gaudy clothes. He was a deputy sheriff. He caught some thieves. He had been in the West for only a short time when he had his first encounter with a bad man. This was at a small hotel, which Roosevelt reached after a day spent looking for lost horses. He had to pass through the bar to reach his room and was immediately hailed as Four-Eyes by this specimen of Western virility.

"Four-Eyes is going to treat!" the man said.

According to Roosevelt's own version of the incident, the bad man advanced brandishing his six-shooter. The young ranchman, watching carefully, noticed that he stood with his heels too close together, and so could be thrown off his balance by a sudden blow. Roosevelt swung; the bad man fell against the bar and struck his head. He was deposited in a shed to cool off.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.[1]

America's Ingratitude.

Among these (machines) was the first application of the screw to steam craft—an invention which was rejected by the British Admiralty fifty years before on the ground that "such a vessel could not be steered." Disgusted with the decision, Ericsson came to America, and here the first application of the screw was adopted. Although it came to be used by all civilized nations and acknowledged a tremendous success, the bill for $26,000,000 which Ericsson presented to Congress has never been paid. It is a disgraceful fact, too, that he never received a dollar for the invaluable service he rendered in

[1] "Theodore Roosevelt," Harcourt, Brace.

producing the *Monitor,* which saved our battleships at the beginning of the Rebellion and turned defeat into victory and despair into exultation. Not a dollar! Is this anything less than dishonor, and does it not justify the declaration that "this nation is the most unscrupulous debtor and the most exacting creditor in the world?"

WILLIAM A. CROFFUT.[1]

Bored to Extinction.

In all the debates that I have attended I have never been fortunate enough to hear any very witty interruption, and wish I had been in the House of Lords when Lord Haversham told me their Lordships had been bored to extinction at some copious Peer who usually opened his speeches with:

"And now, my Lords!—I ask myself this question—"

At which a young peer said in a loud voice:

"And a *damned dull* answer you'll get!"

MARGOT ASQUITH.[2]

Blaming the Times.

We are suffering ourselves to drift away from the old standards, and we say, with a shrug of the shoulders, that we are not responsible for it; that we have not changed the age, though the age has changed us. We feel very much as the Scotchman did who entered the fish market. His dog, being inquisitive, investigated a basket of lobsters, and while he was nosing about incautiously one of the lobsters got hold of his tail, whereupon he went down the street with the lobster as a pendant. Says the man, "Whustle for your dog, mon." "Nay, nay, mon," quoth the Scotchman. "You whustle for your lobster." We are very much in the same position with reference to the age; we say whistle to the age; we cannot make it let go; we have got to run.

WOODROW WILSON.

[1] "An American Procession," Little, Brown.

[2] "More or Less about Myself," Dutton.

Bury, Loath to.

Now, gentlemen, the Holland dinner is one of those over-joyous, soul-inviting functions which revolves with the regularity of the planets. Some customs may go out of fashion, others be permanently buried and forgotten, not the annual gathering of the Dutch. They would be as loath to bury this function as Colonel Singleton's fellow citizens were loath to bury that military gentleman. An old friend of his, who had not seen him for many years, went down to his native town and met an old darkey sitting on the fence. He said: "Mose, you live here?" "Yas, sah, I live here." "Remember me?" "No, sah; ah don't recommember you."

(Colonel Singleton was the best judge of Bourbon whiskey in that part of the State.)

"How are all our friends around here?" "Well, sah, most ob dem am dead." "What became of Major Douglas?" "He am dead, sah." "Major Douglas dead?" "Yes, sah; done buried him fo' years ago." "Well, what has become of Captain Tom Simpson?" "Dead." "Well! well!" "Yes, sah; buried him fo' months ago." "Well, what became of my old friend Colonel Singleton? Did you bury him, too?" "Kunnel Singleton? No, sah, we didn't bury the Kunnel; we just done poured him back in de barı'l."

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

Busy Business Man.

The mother-in-law of a busy business man dies. His wife, of course, had to go to the home town for the funeral. The man agreed to see that his several kids were put to bed the night she was gone. On her return she asked if he had any trouble. "Only the little red-headed one," he answered. "I had to lick her before she would go to bed." "Why John," replied his wife. "That is not our child. She lives across the street."

ROE FULKERSON.

Character, What Price.

"What ransom shall we give," exclaimed the senators of Rome to the savage Attila. "Give," said the barbarian, "All your gold and jewels, your costly furniture and treasures, and set free every slave." "Ah," replied the degenerate Romans, "What then will be left to us?" "I leave you your souls," replied the unlettered invader from the steppes of Asia, who had learned in the wilderness to value the immortal mind and to despise the servile herd that esteemed only their fortunes, and had no true respect for themselves.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Choosing a Topic.

Then came the difficulty of choosing a topic—and it came to my mind that I was much in the position of Mary O'Brien, who was given a piece of wedding-cake to sleep upon so that she might dream, as she expressed it, of her future fiancé, and the next day when asked about it, "What do you think," she said, "I dreamt of the 69th regiment."

THOMAS DARLINGTON.

City, No Mean.

"No Mean City." The Apostle Paul, when he used these words, was in the hands of a Roman guard that had come on the run to deliver him from a Jewish mob. The captain of the guard believed him to be the leader of a band of murderers, but he did not think that he should be lynched. Paul appealed for identification and for consideration to the fact that he was a native of Tarsus in Cilicia—a citizen of "no mean city." To be ashamed of the city you live in is a lesser sorrow than to have the city ashamed of you, but still a heavy sorrow. There is great comfort when a column of residence is to be filled, and a Boston hotel clerk is watching the evolution of the name, in not being put to any disguise or ambiguous abbreviations.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

City, Second Visit To.

One day during the legislative vacation a meek, cadaverous-looking man, with a white neck-cloth, introduced himself to him (a Mr. Campbell), and stating that he had been informed that Mr. C. had the letting of the Hall of Representatives, he wished to secure it, if possible, for a course of lectures he desired to deliver in Springfield. "May I ask," said the Secretary, "what is to be the subject of your lecture?" "Certainly," was the reply, with a very solemn expression of countenance. "The course I wish to deliver is on the second coming of our Lord." "It is of no use," said C.; "if you will take my advice, you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion, if the Lord has been in Springfield once, he will never come the second time!"

ANTHONY GROSS, EDITOR.[1]

Coming Back.

As I came into the hall this morning and I saw the members of organized labor from my own district they said, "Now, Ralph, be very careful of your remarks this morning, because you may want to come back, and if you say something that would not be true you might not have the opportunity of coming back." You know it reminded me of an incident that happened down in Kentucky before we had prohibition. A revenue officer had been down there looking up into the mountain side with the idea in mind of locating somebody who was engaged in the manufacture of the contraband, and as he approached the foothills of these little mountains and looked up on the hillside he saw a cabin up there. He saw no means there whereby the inhabitants could make a living and he thought here must be the home of a moonshiner. He knocked on the door and a little boy answered. He said, "Boy, where is your pa?" The boy said, "Down to the still." "Where is your ma?" "Ma's down to the still, too."

[1] "Lincoln's Own Stories," Harper.

"Ah," the revenue agent said, "here is a chance for a little pick-up." So he said to the boy, "Boy, I will give you a dollar if you will take me up there where your pa and ma are." The boy said, "First give me the dollar." "No," said the agent, "I am going to pay you that when we get back." The kid looked at him sort of funny and shook his head and said, "Huh-uh, you ain't comin' back."

RALPH ASHLEY HORR.

Confidence.

President Chester of General Foods told me of an experiment carried on in Columbia University. A professor took 20 students, men students. He said, "I am going to give each one of you a glass of milk. In ten of these glasses there will be a mild poison. It is going to make you ill but it is harmless and you will be over it in two or three hours."

He gave them the milk. All became deathly ill and when I say deathly I mean just that. Then he said, "There wasn't any poison in any of the milk." Then for about 20 seconds they were a bit nonplussed. Then they became a little boisterous, and then some of them became hysterical.

That is what happened to the nation. We were told and we told each other in and out of season that the milk had been poisoned, and we became ill, and then when we were assured that conditions were fundamentally sound, we became hysterical, and we have reached the pass where reassurance only serves to make us the more frightened.

MERLE THORPE.

Compliments.

At a dinner given in honor of Chauncey Depew the speakers had paid him generous compliments. At last came his turn to reply. He began as follows: "It's nice to get these pleasant words, while I'm still alive. I'd rather have the taffy than the epitaphy."

Cooperation.

A salesman, in his automobile, was on his way to call on a customer, and was halted by a puncture. He got out with the usual swearing to put on his spare tire. Suddenly he heard a scream. He looked up and saw a woman floundering in a little pond by the roadside. She had fallen out of a rowboat.

He rushed over and waded right in. It was not very deep. Just then the woman's leg came up, and he made a clutch at it. He pulled away, when he felt something give. He was dumbfounded to find the leg had come off. It was a wooden one. He dropped it and made another grab at the drowning woman. This time he caught her by the head. Her hair came off. She had a wig. Frantically he reached for her again. He caught her under the chin and started to drag her ashore. Her false teeth fell out and in the excitement he lost his hold. The woman sank but came up and gurgled for help. The salesman looked at her with exasperation. "Madam," he said, "I want to help you, but I've got to have a little cooperation."

Cooperation.

As in the case of the late Champ Clark's "pore houn' dog" who was always being kicked around, I had been trying, for years, to find out what was wrong with this building and loan animal of ours. I stood on the outside of its cage looking in and on the inside of its cage looking out. I had heard all its ailments diagnosed, and seen it dissected piece by piece, until I appreciated how the victim must feel at the coroner's inquest. But, by all that's holy—I did find out, finally, what was wrong. There was nothing more the matter with the poor critter than what ailed Jim Healey's girl, Mary, while Jim was courting her. Jim had been going with Mary for almost ten years, and on this Sunday night, like on many other Sunday nights, they were sitting on the horse-hair sofa in the front parlor—that self-same sofa with its sharp little stickers on which Grandma sat in the days when she wore five petticoats for self-protection. Jim leaned over, put his arm around Mary's

neck and tried unsuccessfully to kiss her. Finally after Mary had pulled and pushed herself away from three such attempts, she looked up with an injured air and said, "Why, Jim Healey, I believe you're trying to kiss me." And this is what Jim told her, "Well, Mary, now since that's clear to you, let's quit assaulting each other and cooperate a little bit."

And right there, men, in those last ten words is the cure for our malady—let's quit assaulting each other and cooperate.

CARL J. WEBER.

Cooperation.

Coolidge was looking out of the window one morning. Senator Borah was riding by on horseback. Coolidge turned to his secretary and said:

"There's a remarkable sight."

"What?"

"The horse and Senator Borah are both going in the same direction."

WILLIAM L. STIDGER.[1]

Cooperation.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson belonged to the class of married folks who spend their evenings in a family quarrel. It was on one of these occasions that Mrs. Johnson said to her husband, "Pete, come here—I want you to look at something."

Peter growled, but went over to the window where his spouse stood.

"Do you see that team of horses pulling that wagon load of coal up that hill?" Mrs. Johnson asked.

And again Peter grunted assent.

"Why can't you and I pull together like that?" said Pete's better half.

"By heck, maybe we could—if there was only one tongue between us," snapped Pete.

CARL J. WEBER.

[1] From "Planning Your Preaching," Harper.

Creditors.

The local church was making a drive for funds, and two colored sisters were bearing down hard on Uncle Rastus.

"I can't give nothin'," exclaimed the old negro. "I owes nearly everybody in this here old town already."

"But," said one of the collectors, "don't you think you owes de Lawd somethin' too?"

"I does, sister, indeed," said the old man, "but He ain't pushin' me like my other creditors is."

Psychology.

Distant Pastures.

A good many of you read one of the last contributions by Dr. Frank Crane, telling the story of Si Perkins. Every Kiwanian should know the story.

Si Perkins was born on a farm out here in Michigan. He lived on the farm all his life. He inherited the farm from his father. He and his wife had lived there for many years. Thre children had been born to the union. Now, they had grown up and gone away. And Si was disgusted, and he wanted to move to town. He had always dreamed of some day moving into town. So he went in to the county seat and listed his farm with the real estate agent, for sale. The real estate agent came out and looked over the farm and said: "I don't think I will have any trouble in selling that farm at all. It is a magnificent farm." The next week he ran an ad in the county paper. He said "I have listed with me Si Perkins' farm for sale, 360 acres of farm land, and there has never been any crop failure on that farm, a beautiful artesian well, 40 acres of timber land, beautiful shade trees, fine sheds and barns, a magnificent residence. Come out and see the wonderful farm."

Next week Si drove into town, and he looked up the real estate agent, and said: "You know, I read your advertisement last week of my farm in the county paper. It is such a perfect

picture of the kind of a place I always thought I would like to own that I have decided to keep it myself."

HARRY COLLINS SPILLMAN.

Dullness.

"It's a pretty dull book," said the critic. "A soldier might take it into battle and wear it over his heart."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if a bullet struck that book it would never go past the first chapter."

Englishman Gets It.

He is an Englishman. He can't help it now, and he made a wonderful retort one day to an American. The American said to Mr. Keogh, shortly after he had arrived in this country from his home in Newcastle-on-Tyne, "Mr. Keogh, why is it that the English have no sense of humor?"

Mr. Keogh said, "I was not aware of their deficiency in that respect," whereupon the American told him an absolutely side-splitting story, to which Mr. Keogh listened with an indifferent countenance, and then the American said, "Buck up, you will laugh at that next summer."

"No, I think not," said Mr. Keogh.

"Why not?"

"Because," he said, "I laughed at that *last* summer."

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Englishman Muffs It.

In New York, we have a very popular after dinner speaker in the person of the Reverend Doctor Stires. He was delivering a speech at a banquet one night. At the outset, he said to the assembled guests that before speaking upon his text, he wished to offer a toast. Raising his glass and looking toward the balcony where the ladies were to be found, he made a grand sweep and said: "To the ladies. To the ladies. To the ladies.

The best part of my life I spent in the arms of another man's wife—my mother."

There was an Englishman on the platform who was to be the guest at a banquet a week hence. About ten minutes later, the sentiment which Dr. Stires had uttered reached him and he applauded. Then he whispered to his neighbor: "Next week, I am going to be a guest at a banquet. That is a great toast the doctor has given, and I will repeat it in his very words when I am called upon to speak." His banquet, in good time, came on, and he had been praised by the speakers much as I have been here, and finally was introduced to his audience. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, before I take up the text of my address, I wish to offer a toast that I heard in New York about a week ago," and raising his glass in imitation of Dr. Stires, he made a sweep toward the balcony and said: "To the ladies. To the ladies. To the ladies. The best part of my life I spent in the arms of another man's wife—(hesitation)—By Jove! I forget her name!"

MAX D. STEUER.

Enthusiasm.

Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. The victories of the Arabs after Mahomet who, in a few years, from a small and mean beginning, established a larger empire than that of Rome, is an example. They did they knew not what. The naked Derar, horsed on an idea, was found an overmatch for a troop of Roman cavalry. The women fought like men, and conquered the Roman men. They were miserably equipped, miserably fed. They were Temperance troops. There was neither brandy nor flesh needed to feed them. They conquered Asia and Africa and Spain on barley. The Caliph Omar's walking stick struck more terror into those who saw it than another man's sword. His diet was barley bread; his sauce was salt; and oftentimes, by way of abstinence, he ate his bread without salt. His drink was water; his palace was built of mud; and when he left

Medina to go to the conquest of Jerusalem, he rode on a red camel, with a wooden platter hanging at his saddle, with a bottle of water and two sacks, one holding barley and the other dried fruits.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Evasion.

A business man called his stenographer and told her to write a letter to John White of Buffalo, making an appointment to meet him in Schenectady.

"How do you spell *Schenectady*, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, the idea! Don't you know how to spell Schenectady?"

"No."

"Why, er—Oh. well, tell him I'll meet him in Albany."

Examinations.

When I talk of mistakes, I always think of a little incident that happened out in a Central West city. In that little city one-half of the city employees were on the civil list, and the other half were appointed by the administration. The dog pound needed a new superintendent, and old Jim Casey, faithful old political henchman, was slated for the job.

The mayor wanted him. You can imagine the mayor's consternation on discovering that the superintendent of the dog pound was on the civil list and Jim would have to take an examination. The commissioners made it very simple. They wanted Jim to get the job, and yet they said, "Any one occupying this position ought to know at least a little something about dogs."

When the examination of candidates was over and the list of eligibles was called for, Jim's name was missing. He had flunked. The mayor said, "Bring me Jim's examination papers."

He wanted to see if there was any way to repair the trouble and give the job to Jim Casey. The third question was this: "What are the rabies, and what would you do for them?"

Jim, like an old faithful Irishman, had answered, "The rabies are Jewish priests, and I wouldn't do a damned thing for them."

J. H. TREGOE.

Extravagance.

After he (Oscar Wilde) had suffered a cruel term of imprisonment he went to live in Paris. A friend of mine, Teixeira de Mattos, who married Mrs. Willy Wilde, went to see him. Wilde was a complete invalid at the time, and Teixeira found him lying on a sofa surrounded by books, fruit and flowers. He looked up when he saw his friend, and said: "You see I am dying beyond my means."

MARGOT ASQUITH.[1]

Facing Danger.

The armor of the Roman soldier covered only the front of his body. The cuirass shielded his breast, but his back was left unprotected. Each man felt himself to be the representative of the valor and good fame of his legion and his country.

The unwritten law of honor forbade him to turn his back upon danger, and thus became his impenetrable shield.

Such is the spirit and such are the laws that constitute the true safeguards of a nation against dangers from within and without.

THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD.

Gentleman "Cowhand."

That Roosevelt, wearing eyeglasses and christened Four-Eyes, was able to win their respect is no small tribute to his character.

[1] "More or Less about Myself," Dutton.

His somewhat precise tones, still flavored by exposure to Harvard culture, rang strangely in their ears. He did not smoke nor drink. His worst profanity was an infrequent "Damn!" and his usual ejaculation was "By Godfrey!" The first time he took part in a round-up, some time during the summer of 1884, one or two hardened cowboys nearly fell from their saddles as he called in his high voice to one of the men: "Hasten forward quickly there!"

The phrase became a classic in the Bad Lands. Riders passing distant ranches relayed it with guffaws. Strangers in Medora and Little Missouri saloons were puzzled as some thirsty customer ordered the bartender to "hasten quickly" with his drink. Every one was eager to repeat the story.

HENRY F. PRINGLE.[1]

Getting Back at Him.

A friend of mine went to California on a vacation. He thought he would have a little fun with a stingy acquaintance of his back in New York, so he sent him a telegram collect. The telegram read, "Thought you would like to know I'm having a great time and feeling fine. Wish you were here."

He had hardly got through laughing at his joke and enjoying the disgust and anger of the tightwad, when an expressman delivered a package at his door. The charge was five dollars and sixty cents. He paid for it and with a good deal of speculation as to what it might contain, he began to unwrap it. After he had unwound a mile or two of paper and excelsior he came to something. It was a paving block. On it was pasted a note that read: "This is the weight your kind telegram lifted from my heart!"

ANONYMOUS.

Good Road.

Dr. Eliot sometimes tells of a pioneer experience in driving from Olympia to Tenino, in western Washington, to visit an

[1] "Theodore Roosevelt," Harcourt, Brace.

Indian reservation. His guide was Hazard Stevens. Before they got into the buggy, he asked Mr. Stevens about the road.

"Oh, it's a good road," answered Mr. Stevens.

On their journey they frequently had to lift the wagon out of holes and cut away logs that had fallen across the road. The way was so narrow that, when they met a wagon at one place, they could pass it only by taking their buggy apart, lifting it piece by piece over the wagon, and then putting it together again. When, after various other struggles, they actually reached Tenino, Dr. Eliot said, "There is one question I would like to ask, Mr. Stevens. What is your definition of a good road?"

"Oh," came the quick reply, "any road you can get through."

There you have the spirit of the West. Had men insisted on any other definition of a good road, they would not have crossed the Rockies.

WILLIAM T. FOSTER.[1]

Grabbing Everything in Sight.

In order to illustrate his theory of the operation of the high protective tariff as it affects the different sections of the country, he (W. Jasper Talbert, of South Carolina) told this story in a speech in the house: "Down in my district a boy went to mill for the first time, and he did not understand the *modus operandi*. So when the miller took out the toll, the boy thought he had stolen it; but as it was a small matter he said nothing about it. When the miller took up the sack, poured all the rest of the corn into the hopper, and threw the sack on the floor, the little chap thought he had stolen that too, and he thought furthermore that it was high time he took his departure. Consequently he grabbed the empty sack and started home as fast as his legs could carry him. The miller, deeming the boy crazy, pursued him. The boy beat him in the

[1] "Spirit of the West," *Atlantic Monthly*.

race home, and fell down in the yard out of breath. His father ran out and said: 'My son, what is the matter?' Whereupon the boy replied: 'That old fat rascal up at the mill stole all my corn and gave me an awful race for the sack!'" "Now," said Mr. Talbert, "that illustrates the working of the high protective tariff precisely. The tariff barons have been skinning the farmer for lo! these many years. They've gotten all our corn and now they are after the sack!"

CHAMP CLARK.

Help.

I often wonder why anybody wants to hear an economic talk after what has happened in the last two years. I was saying this to one of the wise old bankers here today. He said he thought it was a good deal like the experience he had several weeks ago when he was going home late in the evening, and as he got somewhere near his place of residence he saw a man looking in the grass who seemed to be seeking something. He said to the man, "Did you lose something?" The man said, "Yes, I lost my watch," "Well," he said, "perhaps I can help you," and he got down and helped him look a bit. They did not seem to have any success finding the watch, and he saw that the man had been drinking, and he thought perhaps his efforts were a little aimless, so he said, "You tell me just where you dropped your watch and we will begin looking there." He said, "I dropped it across the street about a half a block from here." He said, "Man alive, what are you looking here for?" He said, "This is the only place there is any light."

So I suppose economists are still listened to with some hope by the public, at least on this question of economic outlook.

DAVID FRIDAY.

Help

This reminds me a good deal of a story my friend, Knut Rockne, told me a few days before his death. They were playing one of the strong teams of the South, and three or four

spectators came in a little late. They took their seats, and just about the time the game was to start, a fellow just in the rear of them said, "Now the strategy of the game will be for Carideo to pass the ball to Brill, and make an end run, and open the game in that way." The ball was snapped back, but instead of to Brill, it was a fine line plunge by Savoldi, netting over 15 yards. Then the man in the rear said, "Well, the next play will be a forward pass, because that is the strategy of the game." Instead of that, the ball was snapped and Brill made a run of about 25 yards. The spectator said, "Well, that play will be repeated," but instead of that Carideo passed the ball to Brill on a beautiful forward pass, netting about 25 yards, and the ball was now on the ten yard line. The three spectators sitting in front of this wise-cracker turned around, and one of them said, "What are they going to do now?" This fellow says, "Well, I should worry, I got them up to the ten yard line; now they will have to take care of themselves."

That is the feeling I have for those who stay at home in this critical time. But I have a deep sense of gratitude and admiration for you men and women who give up your business at this time to come and attend meetings such as this.

ROBERT C. GRAHAM.

Home-town.

A group of Negroes were at the terminal station Sunday morning telling a few departing brethren good-bye. A trainman noticed one Negro looking on nonchalantly, and inquired, "Sam, are you going north?"

"No, sir," said the Negro addressed, "I'se a class B nigger."

"What do you mean by a class B nigger?" asked the trainman.

"Well," said Sam, "I be's here when dey leave, and I be's here when dey come back."

Macon News.

Impromptu Speech.

I was sitting back here hoping to escape the watchful eye of our toastmaster so that when I heard my name called, I was reminded of a colored mammy who took her baby to the church to be baptized. When the preacher said, "Name this child," she said, "Pahson, I wants him named 'Onyx.'"

"Onyx," said the minister, "a beautiful name indeed!" and taking the infant, he said, "I name thee 'Onyx,' for thou art a jewel."

"Dat's not why Ah calls him 'Onyx,' pahson," said the mother; "I calls him 'Onyx' because he was onexpected."

Journalism.

Whitelaw Reid said of him (David B. Croly of the *New York Graphic*) that he was "chockful of days' works." And he demanded news and wanted novelties. He had committed to memory J. B. McCulloch's definition of journalism: "The art of guessing where hell will break loose next and having a reporter on the spot."

WILLIAM A. CROFFUT.[1]

Knowing the Lord and His Family.

Lincoln once told this story: A balloon ascension occurred in New Orleans "befo' da wa'," and after sailing in the air for several hours the aeronaut, who was arrayed in silks and spangles like a circus-performer, descended in a cotton-field, where a gang of slaves were at work. The frightened negroes took to the woods—all but one venerable darkey, who was rheumatic and could not run, and who, as the resplendent aeronaut approached, having apparently just dropped from heaven, said, "Good mornin', Massa Jesus; how's yo' pa?"

ANTHONY GROSS, EDITOR.[2]

[1] "An American Procession," Little, Brown.

[2] "Lincoln's Own Stories," Harper.

Local Pride.

Kentucky is a great state, and Senator Blackburn, coming from the famous blue-grass section, had more than his share of local pride and a corresponding prejudice against the neighboring state of Indiana. Once while on his way to a session of Congress he was addressed, in the Pullman coach, by a man from New York, who asked politely, "Isn't this Senator Blackburn of Indiana?"

The Senator from Kentucky sprang from his seat, glared at the stranger, and shouted angrily, "No, sir, by—. The reason I look so bad is I have been sick."

Long-windedness.

A long-winded, prosy counselor was arguing a technical case recently before one of the judges of the Superior Court. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn. "I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice. "There is some difference," the judge quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."

Philadelphia Ledger.

Long-windedness.

The late Gilman Marston, of New Hampshire, was arguing a complicated case, and had looked up authorities back to Julius Caesar. At the end of an hour and a half, in the most intricate part of his plea, he was pained to see what looked like inattention. It was as he had feared. The judge was unable to appreciate the nice points of his argument.

"Your honor," he said. "I beg your pardon, but do you follow me?"

"I have so far," answered the judge, shifting wearily about in his chair, "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back, I'd quit right here."

Everybody's Magazine.

Loyalty.

In noting differences between American and English audiences, the thing that most impressed me was the loyalty of the latter to their old stage favorites. George Lederer and I had an illustration of this when we visited a suburban theatre to see a new play. The house was crowded and when a decidedly elderly comedian made his first entrance he was greeted with shouts of laughter. The same reception was given to every speech he uttered. Lederer and I were puzzled, as we could not understand a word he said. He talked as if he had inherited his false teeth from a distant relative. After we had listened to the uproarious mirth that followed speeches which to us were mere mumblings, Lederer said to his neighbor:

"I beg your pardon—but can you understand what he is saying?"

"Not a word," said the chuckling Englishman; "but he's such a dear old boy."

HARRY B. SMITH.[1]

Luck or Judgment.

Two friends of mine, one a very extraordinarily successful man of affairs and captain of industry, and the other a speculator who plunged and won or lost, more by instinct than ability, were discussing whether success in life was due to judgment or luck. The financier said judgment, and the speculator absolutely luck. Said the speculator, "You are a forty-niner; that was an adventure." "Not on my part," said the financier, "but judgment." "You did not go to the gold diggings with the rest, but became their banker." "Judgment again." "You came to New York at a period when the

[1] "First Nights and First Editions," Little, Brown.

investment of your money yielded larger returns than at any other period." "Pure judgment." "You doubled your fortune by risking much of it in an enterprise that was dependent on prosperity's continuing for a succession of years." "Pure judgment," again said the financier. "Well," said the speculator, "won't you admit then that you are almighty lucky that you have such good judgment?"

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Making Yourself Understood.

I do not want to leave this platform the way an inebriated gentlemen left a New York Club.

He had badly over-estimated his cubic tankage and came out of his club with a flat wheel and a list to starboard. A taxi was at the curb, and as he lurched toward it the driver opened the door and he stumbled in. "Where to?" asked the driver. "Take me to one hunner and sisty, sixtysixty sis street," said the besotted one. "I beg your pardon," said the driver, "I did not get the address." "I said one hunner-an-ansity-sixty street," repeated the passenger. The driver took his hat off and scratched his head in despair. Just then another man came out of the club and asked, "Did you see a souse come out of here, driver?" "I got it in the cab," replied the driver, "but I can't make out where he wants to go." "Take him home to one hundred and sixty-six, Sixty-sixth street," smiled his friend. The driver got on his cab. Just as he began to roll away from the curb, the inebriated one leaned from the window and waved his hand at his friend, "Goo' bye," he called "Goo' bye, you durned ole elocutionist!"

I am no elocutionist, nor trying to be one, but if anything could make me one, it is Kiwanis and its work, bringing the Golden Rule into the business lives of men.

ROE FULKERSON.

Native versus Foreign.

This mania for French expressions caused serious concern to the higher military authorities. I was sitting a little later on

the stoop of the *Hirsch* Hotel at Boppard on the Rhine. The garrison commander of Ehrenbreitstein drove up with a tremendous escort of cars. He pointed to the sign "Garage" that protruded from the hotel and said that if that objectionable Gallicism was not removed and a German word substituted he would put the inn out of bounds for the officers of his garrison. That would have ruined the innkeeper. The word substituted was: "Kraftwageneinstellraum"—"Power-wagon-standing-in-place."

FORD MADOX FORD.[1]

Near Enough.

I realize fully that what I have been saying constitutes something in the nature of counsel of perfection. I am reminded, however, of an incident which happened in the class-room of one of our public schools. The instructor of mathematics was trying to demonstrate to a rather stupid boy the concept of a limit which could be successfully approached, but never reached. He was having a good deal of difficulty in making this concept at all clear. The idea of approaching the object but never reaching it was apparently beyond the boy's grasp. Finally, the teacher decided to resort to a concrete illustration, the universal refuge of all teachers when in serious difficulty in instruction. "Suppose," said he, "that tonight you go around to see your young lady and find her waiting for you in the parlor on the sofa. When you come in the door you say, 'Hello, Mary,' and go half way to her, then pause a moment and go another half way, then another half way, and so on. Will you ever get to her?"

The boy scratched his head a minute and then said, "Well, I think I'd get near enough for all practical purposes."

EDMUND E. DAY.

Nervousness.

Mr. Woodhull also told me that he thought I ought not to be nervous about trying to make a little talk on a friendly

[1] "Return to Yesterday," Liveright.

occasion like this. "Why," he said, "I understand that your speechmaking once attracted the attention of no less an orator than William Jennings Bryan, and that Mr. Bryan went out of his way to make public comment on it." Mr. Woodhull was perfectly correct. Mr. Bryan did make public comment on some oratory of mine, and as I thought at the time, he did go out of his way to do it. This is what Mr. Bryan said. He said: "During his campaigning for the Indiana Legislature, Mr. Booth Tarkington has made two speeches. On the occasion of his first effort he is reported to have suffered from stage fright to that extent that he was not able to utter a syllable. From what we have read of the second effort, it seems a pity that he didn't have stage fright both times."

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

Nervousness.

I had the honor to listen to a conversation between the President and Mark Twain during the last administration and although it was a private conversation I feel tempted to repeat a bit of it because I understand now that it is fashionable in high diplomatic circles to embellish political discussions by means of the personal memoir. The president was talking about war and the best way to kill people. He said: "Now, Mr. Clemens, you as a Confederate soldier have noticed the nervousness of the bravest men just going into battle. You have noticed that nervousness, haven't you?" Mark Twain took his cigar from his lips and said: "Yes, I have noticed that nervousness of brave men just going into battle and I have the quality of maintaining it all through the engagement."

AUGUSTUS THOMAS.

Overdoing Things.

Buffalo Bill used to tell this story. An Englishman who had never been in the West before was his guest. They were riding through a Rocky Mountain canon one day, when suddenly a tremendous gust of wind came swooping down upon them and

actually carried the Englishman clean off his seat. After he had been picked up, he combed the sand and gravel out of his whiskers and said: "I say! I think you overdo ventilation in this country!"

Tid-bits.

Oversold.

An insurance agent was trying to convince a prospective customer of the merits of life insurance. He kept right at him.

At one stage of the battle he used this argument:

"Why," he said, "insurance is the greatest thing in the world. No man should be without it. I even carry a $50,000 policy, payable to my wife."

"It's too much," said the harassed prospect. "What excuse can you give her for living?"

Houston Post.

Patience Rebels.

Manuel, a negro with a record previously clean, was arraigned before the bucolic justice of the peace for assault and battery.

"Why did you beat that negro up, Manuel?" questioned the udge.

"He called me sumpin', jedge."

"What did he call you?"

"He called me a rhinoceros, sah, a rhinoceros!"

"A rhinoceros! When did this occur?"

"'Bout three years ago, jedge."

"Three years ago! Then how did it happen that you waited so long to resent it, Manuel?"

"Lawd, jedge, I ain't never seen no rhinoceros till dis mawnin'."

Ladies' Home Journal.

Philanthropy.

You all know that every state in the Union has a town named after Benjamin Franklin, just as Paris has named a street after him. The people in Franklin, Massachusetts, wrote him a letter and said, "We have named our town after you and we should like a donation of a sum of money from you in order that we may put a bell in the church steeple."

He wrote back and said, "I am very much honored, very glad indeed to send you a sum of money, only don't buy a bell with it. Buy a public library, because I have always preferred sense to sound."

I wrote to the librarian at Franklin, Massachusetts, some years ago and she wrote back that this donation came from Franklin in 1786. With the money that he gave them they bought 116 books, so he must have been very generous indeed, and she said of those 116 books, 86 still remained in that library.

That was only a half hour in his busy life, but who can tell the range of that influence?

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Points of View.

I once heard of some blind men who were taken to see a menagerie. They had gone around the animals, and four of them were allowed to touch an elephant as they went past. They were discussing afterward what kind of a creature the elephant was. One man, who had touched its tail, said the elephant was like a rope. Another of the blind men, who had touched his hind limb, said, "No such thing! the elephant is like the trunk of a tree." Another, who had felt its sides, said, "That is all rubbish. An elephant is a thing like a wall." And the fourth, who had felt its ear, said that an elephant was like none of these things; it was like a leather bag. Now, men look at the truth, at different bits of it, and they see different things, of course, and they are very apt to imagine

that the thing which they have seen is the whole affair—the whole thing. In reality, we can only see a very little bit at a time, and we must, I think, learn to believe that other men can see bits of truth as well as ourselves. Your views are just what you see with your own eyes; and my views are just what I see; and what I see depends on just where I stand, and what you see depends on just where you stand; and truth is very much bigger than an elephant, and we are very much blinder than any of those blind men, as we come to look at it.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

Politics.

He: "What is the political faith of your family?"

She: "It is decidedly mixed. I'm a Republican, my husband's a Democrat, the baby is Wet, the cow Dry, and the dog is a Socialist."

"Why do you say your dog is a Socialist."

"Because he does nothing but sit around all day and howl."

Poverty and Plenty.

I have traveled in the course of the month I have been on this side of the Atlantic some thousands of miles in Canada and in the United States of America, and my first, and I think my deepest impression, is the vastness of these two great countries, countries of infinite resources and of endless possibilities. There was an old Welsh peasant who had lived inland all his life and had a very hard time of it on his small farm, who, in his old age, came for the first time to the seaside, and when he saw the sea he said, "Thank God for something of which there seems to be plenty."

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

Romantic Vicissitude.

It is a perversity of human nature that vicissitude sometimes takes on the rose tints of romance when seen from afar. Men of

my generation are accustomed to sighing like young lovers at memories of their boyhood and how they broke the ice in the water pitcher on winter mornings as a necessary prelude to washing their faces. . . .

Frank Gilmore, executive secretary and treasurer of Equity, tells of such a reaction from a veteran trouper who went out last year with a company that stranded miserably in a small Pennsylvania town. The manager had posted a mandatory bond with Equity to cover such a contingency, of course. Equity now paid all obligations, sent the company tickets to New York and met their back salaries when they arrived.

"There's no romance or adventure in the theater these days," the veteran trouper grumbled, when he was back in Forty-fifth Street with a cheque in his pocket. "It used to be that we went to the hotel man and showed him that the only chance he had of collecting was to advance our fares to the next date and come with us and get his money out of the box-office receipts. If business was bad in the next town we repeated the process. I remember once when we had so many hotel men traveling with us that we organized them into a Landlord's Chorus that was a wow. It got so that we had to wire the advance man to pick out a hotel where the proprietor sang bass, we had so many tenors in the chorus. Those were the days!"

DEWOLF HOPPER.[1]

The Public Be Damned.

An editor of a Cleveland paper sat across from me at my desk and told me of sending a reporter out to see Commodore Vanderbilt some 30 years ago. The reporter got into a poker game, finally thought of his assignment and located the Commodore at two o'clock in the morning. He threw gravel up on the windows of the Commodore's private car, and finally the Commodore came out in his nightshirt and demanded what was wanted.

[1] "Once a Clown, Always a Clown," Little, Brown.

The reporter said, "I want an interview with you."

"I can't talk to you."

The reporter said, "The public demands that you talk to me."

Whereupon the Commodore said, I think with great reserve, "The public be damned at three o'clock in the morning."

The reporter, fearing that his job was in jeopardy, forgot to put in the last phrase of that statement, and it was heralded throughout the United States that the leader of one of our great utilities had said, "The public be damned." And that phrase has come down for 30 years to harass and bring about suspicion and distrust and reprisal on all of our public utilities.

MERLE THORPE.

Red Tape.

At the foot of a stairway in the House of Commons there was an attendant who, it was said, had been standing there for eighteen years. Nobody seemed to know why. At last it was learned that the job had been held by his family for three generations. It had originated forty years earlier, when the stairs had been newly painted, and his grandfather had been detailed to stand at the foot and tell people not to step on the wet paint.

Reply to Dunning Letter.

A man received a sharp letter from one of his creditors. He wrote back to the firm and said:

"Dear Sir: Every month I take all the bills I have and put them on the table, shuffle them and pick out six which I pay. Now if I have any more of your impertinence, why next month you'll be out of the shuffle entirely."

Reports.

The President was once called upon in reference to a newly invented gun, concerning which a committee had been appointed to make a report.

The "report" was sent for, and when it came it was found to be of the most voluminous description. Mr. Lincoln glanced at it, and said, "I should want a new lease of life to read this through!" Throwing it down upon the table, he added: "Why can't a committee of this kind occasionally exhibit a grain of common sense? If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me his *points*—not how many *hairs* there are in his tail."

ANTHONY GROSS, EDITOR.[1]

Retribution.

A negro minister discovered two men playing cards on Sunday—and for money.

"Rastus," said the minister, "don't you know it's wrong to play cards on the Sabbath?"

"Yes, passon," answered Rastus ruefully. "But, believe me, I's payin' foh mah sins."

The Hudsonian.

Rubbing It In.

David Belasco used to tell of an author who wrote a play and attended the first performance of his opus. He presently realized that the thing was a ghastly failure that would not survive the week. In the middle of the second act, when he was sunk in complete depression, a woman sitting behind him, touched him and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but knowing that you were the author of this play, I took the liberty, in the first act, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Permit me to return it to you."

Rumor.

Rumor is untraceable, incalculable, and infectious. It shapes public men in the opinion of ignorant people, but it is seldom right. On the University of Aberdeen there is written:

"They say: what say they? . . . *Let them say!*"

MARGOT ASQUITH.[2]

[1] "Lincoln's Own Stories," Harper.

[2] "More or Less about Myself," Dutton.

Sinners in Hell.

An undeserved repute for piety made him a special victim of church beggars. One persistent caller, on being curtly refused, asked in mild surprise: "But, Mr. Greeley, don't you want to save sinners from going to hell!" "No," replied Horace, "It isn't half full enough of them now."

DON C. SEITZ.[1]

Skins and Entrails.

"Mrs. Greeley had an antipathy to kid gloves. She would never put them on. I remember a bout she had with Margaret Fuller on this subject. We all met on the avenue, and instead of saying 'Good morning,' or some such human salutation, Mrs. Greeley touched Margaret's hand with a little shudder and exclaimed, 'Skin of a beast! Skin of a beast!' 'Why, what do you wear?' inquired the astonished maiden from Massachusetts. 'Silk,' said Mrs. Greeley, reaching out her hand. 'Silk!' Margaret just touched it and shuddered, crying, 'Entrails of a worm! Entrails of a worm!'"

WILLIAM A. CROFFUT.[2]

Second Time.

When Maurice Francis Egan was United States Minister to Copenhagen he made a practice of going through the provinces of Denmark once a year and lecturing on American literature. One night when the King and Queen of Denmark were dining at the United States Legation, the King said to Mr. Egan:

"I receive agreeable reports of your lectures in the provinces. Do you use a different lecture every time?"

"I always use the same one, your Majesty," the minister answered.

[1] "Horace Greeley," Bobbs-Merrill.

[2] "An American Procession," Little, Brown.

"But what do you do if people come a second time?"

"They never come a second time," was the answer.

The Kansas City Star.

Slave to Habit.

Some time ago, it is related, a man wearing a worried look on his face, entered the office of his physician, and related his symptoms. The doctor looked wise, for he had a right to, and carefully sounded the patient. He listened at his lungs and heart. He took his blood pressure. He felt his pulse, counted his heartbeats, poked him in the ribs, back, and diaphragm, ran his hands through his (own) hair and delivered his verdict:

"My friend, I have to tell you the truth, no matter how appalling. Unless you give up smoking you will lose the sight of your eyes inside of a year."

The patient rebuttoned his waistcoat, pulled it down in front, reset his tie, licked his lips, and prepared to depart. As he did so, he took a long dark cigar from his waistcoat pocket, snipped off the end with his teeth, lit it, and inhaled a comforting draught of smoke.

"Didn't you hear what I said?" asked the physician.

"Yes," said the patient, as he exhaled the smoke in the doctor's face, "I heard you, but I'm going to keep on smoking. I guess I've seen about everything, anyway."

E. E. WHITING.[1]

Social Recognition.

Bill was a good fellow, but nobody noticed him. He was a quiet little fellow that everybody took for granted. He didn't have what you would call an impressive personality. Like the rest of us he craved a little attention, and at last hit upon the idea that if he left town for a while people would miss him, and appreciate him more when he got back. So he packed his grip and went away for a couple of months.

[1] *Boston Herald.*

On his way home, he enjoyed himself with the thought of what a thrill it would be to get the glad handshakes of his friends when they saw him again. At last the train pulled up at his station. He grabbed his bag and excitedly got off the train. There was no one he knew on the platform. He hustled around to the front entrance and, sure enough, bumped right into an old acquaintance.

"Well!" said Bill, eagerly reaching for his friend's hand, "How are you?"

"Hullo, Bill," said the friend, "Going away?"

Some Years Don't Count.

Lincoln told a story of a witness in court in a neighboring county, who, on being asked his age, replied, "Sixty." Being satisfied he was much older, the question was repeated, "The court knows you to be much older than sixty." "Oh, I understand now," was the rejoinder, "you're thinking of those ten years I spent on the eastern shore of Maryland; that was so much time lost, and don't count."

ANTHONY GROSS, EDITOR.[1]

Super Sales Resistance.

Bert Williams, the famous colored comedian, used to tell in his melancholy way of the days when he was a boy and tried to lift the chronic depression in his family. He caught fish and tried to sell them in the neighborhood. One Saturday he got a particularly fine string of trout, and started his round in high hope. But he had a bad day. Everybody turned him down. Nobody wanted fish. At last he got to the outskirts of the village and saw a big house on the top of a high hill. The folks up there, he figured, must have plenty of money and might give a little chap a break. It was a hot day, the sun beat down on him unmercifully, but he trudged manfully up the dusty road, got to the house, and rapped at the back door. A sour-looking person appeared.

[1] "Lincoln's Own Stories," Harper.

"Got some nice fish, this mawnin'," said Bert. "Look at dat string. You can have 'em for only fifty cents."

"No, I don't want any fish," was the reply.

But the boy was a fair salesman. He hung on. "Look at dem fish, mister. Did you ever see anything so pretty in your life. Nice and fresh, too. Jist caught 'em."

"I told you I don't want any. Get out of here."

The boy turned away and slowly made his way down the hill. When he got to the bottom he sat down on a rock to rest and give himself up to the blues. Just as he got up to start for home, he heard a voice calling, "Hey, there!" He looked up and saw the man standing in front of the house waving to him. It was a long grind up there again, but Bert clutched his string of fish and punished his tired legs to do their best and at last stood panting before his customer.

The man looked him over; then said, "And I don't want any fish next Saturday, either."

Suspicion.

Several promoters once called on Russell Sage to interest him in one of their schemes. The old fellow listened patiently, asked some questions, and ended the interview by saying he would give the matter further thought.

When they were out in the street, one promoter said to the others, "The old tightwad won't loosen up; he's too suspicious."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I noticed that after he shook hands with me he counted his fingers."

Trouble, Recurrent, Identical.

Several months before President Lincoln issued the great Proclamation of Emancipation which gave freedom to the whole race of negro slaves in America, my friend, Senator Henderson of Missouri, came to the White House one day and found Mr. Lincoln in a mood of deepest depression. Finally

the great President said to his caller and friend that the most constant and acute pressure was being brought upon him by the leaders of the radical element of his party to free the slaves.

"Sumner and Stevens and Wilson simply haunt me," declared Mr. Lincoln, "with their importunities for a proclamation of emancipation. Wherever I go and whatever way I turn, they are on my trail. And still, in my heart, I have the deep conviction that the hour has not yet come."

Just as he said this he walked up to the window looking out upon Pennsylvania Avenue and stood there in silence, his tall figure silhouetted against the light of the window-pane, every line of it and of his gracious face expressive of unutterable sadness. Suddenly his lips began to twitch into a smile and his somber eyes lighted with a twinkle of something like mirth.

"The only schooling I ever had, Henderson," he remarked, "was in a log school-house when reading-books and grammars were unknown. All our reading was done from the Scriptures, and we stood up in a long line and read in turn from the Bible. Our lesson one day was the story of the faithful Israelites who were thrown into the fiery furnace and delivered by the hand of the Lord without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It fell to one little fellow to read the verse in which occurred, for the first time in the chapter, the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Instantly the hand of the master dealt him a cuff on the side of the head and left him wailing, and blubbering as the next boy in line took up the reading. But before the girl at the end of the line had done reading he had subsided into sniffles, and finally became quiet. His blunder and disgrace were forgotten by the others of the class until his turn was approaching to read again. Then, like a thunderclap out of a clear sky, he set up a wail which even alarmed the master, who with rather unusual gentleness inquired:

"'What's the matter now?'"

"Pointing with a shaking finger at the verse which a few moments later would fall to him to read, Bud managed to quaver out the answer:

"'Look there, marster—there comes them same damn three fellers again.'"

Then his whole face lighted with such a smile as only Lincoln could give, and he beckoned Senator Henderson to his side, silently pointing his long, bony finger to three men who were at that moment crossing Pennsylvania Avenue toward the door of the White House. They were Sumner, Wilson, and Thaddeus Stevens.[1]

ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

Unemployed.

"What is your occupation?"

"I used to be an organist."

"And why did you give it up?"

"The monkey died."

The Christian-Evangelist (St. Louis).

Universalist versus Unitarian.

His faith was that of the Universalist denomination, described by Henry W. Longfellow's witty brother-in-law, Thomas Q. Appleton, as that of those who "believed God was too good to damn them," in contrast with the Unitarian conceit that "they were too good to be damned."

DON C. SEITZ.[2]

Use for Everything.

Stage-struck Maiden (after trying her voice): "Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?"

Stage Manager: "Well, it might come in handy in case of fire."

[1] From "Lincoln's Own Stories," Harper.

[2] "Horace Greeley," Bobbs-Merrill.

Watchful Waiting.

A traveler in Indiana noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance, and then stop again. Thereupon the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started. Finally the traveler approached and asked, solicitiously:

"Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I knows of."

"Is he balky?"

"No. But he's so 'fraid I'll say whoa and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."

When to Stop.

I have talked to you about this subject only because, unfortunately, on occasions like this there must be talking done on some subject; it seems to be a custom.

I recall that Walter Hines Page, of speeches that were made in England, wrote to President Wilson that they are oftentimes like eggs. "You don't need to eat the whole of an egg nor hear the whole of a speech to know that it is bad."

There is a French proverb which says that any old place in a speech is a good place to stop. If, as far as you have gone, you have made a good speech, it is a good place to stop; and, if as far as you have gone, you have made a bad speech, it is a hell of a good place to stop.

. . . . . .

We had a man in New York who has lately passed away and who was just as popular as Martin (Martin W. Littleton) and just as capable. They were among the best after dinner speakers in New York. You have probably heard Job Hedges; if you haven't heard him, you have heard of him. They were both invited to speak at the same banquet, and Job Hedges spoke first. After talking about an hour Job said, "I have finished my speech; now I am going to make Martin Littleton's speech," and he started all over again and spoke for at least

an hour more. All the time Martin sat there chafing at the bit. Finally Job said, "Well, now I have concluded Littleton's speech"; and sat down. Then the presiding officer introduced Martin Littleton.

Martin said, "My time has been taken up, and I know that you are too weary, after having listened to Job, to want another speech; I will ask you to tarry while I tell you of an episode in my father's life.

"I was born in the mountain district of Tennessee, and, among other things that my father did down there, was to raise hogs. One day my father was out in front of the house, feeding whole raw carrots to the hogs; a neighbor passed by and said, 'Mr. Littleton, that's no way to feed carrots to the hogs.' My father said, 'No? How do you feed carrots to the hogs?' He said, 'Why, Mr. Littleton, you boil them, and you slice them, and then they digest them much more quickly.' And my father said, 'What's time to a hog?'"

MAX D. STEUER.

You Get What You Pay For.

It was at a small town boxing club, and the first two rounds of a preliminary bout had been pretty lively. But when the boys came up for the next round they were a little tired and went at it slowly for the first minute. The referee yelled, "Come on, boys, stop stalling. Mix it up."

At that, one of the scrappers, his mind on the meager sum they had been promised for the night, replied tartly, "What do you want for five bucks—a civil war?"

CHAPTER IX

EPIGRAMS

Achievement.

The height of the pinnacle is determined by the breadth of the base.

EMERSON.

Action.

An intense hour will do more than dreamy years.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Adversity.

If thou faint in the day of thy adversity thy strength is small.

Proverbs xxiv. 10.

Gold is tried by fire, brave men by affliction.

SENECA.

Advertising.

Advertising begins when the first crying child advertises his wants to his mother, and ends only with the epitaph on the headstone in the village cemetery.

EDWARD S. JORDAN.

Advice.

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.

COLTON.

Answer.

Silence is the best answer to the stupid.
The fool has his answer on the tip of his tongue.

Arab Proverbs.

Belief.

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.

MONTAIGNE.

By-and-By.

By the street of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never.

CERVANTES.

Character.

Every man has three characters: that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

A. KARR.

A talent is developed in retirement, character is formed in the rush of the world.

GOETHE.

Tell me what you are busy about and I will tell you what you are.

GOETHE.

Clearness.

To be able to ask a question clearly is two-thirds of the way to getting it answered.

RUSKIN.

Communist.

What is a communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

Courage.

Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

SHAKESPEARE.

What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.

GOETHE.

Criticism.

He has a right to criticize who has a heart to help.

LINCOLN.

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.

LOWELL.

It is much easier to be critical than correct.

DISRAELI.

Dependability.

If they call thee a reaper, whet thy scythe.

Arab Proverb.

Depressions.

The remedy against (bad) times is to have patience with them.

Arab Proverb.

Desire.

When the stomach is concerned, wisdom withdraws.
The dream of the cat is all about the mice.

Arab Proverbs.

Discontent.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will.

EMERSON.

Doubt.

Who knows most, doubts most.

BROWNING.

Scepticism is slow suicide.

EMERSON.

Enthusiasm.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

EMERSON.

Experience.

Experience is like the stern lights of a ship which illumine only the track it has passed.

COLERIDGE.

Experiment.

Perpetual hazard, perpetual experiment, keep quick the edge of life.

SANTAYANA.

Fairness.

The ox that ploughs is not to be muzzled.

Arab Proverb.

Fear.

Our fears are always more numerous than our dangers.

SENECA.

No greater hell than to be a slave to fear.

BEN JONSON.

Foresight.

There are no fans in Hell.

Arab Proverb.

Fortune.

Fortune is like glass—the brighter the glitter, the more easily broken.

PUBLILIUS SYRUS.

Fraud.

He gave him the sheep's ear (for his share).

Arab Proverb.

Happiness.

To be of use in the world is the only way to be happy.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

It is not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing we have to do, that makes life blessed.

GOETHE.

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it, than to consume wealth without producing it.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Heroism.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh, that is to say, over fear; fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of illness, of loneliness and of death. There is no real piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.

HENRI-FREDERIC AMIEL.

Industry.

It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?

THOREAU.

Laws.

It would be better for us to have no laws at all than to have them in so prodigious numbers as we have here.

MONTAIGNE.

Learning.

Learning teaches how to carry things in suspense without prejudice till you resolve.

BACON.

Life.

Most men employ the first part of life to make the other miserable.

LA BRUYERE.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel.

HORACE WALPOLE.

The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Looking Ahead.

He that will not look forward must look behind.

Gaelic Proverb.

Loss.

A wise man never loses anything, if he has himself.

MONTAIGNE.

Luck.

Throw him into the river and he will rise with a fish in his mouth.

Arab Proverb.

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed.

PASCAL.

Circumstances? I make circumstances.

NAPOLEON.

Man.

Every man is as Heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse.

CERVANTES.

Misfortune—The Other Fellow's.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortune perfectly like a Christian.

POPE.

Money.

Money is sweet balm.

Arab Proverb.

Patriotism.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Pay.

No amount of pay ever made a good soldier, a good teacher, a good artist, or a good workman.

RUSKIN.

Peace.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.

EMERSON.

Perseverance.

There is nothing difficult in the world; the only fear is that men will lack perseverance.

CONFUCIUS.

Religion.

I see that sensible men and conscientious men all over the world are of one religion.

EMERSON.

Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.

THOREAU.

In heaven you live and work instead of playing and pretending. You face things as they are; you escape nothing but glamor; and your steadfastness and your peril are your glory.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

FRANCIS BACON.

And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE.

Resourcefulness.

He can swim in a pan of water.

Arab Proverb.

Riches.

If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.

SWIFT.

Service.

The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people.

TOLSTOY.

Time.

We complain and regret that life is so short, yet we live each day as if it were a thousand years.

SENECA.

Thought.

There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

SHAKESPEARE.

Toleration.

Wise men do not quarrel with each other.

Arab Proverb.

Vision.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.

Old Testament.

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